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INDEX FOR JULY-DECEMBER, 1960

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THE
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JULY to DECEMBER, 1960

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LETTERS

Mr. Schmidt Complains . . .

Dear Sirs: It has recently come to my attention that you have libelled me by false statements or innuendoes (in an article by a William Goffen entitled "Monitors versus the Teamsters") as follows:

(a) That I was dismissed or disqualified or forced to resign as a Monitor because of conflict of interest.

(b) That I have been supported and paid by industrialists to attack the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, Chauffeurs, Warehousemen and Helpers of America.

(c) That I was ousted by a majority of the dissident Teamsters as their attorney.

(d) That I oppose a new Teamster convention for reasons other than my professed concern for the welfare of the Rank and File.

(e) That the Court of Appeals had found that I was guilty of an actual conflict of interest.

(f) That I profited from representing numerous employers in negotiations with the Teamsters in violation of my duty as Monitor and counsel for plaintiffs.

(g) That I appointed Lawrence T. Smith as my successor with the permission of Judge Letts.

(h) That my activities in no way benefited the Teamsters membership.

(i) That I am depriving members of their right to vote for International Officers.

Not a single one of these statements or innuendoes is truthful as you knew, or could have known in the exercise of reasonable care or responsible research. All of these statements or innuendoes conveyed falsely reflect upon my integrity, competence and professional standing.

An example of the malicious manner in which you went out of your way to blackguard me is clear from your failure to quote from the Court of Appeals' decision its statement that it did not suggest that I had ever acted otherwise than openly, competently and honorably. . . .

Yours very truly,

Godfrey P. Schmidt

New York City

. . . *The Nation's* Answer

We have carefully reviewed the article by William Goffen in the light of Mr. Schmidt's letter. We disagree most emphatically with Mr. Schmidt's charge that he has been libelled. Nevertheless, in the interest of fairness, we are always glad to correct any statements we make which we find to be either inaccurate or subject to possible misinterpretation. We shall answer his letter point by point.

(a) Mr. Schmidt was not "forced to resign as a Monitor because of conflict of interest," if by that it is taken to mean that he was directed to resign, dismissed, removed or found disqualified. The Court of Appeals disagreed with Judge Letts's finding that no conflict of interest was shown, and remanded the case to the District Court to determine whether the conflict of interest which was shown disqualified Mr. Schmidt as a Monitor. Following the decision of the Court of Appeals, and without waiting for the decision of the District Court on the remand, Mr. Schmidt resigned.

The pertinent portion of the Court of Appeals' decision is reproduced below.

(b) The statement complained of does not appear in the article.

(c) A majority of the thirteen original dissident Teamsters discharged Mr. Schmidt as their attorney in the action. Judge Letts held, however, that since the action was a "class action," Mr. Schmidt would continue as counsel of record for the class.

(d) We apologize for any improper motives which Mr. Schmidt feels may have been wrongfully attributed to him. We interpret the sentence complained of to be merely fair comment on facts correctly stated and we believe it is up to the reader to draw his own conclusions from such facts.

(e) and (f) The Court of Appeals, in the portion of its opinion set forth below, stated its belief that a conflict of interest existed between Mr. Schmidt's activities as counsel for employers and as Monitor.

(g) Obviously, the statement that Mr. Schmidt appointed Lawrence T. Smith as his successor is technically incorrect, since a Monitor is an appointee of the Court. In his resignation, Mr. Schmidt recommended Smith's appointment, and the recommendation was adopted by Judge Letts, who made the appointment.

(h) As we read the article, the author states *not* that none of Mr. Schmidt's activities as Monitor were of benefit to the Teamsters, but that such of his activities as the Court found constituted a conflict of interest with his duties as Monitor — namely, his representation of employers — can in no way be construed as having benefited the Teamsters membership.

(i) To the extent the author feels that the failure to hold an election deprives the membership of its right to vote for international officers, and to the extent that Mr. Schmidt has sought to postpone the election, this appears to us to be fair comment on facts correctly stated.

IN ORDER to set forth the favorable as well as the unfavorable aspects of the Court of Appeals' decision in *Cunningham v. English* (269 F. 2d 517), we gladly reproduce below the pertinent portion:

> We accept these findings other than the one as to conflict of interest. The undisputed facts are that during the time Mr. Schmidt has been a Monitor he has represented Producers Distributors Associated, an employer, in arbitration proceedings in New York involving Teamster Local 816, including conferences

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THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

The Job and the Man

Those liberals who are rushing to jump on the Kennedy bandwagon are doing little to belie the slander that liberals are a faint-hearted breed. The fact is that the country, and the world, are in the gravest kind of trouble. Without the services of men of good will, long experience and first-rate minds, there is little chance for the human race to escape mass immolation. Walter Lippmann calls on President Eisenhower for a reappraisal, which is bound to be agonizing, of our whole foreign policy, resting as it does on a system of foreign bases disintegrating before our eyes. Politely, Mr. Lippmann refers this matter to the incumbent President, but everyone knows that the next President is going to have to tackle that excruciating job. Who is best equipped for it? Senator Kennedy is certainly to be preferred to either Senator Johnson or Senator Symington, but the voters may not think he is preferable to Mr. Nixon. There is only one Democratic ticket that is as certain of winning as anything can be in politics, and that is Stevenson and Kennedy (in that order). That ticket would win for the best of reasons, because, as Mrs. Roosevelt says, Adlai Stevenson "has more wisdom, more experience and more maturity than any other candidate. . . . He has the humility, courage and flexibility of mind which make it possible for a great man to recognize a mistake if he makes one and turn to another solution." She might have added that the mistakes in this case were not Stevenson's; had he been elected in 1956, when he advocated the suspension of nuclear-bomb testing, the chances are we would not be mired as deeply as we now are.

Kennedy has spoken eloquently of courage in government. It is always hard to apply one's principles to oneself, but the greatest service he could render to his country at the present juncture is to accept second place on the ticket. In 1968, he will still be only fifty, and far better qualified for the Presidency than he is now. All this should be impressed on him by Democrats capable of seeing beyond their noses, and especially those who, as liberals, realize that the application of intelligence to politics is not a fad, not a luxury, but a dire necessity of the times.

What Might Have Been

Let us assume there had been no U-2 incident — that either the flight had been called off because of the impending Summit conference or that, like numerous previous flights, it had safely fulfilled its secret mission. What, then, would have been the probable sequence of events? A Summit meeting would have taken place which would have settled no major issues, but which might have given impetus to both the disarmament conference in Geneva and to the long-drawn-out negotiations over the cessation of nuclear testing.

The President would have visited the Soviet Union as scheduled, and there seems not the slightest doubt that the citizens of that nation would have reciprocated, in warmth and interest, the reception which their political leader received last fall in this country. There might have been some barbed questions directed to a smiling Ike to remind us of the Mayor of Los Angeles' crudities, but on the whole the visit would have been a crowning triumph for the President's program of personal diplomacy.

Fresh from the plaudits of the Russians, the *Colum-*

bine would have landed at Tokyo airport to an official welcome. Under these circumstances, the President would not have been arriving in Japan as a climax to a tour of U.S. bases—Manila, Formosa, Korea, Okinawa; he would have been arriving from the land of the "enemy," bringing with him the promise of lessened tensions and a demonstrable record of having relentlessly pursued peace. That the Japanese might have put on anti-treaty demonstrations is possible, but certainly there would have been no cancellation of the visit nor the painful loss of personal and national prestige which we have now witnessed. Only en route home, very much as anticlimax, would the President have touched down on the military bases.

But luck ran out or stupidity triumphed, whichever description one prefers, and the U-2 incident with all of its ramifications occurred. We are told that the photographs taken by these observation flights were important, nay indispensable, to our military intelligence. Perhaps so. Certainly they've turned out to be infinitely the most expensive photographs taken since man invented the camera.

Future of a Treaty

Secretary of State Herter finally admitted last week that the United States had misjudged the significance of the Tokyo riots. But the speed with which the U.S.-Japanese treaty has since been ratified would indicate that we are very confident of our judgment on *that.* Yet, apart from the riots, there are persuasive reasons to believe that the "alliance" set up by the treaty is an unnatural one, unlikely to stand the test of time. For nearly forty years, beginning with the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-5, the United States and Japan had been not allies, but bitter rivals, in the quest for Far Eastern political and economic hegemony. This rivalry culminated in Pearl Harbor and four years of bloody war. True, Japan's defeat was followed, in 1951, by a security pact which established an alliance. But in 1951, Japan had very little choice; the 1951 agreement was the price she paid, in a sense, for the peace treaty signed the same day. Herself vulnerable — her economy as well as her machine completely smashed — she had no alternative but to cooperate with the rapidly crystallizing anti-China policy of the United States, then engaged in the Korean War. But in 1960, Japan is no longer so vulnerable. Her economy, in recent years, has been among the fastest growing of any nation in the world. The Korean War itself, given especially American military procurements, proved highly profitable to Japan. Today, the Japanese are looking generally to the long-term economic haul, aiming simultaneously at the establishment of a profitable foreign trade (even with Communist countries) and a position of economic and political self-sufficiency.

In truth, the core of the problem is not Japan, but China. American policy toward Japan is molded by American policy toward China — and if our China policy is in error, so must be all policies deriving therefrom. It should be recalled, in this connection, that last year the Senate Foreign Relations Committee commissioned a number of scholars to review American foreign policy. The report said: "It is very questionable as to how long we can hold this power [of Communist China and the combined Sino-Soviet bloc] in check with a policy of containment through isolation." The report called for an agonizing reappraisal, more or less, of our China policy. The Japanese seem to agree with the American scholars: that is one of the meanings of the Tokyo riots, for the Japanese demonstrators saw, clearly enough, that the treaty they were protesting might involve them in a war against Peking.

We have thus far been successful in insulating ourselves against all contacts, political or economic, with China. But how long can we continue to manipulate Japan as an element in this "containment" maneuver? How long can we keep Japan away from a relationship with China which would reflect, to a degree, their geographic proximity and their complementary economies?

Contempt

On the occasion of President Eisenhower's arrival in Formosa, and also on his departure, the mainland Chinese subjected the island of Quemoy to its heaviest bombardment in several years. The bombardment killed sixteen people and wounded sixty. Among the victims were several children. The purpose of the bombardment, according to Peking, was to express China's "contempt" for the President. But there is no evidence that any of the casualties had ever voted to put Mr. Eisenhower into office, had ever invited him to Formosa or to Japan, or shared any responsibility whatever for the anti-China policy of the United States.

Whatever the merit of China's claim to Quemoy, in this instance her actions displayed a contempt, not for President Eisenhower, but for human life.

The Pasternak Syndrome

In every country the uncritical majority is supplied with a system of ready-made political beliefs to fight and die for. To a degree which varies with time and place, dissidence is dangerous. As international tensions rise, the danger naturally increases. All evil is embodied in the national adversary, and he who is not with us is on the devil's side. The cold war of our time is fought not only with the threat of missiles and nuclear bombs, but with what Aristotle called an invented terror. The targets are individuals who commit the offense of thinking and speaking for themselves.

We know that this is true of the Soviet Union, but it is true also of ourselves. Here are two Nobel Laureates: Boris Pasternak, who was not permitted by his government to receive the prize for literature, and our own Linus Pauling. In feeling and idealism these men are alike; even their facial expressions are similar — it has been well said that by the time he is forty, a man has the face he deserves. Pasternak, in *Doctor Zhivago*, spoke out, through his characters, against the repressions and regimentations of the regime. He was attacked with such fury by some of the literary opinion-molders that it was too much even for Khrushchev. That a thousand people came to his funeral merely shows that the present rulers of the USSR are a considerable improvement on their predecessors.

Senator Thomas J. Dodd, whose security subcommittee will possibly have Dr. Pauling up for contempt of Congress, may likewise be an improvement on Senator Joe McCarthy, but their chromosomes are much the same. Fortunately for Pauling, his researches in biochemistry are sufficiently esoteric so that our thought-controllers allowed him to receive his Nobel Prize in peace; but now the hunt is on. Instead of cooperating with the government in some such respectable scientific activity as germ warfare, or declaring patriotically that nuclear testing is essential for national survival and let the radioactive particles fall where they may, Pauling stumps the country in opposition to the resumption of testing and cries for peace wherever two or three are gathered together. Morover, the play has been going his way, at least as far as recognition of the fallout danger is concerned — that may be why the subcommittee is on his trail. The June 13 issue of *The Insider's Newsletter* (published by the Cowles Magazines) says that the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy is preparing to issue a report that will provide the last word on the fallout controversy — and also redden a lot of expert faces. What the report will say, in sum, is that it is futile to set *any* maximum permissible dose of radiation, since so little is known about radiation effects. But the more right Pauling turns out to be, the more dangerous he is, and the safer the country will be when he is behind bars. Only let's stop talking about Pasternak.

To *Nation* Readers

After July 9, and through August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks only, i.e., on July 23, August 6 and August 20. The weekly schedule will be resumed with the issue of September 3.

Human Rights and Property Rights

On June 20 the Supreme Court, in a 5-to-4 decision, decided that old-age benefits payable under the Social Security Act might be cut off from an alien deported because of membership in the Communist Party. The case at bar concerned Ephram Nestor, now in Bulgaria, who came to the United States in 1913 and worked from 1936 to 1955 in jobs covered by Social Security. In November, 1955, he began receiving a pension of $55.60 a month, which should surely have convinced him of the virtues of capitalism. However, from 1933 to 1939 he was a member of the Communist Party. For this he was deported in July, 1956, and the Social Security Administration cut off his pension two months later in conformity with a 1954 amendment to the act. Nestor sued for restoration of the benefit and was upheld in the District Court, but in the Supreme Court's majority opinion Justice John M. Harlan held that "to engraft upon the Social Security system a concept of accrued property rights would deprive it of the flexibility and boldness in adjustment to cover changing conditions which it demands."

The Communist, in practical terms, has no property rights under capitalism; so, at least, it must seem to the expropriated Nestor. But Justice Harlan may not be taking sufficient account of the changing conditions on which he based his opinion. Under the so-called Hiss Act, also of 1954, Congress took similar liberties with the property rights of an unpopular citizen convicted of perjury. As additional punishment for subversion, embezzlement and similar failures to keep a public trust, Congress provided for forfeiture of government retirement benefits. The act was aimed at Alger Hiss and no one else; but unless it is now modified or repealed, thousands of service men with small offenses on their military records will lose their retirement pay. Example: a Pentagon legal officer cites the case of a Marine Corps sergeant who in 1947 pleaded guilty to unauthorized use of a government vehicle; now ready to retire, he stands to lose retirement pay valued at $48,922. Another example: a chief warrant officer drew money without authorization in advance of his family's movement from one post to another; he is now ineligible for retirement pay valued at $103,000. Other government departments face similar problems. On the other hand, if the act is amended. Hiss may be entitled to a pension. Every Congressman is entitled to vote the prejudices of the most vindictive of his constituents, but it does cause complications, and it does make a travesty of the basic principles which the United States loudly defends in words, and freely violates in deeds.

THE STUDENTS TAKE OVER . . *by Kenneth Rexroth*

WHEN THE newspapers have got nothing else to talk about, they cut loose on the young. The young are always news. If they are up to something, that's news. If they aren't, that's news, too. Things we did as kids and thought nothing of, the standard capers of all young animals, now make headlines, shake up police departments and rend the frail hearts of social workers. Partly this is due to the mythologies of modern civilization. Chesterton once pointed out that baby worship is to be expected of a society where the only immortality anybody really believes in is childhood. Partly it is due to the personal reactions of reporters, a class of men by and large prevented, occupationally, from ever growing up. Partly it is hope: "We have failed, they may do better." Partly it is guilt: "We have failed them. Are they planning vengeance?"

In talking about the Revolt of Youth we should never forget that we are dealing with a new concept. For thousands of years nobody cared what youth were doing. They weren't news. They were minding.

THEY AREN'T minding now. That isn't news. They haven't been minding since the days of John Held, Jr., *College Humor* and F. Scott Fitzgerald. In those days, they were cutting loose. In the thirties, they were joining up, giving one last try to the noble prescriptions of their elders. During the McCarthy Epoch and the Korean War, they were turning their backs and walking away. Today they are striking back. That is news. Nobody else is striking back. Hardly a person over thirty in our mass societies believes it is possible to strike back, or would know how to go about it if he did. During the past couple of years, without caring about the consequences, making up their techniques as they went along, organizing spontaneously in the midst of action, young people all over the world have intervened in history.

As the University of California student said at the recent Un-American Activities Committee riot in San Francisco, "Chessman was the last straw. I'm fed up." It's about time somebody got fed up, because, to mix the metaphor, all the chickens are coming home to roost. It has become only too apparent that we can no longer afford the old catch-as-catch-can morality with which civilization has muddled through to 1960. Sloth, rascality, predatory dishonesty, evasion, bluster, no longer work. The machinery has become too delicate, too complicated, too world-encompassing. Maybe it was once true, a hundred and fifty years ago, that the sum total of the immoral actions of selfish men produced a social good. It is no longer true. Maybe once, societally speaking, if wolf ate wolf long enough and hard enough, you produced a race of intelligent dogs. Not now. Pretty soon we are just going to have a world populated by dead wolves.

Towards the end of his life, H. G. Wells remarked that "something very queer was creeping over human affairs." He saw a kind of foolish dishonesty, a perverse lust for physical and moral violence, and a total lack of respect for the integrity of the personality invading every walk of life, all the relationships of men, individual and global. He seemed to be not only troubled, but puzzled. In his own *In the Days of the Comet*, the earth passes through the tail of a comet and a beneficent gas fills the atmosphere and makes all men good overnight. You feel that he suspected something very similar might have come upon us unawares out of outer space, but that in actuality, the gas had turned out to be subtly and pervasively malignant. It is easy to see what he was getting at. Nobody sees it better today than the young student, his head filled with "the heritage of the ages," taught in school all the noblest aspirations of mankind, and brought face to face with the chaos of the world beyond the college gates. He's got to enter it, college will be over in a few months or years. He is entering it already fed up.

THINK OF THE great disasters of our time. They have all been the result of a steadily growing immoralism. You could start indefinitely back—with Bismarck's telegram or the Opium War—but think of what those men alive have experienced: the First World War itself; a vast "counter-revolutionary" offensive; the Versailles Treaty; Fascism and Nazism with their institutionalization of every shoddy and crooked paranoia; the Moscow Trials; the betrayal of Spain; Munich; the Second World War, with its noble utterances and its crooked deals; the horrible tale of fifteen years of peace and cold war; the Rosenbergs; the Hungarian Revolution; and, in the last few months, the rascality that has burst around our heads like exploding shrapnel—U-2, phony Summits, an orgy of irresponsibility and lies. This is the world outside the college gates. Millions of people are asked to enter it cheerfully each June, equipped with draft cards, social security cards, ballots, job-application blanks countersigned by David Sarnoff, J. Edgar Hoover, Allen W. Dulles, the family physician and the pastor of the neighborhood church. Is it surprising that a lot of them should turn away at the door of this banquet hall, turn in their tickets and say, "Sorry, I'm already fed up"?

Marx believed that our civilization was born in the arms of its own executioner, twins who were enemies in the womb. Certainly ours is the only great culture which, throughout its life, has been accompanied by a creative minority which rejected all its values and claims. Almost all others have had a huge majority who shared in few, if any, of the benefits of civilization. Slaves

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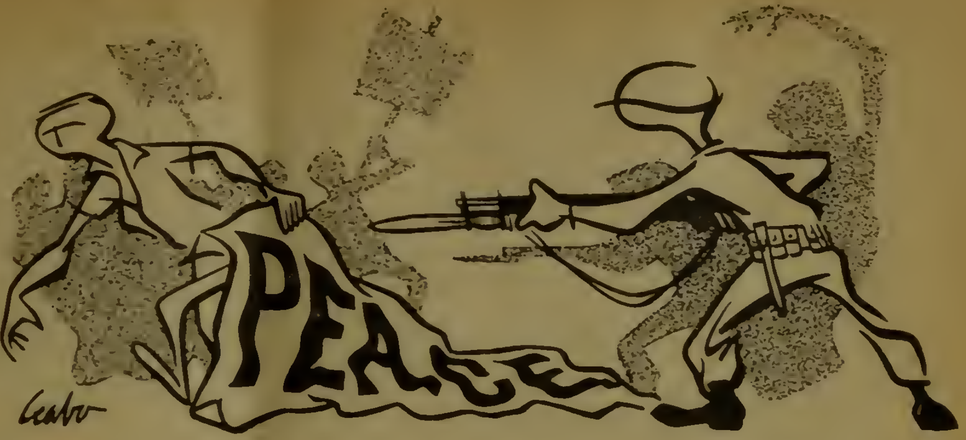
KENNETH REXROTH, author and poet, was one of the earliest "senior" supporters of the Beat movement, and has since become, in certain respects, one of its sternest critics. He recently completed a lecture tour of university campuses.

and proletarians are nothing new, the words themselves are derived from another civilization. But a society which advances by means of an elite in permanent revolt and alienation is something new. In the last fifty years, this elite itself has slowly gone under; it, too, has been overwhelmed by the society it both led and subverted. *L'Homme Revolté* has come to the end of his tether. One by one he has compromised and been compromised by all his thousand programs. Nobody believes him any more, so he has become a commercial stereotype, along with the cowboy and the Indian, the private detective, the war hero, and the bison and all other extinct animals. As the agent at M.C.A. said to me three years back, "Revolt is the hottest commodity along The Street." The programs are used up and their promulgators are embarrassed. Youth is fed up with them, too. And why not? Hitler fulfilled the entire emergency program of the Communist Manifesto, and in addition made May Day a legal holiday.

FOR THE Bolsheviks, the good society would come automatically if the right power were applied to the right program. But power and program are not the question: what matters is the immediate realization of humane content, here, there, everywhere, in every fact and relationship of society. Today the brutal fact is that society cannot endure without this realization of humane content. The only way to realize it is directly, personally, in the immediate context. Anything else is not just too expensive; it is wrecking the machinery. Modern society is too complex and too delicate to afford social and political Darwinism any more. This means personal moral action. I suppose, if you wish to call it that, it means a spiritual revolution. Prophets and seers have been preaching the necessity for spiritual revolution for at least three thousand years and mankind has yet to come up with a bona fide one. But it is that kind of action and that kind of change that young people are demanding today.



Myself, past fifty, I cannot speak for the young. I am inclined to think they will fail. But that isn't the point. You might as well be a hero if society is going to destroy you anyway. There comes a time when courage and honesty become cheaper than anything else. And, who knows, you might win. The nuclear explosion that you could not prevent doesn't care whether you were brave or not. Virtue, they say, in itself is intrinsically enjoyable. You can lose nothing, then, by striking back.

Furthermore, just because the machine is so vast, so complex, it is far more sensitive than ever before. Individual action does tell. Give a tiny poke at one of the insignificant gears down in its bowels and slowly it begins to shudder all over and suddenly belches out hot rivets. It is a question of qualitative change. Thousands of men built the Pyramids. One punched card fed into a mechanical brain decides the gravest questions. A few punched cards operate whole factories. Modern society has passed the stage when it was a blind, mechanical monster. It is on the verge of becoming an infinitely responsive instrument.

SO THE first blows struck back were tiny, insignificant things. Not long after the last war, Bayard Rustin got on a bus in Chicago and headed south. When they crossed the Mason-Dixon Line, he stayed where he was. The cops took him off. He "went limp." They beat him into unconsciousness. They took him to jail and finally to a hospital. When he got out, he got on another bus and continued south. So it went, for months—sometimes jail, sometimes the hospital, sometimes they just kicked him into the ditch. Eventually he got to New Orleans. Eventually Jim Crow was abolished on interstate carriers. Individual non-violent direct action had invaded the South and won. The Southern Negro had been shown the only technique that had any possibility of winning.

Things simmered for a while and then, spontaneously, out of nowhere, the Montgomery bus boycott materialized. Every moment of the birth and growth of this historic action has been elaborately documented. Hour by hour we can study "the masses" acting by themselves. It is my modest, well considered opinion that Martin Luther King, Jr., is the most remarkable man the South has produced since Thomas Jefferson—since, in other words, it became "the South." Now the most remarkable thing about Martin Luther King is that he is not remarkable at all. He is just an ordinary minister of a middle-class Negro church (or what Negroes call "middle class," which is pretty poor by white standards). There are thousands of men like him all over Negro America. When the voice called, he was ready. He was ready because he was himself part of that voice. Professional, white-baiting Negroes who thrill millionairesses in night clubs in the North would call him a square. He was a brave square. He is the best possible demonstration of the tremendous untapped potential of humanity that the white South has thrown away all these years. He helped to focus that potential and exert it. It won.

No outside organizers formed the

Montgomery Improvement Association. They came around later, but they could never quite catch up with it. It is pretty hard to "catch up with," to institutionalize, a movement which is simply the form that a whole community has assumed in action. Although the force of such action is shaped by group loyalty, in the final analysis it must always be individual and direct. You can't delegate either boycott or non-violence. A committee can't act for you, you have to act yourself.

The Montgomery bus boycott not only won where Negro Zealotism, as well as Uncle Tomism, had always failed, but it demonstrated something that had always sounded like sheer sentimentality. It is better, braver, far more effective and far more pleasurable, to act with love than with hate. When you have won, you have gained an unimpeachable victory. The material ends pass or are passed beyond. "Desegregated" buses seem natural in many Southern cities today. The guiltless moral victory remains, always as powerful as the day it was gained. Furthermore, each moral victory converts or neutralizes another block of the opponents' forces.

Before the Montgomery episode was over, Bayard Rustin and Martin Luther King had joined forces. Today they are world statesmen in a "shadow cabinet" that is slowly forming behind the wielders of power, and the advisers and auxiliary leaders in the councils of Negro Africa. At home in America, the Montgomery achievement has become the source from which has flowed the moral awakening, first, of Negro, and following them, of white youth.

EVERYTHING seemed to be going along nicely. According to the papers and most of their professors, 99 44/100 per cent of the nation's youth were cautiously preparing for the day when they could offer their young split-level brains to G.M., I.B.M., Oak Ridge or the Voice of America. Madison Avenue had discovered its own pet minority of revolt and tamed it into an obedient mascot. According to *Time*, *Life*, M.G.M. and the editors and publishers of a new, pseudo *avant-garde*, all the dear little rebels wanted to do was grow beards, dig jazz, take heroin and wreck other people's Cadillacs. While the exurbanite children sat with the baby sitter and thrilled to Wyatt Earp, their parents swooned in the aisles at *The Connection* or sat up past bedtime reading switch-blade novelists. The psychological mechanisms were the same in both cases—sure-fire, time-tested and shopworn.

But as a matter of fact, anyone with any sense traveling about the country lecturing on college campuses during the past five years, could tell that something very, very different was cooking. Time and again, hundreds of times, I have been asked by some well-dressed, unassuming, beardless student, "I agree with you completely, but what shall we, my generation, *do?*" To this question, I have never been able to give but one answer: "I am fifty. You are twenty. It is for you to tell me what to do. The only thing I can say is, don't do the things my generation did. They didn't work." A head of steam was building up, the waters were rising behind the dam; the dam itself, the block to action, was the patent exhaustion of the old forms. What was accumulating was not any kind of programmatic "radicalization," it was a moral demand.

Parenthetically, I might say that a legend of the Red Thirties was growing up, too. Let me say (and I was there): As far as practically every campus except C.C.N.Y. and N.Y.U. was concerned, the Red Thirties are pure myth. At the height of the great upsurge in California labor, led in its own imagination by the Communist Party, neither the Young Communist League nor the Young Peoples Socialist League was able to keep a functioning student cadre in continuous operation on the University of California campus. At least every four years they had to start all over again. And the leadership, the real bosses, were middle-aged party functionaries sent in from "The Center." One of them, bellowing with early senility, was to show up at the recent Un-American Activities Committee riot in San Francisco and scandalize the students.

The plain fact is that today students are incomparably better educated and more concerned than their elders. As the young do, they still tend to believe things written on paper. For the past five years, bull sessions have been discussing Kropotkin, Daniel De Leon, Trotsky, Gandhi, St. Simon, Plato—an incongruous mixture of the world's cat-bellers, looking for the answer. The gap between the generations has been closing up. Teaching them is a new group of young professors, too young to have been compromised by their actual role in the splendid thirties, themselves realistic-minded products of the G.I. Bill; and neither ex-dupes nor ex-fellow travelers, but serious scholars of the radical past. It is only just recently that they have come up, only just recently that the creative minority of students has stopped assuming that just because a man stood at a podium he was *ipso facto* a fraud. So the head of steam built up, the waters mounted behind the dike.

AND THEN one day four children walked into a dime store in a small Southern city and pulled out the plug. Four children picked up the massive chain of the Social Lie and snapped it at its weakest link. Everything broke loose.

Children had won at Little Rock, but they had not initiated the action, they had been caught in the middle in a conflict of equally dishonest political forces, and they had won only a token victory. All the world had marveled at those brave young faces, beautiful under the taunts and spittle. If they had not stood fast, the battle would have been lost; it was their bravery alone that won it. But it was a battle officered by their elders, and like all the quarrels amongst their elders nowadays, it ended in a morally meaningless compromise.

From the first sit-ins, the young have kept the command in their own hands. No "regularly constituted outside authority" has been able to catch up with them. The sit-ins swept the South so rapidly that it was impossible to catch up with them physically, but it was even harder for routinized bureaucrats with vested interests in race relations and civil liberties to catch up with them ideologically. The whole spring went by before the professional leaders began to get even a glimmering of what was happening. In the meantime, the old leadership was being pushed aside. Young ministers just out of the seminary, maverick young teachers in Jim Crow colleges, choir mistresses and school marms and Sunday school teachers in all the small cities of the South, pitched in and helped—and let the students lead *them*, without bothering to "clear it with Roy." In a couple of months, the NAACP found itself with a whole new cadre sprung up from the grass roots.

The only organization which understood what was going on was CORE, the Committee On Racial Equality, organized years ago in an evacuated Japanese flat, "Sakai House," in San Francisco, by Bayard Rustin, Caleb Foote and a few others, as a direct-action, race-relations offshoot of the Fellowship of Reconciliation (the FOR) and the Friends Service Committee. CORE was still a small group of intellectual enthusiasts and there simply weren't enough people to go around. To this day, most Negroes know little more of CORE than its name, which they have seen in the Negro press, and the bare fact that its program is direct, non-violent action. This didn't deter the high school and college students in the Jim Crow high schools and colleges in Raleigh and Durham. They set up their own direct non-violent action organization and in imitation of CORE gave it a name whose initials spelled a word, COST. Soon there were COST "cells" in remote hill-country high schools, complete with codes, hand signals, couriers, all the apparatus of youthful enthusiasm. Needless to say, the very words frightened the older Negro leadership out of its wits.

The police hosed and clubbed the sit-inners, the Uncle Tom presidents of the captive Jim Crow colleges expelled them in droves, white students came South and insisted on being arrested along with the Negroes, sympathy picket lines were thrown in front of almost every chain variety store in almost every college town in the North. Even some stores with no branches in the South, and no lunch counters anywhere, found themselves picketed until they cleared themselves of any implication of Jim Crow.

THE EFFECT on the civilized white minority in the South was extraordinary. All but a few had gone on accepting the old stereotypes. There were good Negroes, to be sure, but they didn't want to mix. The majority were ignorant, violent, bitter, half-civilized, incapable of planned, organized action, happy in Jim Crow. "It would take another two hundred years." In a matter of weeks, in thousands of white brains, the old stereotypes exploded. Here were the Negro children of servants, sharecroppers and garbagemen — "their" servants and sharecroppers and garbagemen who had always been content with their place, directly engaged in the greatest controlled moral action the South had ever seen. They were quiet, courteous, full of good will to those who abused them; and they sang, softly, all together, under the clubs and firehoses, "We will not be moved." Long protest walks of silent Negroes, two abreast, filed through the provincial capitals. A major historical moral issue looked into the eyes of thousands of white spectators in Southern towns which were so locked in "our way of life" that they were unaware they lived in a great world. The end of Jim Crow suddenly seemed both near and inevitable. It is a profoundly disturbing thing to find yourself suddenly thrust upon the stage of history.

I was at the first Louisiana sit-in with a girl from the local paper who had interviewed me that morning. She was typical, full of dying prejudices, misinformation and superstitious fears. But she knew it. She was trying to change. Well, the sit-in did a good job of changing her. It was terrific. A group of well-bred, sweet-faced kids from Southern University filed into the dime store, hand in hand, fellows and girls in couples, and sat down quietly. Their faces were transfused with quiet, innocent dedication. They looked like the choir coming into a fine Negro church. They weren't served. They sat quietly, talking together. Nobody, spectators or participants, raised his voice. In fact, most of the bystanders didn't even stare rudely. When the police came, the youngsters spoke softly and politely, and once again, fellows and girls hand in hand, they filed out, singing a hymn, and got in the paddy wagon.

The newspaper girl was shaken to her shoes. Possibly it was the first time in her life she had ever faced what it meant to be a human being. She came to the faculty party for me at Louisiana State that night. Her flesh was still shaking and she couldn't stop talking. She had come up against one of the big things of life and she was going to be always a little different afterwards.

THE RESPONSE on the campuses of the white colleges of the South was immediate. There had always been inter-racial committees and clubs around, but they had been limited to a handful of eccentrics. These increased tremendously, and involved large numbers of quite normal students. Manifestations of sympathy with the sit-ins and joint activities with nearby Negro schools even came to involve student government and student union bodies. Editorials in college papers, with almost no exceptions, gave enthusiastic support. Believe me, it is quite an experience to eat dinner with a fraternity at a fashionable

Southern school and see a can to collect money for CORE at the end of the table.

More important than sympathy actions for and with the Negroes, the sit-ins stimulated a similar burst, a run-away brush fire, of activity for all sorts of other aims. They not only stimulated the activity, they provided the form and in a sense the ideology. Non-violent direct action popped up everywhere — so fast that even the press wire services could no longer keep track of it, although they certainly played it up as the hottest domestic news of the day. The actions dealt with a few things: compulsory ROTC, peace, race relations, civil liberties, capital punishment — all, in the final analysis, moral issues. In no case were they concerned with politics in the ordinary sense of the word.

HERE THE ROTC marched out to troop the colors and found a line of students sitting down across the parade ground. In another school, a protest march paraded around and through and between the ranks of the marching ROTC, apparently to everybody's amusement. In other schools, the faculty and even the administration and, in one place, the governor joined in protest rallies against ROTC. There were so many peace and disarmament meetings and marches it is impossible to form a clear picture — they seem to have taken place everywhere and, for the first time, to have brought out large numbers. Off-campus, as it were, the lonely pacifists who had been sitting out the civil-defense propaganda stunt in New York, called their annual "sit out" and were dumbfounded at the turn-out. For the first time, too, the court and even the police weakened. Few were arrested.

The Chessman execution provoked demonstrations, meetings, telegrams, on campuses all over the country. In Northern California, the "mass base" of all forms of protest was among the students and the younger teachers. They provided the cadre, circulated petitions, sent wires, interviewed the Governor, and kept up a continuous vigil at the gates of San Quentin. All this activity was unquestionably spontaneous. At no time did the ACLU or the regular anti-capital-punishment organizations initiate, or even take part in, any mass action, whatever else they may have done. Chessman, of course, had a tremendous appeal to youth; he was young, he was an intellectual, even an artist of sorts; before his arrest he had been the kind of person they could recognize, if not approve of, among themselves. He was not very different from the hero of *On the Road*, who happened to be locked up in San Quentin along with him. As his life drew to a close, he showed a beautiful magnanimity in all he did or said. On all the campuses of the country — of the world, for that matter — he seemed an almost typical example of the alienated and outraged youthful "delinquent" of the post-World War II era—the product of a delinquent society. To the young who refused to be demoralized by society, it appeared that that society was killing him only to sweep its own guilt under the rug. I think almost everyone (Chessman's supporters included) over thirty-five, seriously underestimates the psychological effect of the Chessman case on the young.

AT ALL POINTS, the brutal reactionary tendencies in American life were being challenged, not on a political basis, Left versus Right, but because of their patent dishonesty and moral violence. The most spectacular challenge was the riot at the hearing of the Un-American Activities Committee in San Francisco. There is no question but that this was a completely spontaneous demonstration. The idea that Communist agitators provoked it is ludicrous. True, all that were left of the local Bolsheviks turned out, some thirty of them — Stalinists and the two groups of Trotskyites. Even the "youth leader" who, twenty-eight years before, at the age of thirty, had been assigned to lead the Y.C.L., showed up and roared and stomped incoherently, and provided comic relief. Certainly no one took him seriously. There was one aspect about the whole thing that was not spontaneous. That was the work of the committee. They planned it that way. Over the protests and warnings of the city administration, they deliberately framed up a riot. When the riot came, it was the cops who lost their nerve and rioted, if rioting means uncontrolled mob violence. The kids sat on the floor with their hands in their pockets and sang, "We shall not be moved."

Spectacular as it was, there are actions more important than the San Francisco riot. Here and there about the country, lonely, single individuals have popped up out of nowhere and struck their blows. It is almost impossible to get information about draft resisters, non-registrants, conscientious objectors, but here and there one pops up in the local press or, more likely, in the student press.

Even more important are the individual actions of high school students whom only a hopeless paranoiac could believe anybody had organized. A sixteen-year-old boy, in Queens, and then three in the Bronx, refused to sign loyalty oaths to get their diplomas. As kudos are distributed in a New York suburban high school, a boy gets up and rejects an award from the American Legion. Everybody is horrified at his bad manners. A couple of days later two of his prizes are offered to the two runners-up, who reject them in turn. This is spontaneous direct action if ever there was. And the important thing about it is that in all these cases, these high school kids have made it clear that they do not object to either loyalty oaths or the American Legion because they are "reactionary," but because they are morally contemptible.

THE NEGRO faculties and presidents of the Jim Crow colleges who not only opposed the sit-ins, but expelled dozens of the sit-inners, now found themselves faced with deserted campuses. They were overtaken by a tremendous groundswell of approval of their youngsters' actions from Negro parents, and were dumbfounded by the sympathy shown by a broad strata of the white South. One by one they swung around, until Uncle Toms who had expelled students taking part in sit-ins during their Easter vacations in other states, went on public record as saying, "If your son or daughter telephones you and says he or she has been arrested in a sit-in, get down on your knees and thank God."

Not only did the New Revolt of Youth become the hottest domestic copy in years, but it reached the ears of all the retired and semi-retired and comfortably fixed pie-card artists of every lost and every long-since-won cause of the labor and radical movements. Everybody shouted, "Myself when young!" and pitched in with application blanks. The AFL-CIO sent out a well-known leader of the Esperanto movement who reported that the kids were muddled and confused and little interested in the trade-union movement which they, mistakenly in his opinion, thought of as morally compromised. YPSL chapters of the Thomasite Socialists rose from the graves of twenty years. Youth experts with theories about what their grandchildren were talking about went on cross-country tours. "Dissent" had a subscription drive. The Trotskyites came up with programs. Everybody got in the act — except, curiously, the Communists. As a matter of fact, back in a dusty office in New York, they were grimly deadlocked in their last factional fight. Although the movement was a spontaneous outburst of direct non-violent action, it didn't quite please the libertarians and pacifists. They went about straightening everybody out, and *Liberation* came out with an article defining the correct Line and pointing out the errors of the ideologically immature.

AS THE KIDS go back to school this fall, this is going to be the greatest danger they will face — all these eager helpers from the other side of the age barrier, all these cooks, each with a time-tested recipe for the broth. All over the world this kind of ferment is stewing on college campuses. In Korea and Japan and Turkey the students have marched and brought down governments and humbled the President of the greatest power in history. So far the movement is still formless, a world-wide upheaval of disgust. Even in Japan, the Zengakuren, which does have a sort of ideology — the Left communism against which Lenin wrote his famous pamphlet — has only been able to act as a cheer leader. It has failed to impose its leadership, its organization, or its principles on the still chaotic upsurge. In France, the official Neo-Gandhian Movement, in alliance with certain sections of the Catholic Left, does seem to have given some sort of shape and leadership. I am inclined to think that this is due to the almost total ignorance of French youth of this generation — they had to go to the official sources for information and guidance, they just didn't have enough, themselves, to get started.

Is this in fact a "political" upsurge? It isn't now — it is a great moral rejection, a kind of mass vomit. Everybody in the world knows that we are on the verge of extinction and nobody does anything about it. The kids are fed up. The great problems of the world today are immediate world-wide peace, immediate race equality, and immediate massive assistance to the former colonial peoples. All of them could be started toward solution by a few decisive acts of moral courage amongst the boys at the top of the heap. Instead, the leaders of the two ruling nations abuse each other like little boys caught out behind the barn. Their apologists stage elaborate military and ideological defenses of Marxian socialism and laissez-faire capitalism, neither of which has ever existed on the earth or ever will exist. While the Zengakuren howls in the streets, Khrushchev delivers a speech on the anniversary of Lenin's "Leftism, an Infantile Disorder" and uses it to attack — Mao! Meanwhile a boy gets up in a New York suburban school and contemptuously hands back his "patriotic" prize. He is fed up.

NEW LIFE for OLD WEAPONS . . *by Carl Dreher*

THE JUNE *Fortune* devotes a long and moving article to the financial perplexities of the aerospace industry, which depends on the military for 80-85 per cent of its sales. For these gentlemen the U-2 incident and its sequelae were a gift from heaven. In their official capacity they wasted little time on the moral or political aspects; their single-minded devotion to the cardinal rule of business is exemplified by the industry figure who, referring to Thomas J. Lanphier's efforts to up the military budget, was quoted as saying, "I think he's making a damn fool of himself, but I'm all for it. It's good for business and I'm glad it's happening." The U-2 is good for business, too.

One of the immediate beneficiaries is likely to be North American Aviation, whose president, John Leland Atwood, wept when the B-70 Valkyrie bomber was canceled as a weapons system in December, 1959. Discussing the pros and cons in *The Nation* ("Pie in the Sky," February 13, 1960), I concluded, "Valkyrie may have life in her yet." She has. As the U-2 came down, Valkyrie's stock went up. "I think recent events prove the ease of penetration," said Gen. Thomas D. White, Air Force Chief of Staff, and from this he deduced that the B-70 could escape missile-defense fire and should be put into production. Editorial opinion rallied behind the General.

"The U.S. has on the drawing boards a 2,000-mph bomber, the B-70," said *Life* (June 13, 1960), "which could fly higher than 70,000 feet and approach the altitude of the famed U-2. . . . With Khrushchev now heating up the cold war, the U.S. should not neglect a weapon which can so strengthen its deterrent power."

The Eisenhower Administration cut back the B-70 to two stripped prototypes precisely because it was still on the drawing boards and could not be ready for combat till 1965 or 1968 (depending on who is estimating). What the Air Force and CIA got away with in 1956-1960 with a fleet of high-altitude sailplanes is no guide to what will happen in 1966-1970 with a fleet of high-altitude supersonic bombers, even if they perform as well in the stratosphere as on the drawing boards. Years before the B-70 can be operational, the Russians will be able to shoot it down — it or any other aircraft (but not rockets). In fact, as always happens with a technical innovation, the U-2 alerted the Russians to the need for better anti-aircraft defense (just as the threat of the *Luftwaffe* stimulated British progress in radar in the thirties) and gave them a kind of prophylaxis against a future B-70. The Eisenhower decision to cut back the B-70 was sound, and Secretary Gates knows it, but technological considerations are likely to be overridden in the present political atmosphere. The chances are that the B-70 will be reinstated as a weapons system, at least temporarily, to the great joy of North American and its network of 10,000 subcontractors and vendors. If the U-2 (developed and manufactured by Lockheed) had performed no other service, it would still be a great success from the business standpoint. It has extended the life and profitability of the aero section of the aerospace industry.

THE SPACE section is happy too, for, as *Missiles and Rockets* says, "You can't practice brinkmanship on the one hand and plump for disarmament on the other." The fiscal 1961 budget, now standing at $9.5 billion for the over-all missiles-space program, is probably on the way to $11 billion or more. Some of this will go for Midas and Samos space vehicles (see Donald W. Cox: "Overflight by Satellite," *The Nation,* June 4, 1960), which will make reconnaissance aircraft obsolete, just as missiles will eventually supplant bombers.

About the Author

With this article Carl Dreher, an engineer by profession before he turned to writing, continues his survey for The Nation *of the political and social implications of the technological-arms race (see* The Nation *for Nov. 16, 1957; Feb. 1, 1958; Sept. 6, 1958; Dec. 13, 1958; May 9, 1959; June 20, 1959; Feb. 13, 1960).*

Midas, for which Lockheed is the prime contractor, is a satellite designed to carry an infra-red detecting device which will relay evidence of missile launchings. One Midas is already in orbit. Samos (likewise Lockheed) is a photographic and television satellite which, the Air Force predicts, will be able to show an airplane on the ground from an altitude of 300 miles and will send back pictures as good as, or better than, those the U-2 was able to provide at thirteen miles. Lyndon Johnson, Senate Majority Leader, Presidential aspirant, specialist in crash programs, and leading exponent of the theory that technological progress is directly proportional to money appropriated, has called for an immediate, large-scale program to build and launch Samos-type satellites. He proposes that the United States "put a television camera on the rest of the world and then make available its results to all members of the United Nations."

Though scarcely calculated to bring back the glow of affection to the cheeks of Nikita Khrushchev, these are mellifluous words for the developers and manufacturers of the coming brood of surveillance systems. For them, the gates of paradise opened at the moment when Lieutenant Powers plunged earthwards and decided not to die for Lockheed and CIA. It would be unfair to suggest that they would have shot him down themselves, but the fact remains that their fondest hopes were realized when the Russians did it for them.

However, while the bigger and faster spending has already begun (the Senate Appropriations Committee voted on June 10 to increase by $84 million the funds earmarked to "perfect" Samos), the perfected or near-perfected spy satellite is not expected to be ready for three or four years, during which the United States will be imperiled by a "renaissance gap." No one should be alarmed, however: it is unlikely that the Air Force will long tolerate such a hiatus. General Eisenhower's order to suspend the U-2 flights holds only for the remainder of his term and the Air Force may be able to do what it deems necessary even if the order is not withdrawn.

THE ORDER applies only to the Soviet Union and not to other U-2 operations. The U-2 squadrons based near Tokyo and Adana, Turkey, were manned by personnel under contract to Lockheed or other "civilian" firms and took their orders "primarily" from CIA, but in the Western Hemisphere U-2 flights were, and still are, carried on by Air Force personnel, nor have these flights been discontinued. According to *Aviation Week* (May 30, 1960), three U-2s of the Strategic Air Command were to fly during June from Ezeiza International Airport, near Buenos Aires, to measure radiation in the upper atmosphere in connection with a USAF-AEC-Argentine Government research program. These SAC U-2s were based at Laughlin AFB, Del Rio, Texas. Other U-2 flights, under Air Research and Development Command direction, were out of Edwards AFB in California. One need not be unduly suspicious to envision assignment of Air Force U-2s to bases in Taiwan, Okinawa, Alaska or other suitable points for strategic reconnaissance over Red China, Siberia and even European Russia, whenever the Air Force feels that the country is imperiled. If arrangements cannot be made for future landings in neutral countries, it may be feasible to build U-3s capable of refueling over international waters, or for rendezvous with surface ships and ditching. The Air Force is nothing if not resourceful and may have more surprises in store for us.

YET, FOR ALL the rejoicing in the aerospace industry and the opportunity for all good Americans to luxuriate once more in uninhibited belligerence, the U-2 incident and its sequelae do not bode well for the future of the Western alliance. Could anyone but a political idiot conclude that the cohesion of the NATO-SEATO-CENTO conglomerate has been "strengthened" by an exhibition of disorientation in the highest circles of American government that would make the manager of a five-and-ten blush? Or that a display of grotesque ineptitude in international public relations, coming from the very homeland of systematic opinion-molding, would excite admiration among statesmen not inexperienced in the arts of diplomatic jujitsu? The only ones who can approve of the results of the performance which began on May 2 (and is still not over) are the Nationalist Chinese and the West Germans, and they must think us fools.

Further damage has been done by the revelation, underlying the amateurish lies and rationalizations, of the inflexible American determination to continue the cold war indefinitely. Khrushchev may be by turns a clown, a blowhard and a statesman, but over-all he gives the impression of wanting peace. His opposite numbers in the United States do not want a hot war — they are not lunatics — but the picture they present to the world is that of men who fear both peace and war and so, eschewing radical ideas and difficult adjustments, tend to pursue the course in between, that of the cold war which has become a principal prop of their economy and their chief means of keeping political control.

Other manifestations which followed in the wake of the U-2 are technological in nature. As their implications sink in, they will tend to promote neutralist sentiment in many of the countries formally committed to the Western cause. One is the fact that neither specialized aircraft, satellites nor any other conceivable instrumentality can give warning against surprise attack. The engineers may improve the cameras until they can photograph a kiddy-car at 300,000 miles, but what will be the good of it? They will not be able to photograph the thoughts of the men in the blockhouse, or the schemes of the statesmen who (it is hoped) will still have control of their own nerves and those of their button-pushers. The engines of annihilation are poised and ready. All that aerial or spatial photography can tell us is where they are located, so that if the birds fly, annihilation will (it is hoped) be mutual. But neither unilateral reconnaissance nor "open skies" agreements, if they could be arrived at, would guard against surprise attack. When long-range missiles speeding at 15,000 mph became available, surprise attack became feasible and, to some mentalities, tempting. There is only one cure: disarmament, beginning with the means of delivery of nuclear explosives.

ANOTHER lesson of the U-2 is that the difficulties of developing an anti-missile missile are, as many experts contend, simply insuperable. It took the Russians four years to bring a U-2 down; even so, by all indications, Powers was far below his normal cruising altitude when they finally scored a near-miss. The Nike-Hercules, our own defense against aircraft, can probably do better, but the troubles with the Air Force's Bomarc, a $3 billion failure, and with Sage, show how difficult it is to extend the range of these systems beyond present bomber ceilings of about 40,000 feet. Undoubtedly it can be done up to the limits of aerodynamic flight, but missiles present incomparably greater problems: the U-2 flew at some thirteen miles above the earth, the missile will be several hundred miles up; the U-2 was moving at subsonic speed, the missile will be falling at some twenty times the speed of sound. Where there was one U-2, there will be a large number of ICBMs, each with its flock of decoys. The tracking-radar-computer system will have the task of locking on to and examining all these objects, deciding which are targets and which are decoys, calculating the trajectories of the targets, assigning an interceptor missile to each target, giving each station the command to launch at exactly the right instant, then guiding the interceptor on a collision course. Besides this there are innumerable intercommunication problems of hitherto unheard-of complexity and, since the computation system cannot be left entirely to its own devices, there are also problems of human monitoring and manual override. And all this must be done in a period of some five minutes at the end of the ICBM flight! Disarmament could hardly be more difficult.

SAC COMMANDER General T. S. Power has estimated that 150 Soviet ICBMs and an equal number of IRBMs could wipe out our retaliatory forces; he suggests that the Soviets may already possess that many. Material published in the United States gives the co-ordinates of ten Soviet ICBM bases, combat-ready or under construction, and thirty IRBM bases. It is estimated that the ICBM bases could hold from 100 to 300 missiles, the IRBM bases from 300 to 600. The Soviets are also known to possess 3,000-mile TCBMs, and they are said to have missile plants in at least seventeen cities.

Our complement of operational

intercontinental missiles is unimportant strategically, and we have relatively few IRBMs ready to fire. But plans for 1965 call for 132 Atlas, 126 Titan, 236 Polaris and between 600 and 1,200 Minuteman missiles, making a total of 1,100 to 1,700. Our chief offensive weapon of the moment is the B-47, B-52 and B-58 bomber force of the SAC, all with ceilings well within ground-to-air rocket range. Although their losses would be high, our bombers could probably wipe out some Soviet metropolitan areas and vital installations. By 1965, and probably somewhat earlier, parity in annihilation capability is in prospect.

If the Russians are really bent on our destruction, what are they waiting for? Now is the time to hit us. The U-2 would have given the pretext. But all Khrushchev did was hold press conferences and accuse us of warmongering and unwillingness to disarm.

Are they waiting, perhaps, for the moment when the ratio of their obliteration capability to ours will be a maximum? Our people do not seem to think so. Skyscrapers are being erected in unprecedented numbers at the bull's-eye centers of our cities, our civil-defense arrangements remain a joke, pleas to build private fallout shelters are almost unanimously ignored, and a stoppage of theatrical performances in New York City rated headlines as big as the blowup at the Summit. We keep on having babies and paying life insurance premiums. Evidently we expect the war to remain one of threat and demonstration.

BUT though the chances of war by calculation may be small, the chances of war by accident are appreciable. In that event, the peril of Europe is greater than that of the United States, for IRBMs deployed toward Britain, Scandinavia and other European areas are more numerous than ICBMs. That Britain, for example, would be wiped out in the first few minutes of a nuclear war is now quite certain. The Japanese have been reckoning with a similar situation. As Arthur Krock writes in *The New York Times* (June 19, 1960), "The downing of the U-2 in Soviet Russia, just as the Summit conference of 1960 was preparing to assemble in Paris, exposed an official policy of the United States Government that was precisely what the anti-treaty forces in Japan needed." If there is to be a holocaust, they would like to stay out of it; they remember Hiroshima as no Westerner can remember it.

At the end of World War II, the United States possessed about 50 per cent of the total industrial capacity of the world; this, rather than love of freedom, is the reason it was able to assume leadership of the Western world. The United States still enjoys preponderant industrial and technological strength, and as long as this lasts no mass desertion of allies is in prospect. But a *de jure* alliance is one thing, a *de facto* alliance quite another. Avowals of eternal friendship are meaningless: if there were true solidarity, it would not require so much protestation. The fact is that the alliance is already weakened; by all indications nothing but troubled years lie ahead.

Journalistic sleight-of-hand has converted the U-2 incident into a Madison Avenue victory for the United States. Actually, it was a setback of crucial proportions. Mr. Lanphier thinks we are already "in the process of losing World War III," that we are "in jeopardy of physical destruction." I don't believe it, nor, judging by their actions, do the great majority of Americans. But if he had said we are losing the cold war, I would agree with him, and I would cite the U-2 incident as marking the turning point where it became obvious to everyone but the President and the State Department that we could not win it.

CHINA VERSUS RUSSIA . . *by Alexandre Metaxas*

ON JUNE 4, General Hsiao Hua, Deputy Chief of Political Affairs of the Chinese Red Army, declared: "To be afraid of war, to oppose even just wars . . . would result not only in the lessening of our will to fight, but would also increase the insolence of our adversaries." Thus the policy of peace at all costs among peoples of good faith, as professed by the Kremlin over the last decade, seems to be under energetic attack by Peking's leaders. But Red China's belligerence must be put into proper context in order correctly to be understood.

Peking's immediate goal is recognition by the West and an end to the quarantine in which she has been cast for the last eleven years. During the Geneva negotiations on Indo-China in 1954, Chou En-lai acquired a taste for contact with Western diplomats, especially with Eden. At the time, the Chinese thought the negotiations might inaugurate a new era of broad agreement between themselves and the West. The hope proved abortive; the Dulles policies thrust China back into isolation — an isolation that has since been intensified as the result of developments in Formosa, Tibet, the Indian frontier regions. Then came Camp David, and to Chinese eyes these Eisenhower-Khrushchev talks seemed to cement in place the last brick of the wall now surrounding their country.

Under these circumstances, it is easy to understand why the Chinese

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greeted with joy the deterioration of U.S.-Soviet relations after Camp David, and especially the debacle at the Summit. But this does not mean that China is seeking total rupture with the capitalist world. Quite the contrary. What Peking cannot understand, and strongly resents, is that the capitalist United States, which maintains correct if not always friendly relations with Nasser's United Arab Republic, Indonesia, Iraq, the independent republics of Africa, yet remains adamant on China. Despite widespread speculation to the contrary, I believe that Chinese diplomats who now speak of "Yankee imperialism" and "just wars" would quickly change their tune were the American Ambassador in Warsaw to announce to his Chinese colleague that Washington was prepared to open negotiations leading to the recognition of China, her admission to the U.N. and her participation in the next Summit.

What Mao Tse-tung reproached Khrushchev about, after Camp David, was the Soviet Premier's apparent willingness to "settle matters" with the West behind China's back — or, at any rate, without her participation. There are also psychological factors involved, some of them highly personal. Mao believes that he is not only the Lenin and Stalin of China, but the "Pope" of the Communist world; did he not abandon the Presidency of the Republic to devote himself to the ideological direction of Communist theory?

But the Chinese Lenin does not neglect the interests of his country. For he wants Peking not only to be admitted to the U.N. and to be recognized by the United States, but to be identified as co-leader, with India, of the Asian continent; and, ultimately, he looks to the day when China will replace the USSR as ideological and political leader of the Communist world and will eliminate India from the "duumvirate" of Asia.

Here, of course, lies the crucial disagreement between the Soviet Union and China.

There appears to have been some misunderstanding, I think, of the role played by the Soviet military in Sino-Soviet relations. Most observers believe that the Russian military collaborated with Peking in putting pressure on Khrushchev to "wreck the Summit." My own conviction is that the Soviet military have little use for what they consider to be the "adventurous" policies of Peking; that, increasingly, the Soviet military leadership is becoming the symbol of "eternal Russia," destined to give priority to the "nation" rather than to the "party." Indeed, if the battle inside the Kremlin between the partisans of a Western rapprochement and those of the "alliance with China at any price" becomes too violent, it would not be surprising if the Russian marshals and scientists took over, leaving the party ideologists to their reveries and sending the partisans of Mao back to China.

For Khrushchev, the need for an understanding with the West becomes more urgent precisely to the degree that the Soviet military turns nationalistic. Mao and Chou quite understand the situation, and despite their quarrel with the Soviet Premier, they would rather see him in the Kremlin than a committee of marshals, with no political convictions, determined to keep Russia out of any adventures that China might provoke. So their problem is to influence Khrushchev without precipitating a fight within the Kremlin which might prove their undoing.

IN THIS context, Peking's provocative policies toward the United States become understandable. By creating incidents in Formosa and in Japan, the Chinese leaders hope to obtain two results: (1) put Khrushchev in the position where he must support Peking and thus put an end to "coexistence" in the Russian sense of an exclusive Soviet-U.S. agreement, or else appear to be betraying the Communist cause; (2) force the United States to accept Peking's participation in the direction of world affairs (and, perhaps, recover Formosa into the bargain).

China's ill humor and threats have but one purpose: to obtain from the American "capitalists" the official acknowledgment that Communist China exists, and that she rates a role in the shaping of the world's future.

The current violent anti-American demonstrations in Japan, led by Socialists, have as their immediate pretext the Japanese-U.S. treaty. But the heart of the problem is economic, and the Socialists are getting discreet support from certain Japanese industrialists who want freedom to reach certain trade arrangements with China. What is in their minds is a kind of Sino-Japanese "common market" which would unite Chinese raw materials with Japanese industrial power. The result could well be production at so low a price as to constitute a challenge not only to Western exports, but also to Russian.

SINO-RUSSIAN economic rivalry is already marked, especially in underdeveloped areas. In Africa, and particularly in Morocco and Guinea, Chinese and Soviet commercial delegations are fighting for markets. In Morocco, the competition is taking on brutal aspects reminiscent of Franco-German rivalry in that area in 1912. At the moment the Russians, aided by East German and Czechoslovak production, are in the lead, especially since the quality of China's goods is relatively poor. But the markets are the important thing—markets which could one day be invaded by the Sino-Japanese "pool."

Meanwhile, it would appear that Peking and Moscow are reacting to international developments without regard to the results of the American elections. But the elections could prove a turning point. It is quite possible that after November a sort of rivalry may arise between Moscow and Peking, each seeking the favors of the next United States Government, whatever it may be. Despite the present outlook, it is possible that Red China, in certain circumstances, might seek to establish a policy of coexistence with the United States—a coexistence which would compete with that proposed by the Soviet Union to the West. In a world of dynamic and changing forces, one must be prepared for surprises.

BOOKS and the ARTS

England's Toughest Community

WEEKEND IN DINLOCK. By Clancy Sigal. Houghton Mifflin Co. 197 pp. $3.

Ted Hughes

THIS is a valuable book. It is a documentary of life at present in the grimmest type of South Yorkshire coal-mining village, and I know nothing like it.

The form is simple: the author, an American, sets out to record his impressions on two weekend visits, six months apart, to the home of his friend Davie, a Dinlock miner. Davie is a face-worker — one of the hard core, the elite of the pit hierarchy — but he is also a painter recognized by the London art world. He is determined to leave the pit and the village, which he claims are killing him, and somehow keep his wife and three children by his painting. His wife, his friends, his own blood are against him, and the conflict is breaking him down: he keeps going on benzedrine and codeine. Finally he cracks and goes back to the pit. This story betrays Sigal only once — in the forced coincidence that on his underground tour he meets Davie, whom he believed to have finished with the pit altogether, back at work on the coal-face. Elsewhere, his account of Davie's inner fight enables him to give shape and dramatic emphasis to his real subject, which is Dinlock — one of the most fiercely individual and probably toughest communities left in England.

Dinlock and its people are, as the author says in his foreword, a composite of many such South Yorkshire communities: "a sum of what I wish to say about what I saw." That being so, it is remarkable that he should create such a figure as Davie, who could so easily have been merely an aesthetic misfit for the author's purposes. In fact, Davie is the most formidable collier in the book, and the psychological complications of a jealous artistic gift shut within a life-size collier's temperament are worked out without a false note. Given this, the laboring life, home life and recreation of the pit-workers grow into place convincingly.

Bolton is perhaps as good as Davie. Bolton is "*de facto* mayor of Dinlock, the big cheese full of himself and wondrous works, the Lord High Fixer and Arbitrator, the Public Figure, full-time branch union treasurer." He takes a fatherly interest in Davie and it is mainly through him that Dinlock brings to bear the pressure under which Davie finally breaks. Bolton is nearly half the book: in his presence the large and general questions are aired naturally. He opens the intricacies of pit and village politics to Sigal and eventually conducts him on a tour of the mine. Both Bolton and Davie are true individuals, not generalized in the slightest; and neither of them could well occur anywhere in England but in a South Yorkshire mining town.

AFTER a tour of several colliers' homes — or of several colliers' living rooms, two paces by four — Sigal goes for a drink. A collier's Saturday night relaxation in Dinlock consists of a straight walk to one of the two pubs (called clubs, having membership), then pints, billiards, pints, tombola, a walk to the other pub, pints and argument, a walk back to the first, then pints, argument, pints, singing, pints, fighting, stagger home, quarrels, fornication, fights. Fifteen pints a night is not unusual. All this goes on in a fine whip of touchy self-respect, a display of the brutal masculine virtues, and discussion in highly readable form of such matters as imported foreign labor, which everyone hates, Russia and her mining methods, which interest everyone (they tend to feel strong liking for Russia), the National Coal Board, which everyone distrusts, the union, which they deal with only on their own terms, then wages, working hours and the inferiority of all other pits.

Throughout, Sigal conveys the subtle and cruel web of relationships which decides each man's attitude to every other — and in this community these rules are as "strict as in a monastery or military academy." Behind the men appear mistreated wives, old at thirty, full of resentment and endless gossip of pregnancies, alert for a quick encounter. Sigal has a sharp eye for the details that generate the peculiar atmosphere of such places as Dinlock: the sooty, sulphurous half-light, the "semi-conscious dread of the unceasing dreariness," the shadow of the pit head that, like a communal super-ego, looks into every corner of the village.

The second part of the book, the second weekend, is devoted to a trip down the pit and the denouement of the Davie story. The trip down is a nightmarishly impressive piece of writing and a completion, a consummation, of all that has gone before: it is from the strange bond that exists between these men underground, from the hanging danger, and from the stroke of the pick head into the coal-face that this society draws its temper, its extraordinary reality. Sigal sees this and presents it convincingly.

THE writing ranges flexibly from pretty formal documentary ("The issue came to a head a while back when the N.C.B., which had invited Hungarian refugees to take a course in English mining customs, logically attempted to place the Hungarians in the pit") through direct description to easy anecdote ("Kathleen the mother slightly addled and proudly showing off her new Health Service teeth, removing them from her mouth and passing them around for our inspection. We agree they are smashing"). He avoids naturally what any English writer would have ruined his book trying to avoid: romantic glorification of the horrors of such places as Dinlock, or short-sighted condescension. His objectivity comes out in the conversation which, though he tries to suggest the dialect, is neither sentimental nor blank: it is simply right. The South Yorkshire collier is a peculiar flower of evolution, and his every phrase is redolent of this peculiarity — a different thing from what you find in West, East or North Yorkshire, a different nature and mind. To have captured this inflection seems to me a feat in itself.

Sigal obviously made a difficult decision in roughing out the dialect phonetically. Every American reader will hear "And tha know what that bluidy foolish coont did?" differently, none rightly, maybe. And maybe most writers would spell it differently. But for readers with some notion of the original it is plain that much of the overpowering atmosphere of this book comes through the truly grasped rhythm and word-order of the dialect. In most Yorkshire dialects each vowel is given a sort of brutal fullness: "a" as in "wham," "u" as in "whoosh," and so on. The consonants seem to be doubled or trebled, the assonances and alliterations are brought

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out forcibly (as they tend to govern the choice of words), and the whole thing has a measured, forgiving air. At the same time each word is made to sound a bit like a swear word.

MY RESERVATIONS about the book stem chiefly from Sigal's attitude to his task. Although he writes a half-novel, he does not escape the air of a researcher on a planned project. His inspection takes place in a slightly clinical chill; his note-taking, on-the-ball watchfulness never lets up for a second. Moreover, we know what his project is: life in Dinlock, he says at the outset, is an "atrocity." His project is not to record the whole of life in Dinlock, but the atrocious aspect of it: his objectivity has thesis-bias. As a result, we hear almost nothing of Dinlock's shopkeepers and clerks, and very little of the surface-workers. The face-workers are, as he says, at the world's end, but they are not alone there, they are not in group confinement. Their life is as bad as he describes, but it is also much better. He sees the atrocity clearly, but misses the spirit which enables these people to live much of it joyfully. Perhaps it is the communal spirit he misses, the impersonal affection of one for another, which overrides personal detestation, like the spirit that springs up among people during an air raid: among colliers it is a constant condition. The businesslike "let's have less crap" tone of the writing exaggerates this limitation on Sigal's part. Occasionally, he seems to believe these people are keeping alive under the horror of the pit only on huge shots of sentimental delusion. His descriptions often present more than his analytical comments take into account — as in scenes between Davie and his wife, and in the pub as the crowd gets drunk: then his book becomes momentarily bigger than he is.

Another discomfort comes from our feeling that everyone Sigal observes is aware primarily at that moment of his observing them, this strange bird up from London, this Yank in a white duffle hunting up stuff to put in a book. The effect is to give immediacy, a naive reality, to what he sees, but also a stiltedness. No matter how he actually did make the observations, his technique of presenting them — as the impressions of a sensational visitor — gets in the way slightly.

THE SPIRIT of the Dinlocks of Yorkshire is in a sense a relic and on the point of disintegration: it is open to all the dilusions of modernity, from mechanization in the pit to "telly" in the home. Though now and again, when he's drunk, Sigal gets the impression that Dinlock is indestructible, he does record a noticeable change during the mere six months between his first observations and his last. Telly takes the upper hand decisively, boys now make no secret of their trying to get out of the village, the older men are complaining that the younger are no longer so loyal to the pubs. A new sense of the open world is rapidly breaking down the colliers' devotion to their own character. Sigal has caught Dinlock at a historical moment, in a strong light.

A Rare Good Man

MARTIN BUBER: JEWISH EXISTENTIALIST. By Malcolm L. Diamond. Oxford University Press. 240 pp. $4.50.

Gabriel Vahanian

MARTIN BUBER is a contemporary whose thought testifies to the fecundity of daring, intellectual alternatives still available in a political civilization, be it Eastern or Western, which seems to have reached an impasse. The title of Malcolm Diamond's work on this capital thinker will no doubt attract some and repel others. Let it be said right away that Buber is primarily a Jewish thinker whose originality is such that he has no teacher, and yet the force of his intellectual contribution is as unobtrusive as that of a real disciple. Even the Old Testament, which to some may be the bulwark of intransigent orthodoxy, reads differently under Buber's interpretative pen, so that the supposed bases of dogmatic rigidity give way to a living thought which is not diluted for being flexible. Buber has been accused of being neither Jewish nor Christian, and some have even gone so far as to consider him a crypto-Christian. Though Buber is not guilty of the imprecisions which some of his interpreters find in him, they must and can be traced both to the extreme selectivity with which he approaches distinctly Jewish materials and to the concomitant liberty he takes in appropriating non-Jewish and particularly Christian materials.

Mr. Diamond presents a study of Buber's thought in the light of Judaism and the Hebraic tradition, whose essence is not only represented by the Prophetic movement and its spirituality, but also by the contrasting, ritualistic developments of the rabbinic schools. The author shows how Buber's work is indebted to the unsuspected variety of richness which non-Jews are incapable of detecting in Judaism because they equate it with legalism. By the same token, Mr. Diamond establishes Buber's fidelity to the Hebraic tradition and shakes all bases for the claims regarding the ambiguities mentioned above.

MR. DIAMOND first introduces the reader to the cardinal aspects of Professor Buber's philosophy. It is often presented as a philosophy of dialogue, meaning one which attempts to go beyond the dichotomy, even antinomy, between subject and object which has crippled Western thought. Such a philosophy, as Buber develops it, directs itself toward concrete questions, ambiguities or contradictions of life, rather than toward abstract philosophical problems. "Existence, as encountered by the man of flesh and bone is not an interplay of rational consistencies, but a panorama of possibilities encountered in a world of fact." These possibilities constitute the stuff on which choice and, consequently, human decisions are based; existence is decision, and decision signifies direction, purpose. But decision and direction both stem from a concrete meeting with a world of fact which includes not only objects but also other human beings. Therefore, says Buber, all life is "a give and take of genuine conversation between man and the world."

The flaw, according to Buber, in much of Western thought about the meaning of life is the emphasis on unity, or the union of subject and object, or man and the absolute, as the goal of existence. One fundamental tenet of Buber's approach is that life is to be construed in terms of a relation (or relatedness) and not in terms of unity or union. Thus, the self is in constant relationship, but its relatedness is both personal and impersonal, whether the other pole is a human being or a thing. The self is therefore characterized by a twofold dimension, which Buber calls the *I-Thou* and the *I-It.* (Incidentally, "Thou" in German—which Buber writes — is a more common form of address than its Quaker or any other anomalous usage would suggest in English.) Professor Buber spelled out these dimensions in *I and Thou,* published in 1923, which reads like a poem and has been more influential outside than inside Judaism.

Having explained the theological ram-

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ifications of this philosophy, Mr. Diamond studies the influence of Hassidism (a Jewish sect) on Buber's thought. From it, Buber has learned how to insist on the inseparability of religion and life in all its manifestations. Accordingly, he has considered that "the realer religion is, so much the more it means its own overcoming. It wills to cease to be the special domain 'Religion' and wills to become life."

One of the best sections of this book deals with Buber's place in modern Judaism and especially in relation to Zionism. It shows how Buber diverges from those liberal Jews who would dissociate Judaism from any geographical and national entity. Contrary to them, Buber holds that "the land is necessary to the fulfillment of the Jewish mission."

But he goes a step beyond and qualifies this necessity. For Buber, the land is necessary, indeed, "but only when it is considered as a challenge and not as a possession." And for just this reason, this land must be Palestine and not any other piece of land. At this point, one can easily see how Buber also disagrees with the Zionists (though with them also he remains in partial agreement). Israel, the Chosen People, he said, "would lose its own self if it replaced Zion by Palestine." In short, it is Buber's conviction, as Mr. Diamond sums it up, that "the ideal of Zion must not be subordinated" or accommodated to "the political exigencies of a Jewish state."

A SIGNIFICANT chapter is devoted to "the Jewish Jesus and the Christ of faith," that is to say, to a treatment of Buber's affinity with Jesus in his study and critique of Christianity. But its nature transcends the scope of this review. And the same can be said about the comparisons with Kierkegaard, the father of existentialism, who has influenced Buber, and with Reinhold Niebuhr, who has made it a point to acknowledge his debt to Buber's thought. One can say, however, that in all these comparisons, Mr. Diamond is as judicious in his reading both of his master's studies and their various subjects (which he, too, has studied), as the master is in his treatment of Jesus, Saint Paul or Kierkegaard.

Here is a good book about one of the rare good men of our age.

ART

Maurice Grosser

This article is the second of several we shall publish by Maurice Grosser on the museums of the Middle West.

Detroit

THE DETROIT INSTITUTE OF ARTS occupies a sumptuous and comfortable building completed in 1927 in a simplified Renaissance style. The interior, with its halls and courts and suites of paneled rooms, each furnished in the period of the paintings and objects it displays, has a rich baronial air not out of keeping with the great barons of industry who are its benefactors. The institution itself is older than the present building. It began back in the eighties and was fathered by a newspaper.

In 1883, the Detroit *Evening News* organized for the city a large loan exhibition of pictures. It was such a success that the paper, in the person of its advertising manager, Mr. William Brearley, was able to raise funds to build a permanent museum which opened in 1889. However, Detroit had no art collection for the building to contain, and the institution was in danger of becoming a combination of art school and exhibit hall for contemporary shows. Mr. James Scripps, editor and publisher of the *Evening News,* found this unsatisfactory and undertook to furnish the museum with pictures. He had already had some experience as an art collector and believed that the old masters had more permanent value than the contemporary works of Diaz, Mauve, Meissonier and Bouguereau, so dear to the collectors of the eighties. Besides, the old masters were a great deal less expensive than famous living painters. (One remembers the story of the visitor to Meissonier's studio being shown the painter's collection of old masters—a Rembrandt, a Titian, and so on. "Why," says the visitor, "do I not see one of your own works?" "Oh," says Meissonier, "I can't afford it.") So, with values and prices in mind, Mr. Scripps set out to acquire old masters, principally among the minor Dutch, and in 1889, when the museum opened, he was able to endow it with seventy pictures. Other well-to-do Detroiters followed his example, sometimes with less acumen, and the galleries were presently filled with all sorts of Turkish and Persian bric-a-brac, plaster casts and natural history specimens. As one of the trustees complained in 1910, the museum made it a rule to accept all gifts in order to avoid hurting the feelings of well-intentioned givers.

IN 1919, all this was changed. Under Michigan law, the art museum, since it was not a municipal institution, could not use municipal funds. Therefore a new city charter was adopted, providing for a city art commission which would build a new museum and administer it as a department of the city government. At the same time the older private museum corporation was retained as a sustaining society. Under this dual leadership, partly old Detroit society, partly municipal, the present museum building was erected, and Dr. William Valentiner was engaged as director.

Dr. Valentiner, a highly cultivated German, brought to Detroit the idea, new in museum practice, of culture-history. According to this idea each cultural period has a spiritual unity. Works of art shown for themselves alone, as separate *objets de vertu,* are interesting only to the specialist. They can be understood by a broader public only when shown in their proper historical context, under which conditions the spirit of their cultural period becomes apparent. Thus, each gallery of a museum should as much as possible present—with its paintings, sculpture and decoration all drawn from the same period—a unit illustration to a particular chapter of the history of culture.

On this educational basis the new museum was conceived. Since no attempt was made to carry it to extremes, it works very well, with European galleries from Gothic to eighteenth century ranged in the right wing, and in the left, a series of American rooms with art from the seventeenth century until today. The display of Classical and Oriental art is less extensive, difficult perhaps to display under such a system. But there is a large and comprehensive collection of modern painting, both European and American.

The Institute's own endowment is small. Its collection derives chiefly from private benefactors who have always, except during depression years, supplied the museum with funds to buy the works it needed and contributed pictures from their own collections. The European collection, valuable as it is, tends to be perhaps a little dull. Its solid values and particular emphasis on the great names in Flemish, Dutch and Italian painting, reflect the conservative taste of the rich benefactors as well as the Central European formation of

Dr. Valentiner himself. There are, nevertheless, any number of pictures too lively or important to be indiscriminately dismissed as "old masters." One remembers — to mention only a very few—a Tintoretto ceiling; a portrait by Titian of a *Man with a Flute;* a superb Bronzino of *Eleonora da Toledo and her Son, Don Garcia;* two charming portraits by Barocci of the *Prince of Urbino* as a serious and melancholy child; a Rogier van der Weyden of *Saint Jerome in the Desert,* bald, in a flaming vermilion robe, doctoring the paw of an amiable and somewhat heraldic lion; Pieter Breugel the Elder's *Wedding Dance* with hundreds of capering figures; a delightful scene by Zoffany from *Love in a Village,* a popular eighteenth-century English comic opera; a fine Hogarth portrait of a pretty and silly woman; and Van Dyck's *Marchesa Spinola* of a very distinguished one.

ON THE other hand, the American collection got together under the curatorship of Mr. E. P. Richardson, now the Institute's director, is one of the best in the country. I was particularly struck by a Negro head by Copley—a sketch for one of the sailors in *Watson and the Shark*—which seems to combine the skill of Velasquez with the humanity of Watteau. There are good Homers, Eakins, an almost Impressionist Eastman Johnson of berry pickers in a cranberry bog; a *Trappers' Return* by Bingham—two hunters in a canoe on a misty river with their pile of gear and pet raccoon—of which the Metropolitan has another version; Whistler's *Nocturne in Black and Gold; the Falling Rocket*—an almost non-objective spattering of yellow confetti on a dark night sky—the very picture from which the Ruskin-Whistler defamation suit arose. There are good Sargents, Mary Cassatts, Gari Melchers and so on down to Franklin Watkins, Kuniyoshi and Georgia O'Keeffe. The collection of American furniture and decorative objects in this wing is completed by what I have not seen elsewhere—a display of the ecclesiastical art of eighteenth-century Canada.

The section devoted to more recent European painting is equally complete. There is one of the best of the early Courbets—an outdoor sleeping nude called *Midday Dream,* and one of the best Degas in the *Dancers in the Green Room.* There is a famous Van Gogh self-portrait in a straw hat, and one of the most sun-drenched Monets—a woman with sunshade beside a bed of gladioli. The German Expressionists, whom Dr. Valentiner was one of the first to esteem, are given an extensive showing with probably the best examples of their work to be found in American collections. I remember particularly a *View of Jerusalem* by Kokoschka, whom I believe is the finest of the living landscape painters working in the Post-Impressionist style. The non-objective wing of contemporary painting is also amply represented.

One is reminded how up to date Detroit has always been by the presence here of Diego Rivera's enormous mural which a few years ago brought the Institute into such lively notice. Made to decorate the building's interior court with scenes from the industrial life of Detroit, it jumped into the news when someone thought to find in one of its panels—a doctor and nurse innoculating a child—a parody of the Nativity. The joke today seems less pointed, and the mural itself, with its dusty fresco tonality and jerky variations in scale, seems strained and thin. It is, none the less, a notable example of yesterday's most advanced official art, and one is glad to see it here, if only for historical and educational reasons.

For, as the Cleveland Museum is essentially a treasure house, and Toledo a memorial to its principal contributors, the Detroit Institute of Arts is an educational and scholarly foundation. Publishing *The Art Quarterly*—an international magazine of art scholarship—and busy compiling for its Archives of American Art a complete documentary record of American painting from colonial primitives to the latest on 57th Street, with its solid European coverage and its beautiful and complete survey of American art, it represents all that is best to be found in the Middle West of conservative and respectable scholarship and taste.

St. Louis

THE CITY ART MUSEUM of St. Louis occupies a Palace of Art building left over from the Exposition of 1903, in style, a restrained World's Fair Roman. The columned entrance portico—flanked by seated marble figures of Painting and Sculpture, and crowned by six standing figures symbolizing art in its various periods, from Classical to Modern—leads to a large central hall situated between the two lateral wings containing the exposition galleries. The central hall, with its grandiose proportions, has the impressive emptiness of a courthouse lobby or railroad station waiting room, and quite dwarfs the pieces of sculpture and Hubert Robert panels which adorn it. The galleries themselves are better scaled for exposition purposes and contain, along with the museum's collection of paintings and art objects, a suite of American and European period rooms, a medieval cloister court and chapel, and a gallery, which I found particularly fascinating, of old St. Louis, with early scenes and portraits, paintings of Indians, engravings of steam boats, and river navigation charts.

The museum has a history older than the building it occupies. It all began in 1879 as part of the Fine Arts department of St. Louis' Washington University and run on university funds. In 1906, the collection was separated from the university and transferred to the present building, which had been donated to the city by the exposition company. And the institution, now as a city museum, was provided with funds to support it, deriving from a city property tax and put under the governorship of a self-perpetuating municipal board of control. This city tax, now amounting to some $330,000 annually, is still the St. Louis museum's principal support and the chief source of its collection.

One wonders what the original university collection could have contained. By present standards it must have been quite inferior, for little from it still re-

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mains on show. Actually, in the present catalogue, only one object acquired before 1915—an engraving after Lebrun—is thought worth mentioning. And the complete list of acquisitions before 1920 is limited to an Umbrian *Madonna and Child*; two Dutch pictures—a Van Goyen skating scene and an excellent Ter Borch; four Impressionist works—a Monet, a Manet, a Sisley and a Pissarro; a Gilbert Stuart sketch and three other unimportant American paintings; an Italian oak cassone; a medieval iron coffer; a sixteenth-century steel breastplate; two Persian platters; two Chinese bronze mirrors; a Japanese No mask; five European engravings and a piece of gold and red Italian brocade.

THUS, the St. Louis collection is of comparatively recent origin, and has had less support from private bequest than Cleveland, Toledo and Detroit. The greater part of its possessions seems to have been purchased by the museum itself with its own funds. It nevertheless possesses today a considerable and representative collection of European and American painting—fifty of the best pieces were shown at Wildenstein in New York in November, 1958—along with a not unimportant collection of the decorative, Classical and Oriental arts, including a celebrated group of early Chinese bronzes.

The most important pictures in the collection are perhaps the early Tintoretto of *Minerva Pursuing Venus*, the Rembrandt *Portrait of a Young Man*, and the Holbein of *Lady Guldeford* which, despite its masterful execution, is nevertheless hard and metallic in its detailed drawing and garish in color, as well as being the picture of an uninteresting sitter. There is an expressive late Titian *Ecco Homo* with a benevolent Pilate and a mischievous boy; a characteristically dramatic landscape by Magnasco; a charming picture by Mme. Vigée le Brun of her young brother; a self-portrait of the young Goya; a sturdy and economical still life by Zubaran; and an arresting Mannerist painting of an unquiet and sensitive Florentine gentleman with, as background, a cascade of moss-green drapery.

Among the later pictures, there is a beautiful *Girl with Mandolin* and a *Beach at Etretat*, both by Corot; a fine small study by Delacroix for his *Barque of Dante*; and this along with all the great Impressionist names, including a delightful portrait study by Lautrec.

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Among the modern Europeans there are Picassos (a particularly fine pink nude of 1907); Gris (an exceptional 1917 Cubist checkerboard); and Braques (including a still life of 1944, surprisingly good for that period of his work which I have always considered inferior); and a wonderful *Marseilles Harbor* by Kokoschka. For more unusual items, there is a large early Derain of soldiers in a suburban dance hall; and a large, cheerful and colorful Chagall of Adam and Eve and the serpent, more in the Italian than the "Futurist" style, unlike anything of his I have seen.

THE American school is well presented—early portraits by Copley, Earl and Gulligher; a number of good Binghams; an Arcadian landscape by Cole; a beautiful Kensett of the *Upper Missouri* in light clear colors; with Homer, Harnett, Chase and other nineteenth-century names well in evidence. The later Americans I was not able to see; their exhibition halls have been taken over for a show of fifteen of the younger painters from France—loud, large and non-objective, and I am afraid, all too familiar.

The city of St. Louis itself boasts of some notable private collections—of the Pulitzers, the Weils and others. Indeed, when I was there a large show of locally owned Picassos was just ending at the Artists' Guild and the collection of German Expressionist painting of Mr. and Mrs. Morton May, perhaps the largest in the country, was on show at the library of the St. Louis university. Many of these pictures, if one can judge from the history of other Midwestern collections, will eventually end in the museum here. Most certainly it can find place for them. However well St. Louis has managed on its relatively small budget, it still has nothing like the wealth of pictures and art objects donated, so often, by private collectors to other museums of the region, and on the whole is less rich in outstanding examples than in famous names.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S *Psycho* is being advertised as more a shocker than a thriller, and that is right—I am shocked, in the sense that I am offended and disgusted.

It is not the material itself that revolts me; it is the use to which the material is put. The clinical details of psychopathology are not material for trivial entertainment; when they are used so they are an offense against taste and an assault upon the sensibilities of the audience. *Psycho* puts you in the position of rubbernecking at the horrors of the diseased mind; it makes you feel unclean. I am sorry to lecture so, but on all sides I see statements to the effect that good old "Hitch" has done it again. If that means that he has repeated the happy thrills and mystifications of *The Lady Vanishes* and *The 39 Steps*, it is nonsense. In *Psycho*, Hitchcock is not an entertainer, but a pander of vicarious perversion.

I will add that Anthony Perkins, Janet Leigh and the other actors carry out their jobs very skillfully under Hitchcock's cute, if sometimes long-winded, direction. But I will add further that, despite the talk about seeing the picture from the start and not revealing the secret, there is no real mystification. Anyone with a Sunday-supplement knowledge of psychology and a modest sophistication in the techniques of mystery-story construction will easily keep abreast of the plot. I knew what was coming and, had I been in the audience for pleasure, I would have left. It is incumbent on us to inspect the real horrors of our time, but we don't have to traffic with Hitchcock's giggling obscenities.

THE SORDID material of *The Savage Eye* is quite another matter. This remarkable picture, written by Ben Maddow, produced by Joseph Strick, directed by Sidney Meyers, is a poem on the theme of human emptiness. It is a personal story (a divorcée caught in total estrangement) set against a relentless documentary background of vacant people spending their lives — buying out of habit, gambling from boredom, consuming sex as though it were a packaged confection, finding hope in a saloon and God in a faith healer's tabernacle. How the journalistic passages were made, in the streets and warrens of Los Angeles, I cannot imagine, but they are brilliant, terrifying and instructive — often horrible but never heartless.

The girl's story is not of the same caliber, and it might have been wiser to design the film as a pure documentary. Barbara Baxley is too evidently acting misery against a fabric of real misery, her regeneration is contrived and the "poetic" commentary is profound at second-hand. But look past the story and you will see a vision of America that too convincingly suggests the end of a civilization.

IN *Man in a Cocked Hat*, the Boulting brothers put Peter Sellers and Terry-Thomas through another spoofing of British institutions. This time it is the foreign service, Terry-Thomas playing an idiot servant of empire and Sellers a hilariously well-observed Latin political schemer. *Man in a Cocked Hat* is the dream the latter-day Cecil Rhodes is reduced to.

The Boultings' comedies are consistently the best satire around, but they have a way of fading in the last reels. It is a common fault of idea slapstick, but I wish these civilized practitioners would give more thought to how they will get their fine whimsies safely home.

RECORDS

Lester Trimble

FRITZ REINER and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra have recorded, on the RCA Victor label, Richard Strauss's *Don Quixote* (Soria Series — LS 2384); Bartok's *Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta* (LM 2374); Prokofieff's cantata for soprano, chorus and orchestra from the Eisenstein film score, *Alexander Nevsky*. The results are, respectively, good, fair and poor.

To find the *Don Quixote* reading acceptable is not surprising. Reiner is a specialist in Strauss, and has given astonishing performances of this composer's music in the past. What does surprise me is that his present interpretation is no better. Hearing this record in close proximity to the Bartok and Prokofieff makes one wonder where Reiner has suddenly acquired such a taste for sluggish tempi and murky orchestral textures.

Lest I seem to criticize this recording too severely, I will say that if one had a satisfactory version of *Don Quixote* in his library, this one might serve as an interesting second. Reiner, as always, maintains a high level of technical smoothness. Strauss's sheep bleat well, and the various devices of tone painting are all given due emphasis. The pervading flaw in this performance, aside from tempo and texture, is that the lyric line has been broken into overcareful segments. The sense of melodic flow, vital to Strauss, has been weakened, and the episodic character of the music accentuated. Under such treatment, *Don Quixote's* seams tend to break open and let out part of the sawdust.

Reiner does achieve certain worthwhile dramatic values in the piece, particularly by building some impressive climaxes. These give one the satisfaction of hearing a conscious intention fully realized. Antonio Janigro, the young Yugoslavian cellist-conductor whose direction of *I Solisti di Zagreb* has been praised more than once in these columns, does an exemplary job with the cello solo. Milton Preves, first violist of the Chicago orchestra, does equally well in the solo viola part.

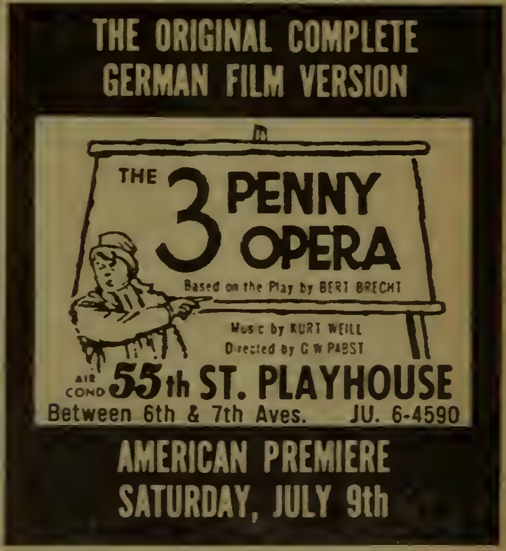
IN THE *Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta*, Reiner again errs on the side of textural heaviness and lethargic pace. If one can judge from the recorded sound, he used either the Chicago Symphony's entire string section or too large a portion of it for a work that calls for a reduced orchestra and lives on transparency of color and sharpness of line. In the opening fugue, particularly, the result is a heavy mass of sound in which even the individual lines lack tensility, because of their weight and because of the slow tempo at which they are put out. However, this recording also would be worthy of attention if a better version were already in one's library. Reiner may have gauged certain things badly, but he did so with such conviction that a viable concept comes to light.

The *Nevsky* disk cannot be recommended on any account. Reiner's direction is gross and unimaginative. His tempi are wrong, his treatment of details unconvincing and graceless. The Chicago Symphony Chorus, prepared by Margaret Hillis for this recording, produces a hoarse ensemble tone, and their enunciation of the English translation, though clear, sounds embarrassingly amateurish and pedantic. The translation itself is ridiculous; if no better could be achieved, the work should have been sung in Russian.

VOX has issued a disk on which the Israeli violinist, Ivry Gitlis, plays the Stravinsky *Violin Concerto* (1931) and the Berg *Violin Concerto* (1935) (PL 10.760). For the Stravinsky, the accompaniment is provided by the Concerts Colonne Orchestra under Harold Byrns; for the Berg, by the Pro Musica Symphony of Vienna, directed by William Strickland.

It is unfortunate that the sound on this record should have been so exaggerated in the high-frequencies. Gitlis gives a performance of the Stravinsky concerto that would otherwise be of major interest. It is loaded with energy, intelligent, virile and stylish. His reading of the Berg Concerto is less apposite; it is an extrovert reading of a work that requires a subjective, non-virtuoso approach. The accompaniments are splendidly played, but pushed too far into the background by the recording engineers.

Another Vox disk has pianist Gyorgy Sandor and the Pro Musica Orchestra



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of Vienna, under Michael Gielen, playing Bartok Piano Concertos No. 2 and 3 (PL 11.490). These are not the smoothest imaginable performances, and in complicated contrapuntal passages, elements occasionally give the impression of being faintly tangled. Nevertheless, the spirit is vital, and healthy musicianship consistently prevails. In each concerto, I had the impression that the players' security and communicativeness increased as the work progressed. From roughly the mid-point of each, individual and convincing things began to happen. Perhaps this disk was made from minimally edited tapes.

THE Juilliard String Quartet has recorded for RCA Victor the Debussy and Ravel *String Quartets* (LM 2413) and Schubert's *"Death and the Maiden" Quartet* and *Quartettsatz* (LM 2378). As might be expected, the French works are more tellingly performed than the Austrian. Despite the influence Viennese musicians have had in this country, our performers seem more at home with the music of France — particularly Impressionist music — and their concept of ensemble tone stresses transparency rather than richness. The Debussy and Ravel works are given first-rate readings. There are occasionally hints of New York-style hurry, but the flaws are too brief to matter very much. The performance of the Schubert works is clean, though one might wish for a bit more melodic opulence and body. I cannot believe Schubert called for the non-vibrato effect used in one important passage. Since the players sneaked back into vibrato as soon as possible, I suspect they too felt uncertain of the gimmick's propriety. If so, why use it?

Three interesting American works are included on the Composers Recordings, Inc. disk CRI-127: Carl Ruggles' *Organum*, Douglas Moore's *In Memoriam* and Robert Ward's *Symphony No. 2*. *Organum*, which seems to bear no relationship to a technical device of the same name, has an extraordinarily strong melodic impulse and a kind of plain, masculine conviction. It is a handsome and memorable work. The Moore, though extended farther than its modest materials will support, is attractive and securely estimated for the first half of its duration. Ward's *Symphony No. 2* is neatly crafted, melodious and harmonically unproblematic. At moments, it brings to mind bucolic moods in British symphonic music, particularly that of Vaughan Williams. William Strickland and the Japan Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra give all three works top-level performances. The recorded sound is splendid.

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

with the Secretary-Treasurer of the local in New York; that a member of the office of Mr. Schmidt appeared before the National Labor Relations Board on behalf of Howard Johnson Restaurants in connection with decertification proceedings involving this same local; that he represented the Schraffts Restaurant chain in New York and in connection therewith assisted to some degree in passing upon a contract between Teamsters' Local 816 and a trucker company who is the commissary carrier for Schraffts, and had conferences on the contract with the Secretary-Treasurer of the local; that his firm represented the Coin Service Company of New Jersey in negotiations of the company looking toward a contract with Local 575, a Teamster local in New York, and also represented the Independent Sanitation Owners Group of New York in contractual negotiations with Teamsters' Local 813. There is no suggestion by us that in any of these matters, or otherwise, Mr. Schmidt has not conducted himself lawfully, in good conscience, and openly; but we believe conflict of interest exists nonetheless. His private employment in negotiating with Teamster locals on behalf of employers tends potentially — and that is all that is necessary to create conflict of interest — to condition the exercise of his public responsibility as an officer of the court. Obvious, too, is the potential pressure upon Teamster locals in negotiating terms of employment with one who while representing the bargaining employer is a Monitor who possesses great influence in the affairs of the Teamsters.

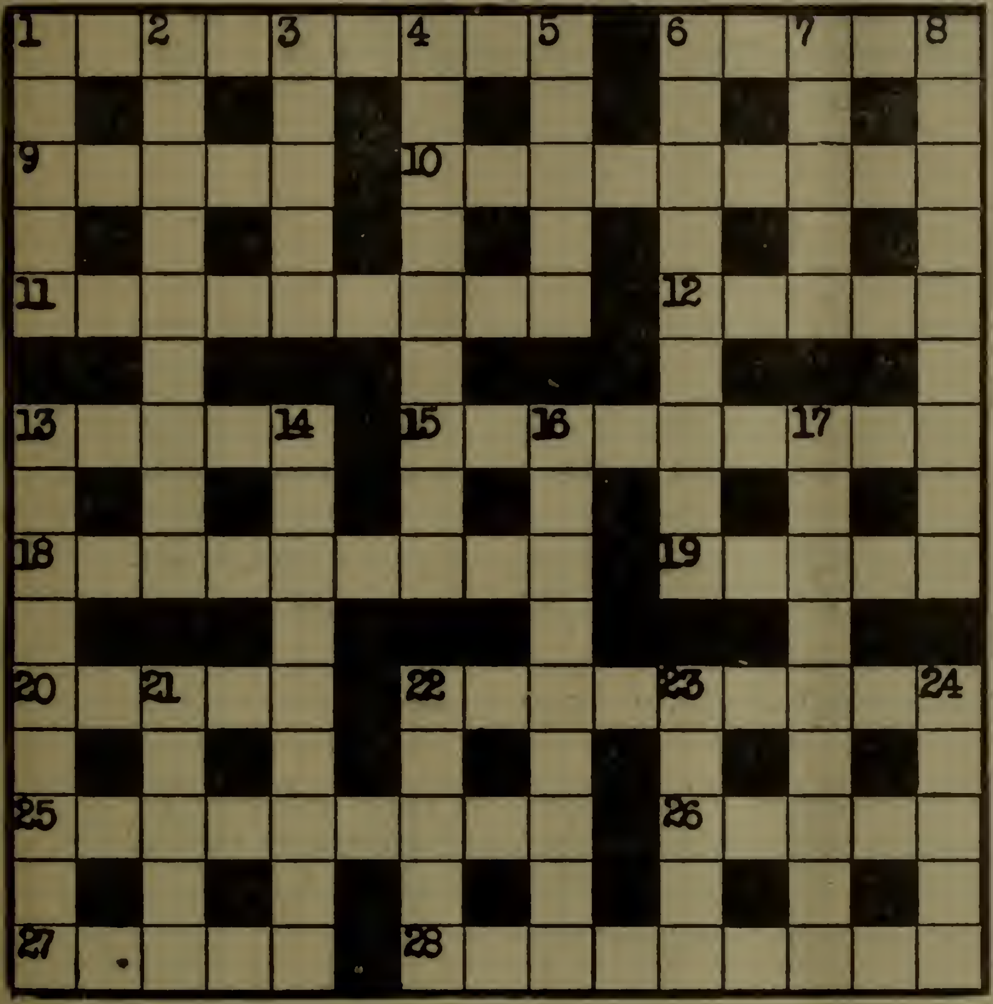
Since, however, Mr. Schmidt is an officer of the District Court, we simply state our disagreement with the finding that no conflict of interest was shown. Whether the conflict of interest which was shown disqualified him as a Monitor is a matter to be determined initially by the appointing court in the exercise of a sound discretion on our remand of the case.

The time specified in paragraph 8 for publishing that the charges against Mr. Schmidt were unproved has long since passed. Nevertheless, if the defendants published any of the charges against him they should with equal distribution publish now that the charges were found to be unproved, except that conflict of interest was proved and that the question whether this conflict of interest disqualified Mr. Schmidt is as yet unresolved.

EDITORS, THE NATION

Crossword Puzzle No. 874

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Sounds like feigned illness might be due to drink. (9)
6 Associated with a Scottish woodchuck? (5)
9 See 20
10 Getting along with this? You're kidding? (9)
11 See 22 across
12 The sort of gin to find in the bar.
13 This should make things sound short. (5)
15 Their turns might be good. (9)
18 Certainly not reserved for the loser of the debate. (9)
19 Longfellow's blacksmith does whate'er he can. (5)
20 and 9 China seems to offer a substitute for the Royal Ascot. (5, 5)
22 and 11 Implying a relationship between imminence and eminence. (3, 6, 3, 6)
25 Rather impressionable. (9)
26 Might be the lining of the chest. (5)
27 Sudden rush of current material, by the sound of it. (5)
28 A dripless sort of dissipation! (9)

DOWN:

1 Acted like one who is training for the fight? (5)
2 There shouldn't be a copy of a gentleman's. (9)
3 He might be asked to endorse something for cash. (5)
4 It wasn't acute indigestion that the doughboys were wary of. (3, 6)
5 One might get safely to 22 down on this. (5)
6 Does the drugstore cowboy make an arrangement? (9)
7 Ask around, in essence. (5)
8 Found on the other side of radicals. (9)
13 The desk sergeant might, if the offense is serious, and they might be lined up against the wall. (9)
14 Dear, you're not so thoughtful as you used to be! (9)
16 Is the quality of words of action strained, as well? (9)
17 Red, as seen played by the hopeful, perhaps. (9)
21 He admits to having something. (5)
22 Orson Welles' man. (5)
23 Where chalk might go with the proper entrance. (2 3)
24 The sort of quiet James Thomson wanted with retirement, friendship, books. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 873

ACROSS: 1 Wallowed; 5 and 4 Triple Entente; 10 Champ; 11 Terrorism; 12 Eastern; 13 Nibbler; 14 Parsec; 15 Enclave; 18 Askance; 21 Russia; 24 Inhabit; 27 Homiletic; 28 and 26 Great Britain; 29 Deride; 30 Encrusts. DOWN: 1 Wicked; 2 Loan shark; 3 Oppress; 6 Rhombic; 7 Phial; 8 Elm trees; 9 France; 16 Animaters; 17 Famished; 19 Nibbled; 20 Entity; 21 Rubicon; 22 Stinger; 23 Unites; 25 Homer.

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ARTS in the SUN

There's no off-season for the creative artist: writers write, musicians play, painters paint, actors act — and reviewers review. *The Nation's* "BOOKS and the ARTS" section promises much for the indolent vacationer who limits his exercise to lively reading. From Paris, Harold Clurman — our regular theatre critic — will be reporting on the French stage (he goes overseas every summer, to the enormous profit of *The Nation's* readers). Fairfield Porter, artist and critic, is preparing an essay advancing the provocative theory that art should be judged on the basis of artistic values — no more and no less. And in Mr. Clurman's absence, Robert Hatch, our regular movie critic, will stray off his cool beat occasionally to catch any odd shows that may pop up off-Broadway, and to watch what Mr. Papp is going to do with his open-air Shakespeare in New York's Central Park.

Then, of course, there will be contributions by Walter McQuade, our regular architecture columnist (his next project will be a critique of the new cultural center being constructed in the nation's capital). As for books, there will be reviews by Hans Meyerhoff, Kenneth Rexroth, David L. Bazelon, David Cort and others of *The Nation's* regulars and once-in-a-whilers.

In short, *The Nation* will keep you abreast of the world of arts and letters even though you never stir from your hammock. So if you are relying on getting *The Nation* from the newsstand, now is a good time to subscribe. Not many rural newsdealers carry *The Nation.*

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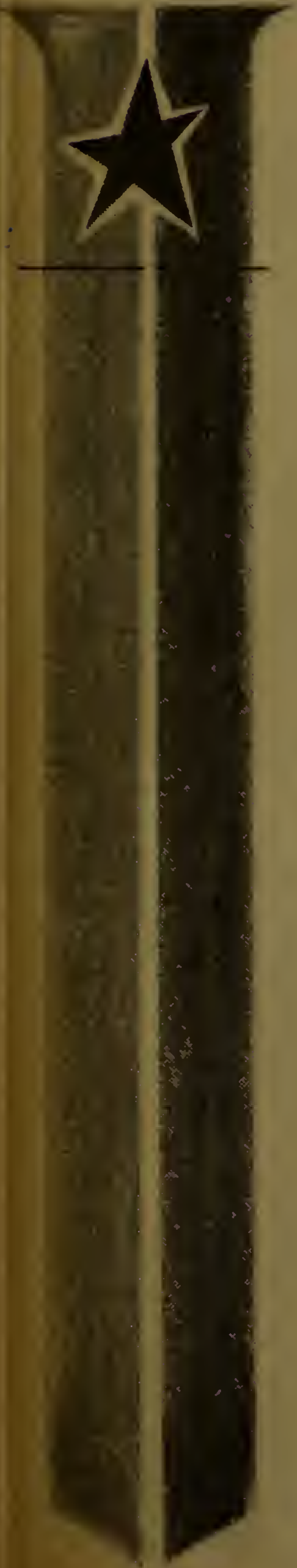

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A Defense of the Democratic Party

Gov. G. Mennen Williams

The Big Fight:

THE RIGHT THAT FAILED

Roger Kahn

NO PLACE TO BOLT

Quandary of the Southern Democrats

George McMillan

LETTERS

Mr. Mills's Balance

Dear Sirs: In his article, "The Balance of Blame," in your June 18 issue, Professor Mills seems to me to combine a most courageous independence of thought with a great insight into the reactions of the Russian people and leaders. We need very much the kind of bold analysis which he advances, whether we agree with it in whole, in part, or not at all. It serves to test the views which too often and too glibly are asserted as the last word on Russian-American relations.

MIKE MANSFIELD
U. S. Senator (Montana)
Washington, D.C.

[Senator Mansfield is Assistant Majority Leader and a member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.]

Dear Sirs: To say I agree with Professor Mills would be an understatement: I have been saying much the same thing in the House of Parliament and the country since I first spoke out in the Defense Debate in March, 1946. I was tossed out of the Labour Party in 1949 for saying this with more valor than discretion, and was re-admitted in February, 1952, because such a large section of the party had already gone over to this point of view. I am now one of the ring leaders of the Left in the Labour Party and believe that, at the next Annual Conference (early in October), we shall commit the party to a policy of opposing British possession of nuclear weapons, and prohibiting their use from British territory (which means clearing out the American bases, as well as applying the principle to NATO, CENTO and SEATO).

It is in this context that I want to say how important I believe it is that views such as those of Professor Mills should be argued so ably and lucidly in your columns.

Over here it has become almost a truism to say that the Soviet leaders and people do not want war and are thinking in terms of the economic and social successes of communism's making an irresistible appeal to the workers of the world. Those views keep cropping up even in the Conservative press and the speeches of Conservative politicians —not least Mr. Macmillan's speech when he was in Moscow in February, 1959. But even those who say that, go on insisting that we must continue to pin our faith on nuclear deterrence, continue the arms race and remain in NATO on the basis of the United States' running the show.

The only thing that will shift them is the rising popular revolt against the inordinate expense and danger to life of this policy, as well as its total futility and superfluity. In short, I believe that Professor Mills's admirable proposal for a measure of unilateral disarmament by the United States, and other steps leading to a policy of negotiation for peaceful coexistence, will remain a proposal on paper, until such time as direct action by the peoples of America's Allies has gone much further than today in wrecking the policies being pursued at present.

K. ZILLIACUS
London

[K. Zilliacus, M.P., is one of the leaders of the Left faction of the British Labour Party.]

Dear Sirs: I think everybody should be grateful to Mr. Mills for his objective and earnest reading of the present international situation. Although I know from his recent writings that he is not very optimistic about the capacity of the American elite to draw the necessary conclusions from the inevitable reappraisal of U.S. foreign policy imposed by recent events, it is my personal opinion that greater trust should be placed in the capacity of American public opinion to take a fresh look at the international situation and to act accordingly.

As a European, I would like to emphasize at this point that in Western Europe—with the single exception of Great Britain—the dangers of the atomic stalemate are not as deeply felt as they are among some sections of Americans. In this respect, I think a major effort should be made by both American and European liberals to keep European public opinion objectively informed about those forces in the United States that are actively seeking a new approach to world problems.

If it is true that the European working classes are looking with growing faith to the "coexistence policy" of Mr. Khrushchev, it is also true that Western European ruling classes feel headless now that the American elite appears to have failed. This makes it all the more necessary that the "other side of America," so authoritatively represented by people like C. Wright Mills, be brought into focus for Europeans.

GIANFRANCO CORSINI
Rome

[Mr. Corsini is foreign editor of Paese Sera, *Rome's biggest evening daily, and the author* of America Allo Specchio *(America Through the Looking Glass), a survey of "new trends" in American public opinion.]*

Students Need Help

Dear Sirs: As you know, sixty-two of the sixty-three students arrested at the hearings of the Un-American Activities Committee in San Francisco have been acquitted. The provision that these students sign a waiver of their right to sue the city for damages to person and

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1960
VOLUME 191, No. 2

THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

To *Nation* Readers

***The Nation* is on its alternate week summer schedule. The next issue will be dated July 23.**

Pugnacity Versus Platitudes

The U-2 incident doomed the Geneva ten-nation disarmament conference as surely as it doomed the Summit. Four weeks ago Frederick Kuh, the prescient Washington correspondent, remarked in these columns (*The Nation*, June 11, p. 506):

> . . . One of the tragic results of the Big Four meeting is that the ten-nation gathering seems condemned to sluggish polemics. . . . The conference will probably continue into July or August, when the delegates will throw the whole issue back to the . . . U.N.

It may be that the conference, when it ended last week with a Russian walk-out, did so more abruptly than any reasonable observer might have anticipated. This has given a lot of Americans an opportunity to call the Russians boorish, insulting and belligerent. But Emily Post's criteria are not the best by which to judge international behavior. The question is not whether the Russians are boorish, but whether they sincerely want disarmament — and whether the United States does, as well. And on this fundamental point, nothing basic has changed. As late as May 6, after the U-2 was downed but before the President assumed responsibility for the flights and Secretary Herter intimated that they would be continued, Mr. Khrushchev was telling his Soviet colleagues that he entertained high hopes for progress in the "difficult and complex" problem of disarmament. His hopes, be it noted, were quite probably based on urgent domestic considerations, among others. The Soviet Union, with about half of our Gross National Product and one-quarter of our consumer income, is nevertheless spending about as much as we are on armaments. Again, the Russians may be boors, but they are not crazy. For them, economics represents a relentless and continuing pressure in favor of disarmament; for the United States, unfortunately, it represents a pressure in the reverse direction.

So now the problem goes back to the U.N. One could argue persuasively that it should never have left there. There are seventy-two member nations who are at least as interested in the question as the ten who were engaged in the Geneva parley; indeed, it is safe to say that many of them are more interested. At the U.N., the Soviet Union will be wasting its pugnacity, and the United States will be wasting its platitudes; a good thing on both counts. Moreover, in the hard-boiled atmosphere of the East River, the United States may find it less easy to indulge in its disingenuous cry, every time it is on the receiving end of a jolting diplomatic right to the jaw, that "the enemy has overplayed its hand." A little more such "overplaying," and we will have no jaw left.

In any case, once again there is reason to be grateful that the U.N. exists. If it is true — and it may well be — that the Kremlin is determined to make no agreements with Mr. Eisenhower, where else could the world's most vital debate have been continued?

The Great Tranquilizer

"Eisenhower Wows Seoul," ran the headline, as if the New York *Herald Tribune* were *Variety* and the President of the United States a movie actor. And apparently the President concurs in this view of his office and his function. His report to the nation on his Far Eastern trip was largely devoted to scenes that would gladden the heart of a public entertainer. "I wish that every one of you could have accompanied me to Manila, Taipei and Korea and thus witnessed for yourselves the outpouring of friendship, gratitude and respect for America. . . . That message, expressed in glowing faces, friendly shouts, songs, gaily painted placards and home-made signs, was that they wanted to be partners with the United States." Continuing in this euphoric vein, the President alluded to the "mutual security" treaty concluded between the United States and Japan—a country in which the government did not dare to allow him to set foot—as "a defeat for international communism," while relations with Okinawa, where the Marines had to hold back a hostile crowd, "have been strengthened." Our Allies, the President went on, "have testified to the reborn hope and restored confidence of their peoples." As for the few unpleasantnesses, "We must not fall into the error of blaming ourselves for what the Communists do; after all, Communists will act like Communists." And Democrats will act like Democrats.

Alongside this collection of fatuities, *The New York Times* printed a devastating analysis by James Reston which, since the President reads the papers only on weekends, will not disturb his equanimity. The President, said Reston, has devised a simple procedure for dealing with his critics and defeats: "He simply ignores the critics and claims victories." He feels no responsibility for setbacks and purposes to carry on as before. This may be smart politics: the public would rather be told that all is well than that we are heading for disaster. Only, Reston points out, it isn't democracy, which the President claims to be selling to the world: "Democracies cannot operate efficiently when their leaders and their public opinion do not come to grips with widely publicized criticism." Senator Fulbright makes the same point: "How can our people be expected to discharge their duty as citizens of a self-governing Republic, if they are not told the truth about their affairs?"

President Ayub Khan of Pakistan doubts that our government machinery is attuned to the requirements of the nuclear age. Our President certainly isn't.

Drums Along the Congo

Men of good will or merely of good discretion will welcome the Congo Republic to the community of nations and will feel relieved if it turns out to be merely an ill-mannered or turbulent member. If the new nation does not plunge into outright anarchy, it will be due to providence and the good sense of the Congolese, and certainly not to the Belgian colonialists, who held on as long as they were able, becoming liberators only when the nationalistic pot boiled over. It would be interesting to know what alternative solution, if any, is proposed by the lovers of order who deplore the tribalism, barbarism, racism and even cannibalism of some of the Congolese. Another fifty-one years of Belgian rule, starting with the chopping off of hands of natives who failed to bring in the amount of rubber Leopold II had decreed, and ending with a country of 14 million which possesses, according to one account, a total of sixteen college graduates and, according to another, less than a dozen? Whatever trouble the Congolese now make for the West can scarcely weigh against the trouble the West, represented by Belgium, a highly civilized European power, has prepared for the Congolese. Just as Mussolini built good roads and hospitals in his African colonies, just as the Japanese developed the economy of Korea, the Belgians introduced health services, britches and some primary school education in the Congo. But there was a fatal flaw in their ministrations. Not a single native was educated as a physician, lawyer, engineer or administrator, either in industry or government, and whatever investment was made in the Congo, whether in industry or social services, came from the colony itself. The Belgians were always careful to take out more than they put in. The outlook in the Congo is somber. We may as well reconcile ourselves to the fact that the white man is on probation in the newly emerging nations of Africa, and years of good behavior will be required before he is trusted. Individuals may be unjustly treated, but the forces which have been set in motion take little account of individuals. As for the larger political aspects, if the Congolese choose only to be neutralists, the West may account itself perhaps more fortunate than it deserves.

Mr. Luce's Cold War

Henry R. Luce, the nation's leading opinion-molder, and David Sarnoff, its leading electronics entrepreneur, are also leaders in the drive to step up the cold war. They were exhorting their fellow countrymen to renewed sacrifice long before the U-2 incident. Mr. Luce proposes a formal declaration, perhaps by Senate resolution, that the nation means to win the cold war expeditiously and at any cost. He told the Senate Subcommittee on National Policy Machinery that he did not consider peaceful existence with the Soviet Union and Red China a practical political possibility. Consequently, the United States should gird its loins, or whatever one girds in an era of nuclear war. Mr. Luce warned that, since under the new dispensation the Soviet Union will be rapidly losing the cold war, there is an "enormous risk" that it will start a shooting war.

As a corollary, Mr. Luce called for a major federal fall-out shelter program and a diplomatic drive to extend the rule of international law, as construed by American international lawyers, to a turbulent world. Asked by Senator Henry M. Jackson, chairman of the investigative body, whether he approved the Senate's recent action in increasing the defense appropriation bill by one billion dollars, Mr. Luce astonished no one by saying, "I wish it were two billions."

Although Mr. Luce's views are not startling, some puzzling questions remain. On the one hand, here is the President of the United States assuring us that, despite all minor setbacks, we are winning the cold war, albeit rather slowly. And here is Mr. Luce, whose sources of information are almost as good as the President's, telling us that we are losing. But neither tells us in concrete terms, or for that matter in any terms at all, what our objectives are in our present cold war, much less in Mr. Luce's projected one. How, when by God's grace victory is achieved, shall we recognize it? The only guidance Mr. Luce gives us is negative — that a cold war victory would not necessarily be one that would overthrow Communist regimes. But in the next breath he says that a weakening of Communist drive might bring internal changes of such magnitude as to "involve the greatest foreseeable risk of total war," and it is hardly likely that the Communists would plunge into Armageddon for anything less than a serious threat to the future of their system. A Senate resolution, which Mr. Luce suggests as the initial instrument for his project, surely would not provoke them to extreme measures, since Estonia, Lithuania, Hungary, etc., have been freed from domination by Congressional resolution in the past with only a few curses from the Soviet side. Does Mr. Luce really believe that anything short of the extirpation of communism can make the world safe for his brand of capitalism? If so, what is his prescription for victory? We wish Mr. Luce would lay it on the line.

Drive Carefully: We Love Our Children

In 1884, when John Hertz was five years old, his parents emigrated from Austria to Chicago with him and his five brothers and sisters. John Hertz sold newspapers on the street. He became a copy boy on a Chicago paper, later a sports reporter. Out of a job, he turned to selling automobiles. There were as yet no taxicabs. Mr. Hertz and some associates founded the Yellow Cab Company and, subsequently, the Hertz Drive-Ur-Self company. In 1934, having disposed of his interests, Mr. Hertz joined the investment banking firm of Lehman Brothers and has since devoted himself largely to banking and breeding race horses.

"Where else in the whole world," asks Mr. Hertz, "could such things happen? Only in America." He looked around for some way of repaying his debt. "You can imagine my shock," he says, "in reading one day that Russia, which I had always thought of as a backward country, was developing engineers at twice the rate of our country." So Mr. Hertz and his wife established the Hertz Engineering Scholarship Foundation in association with Dr. Edward Teller, the father of the hydrogen bomb; financier Floyd B. Odlum; George Allen, the friend of Presidents; and other patriotic men and women. The foundation is presently conducting a pilot plan in the San Francisco area which assists qualified high school "awardees" to embark on scientific and engineering careers. The program is under the personal direction of Dr. Teller and Dr. Harold Spears, Superintendent of Schools of San Francisco. Ability in science may be detected very early, Dr. Spears has found. Two years ago the second grade in one of the elementary schools had a spelling lesson. The children were asked to write sentences using the words *more, tall, pet, clean, community, helps, jumped.* A seven-year-old named Kenneth wrote the following sentences:

1. We need *more* ICBMs and IRBMs because Russia is ahead of us in equipment.
2. We are developing a super transport with a tail as *tall* as a three-story building.
3. The first Russian satellite to be sent up was called Sputnik I, the second satellite had a *pet* dog in it.
4. Technicians *clean* ICBMs because they want everything to be right inside the ICBM.
5. In the *community* there are many all-weather interceptors stationed.
6. The Navy *helps* the Army in putting the IRBM into production.
7. The Russians sent up a satellite with a man in it. The man inside the satellite *jumped* out with a parachute on.

"A few weeks ago," Dr. Spears reports, "I met Kenneth again in his classroom, still following his scientific interests far beyond his classmates and receiving the encouragement of helpful teachers in his search." Obviously Kenneth is well on his way to inventing a super-bomb even more devastating than Dr. Teller's, and then Mr. Hertz's debt will have been paid.

Political Cosmetician

This summer, as in 1952 and 1956, the Westinghouse Electric Corporation will sponsor the CBS coverage of the national conventions, the election campaigns and the election-night returns.

In anticipation of this heavy investment in good-will advertising, Westinghouse sent a questionnaire to twenty-eight professors of political science in as many American colleges and universities, seeking to elicit a consensus on the informational value of such coverage. The results are considerably less than an enthusiastic endorsement of TV, and Westinghouse shows courage beyond normal corporate practice in releasing them.

The professorial votes are mixed, but the trend is clear: teachers interested in the mechanics and techniques of political power find that their students gain some familiarity with these matters by watching the TV reports; teachers interested in issues and policy find that these are lost in the cult of personality and the razzle dazzle of political showmanship. There is strong condemnation of the Robert Montgomery kind of adviser, who serves as a cosmetic power behind the camera; and it is generally agreed that an odd-looking duck like Lincoln would stand no chance today and that Washington would at least have to get a new set of teeth.

Westinghouse will go ahead with its plans because a national election is supposed to be America's most popular show, but their release gives the impression that they wish there were some more useful way to spend the money. A plaintive irony runs through the comments: we are being offered bread and circuses on a scale unparalleled in history, but the loaf is stale and the acts are depressing. Is it now far too late to investigate the excitement that is allegedly inherent in ideas and ideals?

A DEFENSE OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

'PROS' AND PROGRESSIVES . .

by G. Mennen Williams

IT SEEMS to be an axiom of political journalism in America that Presidential elections should be preceded by a spate of articles asserting: The difference between the parties is the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee—and there is too much twaddle in both parties, anyway.

Thus, one historian ascribes Lincoln's commitment to freedom in the territories not to any ideological orientation, but rather to the fact that he had to satisfy "conservative Whigs like himself, abolitionists whom he regarded as a radical nuisance, Middle-Western Germans who distrusted Know-Nothings, and Know-Nothings who distrusted immigrants."

Despite the continuous cry that each party is nothing more than a potpourri of politicians selected at random, the quadrennial political scientist will usually concede that were things *as they should be,* the Democratic Party would be the party of the liberals. This year is no exception. Robert Spivack, writing recently in *The Nation* ("Bourbons, Bosses and Brokers," April 30 issue), had this to say:

> . . . The Democratic Party is not a national party at all, but esentially a collection of powerful, local-interest and special-interest parties, with no common philosophy. . . . The key to understanding the Democratic Party is to understand the way Lyndon Johnson operates in the U.S. Senate.

And writing in *The Progressive,* the editor of the New York *Post* opined: "In recent years, 'compromise' has become almost an end in itself, and it is the liberal who is deemed extremist when he voices any strength of conviction." He warned:

> . . . The moment is approaching for a full-scale reappraisal of whether the present political divisions of the country make any sense, and whether there can be any great liberal revival as long as liberalism remains essentially wedded to that divided house called the Democratic Party.

G. MENNEN WILLIAMS, Governor of Michigan, has long been one of the liberal voices of the Democratic Party.

Perhaps one reason for the public confusion regarding the ideology of today's Democratic Party is the cornucopia of candidates who entered the race prior to the convention. The plethora of would-be Presidents seems to have created a presumption among the commentators that where there is so much quantity there cannot be too much quality. And so there is a tendency not to listen too closely as Democratic candidate after Democratic candidate affirms his belief in precisely the programs advocated by the members of the Fourth Estate who are doing most of the complaining.

This is not the place to debate candidate merits, but I think Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., has done well to remind us of Walter Lippmann's 1932 observations regarding Franklin D. Roosevelt:

> An amiable man with many philanthropic impulses, but he is not the dangerous enemy of anything. He is too eager to please. . . . Franklin D. Roosevelt is no crusader. He is no tribune of the people. He is no enemy of entrenched privilege. He is a pleasant man who, without any important qualifications for the office, would very much like to be President.

Governor Williams

IT IS MY belief that rarely has the Democratic Party been in better ideological shape than it is today. I do not contend that liberalism has completely won the day, that Senator Eastland has been converted by Senator Humphrey or that Senator Johnson's secret candidate for the Presidency is Senator Proxmire. What I do submit is that there is an unmistakable, healthy trend towards programmatic liberalism, and that throughout the party there is a new and exciting concern with issues. We are on the eve of a convention preceded by a series of quiet but significant victories for the liberal forces. Liberals now have a unique chance to characterize the Democratic Party and help determine the destiny of the country for the next decade.

These liberal successes have been largely organizational rather than personal. As a result, they have had little political sex appeal and so the headlines have been few and far apart. Furthermore, many of these events have occurred West of the Hudson and Potomac rivers, and hence outside the traditional newsmaking capitals. But telling liberal triumphs at the state, regional and national levels may very well have significant repercussions at the coming convention.

At the state level, a new kind of Democrat is emerging. In Maine, New Hampshire, Michigan, North Dakota, Washington, Kansas and other states there have been traveling platform hearings with issues rivaling personalities in the market place of public attention. Increasingly, in these states and in others such as Iowa, California, Wisconsin and Minnesota (with its Democratic Farmer-Labor Party), the kind of "pros" that have power are the *progressives.* Fund-raising on a year-round basis, with devices such as sustaining party memberships, and broad-based small contributions, are encouraged, and in turn programmatic participation replaces the old patronage-pillar of party strength. *The Wall Street Journal*, somewhat incredulously, has reported the Michigan self-image (it applies as well to many Democratic organizations throughout the country):

> Michigan Democrats have developed a jargon all their own. They call themselves "Programmatic Democrats," devoted to a liberal program rather than to the mere acquisition of power. They contend they are "issue-oriented" rather than "patronage-oriented." They make no secret that they would like to see the national party embrace this philosophy. The Michiganders have been critical of more traditional "machine" Democrats. . . .

At the regional level, Democrats have been gathering in a series of conferences with far-reaching significance. There was a time when the Democratic Midwest Conference, which represents 458 delegate votes at the national convention, wouldn't touch an issue with a ten-foot pole (unless the equivalent of ten feet of public-opinion polls had first ascertained that it was non-controversial); yet at its gathering in Detroit earlier this year, the representatives of fourteen states sat three days debating foreign policy (with Chester Bowles as chairman), economic growth (with Leon Keyserling as chairman), urban affairs (with Mayor Richard Lee as chairman), and civil rights (with Congressman John Brademas as chairman). The tenor of the conference is illustrated by its civil-rights plank, which pledges "the full use of the power and prestige of the Executive Branch of Government and of the Congress to uphold the Supreme Court" and to

> *1.* Provide effective guarantees of the right to vote in local, state and federal elections.
>
> *2.* Complete desegregation of public schools and all other tax-supported public facilities.
>
> *3.* Eliminate discrimination in housing because of race, religion or national origin.
>
> *4.* Secure to all persons equal and non-segregated access to commercial places of public accommodation.
>
> *5.* Eliminate discrimination in em-

AS FOR THE REPUBLICANS . . .

[Senator Goldwater, writer of the following letter, is a chief spokesman for the Republican Right, and author of The Conscience of a Conservative.*]*

Dear Sirs: It is difficult to comment on Robert Spivack's article, "How Modern is Republicanism?" [*The Nation*, June 18], because Mr. Spivack obviously doesn't understand the basic tenets of the Republican Party. This is not an unusual situation, nor should it be considered derogatory to Mr. Spivack. It seems to be a common failing among most of the writers who grew up during the one-party days of Roosevelt and Truman.

First, Mr. Spivack assumes that in order for the Republican Party to be successful, it must achieve that success through a "sizable group of intellectuals." I don't think either party has a corner on intellectuals. I think intellectuals choose their party with the same discretion as non-intellectuals.

A bit further along, Mr. Spivack asks: "How deep is Goldwaterism? And what does it portend for the future of the GOP?" That is the end of any discussion of my Republican philosophy. What he has done here is to resort to a word — "Goldwaterism" — hoping that, without explanation, it will mean something to the general public. I stated in the preface of my book, *The Conscience of a Conservative*, that "this book is not written with the idea of adding to, or improving on, a conservative philosophy."

[It would seem] that Mr. Spivack will never be satisfied with government unless government is in a constant turmoil of change. While he doesn't specifically say so, I am strongly inclined to believe that he does not recognize that crises are caused by men, not conditions. . . . He believes further that only the federal government can correct these conditions. It is probably here that his philosophy and mine take off in opposite directions: I feel that man can solve his own problems and, in doing so, can overcome crises and conditions.

Mr. Spivack indicates that Mr. [Herbert] Brownell failed to make something of the Republican Administration. I think Mr. Brownell contributed quite a bit to government and Administration; if he had one weakness, it was that he represented that group of Republicans who feel that a great and dramatic change must take place within the party, namely, to ape the image of its rival. I might comment here, and I challenge Mr. Spivack to contradict this, that every time we have attempted this in Presidential elections we have gone down to defeat. . . .

One parting comment: Mr. Spivack remarks that the "New York Governor demolished the house that Dick has so carefully built." He indicates by this statement that Nixon is a captive of a certain part of the Republican Party. Let me point out that I might be called a member of the same wing of the party to which Mr. Spivack refers, but no one has been more consistent in support of Nixon than I have. I think you will find that more and more Republicans are growing to realize that complete conformity is an impossibility, and that we must accept deviations even though they be against us, if we intend to win elections. . . .

I think Republicanism today is modern. It has provided civil rights, the greatest armed might in the history of the country, a return to fiscal responsibility, and a recognition that centralized government, with its attendant power, is the ultimate evil to all freedoms. That power is the one thing that the Spivacks of the country fail to take into consideration as they proclaim themselves for more and more government spending and government control.

Barry Goldwater
U.S. Senator (Arizona)

Washington, D.C.

Mr. Spivack Answers

Dear Sirs: Unlike Senator Goldwater, I believe the Republicans have suffered many of their defeats because only occasionally — for about three months every four years — do they talk like liberal Democrats. To even the most innocent voter, this quadrennial wooing can scarcely seem the height of political passion.

Robert G. Spivack

Washington, D.C.

ployment opportunities and promotions.

6. Authorize the Attorney-General to secure injunctions against any infringement or deprivation of constitutional rights on account of race, religion, or national origin.

The Democratic Midwest Conference took on its new look only after a parliamentary victory by that organization's constitutionalists at a Kansas City gathering in the fall of 1959. Now the conference is a significant edifice on the Democratic Party's landscape and its presence has an effect on state party organizations, on other regional groups such as the Democratic Western Conference, and on the National Party organization. Its members will keep in touch through the Midwest Conference Liaison Committee at the National Convention.

At the national level, perhaps the most significant development has been the maturation of the Democratic Advisory Council. Despite initial rebuffs, the council has gone on to grow. And as things have turned out, it has served consistently as the liberal conscience of the party, issuing over half-a-hundred documents, each swiftly circulating among the nation's political pace-setters. Topics have ranged from Eisenhower's inept handling of the Faubus fiasco to the creation of a National Peace Agency.

IT SEEMS to me that the growth of the Advisory Council and its special committees (at last count there were 225 top-echelon participants) both reflects and encourages the surge of liberalism within today's Democratic Party. National Chairman Paul Butler has announced his intention to ask the convention to endorse the council's many policy proclamations, and make it a permanent party agency. This is the kind of non-spectacular institutionalization of liberalism which counts. It undoubtedly helped generate enthusiasm for the new Democratic Liberal Study Group which was formed in the Congress.

Commentators who point to the party's "Bosses, Bourbon and Brokers" are ignoring our Programs, Policies and Progressivism. Now I recognize that liberalism, like bourbon, can be served in a variety of combinations. Yet the fact that a bow in the liberal direction is part of the toll exacted at the Democratic Presidential gate, indicates to me which segment of our party is on the upbeat.

Let us not despair on the eve of a convention which can culminate in a crucial conquest for the party's programmatic liberals—but will do so only if there is maximum energy and effort directed towards that end.

LIMITATIONS OF DIPLOMACY . .

by J. David Singer

NOW THAT the hue and cry over the Summit collapse has begun to dwindle, it might be appropriate to see whether any important lessons are to be learned from that disenchanting experience. As might have been expected, each side has laid the blame on the other, primarily because of concern with what has come to be called "world opinion." Furthermore, a staggering number of hypotheses have been advanced by those whose role it is to explain and predict political events. Surprisingly, a considerable number of commentators have shown enough sophistication to suggest that Soviet *domestic* politics may have been the decisive factor. Without denying that other forces may well have been at work, let us look into the possible role which domestic politics may have played on both sides in this and other diplomatic debacles.

I refer to the frequent allusions to Soviet domestic complications as "surprising" because there has always been a tendency, especially in this country, to view the USSR as a monolithic system in which all power lies in the hands of a dictator and his clique. The fact is, of course, that the foreign policy of *all* nations is essentially one of compromise — the result of the pushing and pulling of a multitude of forces, some internal and some external. There may be *less* partisanship in foreign policy-making than in domestic, but partisanship is always present, whether the state be democratic, Fascist, Communist, or feudal.

Domestic forces infringe on diplomacy most obviously in the field of national security. National defense requires money, men and moral support. The people must be persuaded to pay their taxes, enlist in the military services (or accept conscription), acquiesce in governmental encroachment on hitherto private domain, tolerate a diminution of civil liberties, and (more recently) learn to live with an increasingly radioactive atmosphere. Neither Americans nor Russians are born believing that the other represents a threat; this is something that must be learned. And while the learning may be relatively easy, given the universal and eternal tendency toward ethnocentrism, it still must be helped along. This role is performed to a great extent by government, even in societies where the information media are essentially independent of governmental control. After all, the media will give far greater coverage to the utterances of a governmental official than to those of the private citizen; the latter may be more knowledgeable, but he is clearly less "newsworthy." And in the United States, the government has at its command the genteel and informal technique of withholding information from uncooperative and difficult reporters and publishers. Thus, given the need to mold opin-

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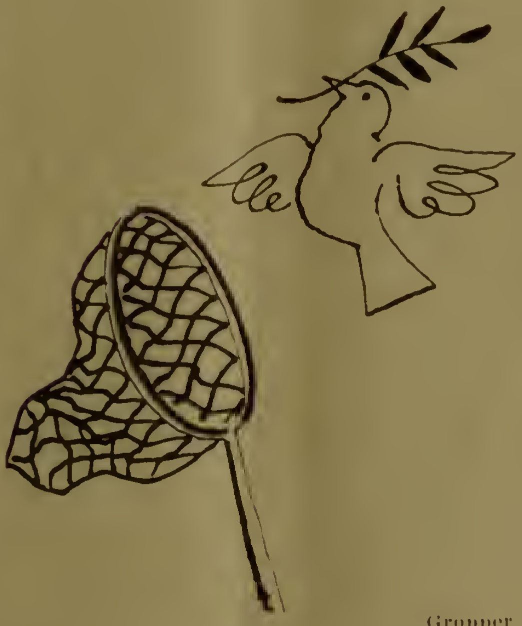
ion and the ease with which it can be done, it is little wonder that national political leaders are engaged in a continuing process of defining and describing the enemy. They can, and must, generate and perpetuate certain levels of tension.

Ultimately, however, this very process backfires, because it leads to dramatic limitations to the flexibility of diplomacy. How, for example, can a statesman make concessions to those whom he has assiduously built up as "imperialist warmongers" or "godless, atheistic international gangsters"? And how can a government compromise with those who represent evil incarnate, whose word cannot be trusted, and whose very existence is a threat to one's own survival? Yet concession and compromise are the very essence of diplomacy. Furthermore, political elites eventually begin to believe their own polemics.

It is little wonder that contemporary diplomacy is characterized by rigid positions, unacceptable demands and conditions, and proposals designed primarily for propagandistic effect. Even when there *is* room for serious negotiation and compromise, the leadership in the opposing states discover that they cannot afford to utilize it. If they do, the public will at the very least begin to wonder, and may even suspect treason in high places. In their preparedness programs, statesmen create a situation from which they effectively cut off any real likelihood of escape.

IN ADDITION to the trap which the elites must create for themselves vis-à-vis public opinion, they are also faced with a somewhat similar one vis-à-vis their domestic political opponents. Whether the opposition be overt (as in most of the Western states) or covert (as in the more autocratic, one-party systems), it is always there, ready to attack. And the opposition's most popular and effective charge is that the incumbents have been "soft" in dealing with the enemy. (This charge, it should be noted, has little to do with political ideology: in the United States, the Democratic Party has attacked Eisenhower in much the same way that the Republicans attacked Truman. Whether the specifics deal with "an inadequate defense budget" or "selling out" at Yalta or Potsdam, the essence of the charge is the same.) Returning to the late and lamented Summit fiasco again, it is worth noting that many experts explained Khrushchev's bellicosity as due primarily to a need to answer those of his Kremlin critics who had charged him with "appeasement." Obviously there were other factors, but high on the priority list of politicians is the passion for retaining power, and there is no reason to believe that the Soviet First Secretary is atypical in this regard.



One of the fascinating aspects of the Paris events of early May is the fact that both Eisenhower and Khrushchev could have strengthened the other's position at home by mutually supportive and conciliatory behavior, but neither could afford to do this without at the same time making himself vulnerable to appeasement charges and thus weakening his own domestic power position. Here, too, statesmen are caught in a trap which renders diplomacy nearly ineffectual.

There is still a third aspect of domestic politics which tends to inhibit imaginative and creative diplomacy. Not only does the generation of mass attitudes of bellicosity, fear and suspicion reduce the flexibility of those responsible for the nation's security, but it tends to silence those *outside* of government who might have a useful contribution to make. In a recently circulated private memorandum, spokesmen for the Republican National Committee noted that criticism of certain Administration policies weakens America's diplomatic position because it tends to encourage the Soviet to exploit aggressively what it sees as American disunity. Tragically, there is a good deal of truth to the allegation; the more domestic criticism there is of a nation's diplomacy and defense policy, the less successful that nation is likely to be in its dealings with others — especially with countries which normally show aggressive tendencies. So, in the name of patriotism and national security, criticism must be muted and infrequent.

TO illustrate this proposition, consider the role of the pacifists in Western Europe, Japan and America today. On the one hand, it can be argued that their growing strength is likely to exercise some restraining influence on overly rigid or bellicose governments. One might argue further that their diagnoses and prescriptions for the prevention of another world war are highly sensible. On the other hand, if their numbers increased too markedly, or their voices clamored too effectively, the governments involved would no longer be in a position to negotiate at all.

If one happens to be a pacifist, this may be a perfectly agreeable state of affairs, but if one is not (and no statesman *can* be under present conditions) then this loss of unity at home imposes a tremendous handicap upon those responsible for national security. A tough opponent cannot fail to exploit another nation's weakness, and disagreement over whether certain "national interests" are worth fighting for is definitely and unmistakably a weakness of the first magnitude.

In such an atmosphere, responsible and thoughtful proposals are likely to be slow in coming and even slower to be heard. But it is a mistake to think that this atmosphere results solely from closed-mindedness or conspiracy on the part of government or society; it is the natural and inevitable outcome of the need of those in power to maintain their authority in order to engage in international relations from a position of relative parity.

IN ADDITION to these essentially internal factors, there are several serious limitations imposed upon diplomacy by the very nature of the international system. This debility is best expressed by the game-theory maxim that "everybody's strategy is everybody else's strategy." What is meant is that the range of alternative behavior for any given player (in this case, the national state) is strongly limited by the behavior of all other players. That is, no state enjoys anything approaching independence (or "sovereignty") in international relations because the actions of other states preclude many alternatives at the very outset.

In a sense, the behavior of all states is very strongly conditioned, if not determined, by the nature of the international system and the norms, mores and expectations which accompanied its development out of fifteenth-century feudalism. One crucial characteristic of that system is the absence of any institution to which states may turn for their protection. The only source of protection for states is their own power, and this power they must everywhere seek to maximize. In turn, power (be it military capability, economic productivity, ideological attractiveness, or what have you) has the peculiar characteristic of being highly relative; it is not measured against some abstract yardstick, but against the power of other states with which it may be in actual or potential competition or conflict. Consequently, every increase in the power of an opposing state or coalition of states is tantamount to a decrease in your own power. The result is that international relations are essentially a continuing struggle for power.

Again, this pursuit of power cannot be traced to the peculiarities of any particular state, or the immorality or incompetence of any given set of leaders. It is a race imposed upon all states and their governments by the terrible realities of the anarchistic international society. To be more specific, I would contend that even if the Soviet Union and the United States had similar political and economic systems, or if both were governed by competent, rational and peace-loving leaders, they would still be involved in serious conflict today. Social disparities and inept leadership merely aggravate a situation inherent in the nature of world politics; and no nation, by itself, seems capable of modifying the characteristics of these politics. One might go a good deal farther and argue that even the two super-powers, given the best of faith and ability, could not together alter the system sufficiently, even though this appears to be the only possible way of preventing World War III.

Diplomacy, then, faces the fact that in order to negotiate and bargain, states must not only have power, but must be prepared to use it. Furthermore, they must be able to persuade the adversary that they are *prepared* and *willing* to use it; otherwise they become susceptible to blackmail and coercion. Brinkmanship is as essential to successful diplomacy in the current international system as bluffing is to successful poker. War is still the final arbiter in inter-nation disputes, and until an acceptable substitute is found, statesmen have no choice but to threaten to resort to it. Tragically, there always comes a time when they have to make good on the threat, and the next time it happens could conceivably be the last.

WHAT I have been trying to say here is that diplomacy is basically inadequate as a means to the peaceful resolution of international conflict. Be it Summit or ambassadorial diplomacy, open or secret, bilateral or multilateral, its limitations are such as to almost guarantee eventual failure. The nature of the international political system is the powder keg, and domestic politics provide the fuse. To lay the blame on a particular state or individual may be politically necessary or emotionally rewarding, but the result is deceptive. Man has, over the centuries, created a nightmare from which he cannot escape by castigating the enemy of the moment or exorcising the immediate evil spirit. He can only end this nightmare by sharply altering the international political system and establishing the institutions of international government.

THE RIGHT THAT FAILED . . *by Roger Kahn*

ACCOUNTANTS are still tabulating, but it now appears that the fight night grossed $4 million, a statistic that assumes meaning when you realize that it is more than most major league baseball teams earn in the course of schedules that run for five months.

The fight, of course, was the heavyweight championship bout at the Polo Grounds between Floyd Patterson and Ingemar Johansson; and it was a fine fight for those of us who enjoy the gaudy atavism of the ring. A brittle glory—the championship—shone in Johansson's face until Patterson threw two rousing left hooks in the fifth round. Then one could only conclude, as brittle as the glory is the face, a conclusion stated some centuries back, unfortunately.

Even before Johansson fell, the excitement of the event charged the warm evening air. Johansson be-

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ROGER KAHN, who has covered sports for many years for the New York press, is now sports editor of Newsweek.

lieves that sex (or at least women) mixes with training, while Patterson does not, a conflict as exciting as any that sports is likely to produce. It seemed to be a sorry night for sexuality until Elizabeth Taylor appeared in the wings of Johansson's dressing room, shaken to the depths of her cleavage, but bravely saying pleasant things about the beaten man.

Politicians and foreign journalists elbowed each other on the way to ringside and *The New York Times* marked the occasion by assigning Brooks Atkinson, its drama critic, to work among the moths and Western Union teletypes in the press rows. After some discussion with the *Times* copy desk, Atkinson wrote a lead sentence which read, in its entirety, "Golly," then proceeded to an image in which Johansson, who is Nordic, fell like Othello. Someone remarked later that this was close to miscegenation. My own theory is that Atkinson struck the image en route to the ball park, on the assumption that Johansson would win, grew fond of it and wouldn't give it up.

THERE was so much brightness and gaiety and chaos attendant on the fight that almost everyone seems to have forgotten the accountants. But one man who has not is a strange, stumpy fight manager named Constantine D'Amato, who runs Floyd Patterson and who, through him, probably intends to control boxing.

Boxing's choice of the last ten years has been between group or individual monopoly. Until the Supreme Court ruled that the International Boxing Club stood in violation of anti-trust laws, this organization, which did business with hoodlums, was the General Motors of boxing. (And there was neither a Chrysler nor a Ford to compete.) With the dismemberment of the I.B.C., D'Amato appeared—not out of nowhere as has been suggested, but out of a small, dark gymnasium which he operated near Gramercy Park in Manhattan.

D'Amato had the unshakable loyalty of Patterson, champion from 1955 to 1959, and now champion again. Armed with the faith of the best heavyweight in the world, D'Amato began to fight old evils with new evils.

Why had D'Amato languished for so long in the obscurity of his little gym? Because, he told anyone who would listen, he had refused to do business with monopolists and the crooks behind them. Why was his reception by the sporting press mixed? Because, D'Amato said, boxing writers were paid off by the I.B.C. "What I want to do," he said, "is fix it so that managers can match their boys for the highest bidder. That's the American way."

AT THE outset, this campaign was above serious criticism, although obviously D'Amato was honestly disliked by some reporters who had never taken a dime or a Scotch and water from the I.B.C. I suppose an anarchist might have carried it off. Woefully, D'Amato is no more of an anarchist than Richard M. Nixon.

He began his private drive to heal boxing's ills by preparing a blacklist. Every fighter or manager who had been controlled by the I.B.C. made the list and, D'Amato announced, Patterson would not fight anybody listed. Since the I.B.C. had been so powerful, this included every competent heavyweight.

Patterson first defended his title against a harmless, borderline defective named Tommy (Hurricane) Jackson, who liked to hear the Bible read to him before he fought. Then Patterson fought an amateur named Pete Rademacher, pushed into the ring by a group of white supremacists from Georgia. Next there came a peaceful Texas school teacher named Roy Harris, a gentle Englishman named Brian London and, finally, Johansson.

Until Johansson beat him in June, 1959, Patterson defeated his screened opposition easily. "I got bored with them myself," he now concedes. At the same time, D'Amato devoted himself to a middleweight and a light heavyweight, in an effort to develop further champions for himself. It was a wild, implausible scheme, the sort a man might dream up in a dark gym, watching unknowns spar and worrying about the money for dinner.

But the principal trouble with the D'Amato master plan was not implausibility. It was that his scheme was no more sensible, and perhaps no more honest, than the I.B.C.'s. His handling of Patterson bored more people than the fighter. Fewer than 20,000 tickets were sold when Patterson fought Johansson in June, 1959. When Johansson won, D'Amato lost his weapon; and investigatory groups, spotting a sitting duck, began firing. A Congressional subcommittee, New York District Attorney Hogan and the New York State Athletic Commission all began investigating boxing at the same time. After some months, it turned out that a suspected mobster had helped bankroll the first Patterson-Johansson fight, and further that D'Amato had forced a strange contract on Johansson as a price for a crack at the championship. Under duress, Johansson had agreed to give one of D'Amato's associates 10 per cent of his earnings for the next five years.

THE NEW YORK commission revoked D'Amato's license to manage and a court fined him for refusing to answer a subpoena during Hogan's portion of the probe. The hard-bought dream of Cus D'Amato seemed to be shattered and few boxing fans cared or noticed. Johansson, a poised and charming man, was the center of attention in the year between the two fights.

What has changed now? First, boxing is back as a big business. An early estimate is that 490,000 Americans paid an average of $5 each to see closed-circuit TV of the fight. It will stay big business for a while because the third Patterson-Johansson fight may draw even more than the second. Next, D'Amato is back in power. The New York commission won't discuss what it will do if D'Amato demands his license back as a price for giving the next fight to New York. Finally, D'Amato returns twice as angry as before, when he was already too angry for most tastes.

He has plans for exacting vengeance on his oppressors, real and imagined, which presumably will include more contracts under duress. He no longer talks of establishing a utopia for fighters and fight managers. His campaign now seems designed solely to restore the power and the glory of D'Amato.

A victim of all this is Patterson, a likable, fluent twenty-five-year-old who suffered from serious emotional disturbances as a boy and who found in D'Amato a man willing to befriend and teach him. There has been some speculation in newspapers that Patterson now will emerge as his own man, his own boss, but one incident at a recent press conference makes me wonder.

Patterson was sitting on a dais, D'Amato beside him, when a reporter asked, "Who's the man behind Floyd Patterson?" The answer came, "Floyd Patterson."

You had to be looking hard to notice that just before Floyd spoke, Constantine D'Amato whispered two words into his ear, and you had to be sitting in the first three rows to overhear the words. They were, of course, the same two words with which Patterson answered the reporter.

QUANDARY OF THE SOUTHERN DEMOCRATS

NO PLACE TO BOLT . .

by George McMillan

NOT SINCE the Democratic Party returned to power in 1932, to give the South disproportionate influence in national party politics, has that peculiar region had so little to bargain with as it does on the eve of the 1960 Democratic convention. In fact, the South this year has no place to bolt.

Southern political leaders are of course doing everything they can to keep this distressing fact a secret. They've spent a great deal of time in the past few months smoke-screening their vulnerable position and they will, as usual, make their supreme effort at camouflage at the convention itself.

People like Johnson, Talmadge, McClellan, Russell, Byrd — these and many others like them in the South are politicians' politicians, and if past performances prove anything, this astute crew, bargaining power or no bargaining power, will bring off deals that would put the first Rockefeller (the dime-giver) to shame. By their acknowledged skill, bluff and bravado, they may very well make civil rights the major issue of the convention and even force on the party a compromise that could, in turn, fatally compromise its candidate in the election. Whatever happens, these Southerners are almost certain to dramatize their alleged regional "differences" and "customs" to the point where these will become a major preoccupation of the great national party in which their own membership has been whimsical and not too dependable.

The South's hope for a commanding position from which to bargain with the national party (or, as some prefer to put it, to blackmail it) has been steadily going to pot. Ever since the 1956 convention, one event has followed another to make it apparent to professionals that the South's support could only embarrass a national party. Some have made no beans about their contempt for the South. Nixon, for example, has openly wooed the Negro vote. This, much more than the ostensibly detested action by Mr. Eisenhower in sending troops to Little Rock, closed the Republican Party as an avenue to almost all Southern politicians.

As the ranks of Democratic hopefuls thinned out, the South found itself left with Lyndon Johnson, the Texas parliamentarian. And he produced a nervous moment when he insisted that the Senate pass a civil-rights bill. Southern newspapers quickly piled on him, only to be reassured by such trustworthy Confederates as Talmadge and Thurmond that Cousin Lyndon (and the bill) were really all right.

No sooner had the South settled on Johnson than it began to appear that the Senate Majority Leader was being clobbered by Kennedy in the pre-convention contest for delegates. Any hope of disaffection from Johnson to Kennedy was ended on June 23, when the Massachusetts Senator told the Liberal Party of New York that he hoped to win the nomination "without a single Southern vote in the convention." At the same time he issued a statement calling for the kind of Presidential leadership that would give "every American, of every color and faith, equal access to all of American life — and that means equal access to the voting booth, to the school room, to jobs, to housing and to the lunch counters."

A few days later, a spokesman in Kennedy's office told an inquirer that it was "too late for Southern support to be effective for Kennedy. The essential weakness of the Southern position," said this Kennedy worker, "is going to be more apparent at this convention than it has ever been before."

GEORGE McMILLAN, Southern-born, has spent most of his professional life as newspaper man and political commentator in that region.

"It looks like the stronger Kennedy gets," said a Southern politician, "the more eager he is to get the South off his back."

WITH THE South's relations with the candidates far from promising, things at home, internally, are not too hopeful, either. As far as a walk-out — the usual threat — is concerned, the chances for anybody's doing that seem slim. "Mississippi's Democratic bark will turn out to be louder than its bite in the upcoming national convention," wrote Kenneth Toler, a political writer, in the June 26 Atlanta *Journal-Constitution*. "There is little chance of a walk-out and less of a bolt, according to those in the know. That doesn't mean there won't be a lot of oratorical smoke, but the fire just won't be there. In the end, Mississippi will go down the line — regardless of the platform and the candidates."

Alabama is badly split, to say the least. Its Governor Patterson is staunch for Kennedy, but when it came time to vote for electors, the state's voters split the ticket, electing six "free" Dixiecrat electors and five "loyal" ones. "The essential meaning of the electors' contest," wrote Grover Hall, editor of the Montgomery (Ala.) *Advertiser*, "is that no major diversion of Democratic electors threatens the Democratic nominee in the Southern states."

Of all the Southern states which might bolt, only South Carolina is still openly talking about the possibility. That state's Governor Hollings told reporters at the end of June that if it were true that Senator Johnson "kept a severe civil-rights measure from passing," nevertheless "we see that Ladybird (Mrs. Johnson) is building herself up as another Mrs. Roosevelt by holding a (racially) mixed gathering in Texas."

But the bolting, if any, may be done in the other direction — to get on Kennedy's bandwagon. When Governor Vandiver of Georgia called on his delegates to remain uncommitted or resign, one of them, J. W. "Taxi" Smith, secretary of the state Ports Authority, and a worker for Kennedy, stepped down. "You don't expect me to get off a horse when he's forty lengths ahead, do you?" he wrote Vandiver.

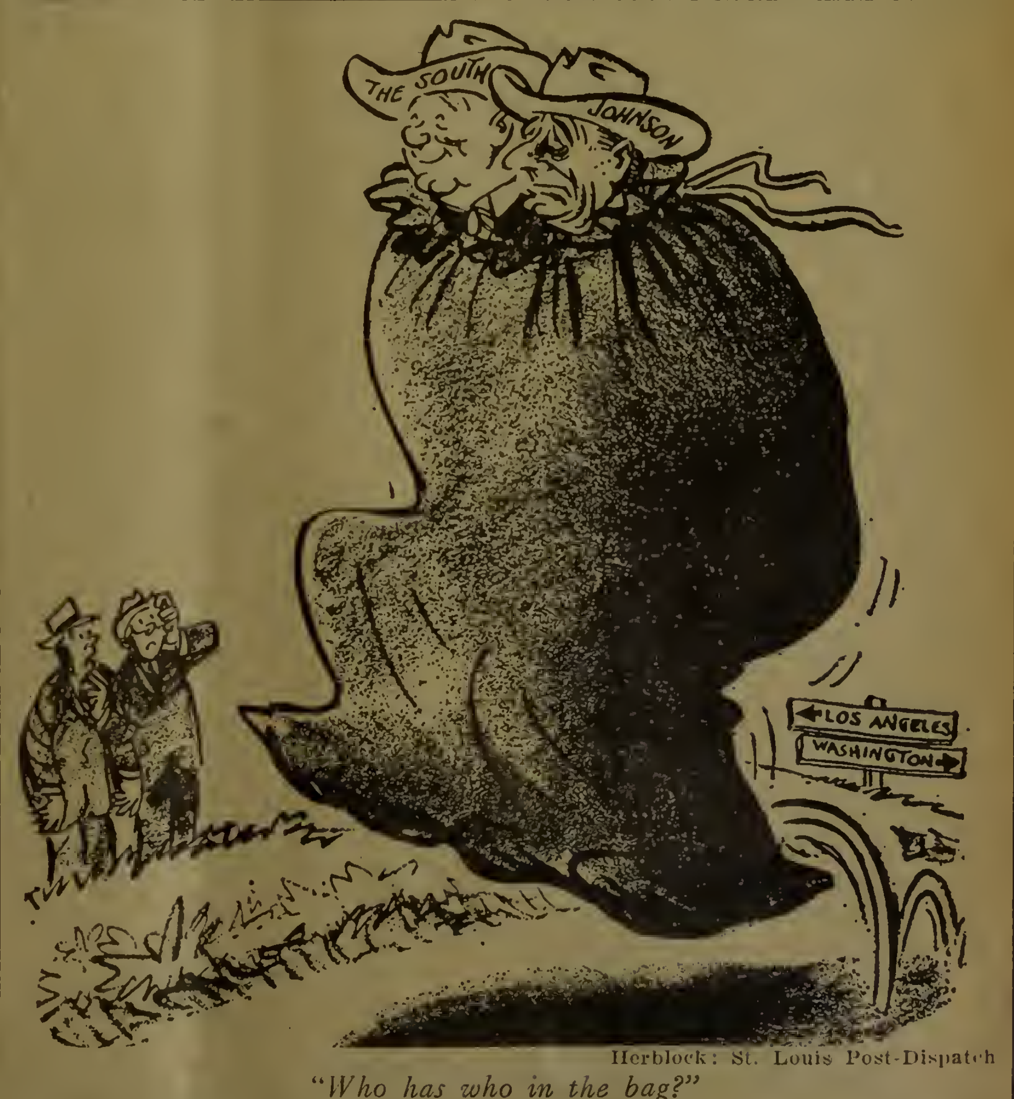
Noting that Georgia's thirty-three votes will probably go for Johnson, political writer Charles Pou of the Atlanta *Journal* said the votes "will be accorded to him with all of the enthusiasm of a small boy kissing an aunt in front of other small boys."

Things reached the discouraging stage at one point this spring when some Georgians tried to roll out their favorite son, Herman Talmadge, as a candidate. According to the newspapers, this was admittedly "an effort to gain bargaining power for the Southern position on civil rights and other matters." Talmadge, whose grip on Georgia today is as tight as his father's (Old Gene's) galluses were loose, threw cold water on his friends.

In desperation, one leading Southern states'-rights spokesman, attorney Charles Bloch of Macon, Georgia, called for help from former President Truman. "Only a man of Truman's stature in the party could exert his influence to tone down the civil-rights plank," UPI quoted Bloch as saying. "Southern members of the committee do not have enough power to influence the group."

BUT THOSE who know the South understand that the area's bargaining strength has not been based on naked power. The most dangerous thing the national party could do is count the South out before the convention. The logic of events may suggest that the South has no place to go at Los Angeles except along with the party's nominee and the party's platform, but the South has seldom been logical in politics. It has excelled in making its often irrational position seem logical.

A good example of the South's ability to make its "case" is its



Herblock: St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"Who has who in the bag?"

threat to use "free electors" to swing the election in the Electoral College. This is an old Southern dodge that grows out of the possibility that the South, if it could hold its sixty-nine Presidential electors (in seven states) together at the meeting of the Electoral College, might throw the election (if it was close enough) whichever way the South chose. The mathematical probability of this happening is so remote that it would take an electronic computer to work it out. The surprising thing is that, nevertheless, this threat has been taken seriously by some of America's most sophisticated publications and commentators. Ralph McGill, publisher of the Atlanta *Constitution*, attacked the free-elector plan as "vindictive, spiteful, and without political morality." But, none the less, he went on to discuss it, and thus dignify it. *U.S. News and World Report* devoted a special article to the plan in March, inaccurately called it "new," and said that with it the South might bargain successfully for its "No. 1 aim" — appointment of a U.S. Attorney General "who is friendly to the South." *The New York Times* has twice explained the system and the threat — once in an Arthur Krock column, and once in its weekly news review.

As the convention approaches, it becomes increasingly hard to take this Southern shenanigan seriously. But that it was taken seriously at all illustrates a fundamental truth about Southern political strategy, and proves that some other stratagem, or stratagems, will be devised by convention time.

FOR THE FACT is that Southern politicians must do something. They have fought one of the most successful rear-guard actions in the history of modern politics, and a great deal of their success can be laid to the fact that they have been able to fight on their own ground. From Reconstruction until, well, yesterday, Southern politicians have been able to see that the national debate on race was conducted in terms of the South's own polemic, often in the face of overwhelming odds of law and logic.

One of the ways they have done this is by setting up straw men, like the free-elector system. Another is by presenting the South to the nation as a cohesive social and political unit. If they do nothing else at the convention, they must prove that there is *a* South where all the "good people" agree on things, on what they often call "the Southern way of life." These Southern politicians must represent themselves as the embattled representatives of a put-upon, misunderstood people. Unlike politicians from other areas, whose problems of representing their constituents may change from day to day, Southern politicians have basically only one job: to preserve the racial *status quo* openly, and the still generally reactionary economic *status quo* indirectly.

If it seems necessary to them, the Southerners will not stop short of political murder; they would be ready, quite literally, to destroy the Democratic candidate's hope of victory. When Southern Democratic pressure convinced Stevenson that he ought to take a "moderate" stand on race in the 1956 campaign, the loss of Negro votes then was probably not critical. In the foreseeably close campaign between the probable candidates, Nixon and Kennedy, a "moderate" stand by Kennedy during the campaign might lick him. To Negroes, Kennedy is already suspect on the civil-rights issue, while at the same time Nixon's record has already caused him to receive the virtual endorsement of Roy Wilkins, NAACP executive secretary.

But to come forward with a strong civil-rights platform that would attract Negro voters, Kennedy will have to resist some of the most adroit and persuasive politicians on the American scene today, and to turn his back on what seems to be a whole region that is "solidly" in support of his party.

LETTERS

(*Continued from inside front cover*)

property resulting from the police brutality should make it clear how barren were police charges that the students began the "riots."

The fact that the students have been cleared, however, should not allow anyone to conclude that the case is over. One student still remains to be tried on charges of hitting an officer; his defense will be expensive. Moreover, there are still costs outstanding for bail bonds. In addition, a number of students were badly hurt in the police charge and their medical costs must be met.

The Students for Civil Liberties at the University of California, Berkeley, has succeeded in raising $1,500 in student donations so far. More is needed. Checks or money orders should be made out to Students for Civil Liberties—Defense Fund, and sent to Professor Edward W. Barankin, Honorary Treasurer, Students for Civil Liberties, 20 Highland Blvd., Berkeley, California.

JEAN SAVIN

Oakland, Calif.

Wrong Battleground

Der Sirs: The article by Leo J. Linder in your issue of May 28 provided an excellent analysis of the various proposals for meeting the serious problem of providing adequate medical care for our aged population.

Yet we balk at his conclusion. One has to ask whether Mr. Linder is interested, first, in better medical care for the aged, or is he interested in establishing a new principle? . . .

We see no reason why Mr. Linder's principle, which applies to all social security, should be fought out over health care of the aged. Mr. Linder does not need to be reminded that the vast majority of people, and groups, accept the contributory compulsory-insurance system of social security, and that only a minority, at this time, support the principle of government responsibility and equalization. Mr. Linder should fight his battle on the whole social security system, not on health care for the aged.

The Physicians Forum, an organization of doctors which has been working for twenty years to improve and extend medical care for all our citizens, takes the position that a good bill is possible, at this time, only if based on the social security system.

EDMUND M. BRAUN, M.D.
Secretary, Physicians Forum

New York City

BOOKS and the ARTS

Magazines Turned to Books

THE DIAL. Number 1. 160 pp. Number 2. 126 pp. Dial Press. $1.50 each. Paper.

NEW WORLD WRITING 16. J. B. Lippincott Co. 286 pp. $3 cloth; $1.45 paper.

THE NOBLE SAVAGE. Number 1. Meridian Books. 255 pp. $1.50. Paper.

Lloyd Zimpel

THE PUBLISHER of a literary magazine is apt to feel bereft when his creation goes the way of yesterday's newspaper. To rise above the status of newsstand ephemera, therefore, he is now giving his product a more and more solid look. Although still in paper covers (with one, at least, available in boards), the publications increasingly have the appearance of books — substantial price; sturdy, well-designed format; nice heft in the hand; extravagant jacket blurb. A well-bound, $1.50 book, whatever the durability of its contents, asks for a spot on the book shelf. Immortality enough.

Not surprisingly, the cost of producing 250 or more pages in book format has put the giant literary periodical into the only hands that can afford it—those of the more enlightened publishing houses. The New American Library, which brought out fifteen numbers of *New World Writing* before dropping the series in 1959, established important ground. Other publishers joined, some abortively: Doubleday with *Anchor Review,* Pocket Books with *Discovery,* Noonday with *Noonday*. *Evergreen Review* from Grove Press did most to define the field. That field is, in the broadest sense, introduction to a good-size audience of vital, experimental works that fail the test of the academic quarterlies; and, in a narrower sense, the exhibition of the less-than-book-length work from authors in the publisher's own stable.

The advantages of publication in this book format—aside from presumed permanence in the reader's library and a longer selling life on bookstore shelves than most magazines enjoy—are, first of all, sufficient space to permit publication even to the orphan short novel, and secondly (what editors take enormous pleasure in announcing), greater freedom in treatment and subject.

Wisest editors announce least: in the most recent group of publishers' book-magazines, editorial statements, if not wholly absent are fairly temperate, as befits the comfortably rich look of the pages on which they appear. These latest publishing house ventures are *The Dial*, a quarterly, after thirty years revived from its distinguished past by the Dial Press; *New World Writing 16,* which J. B. Lippincott Company now issues after the previous publishers dropped the series, reportedly a commercial success, with a few words implying that they had sufficiently popularized *avant-garde* writing; and *The Noble Savage*, a new semi-annual collection from Meridian Books.

Heartening as is the mere simultaneous appearance of these new publications (and with a number of recent magazine revivals, notably *The Transatlantic Review* and *Story,* the literary scene is brightened still more), the nature of their contributions provides its own delights: fiction greatly predominates, poetry appears in fair amounts; most important, it becomes apparent in these pages that the taste for literary criticism as a staple item in literary periodicals has palled. Except for *The Dial,* which reprints in its first number T. S. Eliot's 1923 review of *Ulysses,* and except for Diana Butler's ingenious piece of earnest butterfly detection in "Lolita Lepidoptera" in *New World Writing 16,* there is a promising absence—or perhaps only an appropriate balance at last—of tiresome literary poking by what Nelson Algren in his *Dial* story "Ding-Ding . . ." calls the "footnote kings."

TO BE SURE, we are furnished with a substitute: a kind of socio-cultural criticism, examples from "the industry of writing about mass culture," that Herbert Gold mentions in his essay in *The Noble Savage,* "How to Tell the Beatniks from the Hipsters." Gold's piece itself fits this category, as do two others in the issue: Harold Rosenberg's essay on the middle class, and Harvey Swados' article on some matters connected with the first Patterson-Johansson match; and, in *New World Writing,* Kingsley Amis' article on Britain vs. the U.S. as a place to live and work is another example.

This brand of cultural analysis, absorbing in itself, but generating more self-consciousness than some of us know how to handle, is found, properly muted and transformed, in the fiction as well. While *The Dial* offers no overt essay of this nature, it does contain the single most stimulating example of fiction taking off from the same foundations. Thomas Berger, in the second number, writes zestfully in "Reinhart Goes to Work," of a young man fumbling his way into a woolly world of commerce. This excerpt from Berger's novel in progress, along with Algren's sportive account of lunch with a footnote king, is the best of *Dial's* first two numbers —if we discount Sherwood Anderson's raggedly powerful "The Door of the Trap," reprinted from *The Dial* of 1920. Among the other contributors to these two numbers are Vance Bourjaily, Herbert Gold, Albert J. Guerard and Philip Roth: they submit excellent comments on individuals, each isolated in his own sad way; but no one of their contributions engages itself with reality quite so heartily as does the work of Berger or Algren.

SUCH hearty engagement is still less characteristic of the fiction in *New World Writing 16* which, under its new sponsor, proclaims friendliness toward the unestablished writer. There is less of the *World* in this issue than was previously the case—Kingsley Amis' "You That Love England" is the single foreign contribution. All told, there is less of excellence, too. "The Credance Table," by Jack Richardson, builds some good things upon the irony of the life-death cycle, but is finally an airless and remote fable: Judson Jerome, whose concern in "You Have to Draw a Line Somewhere" is similar to Richardson's, skillfully constructs a cool and direct little story of two laboratory workers faced with killing a supposedly tubercular monkey. Tillie Olsen's long story, "Tell Me a Riddle," is one other worthy piece—an evocative story of age, grandparenthood, cancer, death.

There is no "new" writer between *New World Writing's* prosaically designed covers who does not in one way or another stir interest. Their themes are the big sober ones—death (again and again), suicide; and there is no lack of skill—perhaps, to speak in roughest

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generalities, an overabundance of it: the precision is exhausting.

This is not the case with the contributions to *The Noble Savage.* With an editorial line-up that all but monopolizes the younger major writers, the quality of this first issue is on almost all counts first rate. When it is not, there is still enough professional cleverness and gloss to dazzle.

"And Hickman Arrives," by Ralph Ellison (a contributing editor), has in part the exciting hallucinatory characteristics that marked memorable scenes in his novel *Invisible Man*: this story of a Negro evangelist and his white Christ-child protégé partakes of a "Southern school" air—but the better to establish favorable points of comparison. An excellent poem, "Life Cycle of Common Man," comes from Howard Nemerov; another is by John Berryman (a contributing editor). "The Self-Made Brain Surgeon" by Mark Harris has individuality and a sharp modern ring. Jack Ludwig, who, with Saul Bellow and Keith Botsford, edits the periodical, contributes "Confusions: Thoreau in California," which is frequently and pointedly amusing. Yet one's primary interest focuses on a brief story, a concentrated blend of style and violence called "Cowboys," by Edward Hoagland.

Like *The Dial, The Noble Savage* promises in each issue to reprint a worthwhile piece from the past, although, unlike *Dial,* the editors are not limited to their own back issues. The current "Ancestors" selection, an 1890 essay by Samuel Butler, "Ramblings in Cheapside," seems less a reminder of better days than a flavorful part of the present whole. In a magazine there might be no space for this reaching back into the past, but in the 255 pages of a book it offers no problem.

Whatever their minor differences, these new publications have important similarities, the most impressive of which is the rich fatness their publishing houses have settled upon them, and which serious short prose feeds on all too seldom. Now it remains for them to receive a welcome loud enough to be heard well outside their own editors' offices—for potentially there are as many such excellent publications as there are successful publishing houses.

The Soldier in Society

THE PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER: A Social and Political Portrait. By Morris Janowitz. The Free Press. 464 pp. $6.75.

Louis Morton

ONE would have thought that the sociologists, with their interest in large organizations and social institutions, would have been fascinated by the military establishment and that there would be an extensive sociological literature on all phases of military life. Unfortunately this is not the case. In an effort to interest sociologists in the subject, the Russell Sage Foundation commissioned Morris Janowitz, a professor of sociology at the University of Michigan, to explore this problem. The result was a little book entitled *Sociology and the Military Establishment* (1959) appraising the work of sociologists in the military field and suggesting further lines of inquiry.

The Professional Soldier is in a sense a sequel to *Sociology and the Military Establishment* and represents Janowitz's own effort to explore the problems raised by the earlier book. In doing so he has produced a comprehensive study of the military establishment, a sociological and political analysis of the impact of technology, new weapons systems and changes in warfare on the organization and ideology of the armed forces. The book is also the biography of a profession in its organizational setting, a fascinating portrait that explains much in the behavior of the military that civilians often find puzzling.

The first part of the study treats the armed forces as a social organization and analyzes the way in which authority is exercised, the rise of military management, the social and ethnic composition of the services, career patterns and motivations, the rise in hierarchy, the elite as a center of power, and the military style of life. The most significant conclusion to emerge from this analysis is that the organizational and technological revolution of recent years has led to the emergence of the military manager. This new leader, says Janowitz, is the true professional in modern war. With close links to civilian society and a deep appreciation of the complex technology required to support the military establishment in the nuclear age, he has both the ability and the knowledge to deal with its internal tensions and the strategic problems of the cold war.

Historically, the dominant military type has been the heroic leader, the warrior who embodies the military virtues — martial spirit, personal valor, devotion to duty and dedicated service to the nation. The military technologist, descendant of the first artillerists and engineers, has assumed increased importance as the conduct of war has become increasingly complex. But neither he nor the heroic leader possesses the skills and outlooks of the manager. Actually all three are essential to the military establishment, and it is Janowitz's contention that the needs of the nation are best served when the roles of the three groups are in balance.

FULLY half of *The Professional Soldier* is devoted to an analysis of the ideology, political beliefs and behavior, and external relations and pressure tactics of the military. Like Samuel Huntington (*Soldier and the State*, 1957), Janowitz finds the military elite, which is drawn largely from native Anglo-Saxon, Protestant, rural, upper-middle-class background, to be politically conservative in outlook and dedicated to maintaining the *status quo*. But this conservatism, which seeks to preserve values held in high esteem by the military, is often critical of civilian conservatism. Thus, though the military believe strongly in the preservation of private property, they do not glorify the profit motive or identify themselves closely with the goals of the business community. Stressing the military virtues, they are frequently critical of contemporary American society and the emphasis on materialistic values. And since the military are accustomed to long-range planning and bureaucratic solutions, their political conservatism does not extend to a distaste for government control; many high-ranking officers participated actively and approvingly in agencies established under the New Deal.

The unity of the military does not extend to doctrine, i.e., how to use force for political ends. Here Janowitz finds the military split into two opposing groups, the absolutists and the pragmatists. Each has its own theory, its image of the world and especially the enemy, a clear conception of national goals and a military strategy for achieving these goals. The absolutists believe that the objectives of war are to be gained only by victory — the more complete the victory, the more certain

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LOUIS MORTON, recently appointed Professor of Military History at Dartmouth College, was for a dozen years with the Office of Military History, U.S. Army. He prepared Fall of the Philippines *and* Strategy and Command: The First Two Years *in the official series on World War II.*

the result; the pragmatists, that force is but one way of achieving political ends and its use must be adapted to the end in view. Janowitz identifies the former with the advocates of massive retaliation, a counterforce strategy and an orientation toward Asia. They tend to ally themselves with strategic bombardment and with heroic leaders like MacArthur, Le May and Wedemeyer, to be extremely conservative in their politics, critical of America's China policy and the conduct of World War II. The pragmatists, on the other hand, espouse a finite strategy and graduated deterrence, stress the necessity for a limited war capacity and display an orientation toward Europe. Their personal loyalties are to General Marshall and his heirs, and their strongest advocates are to be found in the high command of the Army.

PROFESSOR JANOWITZ'S distinction between absolutists and pragmatists, which some will find an over-simplified picture of a series of complex relationships and competing strategies, sets the stage for his discussion of interservice rivalry, military relations with Congress and the Executive and efforts to shape public opinion. In the final chapter he considers the future of the military profession in the United States. What it needs is a new set of self-conceptions and professional requirements to achieve a balance "between organizational stability and adaptation to rapid technological and political change." These requirements, he believes, could best be met if the military adopted the constabulary concept and transformed itself into a constabulary force. According to Janowitz, "the military establishment becomes a constabulary force when it is continuously prepared to act, committed to the minimum use of force, and seeks viable international relations, rather than victory because it has incorporated a protective military posture."

It is doubtful that the military profession will find this prescription for reform practicable or palatable, especially since the police function enjoys little prestige or status among the military. Still, it is a challenging proposal and, like everything else Janowitz has to say about the armed forces, displays a deep understanding of the military profession, of its internal pressures, its organizational problems and its relations with the rest of society.

LETTER from VIENNA

Leo Lania

THE CITY that Mr. Khrushchev has been visiting is more beautiful than ever. It is also a study in contradictions. The palaces along the *Ring* have regained their ancient, somewhat austere, nobility; the *Opera* and the *Burgtheater*, rebuilt exactly as they appeared in the days of the Emperor, have the added advantage of modernized stages hardly surpassed anywhere in the United States or elsewhere in Europe. The rejuvenated *Innere Stadt*—the city's center—with its crooked streets and alleys, churches, squares, courts and unexpected steps, is an enchanting Baroque jewel. The shops on the Kaerntnerstrasse and Graben are as elegant as any on the Rue de la Paix, and their show windows prove that the products of Austria's industry and handicraft can match the best in Paris, London or Rome. The streets are miraculously clean; flowers are everywhere; the parks are lovingly groomed to the last leaf and blade of grass.

Behind this façade of prosperity, the majority of Viennese live in very humble circumstances. A private bathroom is still a great luxury. Partly because rents are low, landlords refuse to modernize the old houses. Wages are also very low, and while workers are somewhat compensated by various forms of social insurance, the pinch is painful for the mass of small officials, *rentiers* and, especially, the intellectuals.

But worse than the material hardships is the cultural sterility of a city once renowned as a center of ideas and art. True, theatres and concert halls are sold out daily; due to a system of subsidies by city and state, tickets are cheap. But for their repertory, the theatres must rely on the classics, on American, British and French authors, and on the Austrian playwrights who flourished in the twenties. The small *avant-garde* theatres and cabarets, once noted for the courage and wit with which they exposed the shabby values, the deceptions and hypocrisies, of public life and politicians, today specialize in Ionesco and Beckett. Austrian steel, leather goods and textiles are first rate; but in the arts, not a single new author, composer or painter of any merit

---

LEO LANIA, a European-born journalist, novelist and playwright, has spent many years in Germany and Austria.

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has come to the fore. Even Vienna's newspapers, once the best and liveliest on the Continent, are provincial.

THIS contrast between the outward appearance of a cosmopolitan city and the provincial aspect of its cultural life is the main characteristic of today's Vienna. The city closes down after dark; at 11 o'clock most street cars and buses come to a standstill. There are still the coffee houses; but the artists, writers and journalists who once transformed them into centers of literary and intellectual activity are gone. For the most part, their bodies are rotted in the pits of Dachau, Buchenwald and Auschwitz. For the truth is that what has been called Viennese art and culture was to a great extent the work of Jews—from Sigmund Freud to Gustav Mahler, from Arthur Schnitzler and Hugo von Hofmannsthal to Max Reinhardt, Arnold Schoenberg and Bruno Walter. And even more significant than their role as creative artists, was the role of Jewish business and professional men in sponsoring and supporting the arts and the intellectual tradition. They were the ingredient necessary to blend the many races and classes of the Empire: the already declining aristocracy, the burgeoning liberalism of the middle class, the revolutionary *élan* of the workers. Today the aristocrats have become business promoters and public relations men, and both liberalism and revolution are words from the past.

Surf

Pit
The hoarse voice of the sea
Rusty with gulls
Running skeins of surf
And tangled seines of sculpins, scurfed in sand.
Bunker fragment rocks
Dark with ocean salad
Castings on the sand.
The sea moves on its tumbrils, on to land.

David Ross

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In a sense, Vienna has merely come into its own. For the *petit bourgeois*—servile, avaricious, mean-spirited, ignorant and prejudiced—has always been the dominant factor in this city, and is more representative of the Austrian national character than either the thin upper crust of intellectuals and artists or the Social Democratic workers, whose flashes of heroism never really ignited the country. Austria was ripe for Hitler, who took it, almost literally, by telephone; and those today who so readily accept the Austrian claim that Nazism was imposed on this country by the force of German arms forget that Nazism was born here, in Vienna, long before Hitler came on the scene, and that the enthusiasm with which the "little man" of Vienna participated in Nazi atrocities could not be matched in Berlin, Frankfurt or Munich.

Today, of course, the Austrians hide behind their contention that theirs had been an "occupied country"; they deny all guilt. Unlike the Bonn government's restitution policy which, for all its inadequacies, goes some way to meet the demands of justice, Austria's is niggardly in the extreme. At best a Jew or other victim of Nazism who has survived a concentration camp, and can prove that every member of his family perished at the hands of the Nazis, can receive a maximum compensation of $2,000. Most are fortunate to get as much as $500. And meanwhile Jewish organizations ask in vain for a just settlement of an estimated $200 million in former Jewish-owned property which remains unclaimed in Austria because there are no surviving heirs.

IT MAY seem an anomoly that a government in which the Social Democrats occupy some of the most important posts shows so little concern for the victims of Nazism, and fails to take a strong stand against Hitler's followers. The explanation lies in the present unique political structure of the country.

In every election since World War I
the leftist Social Democrats and t
rightist People's Party have split t
votes about evenly. So, for the last f
teen years, Austria has been ruled by
coalition. The ministries are divid
equally: where the chief is a Peopl
Party member, his deputy must be
Social Democrat, and vice versa.

The coalition has no opposition
speak of. The Nationalists, successors
the Nazis, constitute only a small f
tion; the Communists are no more th
an insignificant splinter group. But
the coalition has secured for Aust
continuous Parliamentary stability a
economic peace, this has been paid
with an unhealthy political conformi
The two major parties have divided
tween themselves not only governm
posts, but also their economic patr
age. In the nationalized industries,
state and city banks, in radio and pu
utilities, even in all the major priv
enterprises, most jobs are divided eq
ly among the members of the two p
ties. This has led to a grotesque sit
tion. In order to get a job, you m
first show your party card; and th
who can manage to do so, secure m
bership in both parties, announc
themselves as "rightist" or "leftist"
cording to what the job requires.

Under this peculiar brand of dem
racy, the two-party system has bee
a monolithic "patriotic front" which
be maintained only by perpetual c
promises—a euphemism for horse t
ing. And since a few thousand votes
shift the party balance, each party
for the support of the "independ
votes of the former Nazis, who mus
no account be antagonized. So
tria, the Hitler era has conven
dropped out of history, the "past
Empire, not *Anschluss*—the "good
days" when Beethoven walked the st
of Grinzing, Schubert ate his heart
for the girl he could not win, and
rooms swirled in waltz time. That is
"past" which the Austrian reads
in the press, in magazines, in books

In general, the Austrian Soc
movement—the movement which
duced Karl Kautsky, Victor and

Adler, Karl Renner and Otto Bauer—has lost most of its revolutionary idealism. The old movement saw in socialism more than higher wages and better working conditions; its leaders dreamed of a higher social order, of elevating the masses to a greater appreciation of art and culture. Today, Vienna's workers—and especially the younger generation—are no different from workers throughout the capitals of Europe. They are more interested in TV, cars, refrigerators and their own particular brand of rock-'n-roll than in ideologies and the intellectual and artistic tradition.

There are exceptions, of course. Bruno Kreisky, Austria's able Social Democratic Foreign Minister, may have discarded the old dogma of socialism, but not its idealism. He is a close friend of Willy Brandt, Mayor of West Berlin, with whom he spent the war years in Sweden in exile, and many of whose ideas he shares. Another idealist is the Social Democrat Christian Broda, the newly appointed Minister of Justice.

Any objective analysis of Austria's political climate must include recognition that, in one respect at least, the country has been ably led: so far, it has charted the difficult course through the cold war with outstanding success. While the country is pro-West, it has maintained correct, even friendly relations with the Soviet Union. Western statesmen could do worse than listen to the counsel of men like Kreisky, probably one of the most knowledgeable diplomats in Europe on Soviet affairs. The burden of dealing with Khrushchev, on the occasion of the Soviet Premier's current visit to Austria, will fall upon this astute chief of the Austrian foreign office.

ART

Maurice Grosser

This is the third of several articles by Mr. Grosser on the museums of the Midwest.

THE KANSAS CITY museum is a spacious, well-designed building in a Neo-Greek style. With the exception of Cleveland, it is the newest and most up-to-date museum of the region—opened to the public, while still unfinished, in 1933 and completed in 1949. Unlike the City Museum of St. Louis, it has no municipal dependence. Its full name—The Nelson Gallery of Art and Atkins Museum—records its origins. And its position as one of the finest art museums in America derives entirely from the generosity and foresight of private individuals.

William Rockhill Nelson, who died in 1915, the museum's founder and chief benefactor, had probably never in his life bought an original picture. Owner and publisher of the Kansas City *Star*, his experience in the arts was limited to collecting books and, after the fashion of a somewhat earlier generation, to acquiring copies of the old masters. But as a cultivated and public-spirited man, he believed that his city should have an art museum, and set up in his will a trust fund for buying works of art. The fund's principal asset consisted of the Kansas City *Star*. This, put up to auction and bought by its own staff, brought $11 million. Other members of Nelson's family, and his lawyer as well, left money and land to provide a building. There already existed in Kansas City another trust for the same purpose, left by Mary Atkins in 1911. The two trusts were put together by their trustees. And with the resulting foundation, the present museum was built and furnished with collections.

Nelson, as a newspaper man, had little confidence in the stability of changing city administrators and made elaborate provisions to protect his museum from local vagaries. He arranged to have at the head of the trust three state university presidents—of Missouri, Kansas and Oklahoma—presumably on the assumption that one president might be stupid or venal, but all three could not possibly be. The three presidents were empowered to appoint three acting trustees, the institution's actual heads, who were charged with administering the estate, buying works of art and appointing the museum staff.

THE FORMATION of the collection began in 1930. For assistance and advice in the European field, the trustees engaged Harold Parsons, whose great reputation for taste and acumen allowed him to follow the unheard-of double calling of picture dealer and museum man. The adviser in Oriental art was Langdon Warner, the great Harvard authority. Later, Paul Gardner became director. Laurence Sickman, who spent

President of the United States

. . . the biggest, loneliest job. Early on November 9, one man will know that his is the power, the glory, and the awesome problems. But each of us needs to know these problems to help clear the air of political platitudes in the crucial months ahead. CHESTER BOWLES, foreign policy adviser to Senator John Kennedy, in *Agenda 1961; New Principles for a New Age* perceptively outlines the great questions which immediately will face the President-elect. In the foreword Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt says, "My husband would have enjoyed these lectures for he also became President in a year of great challenge."

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many years in China acquiring objects for the museum's celebrated Oriental collection, succeeded Gardner and is the museum's present director.

If one had money, the depression years were wonderful for buying works of art. And with both money and expert advice, the Kansas City museum acquired some marvelous stuff. Let me list a few of the most striking items:

A portrait head in diorite, noble and sensitive, of a Babylonian king, probably Hammurabi the law giver; an Egyptian Fifth Dynasty portrait statue in wood of a crown administrator, worried and withdrawn, not at all unlike the executive head of some contemporary intellectual publishing concern; two astonishing 17-inch Hellenistic terra cottas of boxers—one a barbarian with a beard and loincloth, the other Greek, nude as was the Greek fashion, and with the heavy long straight hair that is still a characteristic haircut of young Greeks today—in my opinion two of the finest Hellenistic pieces in the world. There are some excellent Roman heads, including both a convincing portrait of Hadrian and a reasonably unidealized Antinoüs; a Coptic candlestick sporting a very unchristian Venus with her make-up kit; along with some of the best examples of Medieval sculpture.

As for painting: a delightful Florentine panel of a timid and retiring *Madonna of Humility* by Lorenzo Monaco; a *Virgin and Child* at home in a Flemish interior on a summer day, by Petrus Christus; a speaking portrait of a young man in a plumed hat by Bronzino; an aristocrat, reserved and watchful, in black, by Titian; a large important Veronese of *Christ and the Centurion,* with fourteen figures in the painter's most mature and sumptuous style; a sulky and sultry young *John the Baptist* by Caravaggio; *The Three Graces* by Cranach, perverse and stylish in their well-groomed nudity; one of the best of all the Greco single figures—a *Trinitarian Monk*—self-possessed and insolent; one of the best of the Goya portraits—*Don Ignacio Omulryan y Rourera,* commanding and withdrawn, Minister for the Colonies under Charles VII, an Irishman, one would suppose, from his name and reddish hair; a late Rembrandt of a youth; a portrait by David of a brooding Creole boy; an Ingres of a young sculptor, romantic and suspicious; and one of the late and most impressive of Cézanne's versions of *Mont Sainte-Victoire.*

THE American collection has exceptional examples of all the eighteenth-century portraitists—Copley, Earl, Stuart and all the rest; Raphaelle Peale's celebrated *After the Bath*—a work which depicts an oil painting of a bather, presumably nude, over which has been hung, for modesty, a draped sheet rendered in the most convincing *trompe l'oeil;* a whole room of portraits and genre pictures by George Caleb Bingham, mid-century painter of the local region; and the finest Catlin in existence, of a fierce little *Indian Boy* got up in war dress.

The Oriental collection is said to be one of the very best in the country. It was apparently assembled at a time when the interest in the field was less general than now, and the entire collection cost the museum less than their Rembrandt and Hobbema together. The group of Chinese sculpture contains some extreme rarities (such as the sixth-century bas-relief from the cave chapel of Lung-men, Honan) and is dramatically lighted and displayed, as is indeed everything else. The collections of Chinese painting and pottery are full of extraordinary examples in all the periods, and so is the Japanese collection.

The Indian collection contains examples of sculpture from all periods, Hindu painting and the interior of a seventeenth-century temple. And the young standing Buddha from sixth-century Siam, in meditation and with melancholy downcast head, strikes me as one of the most touching pieces I have seen. The museum has another display I find particularly engaging—a collection of cages, race tracks, tongs and whips, the complete paraphernalia for the Chinese sport of cricket racing.

ONE CAN SEE from this small listing what extraordinary masterpieces Kansas City has succeeded in assembling. When it came to acquiring contemporary work, however, there was a difficulty. Nelson had drawn up his will very shortly after the Armory Exhibition of 1913 when Modern Art first appeared in America. He must have shared his friend Theodore Roosevelt's suspicion of it, for in his will he had directed that no work should be bought with his bequest before the artist had been dead for thirty years. A museum, none the less, needs contemporary pictures. These were supplied partly by private donation of modern works, but chiefly by the formation in 1934 of a society, The Friends of Art, which has now some thousand members whose contributions provide for the purchase of contemporary pictures. Thus the museum has now a good and growing collection of contemporary European painting and an even more complete American one.

The museum organizes loan exhibitions and puts on an annual show of works—which it offers for sale—of painters and sculptors from the eight Midwestern states. As an educational institution operating in connection with the University of Missouri, it is also empowered to give a master's degree in museum curatorship. It is the only memorial museum I have ever thoroughly approved of. For it is a memorial, not to the donor's power of acquisition and foibles of taste, but to his warm-hearted civic pride and intelligent foresight. Looking at his portrait here by William Merritt Chase, one realizes that Mr. Nelson must have been a very fine man.

GUNNAR MYRDAL
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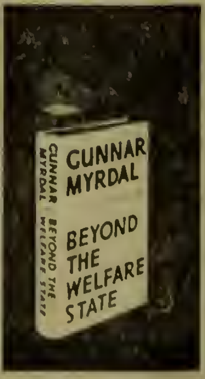

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Kabuki in America

Faubion Bowers

ON the closing night of Japan's Grand Kabuki at the City Center in New York City,* a woman grabbed my arm as I was going to my seat.

"You won't know me."

"Yes?"

"I'm an actress and I want them," she said, waving a hand toward the stage, "to know how much I've learned."

"Why don't you write a letter to the *Times?*" I suggested, helpfully I hope.

"I want *them* to know *too*," and this time, when she waved her hand, it pointed directly at the Kabuki actors. The curtain had been drawn aside and we were standing midway down the center aisle.

"It'll be translated for them. And I'll tell them as well. . . ."

Since the Kabuki actors, for the most part, have been friends of mine for some twenty years, I had occasion to see them a good deal here, and almost every day I was called upon to interpret for one reason or another. There were so many messages of the sort I mention above, particularly from theatre people I do know, that it seemed to me Kabuki in America was having an impact and influence. A relationship and response was springing up, far beyond the normal expectations in a theatrical exchange between nations. There was, again it seemed to me, a significance far beyond the precedented one of hands-across-the-sea and fellow-artist to brother-actor, in many other facts: Irene Worth was seen almost nightly, during the Broadway blackout, sitting alone near the translator's box at Kabuki; Anne Bancroft and Kanzaburo XVII cried a little when the time came to say goodbye at Arnold Shulman's farewell party for the Kabuki stars; Arthur Penn and Shoroku II spent long hours talking theatre, theatre, theatre at Sardi's; the Hallidays (Mary Martin) thanked their friend for bringing the Japanese actors into their lives; Henry Fonda, en route to Hollywood, was late for his only New York dinner with his daughter in order to keep on talking films, films, films with Mr. and Mrs. Shoroku; and Greta Garbo found Utaemon VI "the greatest single theatrical experience of my life," and went backstage, for the first time in her life, to watch him at close hand. All of this was more than society and friendship. For one thing, friendship comes hesitantly with a Japanese, and the Kabuki actors were further restricted in that they had never before been ouside their country.

The salient point of Kabuki's three weeks in New York City, as it now emerges in retrospect, was that underlying the spectator pleasure and underneath the good times at parties was more than a healthy respect, was a learning on the part of our theatre people, actors and directors. It may be years before each one has sorted inside himself exactly what his profit was, and the incorporation of elements from Kabuki may take longer before they are visible in our theatre; but a general broadening was immediate. One night not long ago when a newspaper reporter asked casually if Kabuki could or would have effect on American theatre, Arthur Penn spoke up instantly:

"My next play already has been influenced. *A Death in the Family* doesn't fit a conventional pattern and I've solved the problem by borrowing from Kabuki — within limits, within *our* limits. And," he added determinedly, "if I can't capture the great sense of death that Utae-

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*The troupe went on to play in San Francisco and Los Angeles before returning to Japan.

FAUBION BOWERS has for many years lived and traveled in the Orient. He is the author of Japanese Theatre, Theatre in the East *and* Dance in India.

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mon brings to the stage as the bereaved wife in *Chushingura,* I'll be very, very sorry."

On a superficial level, even, Kabuki naturally brings some startling lessons abroad. When Kanzaburo showed a little album of his photographs with pictures of his debut at five, his son's first appearance on the stage a couple of years ago at the age of three, himself as young men, old men, blind men, ugly men, handsome men, commoners and nobles, women and demons, Anne Bancroft was inevitably led to remark sadly that she had had only three roles in four years and this is a mark of her *success.* To this, Kanzaburo commiserated by saying, "And *you* have to create each role out of yourself alone. We have our fathers to teach us, and we can profit by seeing many, many actors in each part long before we are allowed to try on our own." To Americans it was something of a tour de force to see Utaemon appear, within the span of three weeks, as a courtesan, a commoner's wife, a noble woman and a young maiden dancing; or the virile Shoroku as a dancing retainer in one play and shortly after, in another, as a crosspatch wife.

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Perhaps the most important aspect of Kabuki in America was the opportunity it afforded our theatre people to see "stylized" theatre. Stylization has for many of us been a word in advanced courses of theatre schools, but Kabuki brought it tangibly to our shores. At important moments when the plot has established the situation, when the actors' lines have conveyed the import of an emotion, then side-singers take over and the actor is freed to "act," to interpret a sublimation of the immediate emotion. This may be no more than a recollection of a past event to heighten the present moment, or a dance-enactment of the more poetic, more charged words of the side-singer. But the intensity of expression through unrealistic, non-literal means made itself felt on even the indifferent spectator.

Those in the rear of the auditorium *felt* the power that has been Kabuki's heritage for more than three centuries, and those in the front seats saw the tears, the real tears that welled up through the composed, concentrated, seemingly artificial formulae of stylization. Even the hard-hearted critic of *Variety* acknowledged the universality of humanity when he witnessed the *harakiri* scene performed in the controlled, mannered formality of ritualism. The depth of emotion communicable through stylization came as a surprise to many, and established a sense of art as art or theatre as theatre in a way that naturalism or realism sometimes, all too often, lacks. The convincing line of Kabuki theatre was not even broken when the stage revolved before our eyes, and little stage attendants dressed in black for "invisibility" rolled up the straw mats and shifted bits of scenery and adjusted star actors' costumes.

WHEN it came to specifics, the Kabuki actors here were of less help to our actors than might have been hoped. At every turn American actors asked them about "preparation." They wanted to know how and by what means or tricks the Kabuki stars got inside their roles before going on stage and so instantly and unflaggingly carried their parts from beginning to end. The answers, while precise for Kabuki, were almost dismaying. Shoroku, the first time he was asked this, answered, "My world is my world; the stage is the stage. I step on the stage and I'm in *that* world." Utaemon usually answered that "Acting starts with dance," implying that once you master dance the problem of preparation doesn't arise. But another time, when the matter was pursued by Frank Corsaro, he said, "When you go to the theatre early, you start putting on your make-up, slowly and quietly, and by the time you are made up, there you are looking at the character in the mirror. You are 'prepared.' "

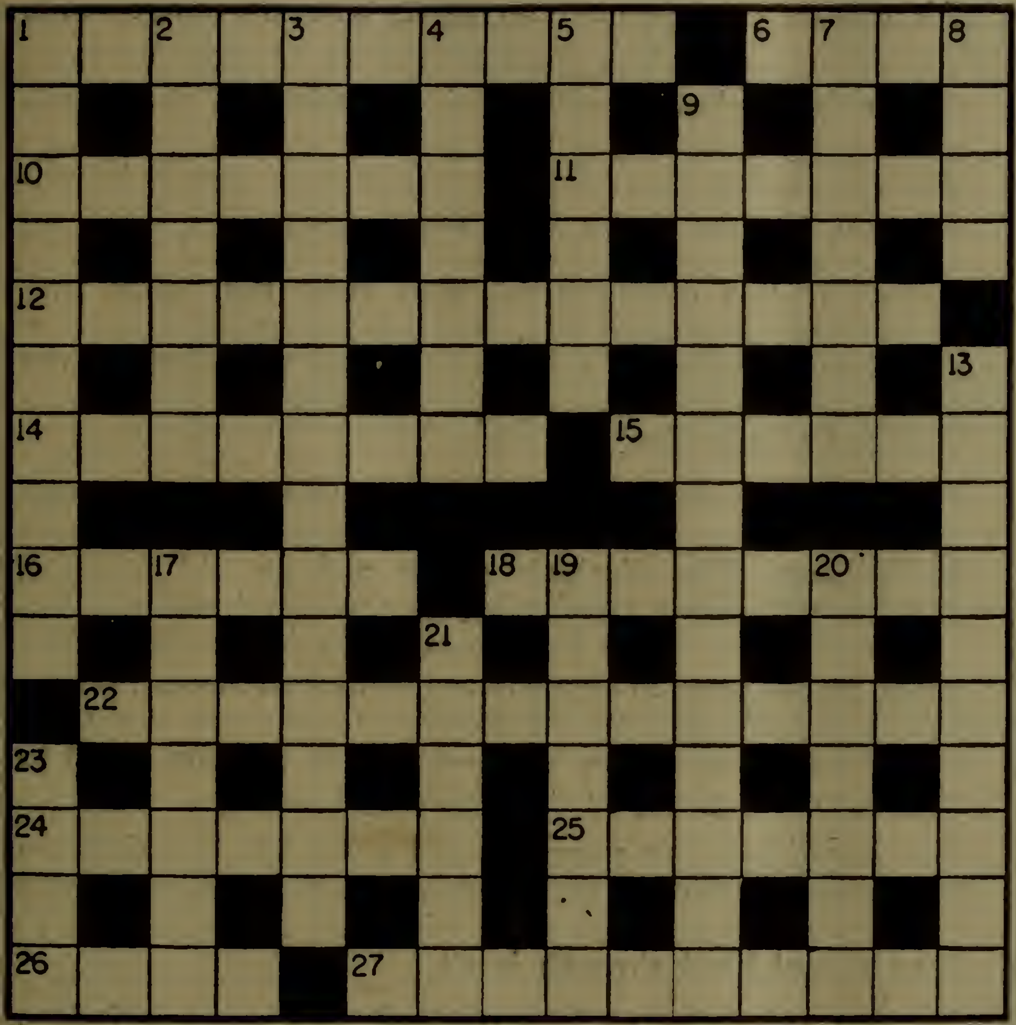
Each night for three weeks these actors were on exhibition, showing the best of their ability, summoning up from a lifetime's reserves the total of their theatrical resources. It was clear that if we wanted to learn, we could. Then, one night, shortly before the run was over, Shoroku made a little impromptu speech over a drink. The gist of it seemed important to me then, and again now. In between sentences, he paused only long enough for me to translate, and I can't now remember what started it or to whom it was directed. Perhaps he was really only talking to himself, out loud:

> I am a very truthful actor. I feel on the inside and it comes out as honestly as I can make it. I am often discouraged, because often I see the "lie" actor getting ahead—the little hamming up here, the little concession from truth to the lie there. When I came to America I thought I would make a decision as to whether or not to lie a little and brighten up the heavy truth of what I feel and think and perform. We, or at least I, expected America to be a country where truth and lie are expertly blended. I thought I would learn to lie a bit here in art.
>
> But . . . and this is a big "but" . . . I have found nothing but truth here. *Bye Bye Birdie,* which I saw at the Sunday night benefit, has nothing to teach me as an actor, my style is too different from that, but it was *true* . . . true to itself. The lesson I saw at Martha Graham's was true. The exercises I saw at Actors' Studio—whether they were good or not is beside the point—but they were honest. They were true.
>
> And so, I will go back to Japan with a lesson from America: the lie isn't necessary. I'll continue to work only from the center of my conviction.

So, like all international exchanges, the debt is reciprocal. And Shoroku learned without asking a single question. Maybe there is a lesson in that, too.

Crossword Puzzle No. 875

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 A rambling tour that goes bad with our old man of song. (10)
6 See 23 down
10 There's charm in the seventh rallying point! (7)
11 Loads piled on when the automobile moves? (7)
12 His men don't necessarily police the area. (7, 7)
14 Was a follower of Mary so embarrassed? (8)
15 The rock of faith in Jerusalem's hill? (6)
16 No longer left in business, if you send things out. (6)
18 No one can say Stokowski isn't! (4, 4)
22 Not quick, according to popular opinion? (4, 2, 3, 5)
24 A star in the guise of a man of craft. (7)
25 Angered by 20? Quite the opposite! (7)
26 Captain and fool, by the sound of it. (4)
27 The man he stars causes a bad disturbance. (10)

DOWN:

1 They might be forgiven for being very out of date in France. (10)
2 The opposite of a challenge wherever you are. (7)
3 Garden variety of show-off? (4,2,8)
4 Place a cap up here, as one sets forth at length. (7)
5 Made by an old man of letters. (6)
7 The way a crop is cultivated in ordinary fashion. (7)
8 Proving an author doesn't go in for a biscuit. (4)
9 Taking on the challenger, perhaps, might be typified by this puzzle—as they are about to confess! (8, 6)
13 In seeing red, I entertain thoughts of an onion in the stew. (10)
17 Taken into the fold? (7)
19 Does this division march on its stomach? (7)
20 Put together a Buffalo home, by the sound of it. (7)
21 By which one sees one car gets wrecked. (6)
23 and 6 They do? I thought they sang in the garden! (8)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 874

ACROSS: 1 Champagne; 6 Caber; 10 Stringing; 12 Ingot; 13 Breve; 15 Altruists; 18 Outspoken; 19 Earns; 20 and 9 Crown derby; 22 and 11 The sooner the better; 25 Sensitive; 26 Cedar; 27 Surge; 28 Dispersal. DOWN: 1 Cadet; 2 Agreement; 3 Payee; 4 Gas attack; 5 Error; 6 Configure; 7 Being; 8 Rightists; 13 Bookcases; 14 Expensive; 16 Tenseness; 17 Serenades; 21 Owner; 22 Third; 23 On cue; 24 Rural.

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THE NATION

JULY 23, 1960 . . 25c

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THE KENNEDYS TAKE OVER

Carey McWilliams

CUBA: VICTIM OR AGGRESSOR?

Report from Havana

Carleton Beals

The Politics of Sugar

Stanley Meisler

LETTERS

Rexroth's Young Rebels

Dear Sirs: Kenneth Rexroth's "The Students Take Over" (July 2 issue) was excellent, giving shape as it does to the real nature of the protest among young people to the omnipresent, formidable evils and weaknesses in the world. And congratulations to you for publishing such a lucid, timely and richly articulate article about the most important, widespread moral gesture in decades.

DONALD GUTIERREZ

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: In an otherwise excellent article, Kenneth Rexroth unfortunately states that "things we did as kids . . . the standard capers of all young animals, now make headlines, shake up police departments and rend the frail hearts of social workers." As Rexroth proves, we have underestimated young people, BUT he is talking primarily about the intellectual strata. The other "kids" (i.e., the culturally and financially impoverished working class and minority-group kids) aren't engaged in "capers"; they play for keeps precisely because they have been denied the tools and advantages of educational stimulation which helps youth to fight corruption and apathy.

To underestimate the seriousness of this futile rebellion—as Rexroth apparently does—is as unsound as an underestimation of the educated youth's potential. Analogies are often very misleading. Nor is it helpful for professionals to deride one another's dedication to finding solutions for these major problems. I'd hate to think about what would happen this summer in the fifteen N. Y. City Youth Board emergency areas were it not for the "frail hearts of social workers."

SHELDON ZULKOWITZ
Membership Director
92nd Street YM-YWHA

New York City

Hunger the Warmonger

Dear Sirs: The article, "China versus Russia," by Alexandre Metaxas, which appeared in your July 2 issue, overlooks the one most important fact about China. China's population is increasing by fifteen million a year, which is more than one-fourth the total population of Great Britain. The future of China is starvation and today, with 650 million people, the future is already here. Without starvation, the population will be over 800 million in 1970, over a billion in 1980. . . .

Has anyone considered the possibility, or more likely the probability, that China will find in the prospect of a victorious war both a solution to her population problems and a guarantee of final victory of world communism? Assuredly, China will seek to force Russia to join her in such a war as the lesser of two evil programs of action—a full split with China, or war. . . .

Or, finally, if we do come to the time (it must come soon) when we join Russia to stop China, will it not be necessary for both these nations to maintain adequate deterrence, not against each other, but to make actual intervention in China possible?

This is not an attack on the Chinese. China will do precisely what any nation, so situated, would feel constrained to do. . . .

RICHARD ASHMAN

New Orleans, La.

Contempt for Whom?

Dear Sirs: The editorial in *The Nation*, July 2, entitled "Contempt," informs us that the recent bombardment of Quemoy by the mainland Chinese resulted in the death of sixteen and injury of sixty. "Among the victims were several children." The editorial concludes that China displayed, in this instance, a "contempt . . . for human life."

It seems to me that *The Nation* has naively accepted at face value the notoriously dishonest Nationalist news sources. If, on the other hand, this report is correct, *The Nation* might more logically ask why the Nationalists station *any* civilians, much less *children*, on a tiny island which is bombarded regularly, every other day. . . .

A. ROBERT KAUFMAN

Baltimore, Md.

Far, Far Cry

Dear Sirs: It is with much concern that New Zealand women learn that Professor Linus Pauling, the eminent American scientist and Nobel Laureate, has been pressed by the Un-American Activities Committee of your Congress to reveal private and personal information relating to the thousands of scientists in the United States who had the temerity to sign the petition presented by Dr. Pauling in the cause of peace. The petition, it will be recalled, condemned the manufacture and stockpiling of nuclear weapons.

We believe any attempt to victimize or discredit these scientists, who have felt impelled to speak out and warn mankind of the frightful dangers of the misguided policy of stockpiling nuclear weapons, calls for the strongest condemnation, both in the United States and from overseas.

E. E. HARRIS
Secretary, Women's Union

Auckland, New Zealand

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1960
VOLUME 191, No. 3

THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

What Will the Issues Be?

Senator Kennedy's defiance of his Northern liberal supporters in selecting Lyndon B. Johnson as his running mate is an example of that ruthless "will to win" which Carey McWilliams ascribes to the Democratic Presidential candidate (see story beginning on page 43). But other questions than the political—and moral—implications of this tactic arise. Now that the Democrats have nominated for President the candidate most favored by Mr. Nixon, what will the issues be in November?

The Democrats have adopted a generally excellent platform, but campaigns are not waged on platforms. If the Democrats try to run against Eisenhower, they will get their come-uppance; if they run against Nixon, they will make some headway, for aside from independents, there are many Republicans who can't bring themselves to vote for the Vice President. But Nixon is not an issue; he is just a disagreeable politician. Civil rights will not be an issue; Nixon will see to that. Foreign policy? But at Los Angeles, there was no suggestion that Eisenhower's foreign policy has been wrong, only that it hasn't been "strong"—i.e., it hasn't been backed by enough military muscle.

Nixon and Kennedy are both able, resourceful, tough politicians, and their outlook, in many respects, is remarkably similar. They will fight a hard fight—but it will be about who is to be the next President of the United States, and not about much else. It will be sloganeer against sloganeer, Nixon "public relations" against Kennedy "public relations," Republican dollars against Democratic (Kennedy) dollars.

There are, true, differences between the parties which could be sharpened between now and November, depending on how the campaign shapes up and what happens in the world. And there are one or two significant differences between the candidates. Senator Kennedy is an attractive person with a great potential for political leadership; there is no "potential" in Nixon, he is what he is and will not change. But again, these differences do not raise a real issue.

Will it, then, be a campaign without issues? This would be unfortunate in an election that will shape the politics of this country—and, in part, of the world—for the coming decade.

To *Nation* Readers

The Nation is on its alternate week summer schedule. The next issue will be dated August 6.

Go Slow, Goliath

A statistician points out that Cuba's annual income of $2.7 billion is less than the United States spends on cosmetics. Nevertheless, in letting matters come to a showdown, the United States faces defeat [see Carleton Beals's report from Havana on page 45 of this issue]. President Eisenhower says the United States has no quarrel with the Cuban people and ascribes the current crisis to "inexplicable actions" of the Castro government. To the President and his golfing and bridge companions these actions may seem incomprehensible. To them, it may appear that Castro had a choice, that he could have played ball with foreign capitalism and avoided the crisis. Castro had no choice, actually. He could not please well-heeled Americans except by ignoring the needs of his own people and bringing down his regime, to be succeeded by still another dictatorship under which the majority of the agricultural population would live in disease and semi-starvation. Unfortunately, from the standpoint of these Americans and their Latin American opposite numbers with American bank accounts, Castro is a Messianic type who will always remain inexplicable to most of those who rise to supreme power in the corporate and governmental hierarchies of the Western world.

When you have been fighting for six years against apparently insuperable odds, fighting with rifles against tanks and airplanes, you are not afraid of death, and you are not afraid of the United States which, after all, can only kill you (and, the chances are, dares not do that). There is also the memory of events, none very remote. The United States supported Batista militarily and economically. Batista killed thousands of Cubans, upped the national debt by a billion dollars and, not coincidentally, he and his henchmen stole a billion. And over the longer term: the United States freed Cuba from Spanish tyranny and substituted another tyranny, more subtle but no less hateful. For fifty years Cuba cooperated with American business. When matters have reached such a pass a new start must be made: that is revolution. Revolution in this form may involve expropriation. To Washington, expropriation may appear the ultimate horror; but the Cubans have endured horrors which seem worse.

But what about "international communism"? Since Castro cannot go it alone and henceforth American help is barred, he has turned to the Soviet Union for help. A man who talks as much as Castro does must give utterance to a certain number of follies, but there is no reason to doubt his basic good sense. He is a Nationalist, not a Communist, and presumably he has no more desire to be slavishly dependent on the Soviet Union than on the United States. He must be aware that Khrushchev is using him for yet another step in the systematic and so far successful downgrading of Yankee prestige. But Castro may also consider it possible that the Soviet Union is prepared to make a showcase of Cuba as a co-equal ally with an economic system which will evolve in its own way. In any case, that is the Cubans' affair. "Eisenhower Bars A Red Cuba" is a piece of arrogance which must make Khrushchev rejoice. We have no more right to dictate Cuba's form of government than Cuba has to dictate ours.

The days of Guatemala-type counter-revolutions engineered by John Foster Dulles and his gun-toter, Puerifoy, are over, and it would be well for Goliath to realize it. Our influence below the border is generally on the decline. If anyone thinks otherwise, he has only to listen to the debate in the Security Council.

U-2 and RB-47E

The Soviet note on the downing of the American reconnaissance bomber last week begins with a highly implausible story:

> An unidentified military aircraft heading for the frontier of the Soviet Union was sighted by the aerial observation service of the Soviet anti-aircraft defenses over the Barents Sea, in the vicinity of the Kola Peninsula, on July 1, 1960. A fighter plane was sent up to identify the nationality of the plane and prevent it from invading the territory of the USSR. The pilot of the Soviet fighter plane established that the unidentified plane was a bomber with the markings of the United States Air Force. The American plane violated the state frontier of the USSR 22 kilometers north of Svyatoi Nos Cape. . . .

When first sighted, then, the American aircraft was over the Barents Sea and not within Soviet air space, for the fighter ascended to prevent such a violation. Equipped as the American aircraft was, we may safely assume that its commander was aware of the proximity of the Soviet fighter; in all likelihood, the two sighted each other visually. In such a situation, as the commander valued his life, the lives of his crew members, and his aircraft, would he deliberately have continued into Soviet air space? The classical maneuver in such a situation is to get the devil out of there, before the shooting starts. Either the Soviet fighter attacked over international waters, or he signaled to the American to follow him and fired on refusal, or the American obeyed the signal and was nevertheless shot down through some mix-up or treachery. Further information may lead to another interpretation, but on the basis of what we now know, Khrushchev's account is incredible and if he was not lying to the world, somebody was lying to him.

None of which absolves the United States. The American airmen may have been the victims of Moscow's determination to let no opportunity go by to humiliate and discredit the United States, but they were also the victims of the folly of the U.S. Air Force which, less than two months after the U-2 debacle and when international relations were already severely strained, sent the RB-47E on its dubious mission. If it was not a calculated "overflight," it was a scarcely less hare-brained peripheral flight. The Air Force story is that the RB-47E was engaged in mapping the earth's magnetic field. If so, it could surely have traced the contours in less perilous proximity to the Soviet borders.

But a more serious culpability may be involved. When the matter is brought before the Security Council, as now seems likely, the Russians will be able to quote triumphantly from *Time* (July 18 issue): "The Air Force made no secret of the fact that the RB-47E was part of the continued U.S. probing of Soviet radar and radio communications." The Americans could retort that the RB-47E was doing no more than Soviet fishing trawlers have been doing along our coasts for years; but, then, trawlers don't travel at 600 mph and are not usually thought of as suitable vehicles for H-bombs.

International Father Image

After some bellicose remarks about Western imperialism, the Soviet Union, in the end, voted alongside the United States and a majority of the Security Council to give Secretary Hammarskjold authority to interpose a U.N. military force in the Congo. The immediate implications of this second U.N. army — the first is on guard along the Israeli-Egyptian borders — are forceful enough: a situation which, not too long ago, would have seemed perfectly designed for war now seems on its way to orderly solution. But the ultimate implications are even more important. Is the U.N. creating in practice, bit by bit, that international police force on which the Great Powers have so far been unable to agree in principle?

In all, last week marked a period of tremendous U.N. service to the world. Cuba, the Congo and the RB-47E incident, each a potential *casus belli*, were added to its emergency agenda in a seven-day period. On the East River, an international father image continues to grow.

THE KENNEDYS TAKE OVER . . *by Carey McWilliams*

Los Angeles

SENATOR JOHN F. KENNEDY, his family, his friends and his superb organization have scored a resounding triumph here in Los Angeles where, despite the smog, you can still see Catalina Island on a clear day. The Senator is an excellent campaigner, his attractive family constitute a distinct political asset, and his organization is a thing to marvel at. But while the Kennedys have scored a personal family triumph, they have also filled an enormous leadership vacuum in the Democratic Party. The house was not vacant, but it was not defended; and the Kennedys, all of them, led by Jack and brother Bobby, simply moved in and took over. How they were able to take over so easily is the story of this odd convention.

Start with the amazing fact that the Kennedys met with only a kind of token opposition. Nowadays, primaries are important less for the delegates that the winners acquire than for the publicity they get. Senator Kennedy used the primaries, with the active help of the press, to score a personal publicity triumph. In the primaries he was opposed only by Senator Humphrey (the skirmish with Senator Morse hardly counted). Senator Humphrey, for all his virtues, had obvious political weaknesses as a candidate for the Presidency, one of which was that he could not muster his potential support, a large part of which remained loyal to Adlai Stevenson. Senators Johnson and Symington stayed out of the primaries. The Kennedys filled the vacuum, and that was that. Late in the game, when the opposition realized what was happening, it refrained from organizing a "stop Kennedy" movement not out of chivalry, but because it knew that any such movement would be said to rest solely on Senator Kennedy's religion, which the Senator had converted into a formidable defense weapon.

Another factor was Governor Brown's inept political fan dance in California. The concept of a favorite-son delegation in California made sense. It was a means of creating unity within a divided delegation and, at the same time, of protecting the California Congressional delegation which, with a session coming up soon and many key state measures at stake, did not want to oppose Johnson overtly. For a time, Brown took himself seriously as a candidate for either the Presidency or Vice Presidency. He gave interviews, on the hour, to every itinerant journalist who showed up in Sacramento. What he said was confusing; he wavered from day to day. Then he conducted personal polls which he ignored when they revealed remarkable strength for Stevenson. At zero hour, he attempted to come out for Kennedy personally without releasing the delegation — thus infuriating that part of the Congressional delegation not pledged to Kennedy. And it forced a delegation split which fragmented the state's potential influence in the convention. Add the fact that he removed Paul Ziffren as national committee man, for what seemed to be a most inconsistent reason — i.e., that Ziffren had urged Kennedy to enter the California primary. The end result was that California's strategic strength was never brought into play effectively. Solidly pledged to Brown, California alone could have stopped the Kennedy *putsch.* But here, too, the Kennedys are entitled to credit; it is hard to escape the conclusion that Brown had a working agreement with Senator Kennedy from the outset. Kennedy knew he could not win the entire California delegation, so he settled for Brown's support; and the *quid pro quo* was his agreement to stay out of the California primary. Many reports circulate about a meeting between Brown and Joe Kennedy at Lake Tahoe at which the protocol was negotiated.

MOREOVER there were too few candidates to maximize the potential opposition to the Kennedys. In the end, it simmered down to Johnson and Symington — and Stevenson, who kept insisting he was not a candidate. Johnson never had a chance of breaking out of his regional prison. Symington's gambit was to be Mr. Available should a compromise candidate be needed; in a sense, he was not an active contender. Among the so-called favorite sons, only Governor Meyner showed a real will to resist. So, incredible as it may sound, the fact is that Senator Kennedy won almost by default.

Stevenson, in a way, was the key to the failure to mobilize an opposition. He was the one man in the party for whom there was genuine, nation-wide enthusiasm. Witness the million signatures which political amateurs, without formal organization, picked up in a short campaign in forty-five states. Witness the fact, too, that as a person, he dominated the Los Angeles scene. At the $100-a-plate fund-raising dinner at the Beverly Hilton he got, hands down, the most enthusiastic reception. An amazing assemblage of eager, young supporters converged on Los Angeles from all over the country. An immense crowd greeted him at the airport; everywhere, there was this constant, impressive enthusiasm for him. But Stevenson was the man who wasn't with it; and the fact that he wasn't made it possible for Kennedy to appear — again with the help of a cooperative press — as a strong, popular candidate of national appeal. This he may be, but there was little evidence here.

Whatever the reasons — and they must have been complex — Stevenson did let his followers down. One of the most influential "pros" in the Democratic Party told me: "Adlai could actually have won this nomination if he had tried. He didn't 'win' in 1952 or 1956: the nominations were given to him on a silver platter. This year he could have won it for himself if he had tried." To illustrate what he meant, this man told me the story of the Illinois delegation. Not a voice was raised for Stevenson in the first caucus, yet there was real strength for him in the delegation. It never found expression because Stevenson insisted he was not a candidate and, this time, he had convinced everyone, including his friends, that he meant what he said.

The story of the Pennsylvania delegation is substantially the same. Only in California did Stevenson's backers ignore his injunctions and put up a fight and there, against Gov. Brown's potent opposition, they managed to pick up 31½ votes for him — an impressive job.

In essence, then, Stevenson's reluctance to become a candidate immobilized the opposition to Kennedy. Key spokesmen in the California, Illinois, Pennsylvania and New York delegations assured me that no one, acting on behalf of Stevenson, had even tried to knot together the potential strength for him to be found in all these states. Yet, given the hollow, synthetic quality of the Kennedy movement — demonstrated on all sides here — it would have taken little behind-the-scenes stimulation to have brought Stevenson forward as a serious contender. From the outset, he was the only candidate who could have beaten Kennedy. The response to Senator McCarthy's immensely impressive nominating speech — the one fine speech of the convention — revealed the depth and breadth of the pro-Stevenson sentiment.

GIVEN THIS vacuum, then, the Kennedys had little difficulty in moving in and taking over. The Senator himself is a first-rate campaigner; he had ample funds and a fine, experienced staff. He had, too, the will to win. But there was another dimension to his strength: in the big cities of the key states — Boston, New York, Chicago — the party organization was for him. For a variety of reasons, one has to go back to 1932 to find a chairman of the Democratic National Committee who was not a Catholic. Thirty years of undisputed possession of the top organizational spot have given Messrs. Farley, Flynn, Walker, Hannegan, Sullivan, Boyle, McKinney, Mitchell and Butler — counting forward — remarkable opportunity to build an organization from which their friends have not been excluded. Organizationally, Catholic Irish-Americans have dominated the big-city machines for many years; here and there a Jake Arvey has appeared, but not many. In the Middle West, strong Democratic organizations have begun to appear in states which were traditionally Republican; in many of these states Catholic immigrants, of many ethnic groups, principally German and Irish, were from the outset the backbone of whatever existed in the way of a Democratic organization.

In addition to his own excellent personal organization, therefore, Kennedy had the support of this built-in big-city machine and organizational elements in many Midwest states, not to mention Paul Butler's headquarters organization, which was anything but neutral. This is the kind of support that is most helpful in winning nominations, although it is much less helpful in winning national elections. Carmine De Sapio's support in November could be a distinct liability.

The Kennedy machine meshed neatly with the big-city machine. The Kennedys supplied the drive, the funds and the all-important will to win. They also beat the bushes from Alaska to Puerto Rico, in rural as well as urban areas. The Colorado delegation happened to include many old friends of mine. One of them has been the key Democratic leader in his district for many years, as his father was before him. Rather suddenly, and late, he discovered that he had opposition — something that had not happened to him, ever. The Kennedy mastermind in Colorado, one Joe Dolan, had quietly injected pro-Kennedy candidates wherever the person standing for delegate was not for Kennedy. My friend survived the blitz but, in other districts, it succeeded. Every Democratic political leader felt this surprising new pressure, and by convention time was well aware that a real bid was being made to take over control of the Democratic Party. Former President Truman, seeing the handwriting on the wall, did not appear. The Congressional leadership was treated roughly. An old-line boss like Dave Lawrence, who was not for Kennedy at the outset, was made to feel that he had been sidelined. The best evidence of the take-over was to be found in the resentment of the Kennedy blitz which occasionally found public expression. Gov. Blair, Gov. Meyner and others were anything but pleased with the way in which the Kennedys moved into the Democratic mansion. And there is more to come. For it is said that the Kennedy organization will now "gear in" with the national organization; what this means, of course, is that the Kennedys will take over formally, with brother Bobby in the top spot.

IN TODAY's public-relations politics, the enthusiastic support given Kennedy by the largely Republican press was a major factor in this triumph. To be sure, Kennedy is "colorful," the members of his family make good copy. The press naturally reported his activities. But over and beyond this natural interest, the press acted as though it wanted to keep the spotlight on Kennedy the better to secure his nomination. But it will be interesting to watch the national spotlight once the conventions are over; on whom will it focus then?

Still another factor that facilitated the Kennedy take-over was the opposition of Messrs. Johnson and Rayburn. The big mass organizations which play a key role in Democratic Party politics today dislike and distrust these men. Since many of these organizations had concluded that Kennedy would win, they felt compelled to support him the better to improve their bargaining position with him after the convention. Many felt that it was better to see Kennedy nominated than to run the risk that Johnson might be, or — more important — than to drive Kennedy into an alliance with certain Southern leaders. In the end, of course, Kennedy's first act was to name Mr. Johnson as Vice President, and there was much weeping and wailing in A.D.A. circles, but by then the die was already cast. Take, for example, the Negro delegates, of whom there were eighty or ninety. By and large, they were for Kennedy, but in a cool, critical way. At a pre-convention meeting here, they booked Oscar Chapman, speaking for Johnson, vociferously booed mention of Truman, were polite to Symington and Stevenson, and applauded Kennedy mildly, with scattered boos. The labor delegates were more enthusiastic but, like the Negroes, their support was premised on the fact that Kennedy was certain to win. Many of them preferred Symington. And so it went.

Who, then, was enthusiastically for Kennedy? Not rank-and-file labor, not the Negroes, not the farmers, not the Jews, not small business — nor, for that matter, big business either. Small business was for Humphrey. The Ed Pauley oil tycoons were not in Kennedy's corner; these elements, and the munitions-making Democrats, were largely for Symington or Johnson. Nor were the eggheads for Kennedy; the bulk of them were for Stevenson.

The odd thing about the Kennedy drive was that it was based on only two "popular" elements: Catholic support, particularly among the politically influential Irish-Americans, and younger elements, including older persons who think we need "young" leadership. Many young people do respond to Kennedy; but at Los Angeles, the young were for Stevenson. One of the most interesting aspects of this odd convention was the excitement which the pro-Stevenson youngsters engendered and reflected. And they were wonderfully attractive: exuberant, eager, undiscouraged, confident (not of winning, just confident generally), articulate, full of bounce, world-minded. The general contrast between the pro-Stevenson elements outside the convention and the elements inside was remarkable on many counts; the Stevenson elements, for example, were "outsiders" in more ways than one. They were really "outside" both parties, critical of the official line, seeking something new. The pro-Stevenson youth were "pre-mature," which is what makes them outsiders; they are the "students" of whom Kenneth Rexroth wrote in the July 2 issue of *The Nation*, the vanguard of the new political forces of the 1960s. The Kennedy "young men" are young junior executives; they feel they have it made. They may be young in years and energy, but they are not young ideologically.

So the paradox of this convention has been that a young man without an impressive political record, without a program, without broad rank-and-file support, backed by not a single interest group with the possible exception of labor, not merely won the nomination of a great party without substantial opposition, but took possesion of it, lock, stock and barrel. The delegates were victims of a default of political leadership which was premised, of course, on their own default as citizens.

A few minor details wind up this report. The convention itself was a frightful bore, with the exception of the Stevenson demonstrations and Mrs. Roosevelt's appearances. Mass communications have played hob with conventions. Pressures concentrate on delegates before the gavel is sounded; the "deliberative process," as Gov. Meyner indignantly observed, has collapsed. This convention could have been staged in a day or so with no loss.

The platform is in many ways an excellent document, but it reveals the limitations of so-called "programmatic liberalism." For it reads as though two dozen precocious political science majors had pooled all their "bright" ideas. It lacks selection, emphasis, vital relevance, organization and, on key issues, it is vaguer than need be. But it does have a good civil-rights plank for which "time" — the natural aging process — is primarily responsible. The Dixiecrats are more anachronistic than ever and their ancient threat of "bolting" the party has a tinny ring to it these days. Even so, the possibility that they might either not vote for the Democratic nominee or vote for Nixon was sufficient to land the Vice Presidential nomination for Johnson. On its face, the naming of Johnson was "smart" politics, but the likely effect may be to force Nixon to look away from Dixie to the North, Midwest and far West. The Republican answer to Johnson would seem to be Governor Rockefeller as their Vice Presidential nominee.

CUBA: VICTIM or AGGRESSOR?

I. Report From Havana . . *by Carleton Beals*

Havana

ON THE EVE of the eighth anniversary of the 26 July Movement — the day, in 1952, on which Castro attacked Batista's Moncado Barracks — "the heroic struggle of the Cuban people for independence" has reached its worst crisis. Oil and sugar are the gremlins in a revolution that otherwise has operated with surprising smoothness: oil, Cuba's only fuel; sugar, its major crop and major foreign-exchange earner. Through these two products, the United States is delivering its greatest blows so far in the diplomatic, economic and propaganda offensive which it launched against the Castro regime soon after Batista fell — the offensive which, by now, has moved Cuba away from Nationalist slogans to neutralism and, finally, to closer ties with the Soviets.

CARLETON BEALS, veteran journalist, has made Latin America his beat for many years. He is the author of many books on South America and the Caribbean area.

The oil impasse has been in the making for seven months. Cuba's oil and mining laws were put into effect promptly after the Havana air attack of last October, which had been preceded by several bombings of Cuban sugar establishments. As

Raul Castro put it, "For every aggression, we'll go ahead two steps."

A Cuban Petroleum Institute was set up under supervision of a Mexican oil expert. The exploring and drilling concessions handed out by Batista were closely scrutinized; most were canceled. The Institute took charge of several refineries and seized the Cuban National Airways (Batista's gang had owned both). A deal was made with the Soviet Union to get oil in exchange for sugar. There was nothing novel in this. Batista had been selling the Soviet Union sugar for three years — $200,000,000 worth. This had never alarmed Washington. Nor had similar Soviet oil deals with at least three other Latin American countries aroused concern in Washington.

IN MAY, the Cuban government broke the service-station monopoly of Esso, Texaco and British-Dutch Shell, making it possible for retail outlets to buy gasoline and oil from any source. A further thorn-in-the-flesh for the oil companies was the new money-exchange control. The companies had been bringing in oil, refining it, selling it to Cuban consumers, then changing the proceeds into dollars. Now exchange permits to the tune of more than $60,000,000 were held up.

The next tangle came with the refusal by the companies to obey Cuba's order to process Soviet crude. The order seemed like a high-handed Cuban move. But Cuba contends that under its 1938 petroleum law (passed long before Castro's day), the oil companies obligated themselves to refine any government oil. The oil companies interpreted the obligation to mean only that they must refine oil *produced* in Cuba. They halted shipments of crude, and by June supplies were dangerously low. To prevent economic disaster, the government "intervened" and undertook to run the refineries.

Drawing by Berger

Will Cuba win the battle of oil? Operating the refineries offers no serious difficulty: many trained Cubans as well as Mexican and Soviet technicians are available. How about supplies of crude? Since British and American corporations control most of the oil of the "free world," Cuba must rely chiefly on Soviet and Romanian oil. This, because of barter arrangements, is far cheaper than American oil. The main problem is transportation. There are about five hundred idle tankers in the world, many of them independent, and if Cuba can plank down dollars on the barrelhead, it can get the tankers needed. So can the Russians, despite Standard Oil's threats against tanker-owners. Mexico, subjected to a similar boycott after the 1938 seizures, and in a much tighter situation, had no difficulty.

Cuba, certainly not blameless according to U.S. business standards, nevertheless looks upon the oil boycott and the maneuvers of the oil companies as aggressive acts bearing the imprint of State Department approval.

THE NEW punitive sugar law is considered by Cuba to be the most aggressive act of all and a direct violation of the Bogota inter-American agreements (a two-way street, of course). But Cuba insists that until this "aggression," it had not singled out U.S. property for attack, (though U.S. corporations owned most of Cuba, and therefore suffered most). Castro insists that foreign property has been treated the same as Cuban property, in accordance with the new revolutionary laws. It is the United States, says Cuba, which has demanded a privileged position — as the United States once sought in Mexico.

Sugar is still Cuba's major source of income, and the new law subjects the island's economic destiny to the good will of "a foreign potentate" who has already shown little but ill will. This would be intolerable to any country, and last week's reduction by President Eisenhower of Cuba's quota presents difficulties not only for Cuba, but upsets the world sugar market.

Of course the two-cent premium we pay for Cuban sugar chiefly benefits American growers and American corporations, rather than Cuba. Sugar is the most highly and intricately regulated industry in the United States, completely removed from the operations of the free-enterprise system. If the premium price for foreign sugar were reduced, the U.S. domestic industry would be ruined. As it is, Cuba has never been allowed to ship in more than 20 per cent of its quota in refined form — a further protection of the American Sugar Refining Company at the expense of Cuban enterprise and employment. The chief benefit to Cuba of the U.S. sugar law has not been the higher price, but the fixed quota which guaranteed a sale of about three million tons annually.

WHAT WILL happen to Cuba now that its quota has been cut?

Cuba's sugar output this season was about the same as last year's. Indeed, despite the burning of many fields, a million tons were left unharvested. On the other hand Cuba, through an increased quota in the free market and by large-sized deals with Russia, China and Japan, among other countries, has been able to sell $60,000,000 more sugar than in the previous year and to wipe out much of its surplus. So what Peter borrows, Cuba will get from Paul. None of the areas — Hawaii and Puerto Rico, for instance — granted increased quotas at Cuba's expense under the 1958 sugar regulations were able to meet even their original quotas, and Cuba — until two weeks ago — was called upon to make up much of the deficiency.

Thus, though Cuba can be badly hurt by the recent developments, it faces the future with considerable equanimity, especially as it now believes it has justification for seizing all U.S. property on the island. The world population is increasing, and so is the per capita consumption of sugar. Cuba confidently expects rising prices (the world price has already risen) and an ever expanding market. And in Cuba's eyes, anything that reduces unilateral dependence on the United States is healthy.

THERE IS, of course, the argument that the U.S. attacks on Cuba's oil and sugar industries were not aggressions at all, but merely reactions to Cuban aggression. Unhappily, Cuban-U.S. relations, since Castro came to power, have been an uninterrupted series of actions and reactions. And since U.S. accusations against Cuba are known well enough to the American public, I mention here only the Cuban accusations against us, which have received only negligible publicity in the American press. In the series of diplomatic notes which have been exchanged between Havana and Washington, our press printed the American texts, but rarely the Cuban.

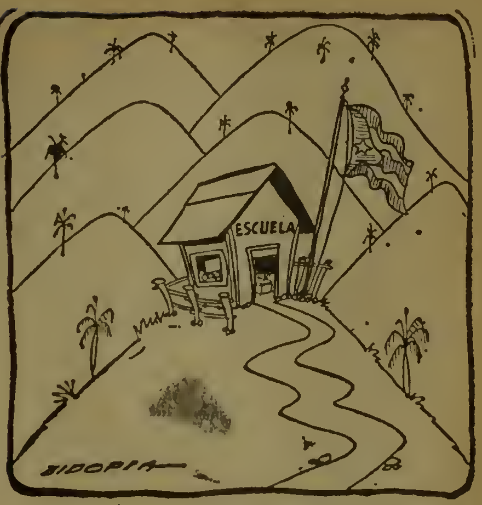
Such notes — beginning well before the overt break in good relations — have charged that while the United States is busily arming other neighbor countries (Haiti, for example), it has denied arms to Cuba; that the United States has used diplomatic pressure to try to stop Cuba from getting not only arms, but credits and agricultural machinery from Western Europe and Poland. The United States has refused to sell Cuba even small planes and helicopters needed in the agrarian reform and for dusting crops. It has held up export licenses for tractors, farm machinery and other needed goods, and has not responded to requests for a more equitable trade treaty to replace the one that has cost Cuba a billion dollars in the past eight years. It has permitted planes from U.S. soil to bomb, scatter leaflets, land arms, burn refineries and cane fields, and rescue "criminals" wanted by the Cuban government.

U.S. inspectors have been withdrawn from the Cuban fruit and vegetable industry, and Cuban shipments have been harassed in American ports. Congress cut off the last trickle of American aid, and all U.S. technical advisers have been withdrawn from the island. "Why, then," asks *El Mundo*, "does the United States grouse because Cuba has had to hire Mexican, Chilean, Japanese, German, Czechoslovakian and Soviet technicians?"

Cubans charge that no member of their government without a diplomatic passport can get a visa to the United States; that Cuban musicians, artists and cultural emissaries can no longer get visas (a Cuban orchestra scheduled to play in Miami on May 20 was not allowed to enter the United States); that American musicians and other performers are warned not to visit Cuba; that a determined effort has been made by U.S. companies and the U.S. government to destroy the tourist trade; that Cuban international mail in transit is sometimes held up in U.S. ports as long as three months.

Cubans further allege that, in violation of inter-American agreements, known "Cuban criminals, assassins, renegades, army deserters and embezzlers" are permitted to launch attacks on Cuba; that the United States and the Dominican Republic — not Cuba — are endangering the peace and stability of the Caribbean. Furthermore, they charge that these same "slimy elements" are brought into the august halls of the U.S. Senate to testify before committees and utter slanders against Cuba; that these elements are subsidized by Trujillo, by Batista's "killers and grafters," by U.S. corporations; that even now they are being recruited as agents by the CIA for unknown, but undoubtedly sinister, purposes. Cubans charge that American Congressmen romp up and down Latin America attacking Cuba; that the U.S. press is devoid of fairness and, with official and big-business support, is carrying on a propaganda assault against Cuba.

The Cuban government denies that it is trying to spread communism, or meddle in the internal affairs of other Latin American countries. It insists, however, that it has a right to explain the revolution and its difficulties with the United States. In turn, it charges that the United States is trying to create false fears of Cuba in Latin America, attempting to isolate Cuba from its sister republics and to use them as cat's paws in planned armed aggression should the economic boycott fail to overthrow Castro. It denies that it is under the thumb of the Soviets and insists it has a sovereign right to have diplomatic relations and trade relations with every country on earth; that if it cannot buy arms, airplanes and goods in the United States or Europe, it will get them where it can, and will sell Cuban products wherever it can.



Revolucion (Havana)
Monument in the mountain.

MEANWHILE, as Cubans weigh the effect of last week's shut-down on sugar exports to the United States, they profess to see many reasons for optimism. For one thing, President Eisenhower's action will undoubtedly accelerate Cuba's diversification of agriculture. The revolution has already boosted farm output tremendously in varied lines — the only agrarian revolution in modern history that has not been marked by an initial disastrous decline in production. Approximately 250,000 acres previously held idle for speculation by absentee owners have been cleared, plowed, seeded and harvested. A good start has been made in draining the 4,000-square-mile Zapata swamp. For miles on end in Oriente Province, I drove through virgin country being feverishly prepared with irrigation, dams, dykes and ditches for new rice production. The rice crop this year is up

30 per cent; next year all domestic rice needs will be satisfied, and what has been costing Cuba $40,000,000 annually to import will no longer be needed. In 1962, or thereabouts, Cuba will likely have rice to export.

Beans and corn, previously imported, are sufficient this year for all domestic food needs, though outside corn is still required for the expanded hog and poultry output. Prices have been brought down so that fowl is no longer merely a Sunday luxury. Potato output has been doubled. Cotton, henequen and peanuts are being increased. The tobacco harvest was the biggest ever. Domestic demand for beef, 60 per cent higher this year, has been met — at the lowest consumer price in history. Fish now occupies a larger place in Cuban diet; new freezing units have been established, and new fishing boats are being built.

Thus, even though food prices have been pushed down and the consumption of food is up 40 per cent compared to the Batista era, the government has been able to save $60,000,000 on food imports. In another year or so the island should be self-sufficient in this regard. This, too, makes the punitive sugar action less to be feared.

FOR THE FIRST time in Cuba's independent history, the people, thanks to fuller all-year employment, higher wages (30 per cent to 600 per cent), lower food prices, reduction of rents (50 per cent) and utility rates (30 per cent), are beginning to get enough to eat, and they are producing it themselves.

They are better clothed and housed, too. In some cooperatives, whole new towns have been constructed, with fine modern houses, community center, school, medical and dental clinics and a self-service store selling at prices 50 per cent lower than in previous company stores. Eventually some 900 new communities will be created by the agrarian reform. The all-year farm wages are from 30 to 200 per cent higher than previously, while top government salaries have been halved. I visited new housing in five provinces; previously, public works were largely confined to Havana.

By July 26, the new Vista Alegre housing project, being built wholly by the men and women of an adjacent slum, will have 600 houses ready for occupancy, with school, crèche, playgrounds, clinic, sportsfield and stores. The government provided materials and supervision; the workers get food and no pay — but will receive the houses without further payment than their labor. They are thereafter guaranteed wages on other projects and in small industries to be established in the vicinity.

A big housing project in Guanabacoa, a suburb of Havana, will take 6,000 families out of the slums.

Revolucion (Havana)

Apartments are renting beautifully furnished and with every convenience, for $23 a month — the present price of a single unsanitary slum room. The government boasts that by 1965 every family in Cuba will own its own home or apartment — scarcely a Communist goal. This will require new housing for at least half the population.

Previously the public, though on an island, had no access to bathing beaches. Twenty-nine public beaches have already been constructed — the equal in facilities and appearance of any in the United States, with fine cabins constructed of concrete or hard palmwood, with kitchen and sanitary facilities ($2 a day up), pavilion (stall for changing, 20 cents), dance hall, sportsfield, children's playground, concrete shade umbrellas and restaurant (meals 60 cents).

In Havana, only four *public* schools had ever been built. Already the revolutionary government has built fifty-seven (including remodeled police stations and barracks). Camp Colombia is being converted into a school center for ten thousand children. Similar efforts are under way in every corner of the island; the Castro regime has already built more classrooms than were built in the entire previous history of the republic. Within another year, the government expects to have a school seat for every child of school age in the country, and soon thereafter to have ended all illiteracy.

At the Camillo Cienfuegos Center at the foot of the Sierra Maestra in Oriente (reached by a new thirty-mile reinforced concrete highway), which will eventually house 20,000 students on a self-supporting, farm-industry basis, we found workmen, militiamen and volunteers working overtime to finish the first unit of dormitories and schoolrooms by July 26. Of the 100 pupils already in residence, 80 per cent were tubercular. The worst cases are now in the new hospital nearby (in a region which previously knew no doctors); the rest are expected to recover through proper diet, exercise, clean quarters and treatment. Dr. Waldo Medina, head of INRA's legal department, exclaimed when I told him of this, "If the revolution merely saves the new generation of Oriente Province, it will not have been in vain."

IN HAVANA, I had the pleasure of meeting Doctor Haydée Santamariá, wife of Minister of Education Armando Hart, who is responsible for much of Cuba's notable educational achievements. She heads the new *Casa de las Americas*, with its ambitious program for hemisphere and world cultural relations. It was hard to imagine that this quiet, charming woman had taken part, alongside Castro, her brother and her then fiancé, in the Moncado attack. They were captured. Her brother's eyes were gouged out and her fiancé's fingers were sent to her as he was killed bit by bit.

One must always remember, in

evaluating the temper of the Cuban people and their government, that thousands of Cubans were killed by Batista in this fashion.

REMARKABLE as are the achievements thus far, they might have been greater still were it not necessary for Cuba to invest in arms and to resist the U.S. attempts to strangle the island.

Far west, in the Valley of Silence, in beautiful Pinar del Rio Province, we stepped out of the car before a circle of newly landscaped houses, tinted bright against the lush vegetation. My companion, secretary to a Presidential aide, exclaimed, "Why, when I was here six weeks ago, nothing had been done!"

Now there is a home for every member of the cooperative. "We built them ourselves," a *guajiro* told me proudly. "Next, the school."

Everything in these houses — plumbing, furniture, porcelain sinks, electric stoves, tiled shower stalls, plastic curtains — had been made in Cuba, something that would have been practically impossible just two short years ago.

The country's textile factories are now working steady around the clock, and still can't keep up with orders. The same goes for cement, building-materials, electrical and rubber goods, soap, chemical, and perfume and cosmetic plants. Cuba was never more prosperous or with fewer unemployed; never better fed, clothed or housed or educated. Crime has all but disappeared, and for the first time in my many years of visiting in Cuba, Havana was orderly and safe, yet scarcely a policeman in sight. Certainly it is safer than any large city in the United States.

Yet, except for a new curious crowd from Latin America, the tourists are gone—though tourists never had a better buy. It would seem that among the 180,000,000 people in the United States there would be at least a few thousand who would prefer to go to Cuba and see what is happening for themselves. But our own iron-curtain propaganda of falsehoods seems to be complete — and quite appalling.

We have missed the boat badly. If the Eisenhower Government succeeds in overthrowing Castro (it would cost much bloodshed), in destroying the agrarian reform and the free spirit of the Cuban people and in imposing another puppet dictator labeled as "democratic," the action will win no prestige for the United States. If Castro survives our dollar diplomacy and our fear diplomacy, our loss in prestige will be equally great.

II. The Politics of Sugar . .

by Stanley Meisler

Washington, D.C.

TO AT LEAST one Congressman, a sugar bill posed no problem. The issue was simple, Representative William E. Miller of New York, chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee, told his colleagues: You are either for Castro or against him. Since few praises for Castro have sounded through the chambers of Congress recently, Miller's analysis, if accurate, meant that a sugar bill could be legislated with ease, speed and clarity.

But the analysis was far from accurate, and when Congress, after a twenty-three-hour session during the Fourth of July weekend, finally did bring forth a sugar bill, its haggard members looked neither easy nor speedy nor clear. Their decisions had been shaped and pounded by unceasing and sometimes contradictory pressures — pressures so varied, fascinating and obvious that even a hurried survey of them can reveal some of the realities within our legislative process. The story of the 1960 Sugar Act is a case history in American politics.

Despite Miller, the issues turned on much more than an attitude toward the Cuban Premier. Did a Congressman come from a sugar-beet state, a sugar-cane state, or a state with large refineries? Did he trust President Eisenhower's handling of foreign policy? Did he fear upsetting a program that had proven workable and beneficial to American farmers for so many years? Did he really think a cut in the sugar quota would hurt Castro? These are the issues that gave President Eisenhower the power to wipe out the Cuban sugar quota.

Just a month earlier, it had not seemed likely Congress would surrender this power. On June 1, the House Agriculture Committee, on a strict party vote of 23 to 12, reported a bill that would have merely extended the sugar program for one more year without giving the President any authority to change import quotas. The vote reflected the influence of the committee chairman, Rep. Harold D. Cooley (D., N.C.), a sixty-one-year-old student of foreign affairs who caused a stir in 1956 by refusing to sign the Southern Manifesto against racial integration.

Cooley opposed cutting Cuba's sugar quota for several reasons. First of all, he had a program that worked. The quota premium paid to foreign exporters allowed American sugar growers with their higher costs to compete with foreign growers. The quota allotments to Cuba and other foreign nations assured a steady supply of sugar cane to the American seaboard refineries, which cannot handle the sugar beets grown in the West. And the quota premium gave nearby markets, such as Cuba, dollars to buy American goods.

In addition, Cooley contended that reducing the quota in reprisal against Castro constituted overt economic aggression against Cuba. And the Congressman questioned the wisdom of bringing the sugar program — essentially a domestic matter — into foreign policy.

BUT COOLEY misjudged the amount of Republican pressure for a cut in Cuba's quota. When the Administration first asked for au-

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STANLEY MEISLER is a wire service newsman now stationed in Washington.

thority to reduce the quota, most observers thought the President wanted no more than a club he might wave, but seldom use. But, after the committee refused to give Eisenhower the authority, Miller issued his statement defining the battle as one between Democrats who favor Castro and Republicans who are against him. And Secretary of State Christian A. Herter came before the committee to plead the Administration's case.

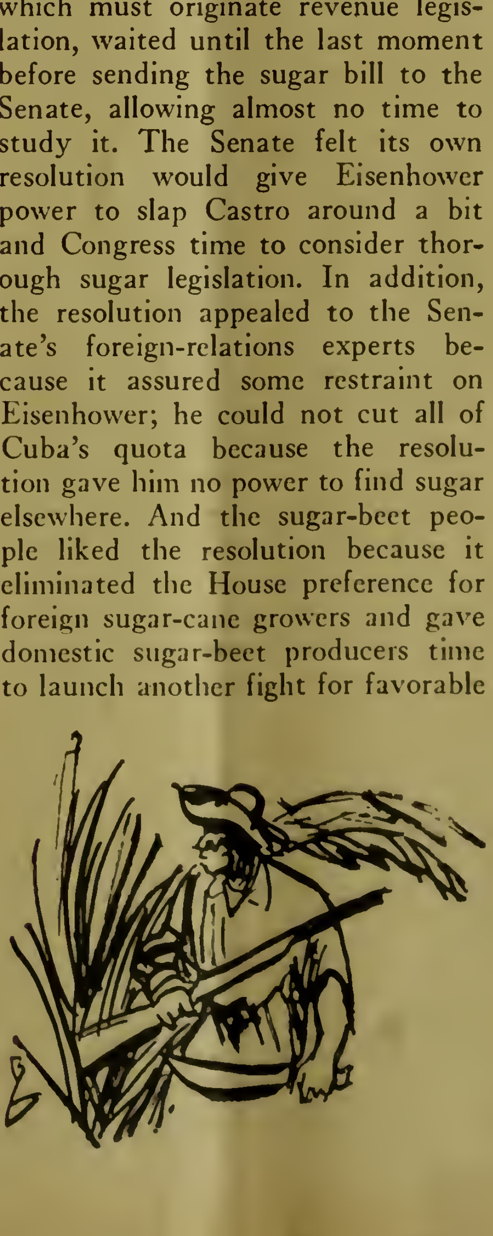
It was clear that the self-proclaimed American policy of patience and forbearance toward Cuba had come to an end. Cooley had to retreat or face a charge of refusing to support his President in the struggle against international communism.

NOW the real legislative battle began. Congress had to decide who would supply sugar in place of Cuba if the President ordered a reduction. The sugar-refinery interests, strong near the populous, Democratic coastal cities, wanted foreign sugar cane from countries like the Philippines to make up any cut. On the other hand, the sugar-beet interests, who have much of their strength in the sparsely populated, Republican Western states, wanted domestic growers to make up the difference. Cooley, like most House Democratic leaders, favored the viewpoint of the refineries; or, at least, felt in no mood to let the President hand out economic windfalls to Republican beet states, especially in the course of an election year.

On June 27, the House Agriculture Committee approved a new sugar bill, this time by unanimous vote. Its main provision authorized the President to set the Cuban sugar quota for the rest of 1960 and all of 1961 at a level no higher than the current quota. Any reduction would be allotted elsewhere in this way: a small amount to Costa Rica, Haiti, Panama, the Netherlands and Nationalist China, bringing each quota up to 10,000 tons; 15 per cent of the remainder to the Philippines; 85 per cent to all other nations, including the Dominican Republic. The committee-approved bill also switched a deficit of 160,000 tons in the quotas of Hawaii and Puerto Rico from Cuba to the mainland cane and beet producers. This last provision was the only one directly benefiting American beet producers. The bill came before the House on June 30 and, after a short debate, was approved 395 to 0.

THE SCENE shifted to the Senate, where the small sugar-beet states have greater power, and the struggle grew more dramatic. On Saturday, July 2, its final day of work before adjourning for the national conventions, the Senate refused to consider the House bill and, instead, unanimously passed a resolution, recommended by the Senate Finance Committee, which did no more than authorize the President to set the Cuban sugar quota for the rest of 1960.

The resolution grew out of anger, concern and pressure. The Senate did not like the idea that the House, which must originate revenue legislation, waited until the last moment before sending the sugar bill to the Senate, allowing almost no time to study it. The Senate felt its own resolution would give Eisenhower power to slap Castro around a bit and Congress time to consider thorough sugar legislation. In addition, the resolution appealed to the Senate's foreign-relations experts because it assured some restraint on Eisenhower; he could not cut all of Cuba's quota because the resolution gave him no power to find sugar elsewhere. And the sugar-beet people liked the resolution because it eliminated the House preference for foreign sugar-cane growers and gave domestic sugar-beet producers time to launch another fight for favorable legislation at the next session of Congress.



The House returned the Senate resolution immediately, calling it a new bill. Sugar legislation involves taxing of refined sugar and, under the Constitution, cannot originate in the Senate, the House said. In any case, its leaders confided, the House would not accept the Senate resolution even if it were legal.

At 11:10 P.M., the Senate took up the original House bill. Senator Wayne Morse (D., Ore.), proposed that the Senate simply amend the bill by substituting the wording of the resolution for the whole bill. In this way, the Senate would meet the constitutional objection of the House. As chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Latin America, Morse commands attention on Latin American matters, and he argued that once nations received new quotas because of a temporary cut in the Cuban quota, they would expect to keep the new allotments permanently. Republican sugar-beet Senators, who rarely agree with him on foreign policy or much else, immediately rallied to his side (Morse, incidentally, also represents a sugar-beet state).

BUT OPPOSITION came from Senator Everett M. Dirksen of Illinois, the Republican leader, who warned that the President "is quite insistent that he have a weapon with which to deal with the situation before Congress goes home." He urged further that the House would never approve Morse's proposal, since it had already turned down the identical Senate resolution. Dirksen's arguments were bolstered by William B. Macomber, Jr., Assistant Secretary of State for Congressional Liaison, and Bryce N. Harlow, Deputy Assistant to the President for Congressional Affairs, who wandered among the Congressmen to tell them Eisenhower would be furious if no bill were passed.

The Senate defeated Morse's proposal by a vote of 30 to 29. Of the twenty-two sugar-beet Senators voting, thirteen voted with Morse and nine against; the sugar-cane Senators split three to one in Morse's favor. Of the ten members of the

Senate Foreign Relations Committee voting, the vote was eight to two in favor of the Morse proposal. This division was significant, indicating that Senators tended to accept Morse's arguments as sincere expressions of concern rather than as a glib facade to cover any interest in Oregon sugar-beet fortunes. The party split was seventeen Republicans and twelve Democrats voting for Morse, six Rebublicans and twenty-four Democrats voting against.

After rejecting the substitute, the Senate approved the House bill with several amendments suggested by Senator Clinton P. Anderson (D., N.M.). In the main, these extended the Sugar Act to the end of this year rather than through 1961 and gave the President some leeway in deciding where to find sugar to make up for any cut in the Cuban quota. This leeway, of course, ran into opposition from the foreign sugar-cane lobbyists, for they would receive mandatory allotments under the original House bill.

A little after 3:15 A.M.,(a conference committee of three Senators and six Representatives met to work out a compromise. In a two-hour session, the House members refused to accept the Senate amendments, and the Senators, faced with the prospect of taking the House bill or nothing, gave in. As a concession, the House conferees agreed that the bill would extend the program only through the first three months of 1961, rather than through the whole year. Both Houses passed the conference report, and at 8:51 o'clock Sunday morning, Congress adjourned. President Eisenhower had his weapon against Castro. He used it three days later.

IT IS TOO soon to gauge the effects of this hurried piece of legislation. But Congress must reach some conclusions soon. New legislation on sugar is possible in August and probable next January, and its character may depend on how much the new law and Eisenhower's use of it have hurt Castro.

No official in Washington is predicting that the cut in the quota will cripple Castro. For one thing, the official line pictures Eisenhower's action not as a form of reprisal, but as a way of protecting the American consumer from a possible shortage of sugar. Unofficially, however, there seems to be hope that the loss in revenue will hurt Castro by causing discontent among the 500,000 Cuban sugar-cane workers who face a possible cut in wages, and among the Cuban consumers who, it is believed here, face a shortage of wheat, rice, autos and machinery due to dwindling dollar reserves. If it becomes obvious, however, that Eisenhower's action has rallied sympathy for Castro among other Latin American nations without hurting him materially, there will be strong support in Congress for legislation to take back the authority just granted the President.

But it is doubtful that Congress will restore the sugar program to what it was before the hectic Fourth of July weekend. Robert H. Shields, president of the U.S. Beet Sugar Association, hailed Eisenhower's action as the end of an era, and his description underlined the real meaning of the 1960 Sugar Act.

Another marathon struggle is a certainty, perhaps this winter, with the beet growers and sugar refineries tugging and pulling in the background while the orators shout about Castro in front. Only this time, with a chance to set a pattern for a new era of sugar legislation, the shouting will be louder and the tugging and pulling more fierce.

REPORT ON THE JUGGERNAUT

by David Cort

GRANTED, it was an astounding achievement to get 70 million motor vehicles rolling on some 4 million miles of hard-surfaced roads—to man, fuel, service, park and garage them. If any foreigner cannot believe in the phenomenon, he can witness it any day: nearly 2 billion vehicle-miles per day, requiring 3 million barrels of petroleum per day, killing over a hundred people a day, injuring over 12,000 people a day in 33,000 accidents, and steadily growing, like an insane cancerous growth, to some horrid inevitability. On Sundays there are more moving parts on the roads than there are on Mondays in all the factories. The American people daily apply the greatest massed horsepower seen in all history, to get from here to there and back.

The fact that far more economical transport is available was perfectly obvious, but unfashionable, four years ago. There was no visible reaction to the statement then: "Because a single bus or train takes between twenty and 1,000 cars off the roads, we must certainly allocate subsidies to buses and, in particular, railroads. . . . If the railroads were equipped to carry 20,000,000 passengers a day, the huge subsidies for highways could be cut down to size" ("Our Strangling Highways," *The Nation*, April 28, 1956). The next year the thought was repeated: "One train can carry a thousand [motorists] to work. This fact is currently invisible to the American public, and will remain invisible until the day it becomes plainly and horribly visible. The automobile as now used is an extravagance that no ecology can afford; nor can this one" ("Knight in Two-Ton Armor," *The Nation*, April 13, 1957).

Such simple survival ideas tend to float impotently, like a germ in the Arctic.

But not forever. The courage has at last come to official agencies to resort to real solutions of the traffic

DAVID CORT'S frequent contributions to The Nation on the subject attest to the pertinacity of his war against the country's 70 million motor vehicles and their drivers.

problem. The New Jersey Legislature has passed a bill giving a $6,000,000 subsidy to nine commuter railroads. Los Angeles is considering rapid-transit lines, and "urgently requested" the state to build future freeways with space for rapid-transit rails. San Francisco will probably vote this November on a bond issue for a comprehensive rail-transport system. Philadelphia has already begun paying subsidies on a small scale to commuter railroads, and is considering further overhaul of its transit system. Chicago was the first major city to run transit lines down the green interspace of expressways. Connecticut's Public Utilities Commission has recommended that the four states served by the N.Y., N.H. and H. give it subsidies.

THIS ALL looks very anti-Detroit and un-American, but is in fact the counsel of last-ditch desperation. *The Wall Street Journal* recently gave some telling quotes: "The automobile has not merely taken over the street; it has dissolved the living tissue of the city. Its appetite for space is absolutely insatiable; moving and parked, it devours urban land, leaving the buildings as mere islands . . . in a sea of dangerous and ugly traffic" (Columbia professor of architecture). "Highways have gotten completely out of hand" (Director, American Society of Planning Officials). The highway boom is "a murder plot against our urban areas" (planning consultant). "It's almost axiomatic that you can't build enough highways to solve the commuting problem" (Stanford University traffic analyst).

Such doom-crying might also have gone unheard had not the roof finally caved in. This event came to the mayors of the great American cities in the apparently innocuous form of the 1960 U.S. census. Here was the catastrophic news that a number of their cities had actually lost population since the census of 1950—an unprecedented blow not only to the politician's self-love, but also to the city's share of state taxes. In such roundabout ways does crisis finally bring itself to the attention of politicians. Patriotism is never enough.

The immediate problem is to keep cars out of the cities' downtown business and shopping sections, now approaching the impassibility of an Amazon jungle. One way being considered is to slap tolls on the approach highways (as if car costs were not already high enough to convince any sensible car-owner). These monies can be given the commuter railroads. Another is to keep all vehicles out of the downtown area. Fifty cities, according to *The Wall Street Journal,* already have such plans. For human beings—that is, pedestrians—these "malls" will seem like a paradise regained.

If the tide has turned, it has picked the ironical moment when the federal government's $41 billion highway-building program is at full flood in the opposite direction, aiming to pour yet greater and less assimilable congestions of automobiles into the cities.

The federal government has affected a complete impotence to control the automobile, while at the same time financing five Congressional investigations in five years into its killing and ruinous ways. It still flatly refuses to assist commuter railroads in any way.

Yet even this dinosaur has at last been moved to a preliminary eye-blink: the first House of Representatives vote on whether to ask the automobile industry to produce safer cars. The cars affected were only those to be bought by the federal government, perhaps 10,000 a year: a very small tear in a dinosaur's eye, and yet a sign of life. Detroit vigorously opposed even this blink, on the grounds of cost to the government(!) — the highway budget is a $41 billion subsidy to Detroit, supplying the tracks for Detroit's wheels—and that the bill would constitute a subsidy to the safety-device manufacturers(!). On this Alice in Wonderland level, there was lively debate. Exasperated by the nonsense, one Congressman asked for the history-making roll call. The first open vote on safe automobiles showed 265 for, 125 against, 45 not voting, in August of 1959 (H.R. 1341).

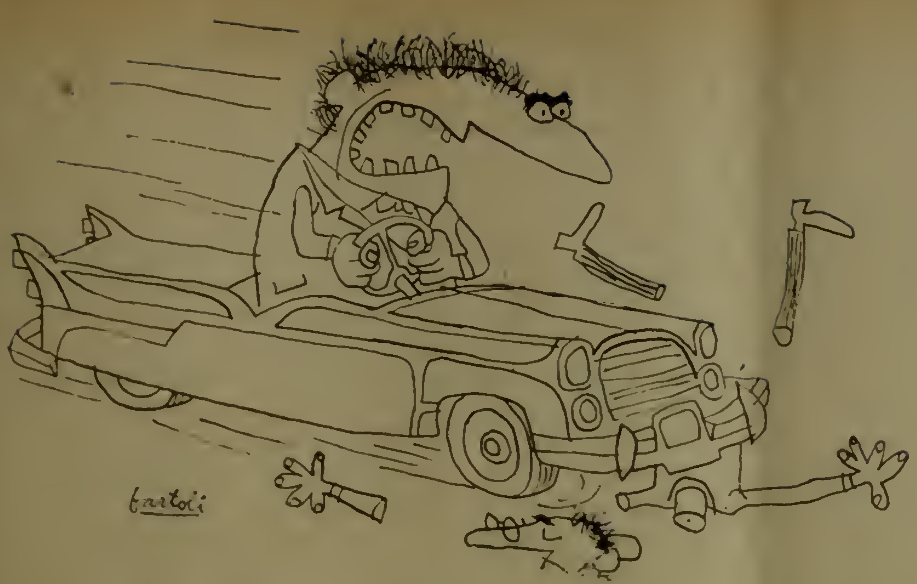
The federal government's awed deference toward Detroit is not necessary or any longer fashionable. Even the New York Republican Club has issued its own research on automobile safety as a matter of public policy. It says, "The new requests [for safety changes in cars] are also unique in that a larger number have been opposed by auto manufacturers. . . . Differences in what policies are desired are plainest between the 'medical and consumer' groups and the 'automobile and highway promotion' groups. . . . The automobile and highway groups . . . state that there is little need for design-safety legislation."

"It is charged," says the Republican report carefully, "that speed and power are available considerably above driving abilities of drivers, beyond their possible need, and above what public roads can handle"—all, it may be added, in violation of public policy and private survival interests.

NO MALE driver and few female drivers will permit their driving abilities to be deprecated in this way. Nearly every American is convinced he or she is a "good driver," meaning a superior helmsman, gas-pedal-pusher and braker, and co-ordinator of the three functions. But driving on a public road is a social act; the test of a "good driver" must be social: does he maim or kill, or cause others to do so? The skilled drivers are generally those who do the maiming or killing, or skillfully start the chain of events that forces someone else into an accident. Such a "good driver" may get out of the jam, leaving the wreckage behind, but his skills can be admired criminally.

The vote in Congress, 265 to 125, probably included exactly 125 of this kind of "good driver." The vote did not divide by party, but may have divided by age groups, for this seems to be a visceral matter, well below the neck.

It has been brought out that the worst place in America to walk is New York City—yielding over 450 pedestrian corpses and 13,000 cripples a year. It is also said officially that, at present rates, "every person now living in New York State faces the statistical prospect of becoming an accident victim at least once during his lifetime." This inevitability does not apply to any other misad-



venture imaginable, except only death itself.

In this area of the "good driver," the crusade has hardly begun. The "good driver" naturally tries to get into situations that challenge his skills, such as hitting a traffic light at 40 m.p.h. just as it turns green; his high score is relative to the other drivers, and takes no cognizance of the fact that a spastic, a rheumatic, or a mother with baby carriage happens to be standing right in his brilliant track.

If the preceding car goes through a turning-red light, he is honor bound to follow close and fast. It is therefore no fault of his if the crossing pedestrians are only halfway across the avenue when the lights turn against them, and have to hope that the oncoming cars do not number any more "good drivers." We can all describe a hundred situations in daily life where the bravura of the "good driver" endangers a dozen lives, where the flashing burst of speed, the dexterous left turn, the broken-field zigzag, the nifty grazing of a pedestrian, the bluffing engine-racing just before the light turns, spare one driver a few seconds' delay, and another human being forty or fifty years of this painful life.

Stated in these terms, the proposition could be built up to the point of equipping all pedestrians with machine guns, as a counterforce. If this were done, say, one day a year, varying the day for each avenue, without notice to drivers, the just would unfortunately die with the unjust, but we would soon have very few "good drivers" left on the roads. I know a number of old ladies who would set up shop on a good corner and lay down an indiscriminate barrage, with considerable justification, remembering past concussions, fractured pelvises and mid-traffic hysterias invited by truck-drivers smilingly gambling their moving ten tons against the lady's trembling 110 pounds.

EVERYBODY behind a wheel is potentially guilty; but the guiltiest, in my observation, are newspaper trucks, laundry trucks and government vehicles of all kinds; in general, the lower the function, the more dangerous is the driver. If he despises himself, his work, or people, he may be a killer. Some racial antagonisms also seem to be actively sublimated in driving.

A simple and bloodless way to get the dangerous drivers off the roads was suggested here ("The Ribicoff Remedy," *The Nation*, Jan. 24, 1959): to ask all the people to report reckless drivers to a central office and to investigate anybody who drew too many complaints. This too simple idea fell into a dead silence until, to my delight, it was revived in the July *Harper's*, but reserving the right of complaint to specially appointed motorists. I would suggest that a driver in the thick of traffic is in no position to copy down a license number; I prefer using all the people. But either way, the experiment is worth a trial.

Somebody else is intensely interested in dangerous drivers: the Association of Casualty and Surety Companies, whose members are not especially keen on paying the bills out of the insurance premiums. The cost of accidents this year will be $7 billion. The association, says its general manager, "maintains a round-the-clock vigilance to protect the insurance dollar against the raids of ambulance chasers, professional claim hikers and organized fraud practitioners. . . . The association's index system, a clearing house for personal injury claim information, [clears] over 2,000,000 claims per year. Nearly 15,000,000 personal injury claim records, now contained in the current files of those bureaus, lace facts together as methodically, precisely and quietly as a spider spinning a web."

SO THE ANGEL of mercy that follows the slaughter and blood-letting turns out to be, not Florence Nightingale, but a spider! Lawyers who deal with insurance company claim adjusters tell me that this is an accurate self-portrait. Victims who never think of collecting anything for their injuries are far more common than those "professional claim hikers," a designation that might cover everybody who asks for anything at all. In fact, the insurance companies pocket billions from the undemanding stoicism of a large part of the population, and would dearly like to encourage such stoicism. They hate jury trials, where the stoicism ends and the jury tends to turn into a lynch mob. And actually they like that figure of only 2,000,000 claims "cleared" (not necessarily paid) in a situation where 4,500,000 people are injured annually by automobiles.

Somebody else who ought to be interested is the people. Yet most of them are willing to let things go on as they are, and to take their chances.

This peculiar, almost suicidal attitude can properly be blamed on the failure of the mass media to tell the people what the actual situation is. The mass media's delicacy in the matter is understandable, for to ask them to perform their normal patriotic function would require them to insult the reader and, worse yet, the advertisers. In such a dilemma, patriotism is not enough.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Riddle of Dr. Franklin

THE PAPERS OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. Vol. I (1706-1734). 400 pp. $7.50. Vol. II (1735-1744). 471 pp. $10. Edited by Leonard W. Labaree, Whitfield J. Bell, Jr., and others. Yale University Press.

Charles Grier Sellers, Jr.

HERE LAUNCHED is another of those great comprehensive editions of the papers of outstanding Americans that are setting sail in the wake of Julian Boyd's *Jefferson Papers.* Professional historians rejoice in all these undertakings, but none of them is likely to fascinate and delight the non-professional reader so much as the *Franklin Papers.* And none of the projected forty volumes in the Franklin series is likely to be more absorbing than these first two, covering the first thirty-eight years of Franklin's life.

Behind Dr. Franklin's assiduously cultivated simplicity was a bafflingly complex individual; and here we have most of the evidence from which the riddle of his character must be read. Taking his famous *Autobiography* along with these letters, newspaper essays, pamphlets and generous extracts from his Philadelphia *Gazette* and *Poor Richard's Almanac*, we see a bookish boy (lost among thirteen, mostly older, brothers and sisters?) led by his reading (and what else?) to question the received orthodoxies of Cotton Mather's Boston. Providentially at hand was the only career that could have so well suited an intellectually inclined but religiously unsettled son of a candle maker; at the age of twelve he was apprenticed to his older brother, James, to learn the trade of printer. Even more providentially, it seems in retrospect, James's printing house was the headquarters of the Hell Fire Club, which first raised the flag of open revolt against the church, state and college of latter-day New England Puritanism. As a precocious wielder of the rebels' chief weapon, satire, young Ben joined the assault through the columns of James's *New England Courant,* and was even installed as nominal publisher of the paper when the authorities ordered James to desist.

Yet Franklin's story (and America's) was not one of simple rebellion against the Matherian order. When the adolescent apprentice came at length to his personal rebellion, it was not against his father (and the Reverend Mr. Mather standing behind him), but against the more immediate if less formidable discipline of brother James. Even while sowing wild oats in London, the young prodigal tried to come to terms with his father's God through traditional New England rationalism: his curious *Dissertation on Liberty and Necessity, Pleasure and Pain* is at once a caricature of the method and an evidence of the difficulties that beset it in a post-Newtonian world. Soon "disgusted" with "Metaphysical reasonings" and with the shoddy moral behavior he thought they had encouraged, the twenty-year-old Franklin resolved to win his father's approval by taking a cue from another side of the New England tradition — prudent industry.

BOSTON itself, prosperous and growing in self-esteem, was finding the living Jehovah of preceding generations increasingly difficult to approach, through reason or any other channel. Mather was exhorting his congregation more to morality than to a lively sense of God's presence. Success in their "particular callings," he told them, was both a product of godly living and an evidence of divine favor. Mather's *Essays To Do Good*, Franklin confessed, "gave me such a turn of thinking as to have an influence on my conduct through life"; and he came back from England determined to please his God, his father and himself by exemplary conduct and secular success. He drew up his famous list of virtues — Temperance, Frugality, Industry, *et al.*, with Humility ("Imitate Jesus and Socrates") as an afterthought — and by an elaborate system of moral calisthenics based on them he quickly began to forge ahead as an enterprising businessman and civic leader.

Yet to dismiss the ambitious tradesman, with D. H. Lawrence, as "this dry, moral, utilitarian little democrat" would be to miss the vision that underlay the great achievements of Franklin and his generation. Franklin's moralism was not just a narrow, calculating utilitarianism, but a religion with a God. Franklin almost too patly exemplifies the experience of social mobility and secular success which for Americans transformed the awesome Jehovah of John Winthrop, via Cotton Mather, into the God of Benjamin Franklin — a God whose chief end was human happiness, a God who enjoined morality because it was calculated to make men happy, a God who was served most acceptably by "doing good to men." "I think vital Religion has always suffer'd, when Orthodoxy is more regarded than Virtue," Franklin wrote to his worried parents. "And the Scripture assures me, that at the last Day, we shall not be examin'd what we *thought*, but what we *did*; and our Recommendation will not be that we said *Lord, Lord*, but that we did GOOD to our Fellow Creatures. See Matth. 26." Remarkably, his pious mother professed herself satisfied with this explanation. Not just Benjamin, but Boston too, had entered the modern world.

It was the cosmic sanction accorded the enterprises of Franklin and his contemporaries that gives them such a complexly uncomplicated appearance, that makes them so hard for wistful moderns to understand. It was this that gave them their heady vision of the possibilities of human nature and human society. It made possible the harmonious pursuit of personal happiness, secular success, virtue and the good of one's fellows. It freed eighteenth-century minds —Franklin's perhaps above all others— for a curiously innocent yet greatly fruitful empiricism toward the natural order. And it made possible the momentous political achievements of eighteenth-century Americans, as signalized by the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights.

THESE volumes, then, afford an absorbingly intimate picture of two intertwined developments: the maturing of a great and fascinating man and the emergence of American culture into modernity. They offer in addition the charm of Franklin's wit, broad tolerance, humanity and concern with the details of common life, though they make it clear that he did not quickly achieve the distinguished literary style of his later *Autobiography*. Impeccable editing and handsome dress add still more to the reader's pleasure.

CHARLES GRIER SELLERS, Jr. is a professor of history at the University of California. He is the editor of the forthcoming The Southerner as American *(University of North Carolina Press).*

Thoughtful readers will carry away something more than pleasure. They may develop a rueful envy for those who lived in a world so patently the wise man's oyster. They will surely gain a deeper understanding of modern American culture in its crucial formative phase, and especially of the intellectual and social environment in which our liberal values and institutions crystallized. And the most thoughtful among them may be led finally to reflect more perceptively on the prospects of these cherished values and institutions in a society no longer sustained by Franklin's cosmic certainty and optimism.

The Art of Disguising Art

ESSAYS, LETTERS AND REVIEWS. By Matthew Arnold. Harvard University Press. 398 pp. $9.

Francis Golffing

THE present collection, ably introduced and annotated by Fraser Neiman, contains pieces which Arnold had published only in periodicals, or pseudonymously, in a few cases anonymously. The scope of topics is wide, ranging from specialized literary studies to incisive comments on topical political issues. Though the pieces here brought together may be said to broaden our understanding of Arnold's concerns and procedures, rather than to deepen or substantially modify it,it would be wrong to call them marginal. Their significance, needless to say, varies from case to case. The greater part of the purely literary essays are relatively slight, by the standards Arnold himself has set in his *Essays in Criticism* and his treatises *On Translating Homer* and *On the Study of Celtic Literature*. Of these, the long article on Joseph de Maistre (published anonymously in the *Quarterly Review*, 1879) is doubtless the most ambitious as well as the most instructive. Others, like the letter on "Dante and Beatrice" or the short piece on Sainte-Beuve, add little to our knowledge of the subjects in question; such merit as they possess resides wholly in their manner of saying, their charm if you like, or in the way they show Arnold's skill in handling occasions of limited scope without becoming trifling himself. The dignity of the short gloss is held in low esteem today; so is its elegance; yet Arnold fully commanded both these virtues. His review of Senancour and the public address "On the Modern Element in Literature" are performances of greater consequence, but they hardly measure up to his best essays.

The political pieces are much more illuminating, some of them dealing with church politics (e.g., "Disestablishment in Wales"), others with Gladstone's Irish policy or, more specifically, with the Irish land question ("Two Letters on Home Rule," "The Nadir of Liberalism," "The Zenith of Conservatism"). Here Arnold, as he always did in his social and political writings, steers a middle course that is dictated neither by caution nor by the mere desire to be fair, but by an almost tragic sense of double loyalty. Like Meredith, he had an uncanny empathy into the Celtic mind—amounting, at times, to virtual identification—without sharing any of its values. The same could be said, *mutatis mutandis*, of his intuitions into the nature of Whig radicalism or, quite generally, into the nature of the "progressive" mind and sensibility.

A STRAIN OF discreet didacticism or moral urgency runs, not unexpectedly, through these pages. "For my part, as I grow old, and profit, I hope, by the lessons of experience, I think the chief good, that which above all makes life worth living, is *to be of use*." "I come here today in deference to a summons I could not resist." Passages like the above illustrate a style as well as an attitude: the style of the indefatigable discourser who addresses his audience, be it hostile or friendly, in terms at once earnest and humble; who wishes not only to maintain tact and moderation, no matter the issue, but at the same time to define his particular reason for broaching *this* issue—here, now, in the medium of verse or prose, by word of mouth or in print; who in his syntax favors the loose-jointed yet perfectly modulated phrase, rich in asides, parentheses, paraphrases, restatements, all of which are designed to obviate peremptoriness, stridency, while making the point that is to be made unequivocally.

Matthew Arnold practiced to perfection the Horatian art of disguising art; this much—though perhaps little else—is conceded him even by those detractors of his prose who find its delicacy mincing or who view the writer's desire to do justice to both sides of a question as mere fence-straddling. (Incidentally, the last figure, if read truly, redounds to Arnold's glory rather than to his shame. If a man has straddled as many arbitrary fences as Arnold did—those between Saxon and Celt, German and French thought, the Classical and the Romantic ideal, to name only a few—he may justly be called a colonizer, a genuine enlarger of our common heritage.) Even here, in these relatively minor productions, the reader will find Arnold's unique combination of artifice and informality, urgency and nonchalance. And he will be little disturbed by the writer's occasional moments of "preachiness" — remembering, perhaps, that compared with Macaulay or Carlyle, Arnold at his most stolid is *légèreté* itself. That extraordinary lightness of touch points back to Addison and forward to T. S. Eliot, being in his case as in theirs the token of a happy marriage between the author's ethics and his sense of ceremony, or to put it less grandly, his sense of the occasion. Without ever understating his case, Arnold knows how to understate himself and in so doing bring increase to the occasion. Here clearly was the secret of Arnold's success both as a writer and as one of the chief agents of instruction in his age.

FRANCIS GOLFFING is a poet, critic and teacher. His Selected Poems *will be published shortly by Macmillan. Mr. Golffing, who is on the faculty of Bennington College, taught Literature at the University of Berlin in 1956-57.*

After the Conquest: Pampas Indian Song

(from the Spanish Notation of Hernan Deibe)

Now in these days the old ways are vanishing
Like dry straw under the devouring fire.
Oh Great Man! Clearly it is all turning to sand
And my heartbeat has the note of a broken drum.
At one time there were good fighters, like bulls in the battle,
Good chiefs, who spoke well in the long councils.
In so many suns it has all changed, nothing of it is left.
And indeed it is bitter to live without roots like the wind,
And already without memory, or respect for the ways of the elders.
I see nothing worth singing about in this country where I was born
Except perhaps these two clever men weeping bitterly at their sad lot.

W. S. MERWIN

Cry Wolfe!

THOMAS WOLFE. A Biography. By Elizabeth Nowell. Doubleday & Co. 456 pp. $5.95.

Kenneth S. Lynn

THE tragic flaw in Thomas Wolfe's artistry was his monstrous self-centeredness. Often compared to Whitman, he actually was the very antithesis, for Wolfe was a poet who never sublimated his own egotism into a more continental —or universal—imagination. His ecstatic apostrophes to train whistles in the night, to Sunday dinners in Carolina and the pulse and roar of Manhattan have only a fraction of the excitement of "Song of Myself" because they celebrate, not America, but his raw, aching, lonely self.

Exasperatingly enough, this flaw has carried over into Elizabeth Nowell's new biography of Wolfe. Miss Nowell was for years Wolfe's literary agent and friend, but her book is no casual reminiscence; the pages of names she lists in her acknowledgments are sufficient indication that she has spent many years in diligent research. Yet what she has finally produced is a big book with only one character: Thomas Eugene Gant George Webber Wolfe. We are told, for example, that Wolfe's relationship with his mother affected his entire character and life, but Miss Nowell's book reveals almost nothing about the extraordinary woman who was Julia Wolfe, telescopes her fantastic effort to prolong her son's babyhood into one quotation from John S. Terry's edition of *Thomas Wolfe's Letters to His Mother* ("he slept with me until he was a great big baby. He wasn't weaned until he was three and a half. . . "), and thereafter ignores her tenacious, bitter effort to keep (or to recover) control of him that lasted until he died.

In the course of his writing career Wolfe was involved with a great many fascinating people, many of them famous; but, like his mother, they exist in this biography only as stimuli to Wolfe's responses. The egotism of Wolfe the writer did not stop at the water's edge of fiction; it pervaded and eventually ruined nearly every important relationship of his entire life. That Miss Nowell does not adequately understand this is the result of a too-close identification of her own point of view with her subject's. The portrait of the artist that emerges from her pages is as unintended as it is unlovely.

Generosity repaid with scorn is a pattern that is repeated all through Wolfe's life, but most shockingly in the cases of Aline Bernstein and Maxwell Perkins. Even in the early stages of his affair with Mrs. Bernstein, when he was passionately in love, there was something appallingly crass and exploitative in his conduct toward her which came out most nakedly in his habit of referring to her as "my Jew." When his passion had spent itself and she desperately began reminding him that it was her support of him that had given him the freedom and the security to write the novel that made him famous, Wolfe treated her anguish with a ruthlessness that chilled their friends and drove Mrs. Bernstein to attempt suicide.

Maxwell Perkins worked so hard trying to bring order out of the chaos of Wolfe's manuscripts that his health was affected. But when Bernard De Voto attacked Wolfe's books for their formlessness and remarked sarcastically (and justly) that the "assembly line" at Scribner's was no substitute for the self-discipline of the true artist, Wolfe's reaction was to turn against his editor. One night in a restaurant he threatened to beat him up, and when finally he went over to another publisher he did so without even having the courtesy to inform Perkins of his decision.

HIS CRUELTY was not altogether conscious. Wolfe was so enormously self-centered, so helplessly and terribly responsive to the manic-depressive cycle of his emotions, that he simply could not understand how other people felt. Perhaps the most striking example of the naïveté of his egotism is the episode of his stay in Berlin during the 1936 Olympics. Wolfe's literary reputation was enormous in Hitler's Germany; when Wolfe arrived in Berlin he found he had lots of blocked royalties to spend and plenty of adoring girls to help him do it. He had, in sum, a marvelous time, and because Wolfe measured life by his moods he was utterly unable to accept what his liberal friends were telling him about Nazism. In his notebook he balanced the benefits of the Third Reich ("Physical clean-ness; Healthy people; Effective relief; A Concentration of natural energy") against its drawbacks ("Suppression of Free Speech; A Cult of Insular Superiority") without reaching any conclusion.

In his fiction, Wolfe created scores of flashingly brilliant pictures. He spoke at times in the voice of an authentic poet. He created scenes, particularly of death, that are unforgettable. Yet today his novels are increasingly alien to our taste. Wolfe once said of *Look Homeward, Angel* that it contained two movements—"one outward and one downward. The outward movement describes the effort of a . . . youth for release, and freedom, and loneliness in new lands. . . . The downward movement is represented by a constant excavation into the buried life of a group of people." The outward movement—lyric, ruthless, intensely personal—characterized all the works and days of Thomas Wolfe. Only rarely did he achieve the downward movement.

KENNETH S. LYNN is associate professor of English at Harvard University. His most recent book is Mark Twain and Southwestern Humor.

Second Impressions

Review of Paperbacks

Robert M. Wallace

Russia

FIVE titles in six volumes inaugurate the Vintage Russian Library. Isaac Deutscher's *Stalin: A Political Biography* ($1.65) and a convenient "original" collection of Philip E. Mosely's essays of the last two decades, *The Kremlin in World Politics* ($1.65), provide historical and political substance. In 1949, Mr. Deutscher's predictions of transformations in Stalinism raised doubts and controversy. His *Stalin* is now a standard authority recognized for objectivity, and the new preface can state satisfaction that the predictions have been largely borne out.

Mr. Mosely's analyses of Kremlin policies, many written while he was director of the Russian Institute at Columbia University, are wise and elegant. *How the Soviet System Works* ($1.25) by R. A. Bauer, Alex Inkeles and Clyde Kluckholn is precariously based on interviews and questionnaires involving a few hundred refugees from the Soviet Union. The authors avoid absurdity by relying ultimately on the Soviet and American press and Western scholars.

Two literary titles are included. *Leo Tolstoy* by Ernest J. Simmons (2 vols., $1.45 ea.), massive, searching, authoritative, is still rapid and vibrant, a model for a life-and-works. The text is uncut, but most of the scholarly paraphernalia is omitted. *The Thief* by Leonid Leonov ($1.45), an impressive and independent study of the Moscow underworld during the NEP days around 1920, recalls Henry James on the economic novel: it is too much the essayist's or sketch writer's novel with observations that never quite meld with the narrative.

Also: *The Origin of Russian Communism* by Nicholas Berdayaev (Ann Arbor, $1.65). Explores old Russian traditions and Marxist doctrine as joint origins of the Soviet system; a calm appraisal. *My Life* by Leon Trotsky (Universal, $2.45). Vivid memoirs profusely detailed, a basic source. New translations include *The Storm and Other Russian Plays* (Hill and Wang, $1.95) and *Selected Tales of Ivan Turgenev* (Anchor, $1.45), David Magarshack translator; *Anna Karenina* by Leo Tolstoy (Bantam, 95c), Joel Carmichael translator.

(Vucan Kuic, assistant professor of Political Science, University of Alabama, kindly assisted with the foregoing notices.)

Economics and Politics

The 20th Century Capitalist Revolution by Adolf Berle, Jr. (Harvest, $1.25) and *The Managerial Revolution* by James Burnham (Midland, $1.95) discuss the same economic and social changes. Mr. Berle is objective and analytical and little concerned with labels. Mr. Burnham is doctrinaire and, what is more embarrassing in a reprint, prophetic. Despite fundamental differences, the books often agree on trends and together are stimulating and enlightening.

The changes in social class that have accompanied economic change are discussed in *Social Class in America* by W. Lloyd Warner, Marchia Meeker and Kenneth Eells (Torchbooks, $1.60). This is a substantial pioneering work, one of the early acknowledgments that stratification exists here, and still a leading work in its field. Two new chapters are adapted from the *Review of Sociology*.

Authority and the Individual by Bertrand Russell (Beacon, $1.25) lucidly defines and discusses the pressing and delicate problems involved in maintaining the benefits of individual initiative and sustaining the social controls necessary to survival.

The Meeting of East and West: An Inquiry Concerning World Understanding by F. S. C. Northrop (Macmillan, $2.65). Though drawing too largely, perhaps, on painting to illustrate different cultures, this penetrating survey is both basic and wide ranging; proposes a method for reconciling East and West.

The Killing of the Peace by Alan Cranston (Compass, $1.45). Recounts the maneuvers of the reservationists and opponents of the League of Nations in 1919 and 1920 as the willful disregard of sound majority opinion.

American Foreign Policy: A Documentary History, Robert A. Divine, editor (Meridian, $1.45; cloth, $4). A new arrangement of published documents touching eleven selected problems, 1775-1959, with editorial links.

Literature

Editor to Author: Letters of Maxwell E. Perkins, John H. Wheelock, editor (Universal, $1.45). The selection exhibits Scribner's perceptive late chief editor dealing with Hemingway, Wolfe, a variety of others.

Harvest Poems: 1910-1960 by Carl Sandburg, introduction by Mark Van Doren (Harvest, $1.35). Thirteen newly collected poems and a hundred others represent Sandburg's full range, support one another and gain as a group.

New Bearings in English Poetry by F. R. Leavis (Ann Arbor, $1.85). An influential argument from 1932 of the necessity for a poet to engage the world equipped, like Hopkins, Eliot or Pound, with technical originality and a "rare adequacy of mind, sensibility and spirit."

Voyages to the Moon by Marjorie H. Nicolson (Macmillan, $1.75). Entertaining excursion with cosmic travelers, chiefly of the seventeenth century. Illustrated.

Penguin Book of English Folk Songs, R. Vaughan Williams and A. L. Lloyd, editors (Penguin, 95c). Seventy texts with melodies, extremely well edited and chosen for singing.

Civil Disobedience, in which Thoreau as "a majority of one" set up a pattern for passive resistance en masse, is added to an attractive new printing of *Walden*, Sherman Paul, editor (Riverside Editions, 75c).

The Golden Bough by Sir James G. Frazer (Macmillan, $2.50). Frazer's abridgment of his twelve volumes, magnificent, far-ranging, absorbing.

Age of Surrealism by Wallace Fowlie (Midland, $1.50). A history, analysis, perhaps too nearly an apology for surrealism. Lautréamont and Rimbaud to Picasso.

Summer Miscellany

BIOGRAPHY: *Quite Early One Morning* by Dylan Thomas (New Directions, $1.45). An exhibition, in narrative, talk and essay, of decisive bits from Thomas' life and his tastes; witty, brilliantly contrived. *I Knock at the Door* and *Pictures in the Hallway* by Sean O'Casey (Macmillan, $1.45, $1.65). O'Casey's youth, not in consecutive narrative but a dramatist's assured, absorbing evocation of origins and attitudes. *James Joyce: A Critical Introduction* by Harry Levin (New Directions, $1.45). The excellent, compact 1941 volume with a helpful

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essay on the spate of later studies. *The Mirror of the Sea* and *A Personal Record* by Joseph Conrad (Anchor, 1 vol., $1.25). Autobiographical sketches and memoirs, one of Morton D. Zabel's excellent editions. *A Reader's Guide to Joseph Conrad* by Frederick R. Karl (Noonday, $1.75; cloth, $5). *Beethoven: Letters, Journals and Conversations,* Michael Hamburger, editor (Anchor, $1.45). The proud, generous, courageous genius in a well arranged, moving selection. *Home at Grasmere,* Collete Clark, editor (Penguin, $1.25). The sisterly *Journal* of Dorothy Wordsworth and poems by William excerpted and linked; pleasant and illuminating. *Heloise and Abelard* by Etienne Gilson (Ann Arbor, $1.75). Emphasizes the philosophic and cultural significance of the pair and their relationships. *The Life of Charlemagne* by Einhard (Ann Arbor, $1.25). A contemporary of Charlemagne revives the manner of Suetonius.

FICTION: *Jacob's Room* and *The Waves* by Virginia Woolf (Harvest, 1 vol., $2.25). *Caleb Williams* by William Godwin (Rinehart, $1.25). *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* by Mark Twain (Hill and Wang, $1.45). *The Crock of Gold* by James Stephens (Macmillan, $1.35). *The Magician of Lublin* by Isaac B. Singer (Noonday, $1.65; cloth, $3.50). *Heaven's My Destination* by Thornton Wilder (Anchor, 95c). *The Magnificent Ambersons* by Booth Tarkington (Avon, 50c). *Anthony Adverse* by Hervey Allen (Bantam, 95c). *The Neon Wilderness* by Nelson Algren (Hill and Wang, $1.45). *The Ugly American* by William J. Lederer and Eugene Burdick (Crest, 50c). See also Doubleday's new Dolphin series.

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THEATRE

Robert Hatch

Shakespeare

OVER the past several summers, the American Shakespeare Festival at Stratford, Conn., has developed a distinct style for presenting the great repertory. Taste is so creamy at Stratford as to be almost edible; it is a designer's theatre.

This emphasis on a confectionery vision stems no doubt from the current scholarly position that the Elizabethan stage, far from being bare space cloaked only in passionate imagination, was a sumptuous tabernacle hung with rare stuffs, peopled with fabulous throngs and capable of marvels. Even so, I think it an error today to set Shakespeare's plays as though they were jewels. Ours is a rich and materialistic culture, but true flamboyance does not come naturally to us. If Shakespeare flung gold and ermine over his players, doubtless his players had exuberance enough to carry the elegance; ours simply do not. When in *The Tempest* Alonso's followers appear in suits and trappings out of a conquistador fairy tale, they may delight the eye, but they are also reduced to manikins. Every extra, every halberd bearer, would have to glow with Hotspur's panache to prevent a scene so dressed from becoming a waxworks. We don't have the resources for such riotous expenditure of energy, and it is a question whether we would profit from the effect if we could stage it. Wealth and busyness do not uplift us — we have too much of both.

And furthermore, the spectacles that Stratford has encouraged its designers to stage are less elegant than showy. They would appeal most powerfully, perhaps, to an audience that had dined at Longchamps and driven to the theatre in a Thunderbird. Surely there is something wrong with a scheme for *Twelfth Night* that urges the critics to refer coyly to *H.M.S. Pinafore.* And surely it is a sad waste, in *The Tempest*, to have Prospero conjure up a three-part, stage-crowding tableau for the delight of the betrothed lovers, only to produce a conversation piece that could be duplicated from the gimcrack shelves of any Mexican import shop. I know the idea is to be amusing, but the effect is to be cute; I suspect that the designers have been encouraged to look on Shakespeare as an excuse for their fertile whimsicality.

Against such background, the plays themselves seem smooth but uncommitted. Insofar as one remembers them, it is in terms of individual performances rather than organized productions. Thus, Katharine Hepburn's Viola in *Twelfth Night* is surprisingly convincing. Miss Hepburn's innate gawkiness serves her well in the masquerade, and this year she has considerably curbed the suburban whinny that gives her stage voice its weird individuality and can turn Shakespeare's purest music into slapstick. Morris Carnovsky is an elegant, often penetrating Feste; he gives a substance I haven't seen conveyed before in impersonations of this most agile of clowns. Loring Smith and O. Z. Whitehead as Toby Belch and Andrew Aguecheek, on the other hand, are at once hectic and pedestrian. They suffer the most from the transposition of the play to what appears to be a pre-Victorian Cowes regatta. The theory that Shakespeare, being immortal, can speak against any background, breaks down soonest with his eccentrics and his bawdry. What shows as wit and high spirits in a Renaissance context becomes vulgarity and debauchery in the strait atmosphere of Jane Austen's England. Richard Waring's Malvolio is lackluster and that is the role that keys the play. *Twelfth Night* is not a work of surpassing poetry; if it does not jig and sparkle, it is mere foolishness.

IN *THE TEMPEST*, Clayton Corzatte offers an Ariel that is seldom embarrassing — no faint praise, considering the Ariels that customarily skip about our stages. And Earle Hyman's Caliban is first rate — he conveys the brute's poignant glimmerings of the soul that eludes it; that, rather than virtuoso beastliness, is what counts in the part.

But Joyce Ebert is a dim Miranda, John Ragin a sheepish Ferdinand; and, surprisingly, Carnovsky falls completely short of Prospero. He works his miracles with a stiff caution, like a vaudeville magician who is not sure his offstage accomplices will catch the cues. He chops the air with the basic manual of stage gestures and he recites at the audience as though lecturing it on the special meaning of *The Tempest* in the Shakespeare legend. All the tricks show and none of the magic takes wing.

Certainly, *The Tempest* is difficult, but if it is to be played at all, it must be done with confidence. If Shakespeare was running through his illusionist's repertory for one last time — offering, as it were, a farewell evening of star turns — then director and cast must believe that he knew how to bring it off. Timidity is disastrous and a lavish timidity —as though to help the old man through a dubious enterprise — is fatal. Productions like this of *The Tempest* are what give the impression that Stratford adores Shakespeare as a monument but does not really believe in him as a playwright.

BELIEF in Shakespeare is not just a critic's banality. You can see how well it works in Central Park these evenings, where the New York Shakespeare Festival is again offering its free performances (a largesse so bountiful as to sweeten the summer temper of the whole city). The festival's style was established in previous years by Stuart Vaughan. Its method is to present the plays with maximum clarity of line and movement, to let them run fleetly and unembellished, and to assume that the audience will be caught up in the excitement of momentous deeds and bold personalities. The Central Park productions are staged as though they had been written for this company by a master craftsman who knew precisely the interests and appetites of his audience. It is a simple theory, which is not at all to say that it is easy.

Joseph Papp, the festival's producer, also directed the first play, *King Henry V*; *Measure for Measure* and *The Taming of the Shrew* will follow at approximately three-week intervals. For the initial production, the minimal platform stage beneath the Belvedere served admirably as Shakespeare's "wooden O," and Leonard Cimino, as Chorus, swept the bannered hosts of England and France across the scene with bravura zest. Papp's *Henry V* was a tapestry of proud enterprise pricked out with spirited personality. James Ray, as Henry, was perhaps better able to convey the young king's coltish charm than his ambitious metal — it is a fault common to our present-day Hals; we seem unable to rear actors who can express command within a context of youth. And I thought that Arthur Malet's Charles VI was more waspishly funny than the text justifies. It played well enough this way, but the King of France is not meant to steal laughs from the clowns.

But the other leading figures, as from time to time they swung into focus on the merry-go-round of the action, were a varied delight. Louis Zorich, Roberts Blossom and Albert Quinton, as Bardolph, Nym and Pistol, were rogues right off the streets; John Call, as the Welsh captain, Fluellen, touched the dignity beneath the bantam; Kathleen Widdoes made a delicious Katherine and she and Jacqueline Chambord played the famous English lesson with infectious pleasure in their own foolery; Thomas Aldredge's Dauphin compelled respect as a dangerous fop. The large company of princes and men at arms was handsome and moved with a hard masculinity that gave the largely implied clash of armies an impact you felt in your own spine. The love and intelligence that went into this production became evident from such small matters as the protective tenderness that Henry and his brothers feel for that decent old man, Sir Thomas Erpingham. The scene is exceedingly brief, but Karl Williams played Sir Thomas with an antique valor that etched sharply into the effect of the evening.

I can guess the reasons, but nevertheless I regret two of Papp's cuts. The omission of the opening scene between those calculating prelates, Canterbury and Ely, blurred Shakespeare's bitter understanding of the causes of war; and the failure to record the death of Falstaff robbed the friends of that mighty barrel warrior and catch-as-catch-can philosopher of the chance to mourn his passing. Otherwise, I scarcely see how a better scheme could have been devised for bringing Agincourt to the attention of the people at large — which is what both Shakespeare and Joseph Papp understood to be the job at hand.

Harold Clurman

Brecht

Paris

DURING MY VISIT here, there were as usual several interesting plays written with that degree of sophistication which makes the French play, no matter what its real value, seem "superior" to most American and British plays. There was also (just about to close) Jean-Paul Sartre's three-and-a-half hour brain-buster, *The Prisoners of Altona* which, apart from Jean Genet's *The Blacks* (which had already closed) was the most impressive play of the year. I shall discuss some of these on a later occasion.

The great event of my latest theatrical expedition was the four productions of Bertolt Brecht's plays given at the Théâtre des Nations in its international theatre season — a splendid annual spring feature in Paris. The Brecht works were presented by his own Berlin Ensemble, which most critics today regard as the finest theatre company

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Much — too much — has already been written on Brecht's theories. In Europe, at least, they have already exercised noticeable influence and stimulated almost as much talk as the "Method" has with us. What struck me most sharply on seeing the Berlin Ensemble this time — I first saw the company and wrote about it in *The Nation* in 1957 — was the pointlessness of most of this talk in view of the actual performances.

August River

These are tiger nights, that lurk
In black heat; one long threat
Before an orange yawning. Pre-morning
Is beautiful, completely because
Of ugliness, not music barges on a green
Willow mist, snows.

It is exactly
The neon twitch, pulsing
Redness on river slag; barge wash
Black on a suck of garbage.
The moon is dead, that sees all potent tugs
Are lovely, fighting hard.

David Ross

THE didactic element, the stylization, the detachment — all these have been repeatedly emphasized almost to the exclusion of the sheer facts of the production in their effect and meaning. In this respect the earnest thinkers in the theatre are almost as misleading as the ordinary folk of show business. Both stress what is most superficially striking: the "knockout" aspects of cleverness, laughs, excitement; and, in the case of Brecht, the scenic novelty.

The first thing we recognize in the Brecht productions is their *reality*: an utterly engrossing reality. We feel we are looking directly at the core and substance of what the plays are about. We do not sense any element of staginess, arty ornament or eye-deceiving illusion. At the same time, we are not only at ease — the ordinary naturalistic production always seems a little strenuous by comparison — but thoroughly absorbed. We are at once in the theatre — with all its sense of festival and fun — and soberly in the midst of life. We do not sweat with anxiety or often split out sides with laughter; yet we are stirred by what is serious and refreshed by what is humorous.

The didactism of a Brecht play is always telling — unless one is intent on resistance — because the message seems to radiate from every element of the performance. The very props seem to tell a tale, convey some fundamental significance. Everything in these productions is so integrated that when an actor stops what might pass for an intensely dramatic scene (there is hardly any screaming and shouting except for purposes of caricature) to speak a bit of verse or to sing-recite a song, one hardly notices the break. The prose dialogue and the lyric interval are both phases of the same essence.

The Berlin Ensemble represents the truest theatre of our day in a very special sense. I do not yet know exactly in what esteem I hold the Brecht plays as literature, though as sheer writing they are superb. I am not at all sure that the company contains any great actors — a number are clearly mediocre — and I cannot say whether any other company in the same sets and costumes might not make the stage design appear dull. I do know that we perceive all as a single phenomenon. We are confronted with a living thing which is full of meaning and with immeasurably greater impact than anything I have witnessed in years. And *this* is theatre.

When one reads a play by Brecht — before or even after having seen it — one is astonished to find that for all the purity, simplicity and, with the plainness, the subtle elevation of its style, one thinks of it not so much as a complete play, but rather as a libretto for the opera of which it is a part, or as a film script in respect to the picture which is to be made of it. That is one reason why Brecht's plays may prove disappointing in productions not created by the Brecht company under the conditions which the Berlin Ensemble has been enabled to foster for itself.

THE SECRET of the total power these plays impart in the productions which the playwright or his colleagues have directed is that everything in them emanates from a sense of life, a conviction, a will, a seed-sentiment transmitted in every moment, movement, color, gesture, thought, shared by everyone concerned in the performance. Not only one consciousness, but a single breath, seems to have given it life. The productions are not so much a collective triumph as they are the body of one spirit. Brecht's word has become flesh; his ideas have taken on visible form. The productions are literally a revelation; that is why — anti-naturalistic, anti-"emotional" and (save the mark!) anti-"Method" — they are so unmistakably forceful, so wholly real, so inescapably immediate, so compelling, and for all the infinite care and craftsmanship involved in their making, so unaffected.

But what do Brecht's plays reveal? What, apart from their too easily captioned propaganda, do they express? This will be the subject of my next report.

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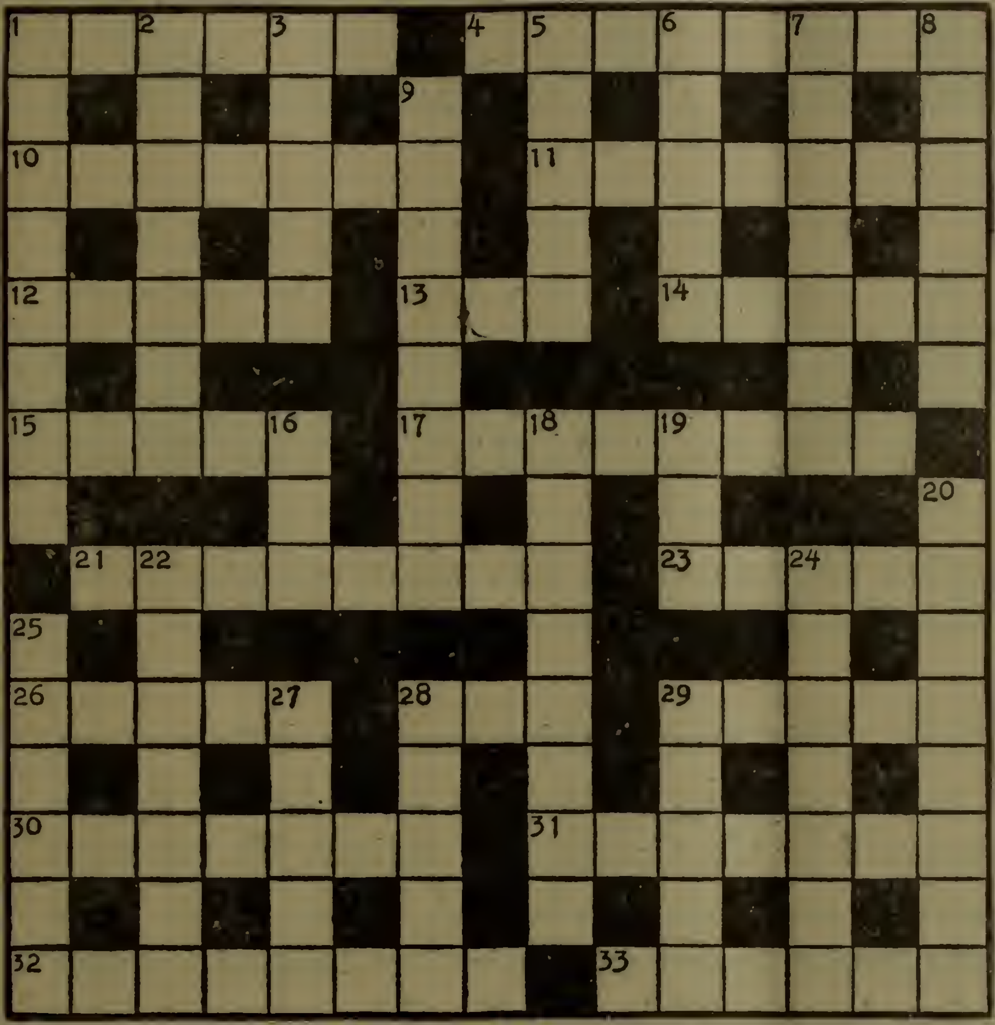
Crossword Puzzle No. 876

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Greek head of Macedonia, little associated with a famous 25. (6)
4 Accompanying her with an off-white train? (8)
10 Sioux on deadly business? (7)
11 General impression of a sailor-boy?
12 All Friday seems to call for? (5)
13 Part of a sea horse or the color of it? (3)
14 Certainly not the end of 1 across.
15 Listeners go to such extremes, as their "Hello!" best shows. (5)
17 Eleven's boss darts back inside for a policeman right out of the book.
21 The part that no one takes in eleven? (4, 4)
23 This sort of language from Truthful James. (5)
26 No reconditioning without it, as one says. (2, 3)
28 One with the sound of 23 is not necessarily dark. (3)
29 Feature a dish like this! (5)
31 Where to look for a person, or alternatively, begin to be extant. (2, 5)
32 Shamrocks never won the highest prize for it. (8)
33 What an announcer does with a half-a-hundred of them? (6)

DOWN:

1 Various aspects of the opposite number of a womon, if young. (8)
2 Might be found in the ranks, though a woman might be grateful to have you call her one. (7)
3 No agreements in the corners, perhaps. (5)
5 What angels alone do to such liberty, according to Lovelace. (5)
6 The leader might sound like forty in Rome. (5)
7 Many pay a premium price to be.
9 Is a ringer a fit companion for Ferdinand? (8)
16 and 19 Rested before punishment taken by the head man? (6)
18 and 30 Figures to be a protecting influence, evidently. (6, 2, 7)
20 Makes 14 generals, peculiarly enough. (8)
22 Regularly found in a particular place. (7)
24 Its main alternative might be one of belief. (7)
25 and 8 Christian-seeking naval search party? (He looks for more temporal reward!) (6, 6)
27 Discuss terms. (5)
28 Evidently the wool he wanted was yellow. (5)
29 Lodge communicant? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 875

ACROSS: 1 Troubadour; 10 Enthral; 11 Cargoes; 12 Provost Marshal; 14 Sheepish; 15 Zircon; 16 Export; 18 Long hair; 22 Dead to the world; 24 Artisan; 25 Derange; 26 Kidd; 27 Harassment. DOWN: 1. Trespasses; 2 Outcome; 3 Bird of Paradise; 4 Dilates; 5 Uncial; 7 Prosaic; 8 Rusk; 9 Crossing swords; 13 Ingredient; 17 Pleated; 19 Ophidia; 20 Arrange; 21 Cornea; 23 and 6 Larkspur.

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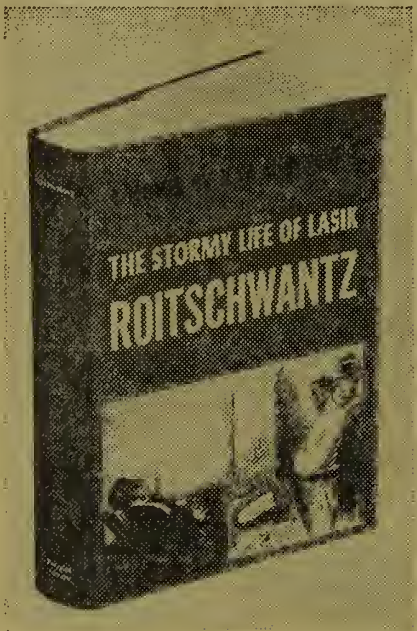
A NOVEL BY ILYA EHRENBURG

which has been *suppressed* by Soviet censorship . . .



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NIXON TAKES OVER

IS THIS THEIR BEST?

Robert G. Spivack

THE ROCKEFELLER GAMBIT

James Desmond

GOP ON TV

David Cort

★★★★★★★★★★★★★

WIFE OF THE 'HAPPY WORKER'

Patricia Cayo Sexton

LETTERS

Reflections on L.A.

Dear Sirs: The Democratic Party in recent years has demonstrated repeatedly its decline as an instrument for liberal ideas and action, even while its success at the polls has increased. . . . It was discouraging to have seen some of the so-called leaders of the liberal forces in the country, such as Schlesinger, Rauh, Reuther, etc., being taken in by a candidate whose equivocal record (especially on the McCarthy issue), lack of new ideas, and questionable campaign tactics should at least have made them somewhat more wary.

It is possible, of course, to argue that Senator Kennedy's ideas have changed in recent years (the closer he got to the convention, the more liberal he became), but then the Republicans are saying the same thing about their boy Nixon.

Theodore Kinnaman

Galena, Ill.

'Debrainwashing'

Dear Sirs: The article by Carleton Beals "Cuba: Victim or Aggressor?" in your July 23 issue was very convincing. If his premise and facts are correct (and I have no reason to doubt them), he has done a great service to me personnally by beginning the process of "debrainwashing" one who has been following the Cuban situation in all the leading newspapers, periodicals and television accounts for several months.

Means should be found to enlighten the public as to what is actually going on in Cuba and what is behind the United States and USSR diplomatic moves. Keep us informed lest we fall into the errors of the past in our future dealing with our neighbors to the south of us.

L. E. Roberts, President
Middle Georgia College

Cochran, Ga.

The 'Spontaneity' Theory

Dear Sirs: Gratitude to *The Nation* cannot be overstated for such brilliant essays as "The Balance of Blame" by C. Wright Mills (June 18) and the wonderfully illuminating reports by Carleton Beals from Cuba (July 3). Neither can it escape criticism, I feel, for the publication of such subjective outpourings on current history as "The Students Take Over" by Kenneth Rexroth (July 2), puzzling in its false protestations, contradictory and self-defeating in defense of its thesis, and all too frequently damaging in its distortion of facts.

I would not dream of denying Mr. Rexroth's right to defend, as his very poetic own, his theory of the spontaneity of history. His insistence that the events he describes were spontaneous, five times by count, may well be discounted as "style," but did he hope to discourage challenge by finally saying they were "unquestioningly spontaneous"? . . .

Mr. Rexroth reports the heroic saga of Bayard Rustin who, he tells us, shortly after the last war boarded a bus in Chicago, headed south, defied the Jim Crow restrictions, was prosecuted and persecuted, beaten brutally, hospitalized and jailed, fought back in court and aroused millions by his courageous fight. So spectacular was his crusade that, in Mr. Rexroth's own words, "The Southern Negro *had been shown* [my emphasis] the only technique that had any possibility of winning." In the very next paragraph, with hail-blithe-spirit disregard for what he had previously written, he informs us that a short time later ". . . after things simmered down a little . . . spontaneously, out of nowhere, the Montgomery bus boycott materialized." . . . If the Montgomery bus boycott was spontaneous, why mention that Bayard Rustin's action preceded it?

Mr. Rexroth then proceeds to characterize the sit-ins among the Negro students as spontaneous, and again seems indifferent to the fact that but a few paragraphs before he had stated, ". . . the Montgomery achievement has become a source from which had flowed the moral awakening, first, of Negro, and following them, of white youth." Even in metaphor the movement behind the "spontaneity" cannot be concealed.

Most disturbing — so much so that temptation to seek motivation other than poetic impulse is almost irresistible — is the following cloudy concept: ". . . the response [to the sit-ins] on the campuses of the white colleges was immediate." (Even if true, how fast is "immediate"? And how does one equate the length of time elapsed between action and reaction with "spontaneity," whether in electronics, politics or morality?) Astonishingly, he continues: "There *had always been interracial committees* around [my emphasis again] but they were limited to a handful of eccentrics. These increased tremendously and involved large numbers of quite normal students."

In this puzzling formulation Mr. Rexroth is open to two possible interpretations: if his characterization of that "handful of eccentrics" was intended as an irony, he certainly does little to bolster his theory of spontaneity; but if he is actually contemptuous of those young men and women, Negro and white, who persevered valiantly through hard-pressed years; if he really looks upon them as eccentrics — "premature

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VOLUME 191, No. 4

THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

Welfare-Warfare Politics

After Chicago it is possible to see that while the 1960 campaign will not be fought on issues, the outcome may well determine an important one: Which of the two parties is to serve as the favored instrument or vehicle of the new welfare-warfare liberalism of the 1960s? In the past, it has been a commonplace that the differences between the two parties were never as great as they were made to appear; all the same there *were* differences — in history, in principle, in practice — as a juxtaposition of the names McKinley and Bryan, Taft and Wilson, Hoover and Roosevelt suggests. Differences over local and sectional issues were often sharp, and were frequently influential in shaping national policies. But under the tight controls which Kennedy and Nixon will impose, both parties will become increasingly national, with national machines superseding the local and state apparatuses. At the same time, issues which were once regarded as essentially local or sectional have become national — for example, civil rights. Nationally, the balance of power has shifted in favor of the large states to the degree that both parties must now take a strong position on this issue. And this change, in turn, has disrupted the bipartisan coalition of right-wing elements which has been the dominant force in Congress for two decades.

In both Los Angeles and Chicago, the right wings were impotent and miserable. Never again will Dixiecrats terrorize moderate and liberal Democrats; never again will isolationist, anti-labor elements compel Republican nominees to talk nonsense. "It looks to me," Senator Barry Goldwater said to a caucus in Chicago, "as if this is the end of the Republican Party as we know it," meaning as he would like it to be. And so it is. If the respective right wings were to revolt and form a new party, they would have less influence, combined, than they can now exert (thanks to seniority) in Congress. But even their influence in Congress is waning.

All of this has made it possible for "liberal" elements to rise to power in both parties. But we will not long need two parties to sell essentially the same product. It will not do for the Republicans to accept the same objectives as the Democrats while merely stressing differences in method and emphasis. Eventually one party or the other will emerge as the chosen instrument for the new liberalism and this year's election will shape, if it does not determine, which party it will be.

What is this new liberalism, so-called? Its elements include a strong emphasis on growth economics and civil rights (civil liberties are ignored), a "strong" line in foreign policy, the expansion of social services, welfare and development programs and, above all, stepped-up arms spending. On the surface, growth is stressed as a means of keeping up with or getting ahead of the Russians; off the record, as the indispensable offset to automation. Growth economists do not stress national economic planning or structural reforms in the economy, and they blur the distinction between arms spending and other types of spending. This new welfare-warfare liberalism — it is called "liberalism" because it is sponsored by the younger, rising elements in both parties — is dressed up with the usual ritualistic phrases: "rigorous enforcement of anti-trust laws," "save the family-size farm," "aid to small business," etc.; but no one takes these slogans seriously. Sooner or later, new forces, arising in one party or the other or outside both, will present an alternative program; but until this happens the two major parties will fight to see which is to implement a program that both have now accepted.

Up the U.N.!

In international politics, disaster may always supervene in the midtide of seeming success, so it is per-

To *Nation* Readers

***The Nation* is on its alternate week summer schedule. The next issue will be dated August 20.**

haps too early to be optimistic in a situation as desperately tangled as that of the Congo. But it can be said that so far the problems have been handled in a manner that must cause friends of global law, order and justice to rejoice, and elicit grudging admiration even from our latter-day cavemen. The fact is that the United Nations — and specifically its Secretary General — has brought off the most brilliant coup of international diplomacy since World War I. If events can only be kept moving in this direction, the nations will get into the pattern of looking to the U.N. to cope with future trouble, and those that are hostile or backward will lose whatever influence has been theirs in the past.

What a sharp contrast between Secretary General Hammarskjold's maneuvers and the brute-force diplomacy of the Soviet Union and the United States! He had Ralph Bunche, a Negro, in Leopoldville when the lid blew off. He moved Swedish Major General Carl Carlsson von Horn, U.N. Truce Enforcement Chief along the Arab-Israeli borders, to the Congo to command the U.N. force which was being flown from Ghana, Guinea, Morocco, Tunisia and Ethiopia; from Sweden, Ireland, Liberia and the Mali Federation. By first enlisting the cooperation of the Afro-Asian bloc and recommending that the U.N. force should be drawn primarily from "sister African nations," he balked any possible effort on the part of the Soviet Union and the United States to transfer their hostilities to the terrain of the Congo. Instead, they were relegated almost painlessly to the constructive role of flying in U.N. troops, food, supplies and medical aid. The British and other nations contributed to the air lift, and the Soviet Union voted for the first time in favor of a U.N. military force and found itself ferrying Ghanian troops from Accra to the Congo.

Not very long ago, a crisis like that in the Congo would have called for intervention by the great powers to restore order, partition the country into spheres of influence, and then fall out among themselves with far greater detriment to the peace than the original situation had ever threatened. U.N. intervention has not only obviated this traditional outcome, but it gives the Belgians and the Congolese, the former exploiters and the former victims, a chance to work out a civilized and civilizing relationship based on mutual need and mutual respect. This will take some doing, but it is not impossible. The chief remaining obstacle is the party of Moise Tshombe, the Belgian Quisling in Katanga, who is reported to have declared (at a cocktail party) that the "African elite" would join the Belgians if the latter left. It is perhaps too much to hope that the "African elite," the Union Minière du Haut Katanga, the Société Générale de Belgique and their British and American colleagues and stockholders (including the Rockefeller family) will see the light without some further persuasion, but the dark continent is not as dark as it used to be.

Even though only a beginning has been made, that beginning shows that people want peace — a peace of action and heroism, not merely the absence of war. All honor to the soldiers of the United Nations! The United States Air Force, in its contribution, has won glory that it could never achieve in a thousand spy flights or a thousand Hiroshimas. "Among all that is so sad and so mean and so sour in world politics," Walter Lippmann wrote, "it is heartening to think that something so good and so pure in its purpose is possible." Men of good will everywhere will take heart.

Senator Kefauver

The Nation has a suggestion to offer for the guidance of Tennessee voters in the state's August 4 primary. Let them make an inventory of the interests actively arrayed against Senator Estes Kefauver—racial bigots, super-patriots, big-time crooks and corrupt politicians still angry about the Senator's crime investigations, professional instigators of "right-to-work" campaigns, interests incensed by his investigations of pricing policies in the drug, auto and steel industries, enemies of TVA, and other political miscreants. Then let them ask themselves this question: with such a collection of splendid enemies arrayed against him, doesn't the Senator warrant another term in the Senate? Isn't this collection of enemies the best evidence of the fact that he has served the interests of the people of Tennessee well for the twelve years he has been in the Senate? We are not among his constituents, but we wish we were. He is the Senate's ablest investigator. In defense of the general interest — that is, of all those interests not represented by special lobbies — he has been diligent, inventive, intelligent, reliable and, above all, courageous. It is one thing for a Senator from New York to be against lynchings in Mississippi; it is something else again when a Senator from Tennessee votes for civil-rights legislation. In terms of public service, Senator Kefauver has earned the support and assistance of all his constituents, and of the citizens of the other forty-nine states as well.

Euphoria Polaris

Among the newsmen who were privileged to witness it, neither strong drink nor love of woman nor the best football game ever played could elicit such ecstasies of prose as the first public undersea launching of the Navy's solid-fuel missile, blessed Polaris. "Suddenly," one of the scriveners wrote, "the blue-green Gulf Stream erupted with convulsive fury. Like a giant marlin in a cascade of brine, a gray, bottle-shaped monster leaped into the afternoon. For an instant it hung against the sky — silent, ominous, streaming foam. Then it came alive with unearthly racket. Its tail belched flame, and it climbed into its new element with incredible ease." It must have been quite a spectacle.

With somewhat less assurance, the citizen-taxpayer and possible victim of the Soviet Polaris (for there is or will be one) will note the words of Rear Admiral William Raborn, Jr., boss of the American Polaris project. Admiral Raborn (or his public relations officer) declared: "This new star of peace hoisted a trail of missile smoke from salt water to space as a signal of a bright new addition to seapower, a new strategic use of the world's oceans which will be felt around the world and across the iron and bamboo curtains." What will be felt is already in the news. The cold war is waged not only in the air, where all one can say about the downing of the RB-47 is that, in all probability, both sides are lying. The cold war is also waged at sea: an American freighter is stopped by an armed Soviet patrol vessel in international waters of the Pacific, the Soviet Union complains of American aircraft's "buzzing" Soviet vessels (likewise in international waters), U.S. aircraft are reported to have sunk an unidentified ship off the Batanes Islands in the northern Philippines, the United States counter-complains that a Soviet trawler laden with electronic equipment spied on the missile-firing submarine *George Washington*. And in the laboratories, some of the hottest research items at the moment are in ASW (anti-submarine warfare). Enthusiasts may speak of Polaris as "the ideal deterrent: an all but invulnerable striking force capable of surviving a sneak attack — a mobile, dispersible, devastating guarantee of destruction to any enemy tempted to touch off an all-out assault," but how long do they think only American nuclear submarines will traverse the seas? Admiral Rickover may be right when he suggests that the best weapon against a submarine is another submarine. All that the weapon innovators can do is extend the realm of nuclear warfare into yet another element and to multiply the problems of jurisdiction and trespassing another hundredfold. If this is a "new star of peace," black is white.

Cutting Off the Nose

When great nations come into conflict, great follies normally take place, but the follies can be even greater when a great power feels impelled to crack down on a small one. Witness the wicked gamin Castro and the puissant hemispheric policeman Uncle Sam, with his awesome array of bombs and bombers, missiles launched from land, sea and air, and the Voice of America explaining it all. What the goaded giant finally did was to cut the Cuban sugar quota by 700,000 tons. Many sober citizens had their doubts about this mode of reprisal; they included Chairman Harold D. Cooley of the House Agricultural Committee, who resisted the move as long as he could. But the issue had been permitted to shape up in this form: a continuation of the liberal policy on Cuban sugar will aid Castro, who is a Communist fellow traveler, ergo it will aid communism, ergo Congress must act. The Administration, smarting under a series of defeats culminating in the lugubrious Tokyo affair, was even more eager for action. So Hagerty (this is an assumption, but Jim seems to have a hand in everything) and the State Department cracked down.

With what result? Castro lost the American subsidy (actually a subsidy to the American producer) for the time being. Obviously he had expected to lose it; to counterbalance the reprisal he had long invited, he now had a suitable pretext for seizing American-owned sugar mills and other property. He promptly made deals with the Soviet Union and Red China which took care of his immediate problem — to keep Cuban sugar exports (and employment of Cuban sugar workers) at normal level. This expedient, while uneconomic in terms of transportation costs, was by no means a novelty (as Carleton Beals pointed out in our issue of July 23). In 1954, the Batista regime sold 500,000 tons to the Soviet Union and such sales have been going on since under both Batista and Castro. Nor was this the first sale to Communist China. In short, Castro had himself covered pretty well.

Not so Uncle Sam. The *Journal of Commerce* (July 25) entitles its editorial on the subject, "Asleep at the Switch." The *Journal* takes the view that the cutback in the Cuban quota was justified by Castro's provocations, but it adds, "Seldom . . . has any U.S. administration demonstrated a greater incapacity to cope with a relatively simple situation than that which this Administration created when it slashed the Cuban sugar quota. To punish Castro was one thing. To attempt to punish him without first having taken the most elemental steps to cope with the effects . . . on our own markets is quite another."

These effects are described in the *Journal* at length by A. E. Mockler and they add up to an example of really outstanding administrative incompetence. The price of refined sugar is advancing to the highest levels in some forty years (after assurances that there would be no increase). This advance, moreover, is a "quickie," without the usual interval during which buyers build up their inventories at the old price. "Hence," says Mr. Mockler, "the latest advance will be reflected at the consumer level more quickly." And this in an election year!

Next year, when General Eisenhower hopes Mr.

Nixon will be President, the squeeze will really be on — not on Cuba, but on us.

But what about the punishment of the Communists and the undermining of their foothold in the Western Hemisphere? We have acted, in effect, like the stern father who, objecting to his daughter's suitor, evicted her from his house and sent her to live with her lover. The Cubans announce arrangements to buy Soviet, Czech, Polish and East German factories on Soviet credit; Cuban refineries work with Soviet oil; brother Raul visits Moscow; Cuba will probably recognize Communist China, and so on. And the world must be confirmed in its poor opinion of American political sagacity, at least as exhibited by Eisenhower and his advisers.

NIXON TAKES OVER

I. Is This Their Best? . . *by Robert G. Spivack*

To cover the Chicago convention, The Nation *assigned Robert G. Spivack, political columnist and Washington correspondent for the liberal New York* Post, *and James Desmond, Albany correspondent for the N.Y.* Daily News, *who has long been following sympathetically the career of Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller. Meanwhile David Cort, former* Time-Life *editor, watched proceedings on TV.*—Editors.

Chicago

ABOUT ALL that can be said for either the Republicans or the Democrats is that the delegates to their national conventions must have implicit faith in the ability of this nation to muddle through any internal crisis and to survive any external threat.

Certainly the politicians, if not the people, seem unimpressed by warnings that these are moments of great urgency and that this is a "time for greatness." How else explain the decisions, in a period of such upheaval and change, to choose as candidates for President the second-best man in each party?

The Democrats, dominated by their Northern bosses and Southern Bourbons, adopted a liberal-sounding platform and then proceeded to choose as standard-bearers two men who basically are right-of-center. The Republicans, anxious to hide the fact that their hearts really belong to Barry Goldwater, edged almost imperceptibly to the Left.

When all is said and done, Richard M. Nixon came out looking a good deal better than when he went in. With the unintentional assistance of Nelson Rockefeller, he emerged with a new "liberal look." On the other hand, Sen. John F. Kennedy came out looking much worse for wear. The wheeling and dealing, the ruthlessness with which delegates were lined up, and the cynicism which passes for realism, tarnished the "earnest" image of the young man from Massachusetts — but probably not beyond repair. Now that the hoopla is over, the rest of us can settle down for the battle of the automatons. If the public fails to be impressed with either party, or either man, the explanation may simply be that it is difficult to become passionate in a contest between two IBM machines. All we can hope is that the best machine will win.

It is possible, of course, that both candidates may yet surprise us. The campaign may bring out depth of character, knowledge, warmth and wisdom that now seem so well hidden that their very existence is in doubt. The Kennedy partisans are fond of recalling that Franklin D. Roosevelt did not look very promising when he was Governor of New York. That's not much of a guarantee that Kennedy may yet become another FDR. It is to be hoped that he has all of Roosevelt's qualities, and not merely a capacity for duplicity.

So far as Nixon is concerned, Thomas E. Dewey seems to be his real hero. He does a fair job of imitating the former New York Governor, even down to fashioning his suits with a peculiar Dewey shoulder slouch.

After covering five Presidential campaigns, I am willing to concede that a certain amount of deception is necessary to win elections and even nominations. Kennedy pulled off quite a bluff when he managed to make his opponents believe that victory against Humphrey and Morse in four primaries, out of fifty states, constituted a genuine popular call for his brand of leadership.

What is disturbing about Kennedy and Nixon is that their apologists feel that they must constantly remind us how much growth potential each man has. Was the White House ever intended to be a national laboratory, a test center, where promising young men could try out? Even the frenzied assurances of Joseph Alsop about how the Democrats have chosen their two biggest men, does not eliminate all doubt. Dewey's assertion that Nixon is "uniquely qualified to lead us in the troubled years ahead" impels one to ask: "Lead us where?" What has been demonstrated at Los Angeles and Chicago, perhaps all that has been demonstrated, is that both men have the will to win, that they are competent political organizers and that neither suffers any shortage of campaign funds.

Jim Farley said, in a moment of introspection, that he felt he was attending a "troubled convention." Jack Javits and others in Chicago seemed to feel the same way. Certainly the public apathy towards both conventions, at least as demonstrated by television ratings, would seem to indicate there is an uneasiness about both Nixon and Kennedy.

What is it? Basically, I would think, it is a feeling of distrust, that neither man consistently matches words and deeds.

LET'S LOOK at Kennedy first. After sixteen years in Congress, the author of *Profiles in Courage* has yet to get out front on any big issue. Indeed, many people still await a convincing explanation of his failure to oppose the late Sen. McCarthy, even after Lyndon Johnson found it safe to do so. Instead of all the tortured explanations, Kennedy might simply have said that it would have been political suicide in Massachusetts to condemn the wild man from Wisconsin. Such an explanation would have been understood and accepted.

The Kennedy-McCarthy issue may be dismissed as ancient history, but the same cannot be said of the meeting early this year with Gov. Patterson of Alabama. Again the lack of candor is what trips up Kennedy. He might have said forthrightly that he needed Southern support to win, that he did not know what a bitter segregationist Patterson was, or even have admitted that he had made a mistake. That's not such an awful admission for a man in public life, at least for one who is sure of himself. Instead, the Kennedy camp talked blithely of how he was really writing off the South. This was the approach used by his aides to many liberals. In his own meeting with the Liberal Party leaders in New York, Kennedy did nothing to dispel the notion. Again, when he was trying to line up New England intellectuals and leaders of Americans for Democratic Action, Kennedy left the distinct — but apparently erroneous — impression that to him, "LBJ" was political anathema.

Now we are told getting Johnson on the ticket was all part of a clever plot to get him out of the Senate leadership. But this is only one of a half-dozen versions of how Johnson happened to become Kennedy's running mate. What interests me, even more than the accuracy of any version, is how Kennedy squared putting Johnson on the ticket one day after he (Kennedy) struck one of the foulest blows of the 1960 campaign. Johnson's assertion that "I never was for Hitler," was an attempt to destroy Kennedy in New York by bringing Father Joe's skeleton out of the closet. Kennedy pretended it never happened; at least he sought no public retraction.

Another revealing aspect of the Kennedy campaign has been his belated wooing of the "clean government" Democrats in New York. When he sought delegates, he did nothing to encourage the hard-put Democratic reform movement. Ironically, this is one aspect of FDR's early career his researchers must have overlooked; FDR fought Tammany from the beginning. But now Kennedy is trying to win his way back into the good graces of the Lehmans, Roosevelts and Finletters. Yet the moment Democratic State Chairman Michael Prendergast reminded Kennedy how 104½ machine votes were cast in his behalf — it "was no accident," Prendergast said — Kennedy promptly referred to Prendergast as "the leader" in New York.

ONE FINAL point about the Kennedy-Johnson ticket. Although the portrait of a cynical young man in a hurry is not very engaging, certainly Kennedy is entitled to further surveillance before any final judgments are made. He may grow. The fact is he has grown tremendously in ability to handle himself in the last year. But what about Johnson? His presence on the ticket is a cause for genuine liberal concern. It is not merely that he is there to reassure the South on civil rights. That's a secondary and fading interest of the conservative Dixie politicians. The Russells, Byrds and their allies consider their primary duty is to protect the oil, gas, banking, munitions and other predatory corporate interests which are always seeking special favors from the Congress.

Is Johnson meant to become the first Vice President in history with the power of the veto? Many people, including portions of the Wall Street press, think his assignment is to obstruct social reform and to keep a tight rein on the Northern "radicals" (who exist only in the fantasies of conservative anti-Kennedyites).

TURNING to Nixon, the story in a way is familiar—it's "tricky Dicky" brought up to date. By this time, it would seem, there is nothing more that could be written about the wily Vice President. After the $18,000 "private fund" story it seemed he was dead; after the "Checkers" speech, he was very much alive. In 1954, he traveled the well-worn low road of "white-collar McCarthyism." By 1956, he was moving towards the "high road," except for a slip now and then. Within two years, we began to read of the "New Nixon."

There were essays in the British press and elsewhere about how he had grown in stature. He was even supposed to have acquired a taste for things cultural. But by 1960, he aligns himself with the "Left Republican" views of Rockefeller, even favoring the "objectives" of the Negro sit-ins. His old friends, the Goldwaters, Dirksens and Bridges', are aghast. Goldwater speaks of a "Republican Munich" in describing the "compact of Fifth Ave." Leonard Hall, supposedly Nixon's campaign manager, did not even know Nixon had gone to see Rockefeller until one of Hall's spies in the Rockefeller organization phoned to tell him.

As always with Nixon, the most fascinating part of his campaign will be his tactics. No one is likely at this late stage to mistake Nixon for a man of conviction. But as tactician he has no peer. The key word will be "humility." The more the Kennedys sail around Nantucket Sound, or try to hide Old Joe, the more Nixon will be pictured as the hard-working people's candidate in short sleeves, reminding everyone, "I am not a rich man's son." He will be the modern "barefoot boy of Wall Street," with the biggest corporate kitty in modern politics. Even though his ideological friends, such as Goldwater, may feel betrayed, Wall Street will feel Nixon is a bit safer than a Democratic ticket supported by Walter Reuther. On the other hand, if neither big business nor organized labor feels completely certain about either candidate — that, too, will be understandable.

The biggest factor working for Nixon — and also against him — is the so-called "Catholic issue." It is the really unknown quantity in the campaign. The Nixonites, however, are operating on the assumption that all Catholics will vote for Kennedy. Their efforts will be to get two Protestants to the polls for every Catholic. This could lead to one of the bitterest campaigns in recent American history. During the GOP convention, there was a young man running back and forth in the Sheraton-Blackstone lobby yelling "crucifixion for Nixon," and the Republican answers were no loftier. That's the sort of campaign we are facing.

Only the reporters retained their sense of humor and detachment. The press offered the Democrats as a slogan, "Ave Maria, you-all."

As the campaign shapes up there may be many voters who will wonder if this nation does not deserve more of its politicians. Perhaps now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of a third party. Since we are gambling with the future of the country in any case, I wonder what would happen if someone took the time and money to promote a Stevenson-Rockefeller ticket? They could run on the readily available advertising slogan, "Why take less than the best?"

II. The Rockefeller Gambit . .

by James Desmond

Chicago

PERHAPS THE MOST meaningful development of the Republican Presidential convention was the emergence of Nelson A. Rockefeller as a full-fledged national leader with the power to make his voice heard in the councils of the nation. In resigning his hopeless Presidential ambitions — hopeless because the party pros were against him almost to a man — the New York Governor added to his stature by getting the civil-rights platform he wanted and by shifting the entire Republican Party to a more liberal position designed to attract independent voters in November.

The independent voters may not buy the new GOP — it is dangerous to forecast in July what the American people will do in November — but whether Vice President Nixon wins or loses the election, Rockefeller has made his point. He has undercut the conservatives who were Nixon's original and most vociferous backers, and he has identified himself in the public mind as the leader of the international Eastern wing of the party. That he has also put himself in position to make a grab for party control if the Nixon ticket is beaten may be coincidental, but it is nevertheless a hard fact, whether intended or not. And, although he outraged many delegates by his maneuvering on the platform, he also had acumen enough to yield a phrase here and there in the writing to avoid a floor fight. This gave him a claim to party regularity that may be an important factor in his political future. He can buttress this claim if, by vigorous campaigning, he can save the New York State Senate from the Democrats in the fall even though the Nixon ticket should go down.

This, of course, is not to say that this was a Rockefeller convention. He was caught in a power play and at no time did he have any chance of upsetting the nomination of Nixon. But circumstances worked in his favor. The delegates, many of whom left Chicago in a deeply pessimistic mood, knew from the outset that New York was vital to their chances in November. Even those who wanted no part of Rockefeller realized that they needed him to avoid a split that would have doomed both the national and local tickets. So they submitted to the relatively liberal platform, although in their true Republican hearts many found it too close to New Dealism to subscribe to it, much less like it.

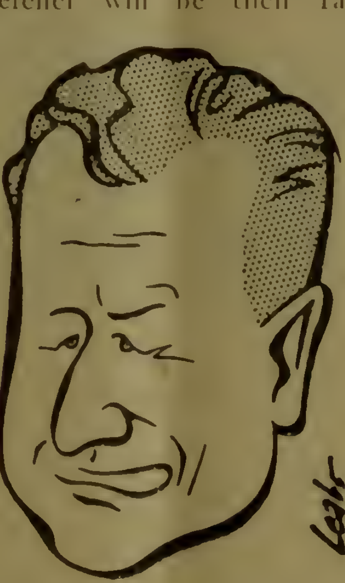
THIS agreement was not a "surrender," as Senator Barry Goldwater termed it. It was a cold-blooded, realistic acceptance of a political fact of life in 1960 and Nixon took a calculated risk boldly. What convinced him, between one and three o'clock on the afternoon of the Friday before the convention opened, that the risk was necessary is still an unanswered question. But, from Nixon's background, it is safe to assume it wasn't panic. When the full story comes out, it will probably be found that the decision was made outside the political community.

Whatever the reason for the decision, it was the saving factor of this convention. Morale was at its nadir when the delegates arrived because of fear that Senator Kennedy would sweep the industrial states with their large Catholic votes. But when Rockefeller and Nixon got together, and both followed through on their pledges — Rockefeller to kill the draft for him and Nixon to force through the civil-rights plank — a certain sense of unity became apparent. President Eisenhower's hard-hitting speech to the convention helped, but the practical politicians weren't accepting a warm glow as a precursor of victory. The Republican Party left this convention still badly divided. Much work remains to be done, particularly in New York, Illinois and Michigan, to name only three of the industrial states now considered to be in danger. A lot will depend on how the Republicans follow through on the platform and how vigorously Rockefeller campaigns. The Governor has shown all signs of going all-out, but there is a lingering suspicion among Nixonites that Rockefeller wouldn't be too saddened if Nixon should lose the election. The reasoning, of course, is that a Nixon loss would open the way for a full-dress drive for the nomination by Rockefeller in 1964.

Two things would appear to dispute this reasoning. First is Rockefeller's character. He prides himself on his integrity and he has a deep sense of mission to save the country from communism. And, second, it is proved political fact that in 1964 the election odds against Rockefeller, assuming he survives the 1962 state election, would be measurably increased because incumbents are two-to-one favorites to win the second time out.

YET 1964 WILL remain part of the picture during the election campaign. Rockefeller didn't win any votes when he addressed the various caucuses held during the convention, but he made friends, as the comments of the delegates showed, and he stamped his image firmly on the party. The curious thing about all this is that Rockefeller increased his stature while disturbing some delegates and bringing down on himself the wrath of the professionals in charge of the Nixon drive.

Rockefeller kept his drive out in the open. He had nothing to gain by sitting down with the pros, who were against him anyway, and he sincerely believed, as he said repeatedly, that the wide-ranging debate in and out of the platform committee stimulated interest in the party. Furthermore, he could tell the pros to go to hell because, if Nixon wins, Rockefeller must expect them to shut him out eight years from now. On the other hand, if the Republicans lose the 1960 election after their crushing defeat in 1958, there will be a shakeup in the party that will bring new men to power, and Rockefeller will be their rallying point. Nixon acknowledged this publicly on the morning after his nomination, when he told New York delegates that he would work "with and through" the Governor on all leadership problems. He also promised, if elected, that the state party organization, which Rockefeller firmly controls, would be the channel through which all federal patronage would be dispensed.



This open recognition that Rockefeller must be consulted also has wider significance. Since the New Yorker has reserved his right to speak out on national and world affairs as he sees fit, the Democrats must, of necessity, be prepared to swing to the Left of him. This, alone, it was calculated here, could be a factor in pushing through a social-security old-age medical care bill.

The Democrats have the votes to pass the bill. They also have the knowledge that President Eisenhower opposes it, but since the President gave what amounted to *carte blanche* to Nixon to write his own ticket, the Southern Democrats would be put on the spot: they cannot have the measure and rely upon its being killed by a Republican Presidential veto, as might have been possible a month ago.

But the test probably won't come when Congress reconvenes to wind up its unfinished business. Party positions haven't hardened enough now to make it reasonable for either side to rush into drastic action. Yet when Congress does move, Rockefeller will have been a factor in moving it.

The assessment must be that Rockefeller, who has held elective office less than twenty months, came out of the convention ahead on major points. True, he had to shelve his Presidential ambitions, perhaps permanently, but he did make himself a larger force in the conduct of the country's affairs.

III. GOP on TV . . *by David Cort*

TRANSLATED on the TV screen, the message of the Republican Convention in Chicago seemed to be to exhume the past. Messrs. Herbert Hoover and Thomas Dewey were both exposed, the one looking like one's rich but stingy great-aunt, the other with his forgotten trick of freezing his face in the pauses, so that he seems to turn momentarily into a waxworks dummy. Furthermore, Dewey's current mustache seems painted-on, very much like Groucho's.

The present euphoria of the Republican Party, basking in the Ike-like glow, is sufficiently indicated by its resuscitating these two disasters, who of course aired their views at length. Dewey struck one as a very clever criminal lawyer. As for Hoover, who will kick a dog so long dead? But to the Republicans these two painful memories have turned beautiful, as if they had all been born after 1930, and Herbert Hoover were a dug-up godhead, of mysterious potency.

This infatuation with the past was repeated in the seconders of Nixon's nomination: Robert Taft, Jr.; John Roosevelt with his father's teeth (and that was all), and Teddy Roosevelt's granddaughter with her grandfather's teeth. But the greater name, which nearly every speech worked up to, was Abraham Lincoln who, at his death at fifty-six, had been younger than most of these speakers.

BY FAR the most effective Republican on TV, almost without trying, was Henry Cabot Lodge. With his look of the playboy who has had to go to work, he carries a sort of martyred sincerity that comes over on TV. His character, in this treacherous medium, shows not one false note. Told that he was regarded as lacking a sense of humor, he established his sense of humor firmly with the comment, "Is that so?"

Barry Goldwater, lean, chinny, hungry, is the model of the old-style villain, the one found tying the heroine to the railway tracks. The mummery of Goldwater's nomination and rejection speech had even Republican viewers cursing.

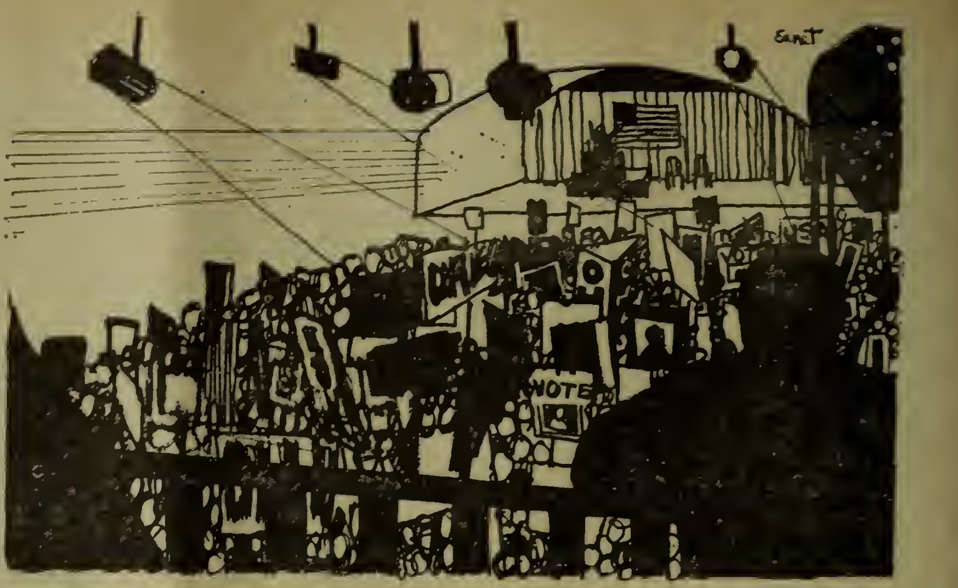
Dirksen is a real addition to any cast. Looking something like Bert Lahr, he reminds one of the fox's toady in Disney's movie of Pinocchio — was it a cat? — which after a life of defeats and false starts, wants only to be allowed to go along with the mischief. .

Eisenhower, as usual, gave his impression of not being a politician at all, but a kindly, stern paterfamilias. The whole Republican strategy appeared again in his speech: that Democratic criticism is "despair" — and he found it almost beyond his powers to describe his "feelings of indignation" at such un-American pessimism. The America he sees is all one big smile. This is positive thinking and carries a strong reek of Madison Avenue.

The thing about TV is that an irrelevancy may suddenly dominate the proceedings. On one network, the screen was overrun for five minutes by a funny straw hat with a twitching, jiggling feather. When Julie Nixon dozed off on screen, she may have won a million much-needed votes for her father. She awoke in time to wave her arm off for Eisenhower's arrival. And in the crowd welcoming Eisenhower earlier, there appeared the unmistakable — or so it seemed — head of Khrushchev. A shudder, and then it was gone.

The camera kept returning to Milton Eisenhower, to Nelson Rockefeller whose smile was not far from a sneer, and to Mrs. Nixon, who maintained the correct painted smile that ladies reserve for weddings.

One can imagine the experts, before this convention, deciding with satisfaction that Abe Lincoln would be just the man to win the 1960 election. But when he is actually dragged out and paraded back and forth, something seems to be lacking. Perhaps the Republicans still don't understand him.



WIFE of the 'HAPPY WORKER' . . *by Patricia Cayo Sexton*

THE MYTH of the American woman casts her in a cheery *Saturday Evening Post* portrait, presiding over the succulent roast, with smiling offspring reaching for their portions while the husband watches benevolently from the head of the table. The myth is pleasant but totally false when applied to the wife of the average worker.

No more accurate is the European male-inspired myth of the American woman as super-privileged, pampered by luxury and attention, dominating her husband and family, and spending most of her day flitting through the cocktail-club circuit. This may be a faithful portrait of some strata of American womanhood, but not of the worker's wife.

Her day's circuit is rarely concentric with the club and social rounds traveled by her middle-class counterpart. Instead of the Junior League, her concern is mainly with Junior and his unceasing demands on her energies. Instead of presiding over a PTA meeting, arranging a charity ball at the local yacht club, entertaining week-end guests, or even collecting signatures for Adlai Stevenson, she is busy with Junior's whooping cough, the week's ironing, the plugged sink, the wet pants, the runny nose, the pay check that can't cover expenses, the kids who won't stop yelling and fighting — and the husband who offers little affection or attention in payment for her drudgery.

In observing that "the mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation," Thoreau used the traditional masculine gender to submerge the feminine. Today even those intellectuals who believe in the myth of the Happy Worker will have to admit that "quiet desperation" aptly describes the life of his wife.

The worker's wife belongs to one of the largest and (paradoxically, in view of its size) most neglected groups in our population. It is even larger than our Negro minority — about 18,300,000, compared with about 17,500,000 Negroes (many of whom can't even vote). But while

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the Negro's collective voice is coming through loud and clear these days, shaking up our whole pattern of society, the workingman's wife has no collective voice. Indeed, there is nothing "collective" about her; she is basically unorganized, a central quality of her life. She is neither a joiner — nor a participant. Though deeply religious, she is much less likely to attend church regularly than her middle-class counterpart, and still less likely to take a more than menial role in church affairs. Similarly, her PTA activity is relatively limited, and — most tragically — she is usually a stranger, sometimes suspicious and hostile, to her husband's union, the one organization that ought to have a natural interest in her potentialities.

She is, typically, a harried housewife, lonely, worried about everything from the diaper wash to world cataclysm; and — above all — she is virtually isolated from life outside the confines of her family and neighborhood. In the sociologist's language, she is a "primary" group person living in a "secondary" group society.

SHE DOES not have time or money for club life and "entertaining"; worse, she seems to lack the inner resources — the self-direction, the confidence, the assertiveness, the will — to move about freely in the larger world. Though deeply resourceful in organizing her own household with limited means, she usually doesn't have the impulse, much less the know-how, to go outside her home for help — to set up neighborhood nursery groups, for example, in order to reduce her work load. She is almost helplessly dependent on the neighborhood folkways and mores — what "other people would think" and, especially, her husband.

The middle- to upper-class American wife is perhaps the best organized, the club-joiningest person around. Of the 11 million members of 15,000 women's clubs in this country, only a light sprinkling are the wives of workingmen. And, while the club woman may be vaguely dissatisfied with her life and may turn to the psychoanalyst's couch (or someone else's) for sufficient male attention, she at least has the resources to find occasional release from the confining grip of home and husband.

THE LACK of resources — financial, psychic and social — of the workingman's wife may account for the discovery recently made by a mental-hygiene survey (*Americans View Their Mental Health*) that she belongs to one of the two most discounted groups in our society — the other group being male clerks.

That the worker's wife is less than dutifully contented must be surprising information to many. Writers and scholars have done little to tip us off; while plotting almost every gesture of the club woman and the working woman, they have offered barely a footnote to the inconspicuous and undemanding workingman's wife. Like other observers, they seem to look right through and past her to those women who can be seen and heard, whose influence on the national scene is unmistakable.

A new study, *Workingman's Wife* (Rainwater, Coleman and Handel), is one of the few exceptions to the rule. Regrettably, the study is a product of market-research sociology and, as such, its central purpose is commercial rather than scholarly; adding to this deficiency is a total absence of statistics against which the reader may check conclusions. Still, the study offers some unique and illuminating insights into this unknown woman:

¶Vitally dependent on her husband, emotionally and financially, the workingman's wife is inclined to see him as "insensitive and inconsiderate, sometimes teasing, sometimes accusing, sometimes vulgar, always potentially withholding affection." In their sexual relations, she often feels he treats her as an "object for his own personal gratification without the kind of tenderness she so much wants."

¶Typically, the only recreation she enjoys are TV and visits with neighbors and relatives.

¶She is largely alien to her husband's life and interests. Often, when he goes off hunting and fishing with the boys, she will not even share his vacation. Unlike the middle-class woman, she tends to place "low priority on recreation and vacations as things on which to spend money." Restricted to the house, more than one out of three have "never learned to drive a car" and would be hard pressed to find recreational outlets away from home.

¶While the middle-class wife generally has intimate knowledge of her husband's job and working life, conceiving her main job to be that of hostess to his friends and business associates, the workingman's wife sometimes knows nothing about her husband's work — what he does or even where his job is located — and rarely thinks of herself as a means of advancing her husband's career through excellence as a hostess and "contact-maker."

¶The worker's wife is likely to view the world as chaotic and to feel she has no power to shape her own life or the course of civic or world events.

¶She is more emotional than the middle-class woman and has deep-seated fears of loneliness. She is also more altruistic: "pity and sympathy for the unfortunate are among the most readily experienced emotions." She is more willing to forgive others for the mistakes they make. "Doing for others — whether it be their own families or their friends — is a major motivation for the working-class woman."

¶She is much more discontented with her financial status than is the middle-class woman, and has little confidence in the economic future, believing that her family's fortunes are at the mercy of conditions which she cannot in any way control. "Working-class women manifest a clear case of depression phobia." She is very savings-conscious, and would, in an ideal budget, allot 40 per cent more to savings than would the middle-class woman.

¶She is firmly opposed to installment buying, but has no alternative. Two-thirds of those interviewed were in installment debt and feeling guilty about it.

¶Her taste runs to "modern" in everything; she values appliances and modern furniture more than a big house in a good neighborhood —

"an expensive-looking house is vaguely frightening to these women"; many reject the idea of living near "substantial people" on the basis that they would feel uncomfortable around people who are "high toned" and "uppity."

¶In clothing, the middle-class woman prefers the "natural look" while the working-class woman's choice of accessories often gives her a kind of "dime-store appearance." Expenditures on her children, the study concludes, give the worker's wife greatest satisfaction; expenditures on clothing for themselves is the most satisfying to middle-class women.

ORGANIZED labor, the group that touches her life most closely, has been grossly neglectful of the worker's wife.

Frequently, all the worker's wife knows about her husband's union is that it takes up a lot of his time, if he's active, and that it occasionally threatens to deprive her of the family paycheck. For her husband, the union can provide purpose and excitement; but while he is off attending a political-action caucus or a local, department or steering-committee meeting, she sits home, working and waiting, night after night, with only the TV, her kids and perhaps *True* magazine for company.

Only during strikes, when her support is a life-and-death issue, is any real effort made to set up communications with her. In strikes at J. I. Case, Ford of Canada and elsewhere, the disgruntled housewife — unmoved by union *élan*, uninformed about strike issues and without money to run her house — has sparked back-to-work movements. These efforts, lacking leadership and spirit, have usually failed, but the undercover effect of the non-union housewife on the holding power of her striking husband cannot be measured. Perhaps it is responsible for the settlement of many strikes short of victory.

Some union people feel that the worker's wife should be consulted before a strike is called; after all, the strike affects her just as deeply and depends as much on her for its success as it does on her husband. If her consent is needed to see the strike through, it should be solicited before the strike is called. Some women, of course, do not need selling; during almost every strike there are some eager union wives who serve in the soup kitchens and around the local hall without solicitation. For some of these women, the strike serves as an exciting relief from the monotony and the loneliness of their home routines.

Union men, it is said, do not recruit union wives because they are too busy with other things. This oversight, however, is more than a matter of preoccupation, for the union man all too frequently feels that a wife's place is at home, preferably in the kitchen, doing exactly what she *is* doing.

Except among younger union members, who are perhaps more enlightened and who have not yet fallen into a pattern of conflict with their wives, there is evidence of out-and-out resistance to efforts to recruit her support. To bring women into active union life represents an invasion of the workingman's last guarded treasure: the masculine world, the world of work, protest, rebellion — his only "social club" where some would, if they could, hang up a sign as in exclusive bars, For Men Only.

The workingman, the union man, is threatened by inexorable social forces over which even his powerful union has no direct control: automation, unemployment, layoffs. His own pleasures are few enough, and his fears are great and growing. Threatened to the saturation point, he will often, in anger and impotence, strike back at his wife.

In one of the most sensitive areas of his life — politics — the worker is as distrustful of the woman voter as he is of the woman driver. He still thinks "the women" put in Ike. The truth is that his wife votes the same ticket he does, with only fractional deviations. *When Labor Votes* (Kornhauser, Sheppard and Mayer) suggests that, among union members, more men than women voted for Ike (26 per cent of men and only 19 per cent of women in the sample).

The truth is also, however, that these women often fail to cast any ballots at all on election day, simply because their voting strength has not been mobilized.

WHEN women's auxiliaries are organized in the local union (there are several hundred in the country), the union man will often complain about an invasion of jurisdiction. If the women work on political action, they are transgressing on the work of the union's political committee; if they delve into community problems, they are duplicating the function of the community-services committee. And so it goes.

In cases known to the writer, local officers have even insisted that successful political-action committees of union wives be broken up.

Duplication of effort is the stated objection; the real explanations, perhaps, go deeper. Often when these women, with their bottled-up needs for expression, are let loose on an organization, they show an almost breathtaking eagerness for activity. Again, this kind of super-charged enthusiasm is threatening to men who have enough problems as it is.

These women, normally shy, even tongue-tied, in mixed meetings, very often lose all speech inhibitions in women's groups. On such occasions, they may even be more outspoken than their mates.

Also, because their approach to the labor union is less immediate, practical, job-centered than their husbands', they appear to be interested in a broader range of subjects. The underdeveloped nations, for example, are objects of real concern to the union wife — a product perhaps of her generous supply of "pity and sympathy for the unfortunate."

The final and most dangerous pitfall for the union wives' organizations is that, under pressure, these groups may become involved in local union elections. The result: headaches for the local and a misdirection of purpose for the wives.

None of these excuses are sufficient to justify the union's failure to mobilize the support and the enormous political potential of the union wife. The middle-class wife, through her frantic club activity, is an indispensable political support for her husband. Politically and otherwise, the workingman's wife is a cipher — a lonely, frightened, unhappy, frustrated cipher — and will remain so until the union, or some other group, decides that her potentials are worth exploiting.

On the political front, the Women's Activities Department of the AFL-CIO seems to be making some forward movement. On the research front, perhaps now that the market sociologists have begun to dig into the workingman's wife, other more disinterested scholars will continue the search.

FINISHING SCHOOL for PICKETS . .

by Howard Zinn

Atlanta, Ga.

ONE QUIET afternoon some weeks ago, with the dogwood on the Spelman College campus newly bloomed and the grass close-cropped and fragrant, an attractive, tawny-skinned girl crossed the lawn to her dormitory to put a notice on the bulletin board. It read: Young Ladies Who Can Picket Please Sign Below.

The notice revealed, in its own quaint language, that within the dramatic revolt of Negro college students in the South today another phenomenon has been developing. This is the upsurge of the young, educated Negro woman against the generations-old advice of her elders: be nice, be well-mannered and ladylike, don't speak loudly, and don't get into trouble. On the campus of the nation's leading college for Negro young women — pious, sedate, encrusted with the traditions of gentility and moderation — these exhortations, for the first time, are being firmly rejected.

Spelman College girls are still "nice," but not enough to keep them from walking up and down, carrying picket signs, in front of two supermarkets in the heart of Atlanta. They are well-mannered, but this is somewhat tempered by a recent declaration that they will use every method short of violence to end segregation. As for staying out of trouble, they were doing fine until this spring, when fourteen of them were arrested and jailed by Atlanta police. The staid New England women missionaries who helped found Spelman College back in the 1880s would probably be distressed at this turn of events, and present-day conservatives in the administration and faculty are rather upset. But respectability is no longer respectable among young Negro women attending college today.

"You can always tell a Spelman girl," alumni and friends of the college have boasted for years. The "Spelman girl" walked gracefully, talked properly, went to church every Sunday, poured tea elegantly and, in general, had all the attributes of the product of a fine finishing school. If intellect and talent and social consciousness happened to develop also, they were, to an alarming extent, by-products.

This is changing. It would be an exaggeration to say: "You can always tell a Spelman girl — she's under arrest." But the statement has a measure of truth. Spelman girls have participated strongly in all of the major actions undertaken by students of the Atlanta University Center* in recent months. They have also added a few touches of their own and made white Atlanta, long proud that its nice Negro college girls were staying "in their place," take startled notice. A few weeks ago a Spelman student, riding downtown on the bus, took a seat up front. (This is still a daring maneuver, for in spite of a court decision desegregating the buses, most Negroes stay in the rear.) The bus driver muttered something unpleasant, and a white woman sitting near-

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*The Atlanta University Center is a loose federation of six privately supported Negro colleges in Atlanta: Morehouse College for men, Spelman College for women, Clark College, Morris College, Atlanta University (the graduate school), and the Interdenominational Theological Center. Spelman gets its name from the mother-in-law of John D. Rockefeller. The elder Rockefeller's money put Spelman on its feet.

by waved her hand and said, "Oh, she's prob'ly goin' downtown to start another one o' them demonstrations."

The reputedly sweet and gentle Spelman girls were causing trouble even before the recent wave of sit-ins cracked the wall of legalism in the structure of desegregation strategy. Three years ago, they aroused the somnolent Georgia Legislature into near-panic by attempting to sit in the white section of the gallery. They were finally shunted into the colored area, but returned for the next legislative session. This time they refused to sit segregated and remained on their feet, in a pioneering show of non-violent resistance, until ordered out of the chamber.

THE MASSIVE, twelve-foot stone wall, barbed-wire fence and magnolia trees that encircle the Spelman campus have always formed a kind of chastity belt around the student body, not only confining young women to a semi-monastic life in order to uphold the ruling matriarchs' conception of Christian morality, but "protecting" the students from contact with the cruel outside world of segregation. Inside the domain of the Atlanta University Center, with its interracial faculty, occasional white students and frequent white visitors, there flourished a microcosm of the future, where racial barriers did not exist and one could almost forget this was the deep South. But this insulation, while protecting the University Center's island of integration, also kept the city of Atlanta for many years from feeling the barbed resentment of Negro students against segregation. Spelman girls, more sheltered than women at the other colleges, were among the first to leave the island and to begin causing little flurries of alarm in the segregated world outside.

Even before bus segregation in the city was declared illegal, some Spelman girls rode up front and withstood the glares and threats of fellow passengers and the abuse of the bus driver. Once, a white man pulled a knife from his pocket and waved it at a Spelman sophomore sitting opposite him in a front seat. She continued to sit there until she came to her stop, and then got off. Spelman students, along with others, showed up in the main Atlanta library in sufficient numbers last year to worry the city administration into a decision to admit Negroes there. The girls spent hours between classes at the county courthouse, urging Negroes to register for voting. They made a survey of the Atlanta airport in connection with a suit to desegregate the airport restaurant, and a Spelman student took the witness stand at the trial to help win the case.

Such activities may bring bewilderment to the conservative matriarchy which has played a dominant role in the college's history, but they are nothing short of infuriating to the officialdom of the State of Georgia, ensconced inside the gold-domed Capitol just a few minutes' drive from the Negro colleges of the Atlanta University Center. Georgia's bespectacled but still near-sighted Governor Vandiver, who resembles a pleasant and studious junior executive until he begins to speak, began his current burst of hysteria when student leaders at the six Negro colleges put their heads together and produced a remarkable document which was placed as a full-page ad in the Atlanta newspapers on March 9 (and reprinted by *The Nation* on April 2). The document, entitled "An Appeal for Human Rights," catalogued Negro grievances with irritating specificity and promised to "use every legal and non-violent means at our disposal" to end segregation. Vandiver's reaction was immediate: the appeal was "anti-American" and "obviously not written by students." Furthermore, the Governor said: "It did not sound like it was prepared in any Georgia school or college; nor, in fact, did it read like it was written in this country." Actually, a Spelman student had written the first rough draft, and student leaders from the other five colleges collaborated in preparing the finished product.

ON THE sixth day after publication of the appeal, at 11:30 on a Tuesday morning, several hundred students from the Atlanta University Center staged one of the South's most carefully planned and efficiently executed sit-in demonstrations at ten different eating places, including restaurants in the State Capitol, the county courthouse and City Hall. Among the demonstrators were several carloads of Spelman students, riding into town that morning without the knowledge of deans or presidents or faculty, to participate in the sit-ins, tangle with the police and end up in prison.

Of the seventy-seven students arrested, fourteen were Spelmanites; and all but one of the fourteen were girls from the deep South, from places like Bennettsville, South Carolina; Bainbridge, Georgia; Ocala, Florida — the Faulknerian small towns of traditional Negro submissiveness.

The Atlanta *Constitution* and the *Journal* noted the remarkable discipline and orderliness of the demonstration. Perhaps their training came in handy; in prison, Spelman girls were perfect ladies. A Spelman honor student sat behind bars quietly reading C. S. Lewis' *The Screwtape Letters*, while flashbulbs popped around her.

The State of Georgia, however, reacted with a special vindictiveness. To the seventy-seven sit-inners, the Fulton County prosecutor has added the names of the six students who wrote and signed "An Appeal for Human Rights." All eighty-three are facing triple charges of breaching the peace, intimidating restaurant owners and refusing to leave the premises, the penalties for which add up to nine years in prison and $6,000 in fines. The use of "conspiracy" charges to tie all eighty-three students to each of the ten eating places creates a theoretical possibility of ninety-year sentences. Nothing is fantastic in this state.

On May 17, to commemorate the 1954 Supreme Court decision, over a thousand students marched through downtown Atlanta to a mass meeting at the Wheat Street Baptist Church, while a hundred hastily summoned state troopers guarded the Capitol a few blocks away with guns, billy clubs and tear gas. The students were heavily armed with books and songs, and when they were assembled in the church sang, "That Old Ne-gro, He Ain't What He Used to Be!"

WHAT IS THE source of this new spirit which has angered the state administration and unsettled the old guardians of genteel passivity? There is something fundamental at work which is setting free for the first time the anger pent up in generations of quiet, well-bred Negro college women, not only at Spelman College, but at Fisk, Bennett, Alabama State and other institutions throughout the South. The same warm currents which are loosening the ice-blocks of the *status quo* throughout the world are drifting into the South and mingling with local eddies of discontent. What has been called a global "revolution in expectations" rises also in the hearts and minds of Southern Negroes.

Expanding international contacts are reaching even into small Southern colleges. The arrested Spelman girl from Bennettsville, South Carolina, spent last year in Geneva studying international relations, and spent the summer in Soviet Russia. The Atlanta student who helped draft the appeal had just returned from a year of studying music in Paris. Last September, two young African women, under the auspices of the militant Tom Mboya, flew in from Kenya to enroll at Spelman. The tame-sounding phrase "cultural exchange" may have revolutionary political implications.

Like many Negro campuses in the South, Spelman is losing its provincial air. This spring, the first white students came — five girls from Midwestern colleges who are the advance guard of a long-term exchange program. In the past few months there has been a sudden burgeoning of contact, both intellectual and social, with students from the half-dozen white colleges in Atlanta. Liberal Southern whites have joined the faculties of Spelman and Morehouse colleges. This growing interracial contact is helping to break down the mixture of awe-suspicion-hostility with which deep-South Negroes generally regard whites. And for Spelman, unexpressed but obvious pressure to adopt the manners and courtesies of white middle-class society breaks down as Spelman girls get a close look at how whites really behave.

THE NEW Spelman girl is having an effect on faculty and administrators. Many who were distressed and critical when they first learned their sweet young things were sitting behind bars, later joined in the applause of the Negro community and the nation at large. Spelman's President Albert Manley, who inherited the traditions of conservatism and moderation when he took the helm seven years ago, has responded with cautious but increasing encouragement to the boldness of his young women. At the college commencement exercises this year, Manley startled the audience by departing from the printed program and the parade of parting platitudes with a vigorous statement of congratulations to the senior class for breaking the "docile generation" label with its sit-ins, demonstrations and picketing.

Four years ago, a girl in my Western Civilization course spoke candidly and bitterly about her situation and that of her classmates. "When I was little," she said, "my mother told me: remember, you've got two strikes against you — you're colored, and you're a woman; one more strike and you're out — so be careful." The student continued: "That's the trouble with all these Spelman girls. They're careful. They hardly utter a peep. They do everything right, and obey the rules, and they'll be fine ladies some day. But I don't want to be that kind of a lady. I'm leaving at the end of the semester and going back up North."

I don't know where that student is today. She would have graduated with this class on Commencement Day, with students who marched and picketed and sat-in and were arrested, and will soon come up for trial. I wish she had stayed to see.

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

anti-segregationists," perhaps — and sees those who joined more recently when the struggle was less unpopular as the "normal" ones, he is indeed being far more revealing of his own attitudes than the events he tries to interpret.

Finally, his report on the activities around the tragic Chessman case is simply false. For months before most students were even aware of Chessman, thousands of people "over thirty-five" not only understood what was at stake, but took action. . . . Far from being a movement started by students, it was one which was brought to them, and which they joined with heartening determination in the latter days of the unsuccessful campaign. To deny this fact in order to prove what cannot possibly be proved, namely, his theory of spontaneity, is to do inestimable disservice to the principles Mr. Rexroth proclaims his own.

In your introduction to his article, you describe Mr. Rexroth as ". . . one of the earliest 'senior' supporters of the Beat movement . . . [who] . . . has since become, in certain respects, one of its sternest critics." Could it be that now, with the fast-receding sound of the Beat, Mr. Rexroth is attempting to transfer his "senior support," or father-image, from Beatnik to Youthnik?

With a reservation of course: the movement must be "spontaneous." As a theory of history it may be challenged, but does it not have an even greater virtue? Isn't it "safe"? One can't be accused of any kind of association, since spontaneity is related to nothing — except, of course, the poetic spirit. Ah, safety at last for all — even for "senior supporters."

LESTER COLE

Los Angeles, Calif.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Truth and Laughter

A Theory of Wit and Humor

Vivian Mercier

SINCE 1953, I've spent a good part of my spare time researching for and writing a book on the Irish comic tradition. Seven years may seem a long time to spend on such a topic, but if I had paused to decide exactly what constitutes the difference between wit and humor, I should still be at the first page rather than in sight of the last. Like most people who have enough education to make the distinction, I just assume that I can tell at a glance whether a remark is witty or humorous. Probably nine out of ten of my off-the-cuff judgments would be accepted by the average reader of this article. But if he and I tried to produce mutually acceptable definitions of "wit" and "humor," we'd soon become imbedded in a semantic morass.

For instance, the dictionary which I usually rely on discriminates between wit and humor on the basis of emotional tone: "humor," it says, "connotes kindliness, geniality, sometimes even pathos" in its expression "and a reaction of sympathetic amusement from the audience," whereas "wit" is associated with "quick, sharp, spontaneous, often sarcastic remarks." This distinction sounds plausible enough until the next time one has occasion to use the phrase "macabre humor"; where are "kindliness, geniality . . . pathos" to be found in *that*? There is such a thing as macabre wit, of course, but I shouldn't call the typical Charles Addams joke witty. And most of the new "sick" jokes I would classify as humor, either macabre or grotesque. The dictionary's theory may be of some use in discussing British humor, but it seems quite inadequate to deal with a quantity of Irish, Jewish, or just plain American comic material which is definitely not witty and just as emphatically not genial.

Another widely accepted criterion for discrimination between the two terms insists that wit appeals to the intellect, humor to the emotions. This gains support from the history of the two English words, since "wit" was once synonymous with "intellect," while "humor" can to this day mean "temperament" or "mood."

The two theories just sketched seem to be the oldest and most respected; of the two, I favor the second, which Addison developed in *The Spectator,* though I disagree with him strongly on one point. Actually, after seven years' immersion in the problem, I advocate still a third theory, which discriminates between wit and humor on the basis of truth and falsehood, much as Freud did when he was discussing the formal difference between them, not their common source in the unconscious. Max Eastman, in *The Sense of Humor,* put the theory more concisely than I think Freud himself ever managed to do in *Wit and Its Relation to the Unconscious*: "In order to place it in the higher species of humor, which Freud calls 'wit,' the *sense* of a jest as well as the nonsense must have value." As this quotation shows, Eastman himself took little stock in attempts to distinguish wit from humor — a respectable attitude, which has the advantage of avoiding all sorts of semantic contortions.

OVERSIMPLIFIED, Mercier's Hypothesis would run like this: "Wit is always absurd and true, humor absurd and untrue." (Irony, similarly defined, is plausible and untrue.)

In other words, paradox is basic to wit. When an Oscar Wilde character says, "A cynic is a man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing," the remark momentarily sounds contradictory and therefore nonsensical; then we discriminate between the synonyms "price" and "value" and see the point. This kind of discrimination requires an intellectual effort unnecessary to the appreciation of humor and also produces the element of surprise which Addison thought essential to wit. Irony, in the basic sense of saying one thing and meaning another, demands an even more complex intellectual response than wit does: wit confronts us with a patent absurdity and asks that we make sense of it, whereas really subtle irony can easily be mistaken for the literal truth.

Humor, on the other hand, remains absurd from start to finish. My dictionary defines "absurd" as "clearly untrue or unreasonable, and therefore laughable, ridiculous," etc. In actual fact, alas, the unreasonable is often far from being untrue, but for humorous purposes the two become identical. Sometimes we would prefer to describe a humorous remark as exaggerated rather than untrue, but, as any fisherman will admit, exaggeration is the commonest form of lying. The typical response of someone with a poor sense of humor to a joking remark is, "Surely that can't be true?" Take the story of the three hermits, the Gaelic of which suggests that it was current before 1200 A.D. (for all I know, it may occur in Latin or Sanskrit, too): after they had been living in the wilderness for a year, one of them said, "It's a good life we have here"; after another year, the second replied, "Good, indeed"; after a further year, the third said, "If you fellows don't shut up, I'm going back to civilization." On the face of it, this story is untrue; the third hermit's remark is patently unreasonable, too; still, one could argue that the story is true to the spirit of the ascetic life, which it merely exaggerates to an incredible degree; viewed from any of these three standpoints, the humor of the story still raises the issue of truth and falsehood, or at any rate of credibility.

I must admit that denying the truth of humor implies a challenge to some powerful adversaries. According to the genealogy supplied by Addison, Truth was the great-grandfather and Good Sense the grandfather of Humor; this makes a bastard of Irish Humor, which has nothing of Good Sense in its composition. According to Max Eastman, both Aristophanes and Charlie Chaplin have insisted on their own truthfulness. In an interview with Eastman, Chaplin said of his audiences, "I make them *conscious of life*. 'You think this is it, don't you?' I say, 'well, it isn't, but *this* is, see?' And then they laugh."

There is a grain of truth in the Chaplin view: the humorist does work with materials from life, but he usually heightens and exaggerates them to the point where they are just barely recognizable. Life is ugly and terrifying at times, as we all know, but the whole point of

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macabre and grotesque humor is to present life as even more ugly and terrifying than in fact it is. Our laughter at such humor is in part motivated by a feeling of relief that things aren't, thank goodness, quite *that* bad. Maybe I'm a Pollyanna, but I think this response accounts for the popularity of sick jokes more often than the release they give to feelings of repressed hostility. The humor typical of armies and boarding schools the world over depends on wild exaggeration of real hardships; I saw a pre-World War II couplet somewhere that epitomizes the attitude:

> I like G.I. biscuits, like 'em mighty fine —
> One rolled off the table and killed a pal of mine.

There is another fairly important distinction between wit and humor that the standard writers on the subject don't pay enough attention to: wit is more purely verbal (and thus again more intellectual) than humor. I can't think of an uncaptioned cartoon or a sequence in a silent movie that one could fairly describe as witty. Furthermore, to deny that puns are witty or to describe them as the lowest form of wit seems to me completely wrongheaded. I doubt whether wit can exist without some kind of play on words. This is where I quarrel with Addison, who takes the usual dim view of the pun. To see if he lives up to his own program, let's look at his example of a witty simile: ". . . when a Poet tells us that the Bosom of his Mistress is as white as Snow, there is no Wit in the Comparison; but when he adds, with a sigh, that it is as cold too, it then grows into Wit." To say that a bosom is as white as snow isn't witty, of course, because it lacks absurdity; the statement is at once recognized as objectively verifiable. On the other hand, anyone who owns a clinical thermometer can prove, if the poet and/or the mistress consents to the experiment, that her bosom is no colder than that of any other human being. Only when the metaphorical meanings of "bosom" ("seat of the affections") and "cold" ("unemotional") are considered does the poet's absurd statement become "true." Thus "bosom" and "cold" are puns; the play on these two words makes an objectively absurd remark metaphorically true. Not all puns are witty, but perhaps all witty remarks are in this sense puns.

The world's unwittiest puns are to be found in children's magazines; one little horror from my youth runs like this: "When is a door not a door? When it's a jar (ajar)." This isn't witty because it isn't true: no door ever was or will be a jar. Many of the puns in *Finnegans Wake* are of the same kind, but many others are witty. When Joyce writes "viragos intactas," he implies that many a *virgo intacta* is also a virago; perhaps being intact is the very thing which makes the virgin a virago.

ONE final point: unconscious humor turns up every day in the behavior of people who take themselves very seriously, but can we also speak of unconscious wit? Freud, if I understand him correctly, would say yes; from his point of view even our dreams can be witty. Having laid so much stress on the intellectual nature of wit, I'm not sure that I ought to agree with him. Still, it cannot be denied that unthinking comments may show the same formal characteristics as deliberate witticisms. The so-called "Irish bull" at its best can be astonishingly witty. Sir Boyle Roche, a member of the Irish Parliament just before the Union with Great Britain in 1801, gave utterance to several bulls that would have won any other man vast reputation as a wit. According to Sir Jonah Barrington, it was Sir Boyle who made this brilliant remark, in a debate on taxation: "I would ask the honorable gentleman . . . why we should put ourselves out of our way to do anything for posterity, for what has *posterity* done for *us*?" Barrington tells us that Roche was puzzled by the laugh which followed this remark and tried to clarify matters, saying that "by posterity he did not at all mean our ancestors, but those who were to come immediately after them." Obviously the second remark was so nonsensical a blunder as to be barely humorous, even, but the first contained a truth that has great appeal for politicians of all eras.

Not all bulls are Irish; a famous English one occurs in the King James Bible, describing the miraculous annihilation of an Assyrian army: "and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses." This is merely absurd, whereas Barrington says of Roche, "He seldom launched a blunder from which some fine aphorism or maxim might not be easily extracted." Provost Mahaffy of Trinity College, Dublin, must have had this fact in mind when he coined the genuinely witty (because "true") definition of an Irish bull, "a male animal which is always pregnant" —itself a bull.

Ruminations of a Miscast Artist

THE DIARY OF BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON. Edited by Willard Bissell Pope. Vol. I (1808-1815). 495 pp. Vol. II (Feb. 1815-Oct. 1816). 553 pp. Harvard University Press. $20 set.

Horace Gregory

IN 1846, the year of her elopement and marriage with Robert Browning, Elizabeth Barrett wrote on hearing news of Benjamin Haydon's death by suicide: "Poor Haydon!" She was profoundly shocked, all the more so because Haydon, the famous painter, had tried to engage her as editor of his *Autobiography* and *Journals*, and on Browning's advice, she had refused. "Poor Haydon," indeed! Her exclamation of pity was painfully inadequate, for the circumstances leading to his suicide stirred emotions of futile passion and terror. His true "genius" was histrionic and that of a writer; his talents (deflected by astigmatism and myopia) for painting were both clumsy and color blind; the more fortunate of his laborious attempts at art were almost accidental and inspired by a literary imagination. He learned these hard facts far too late. He had driven himself through daylight wilds of paranoia and bankruptcy — his loyal wife and family floundered with him — and suddenly his magnificent courage broke. His daughter found him with a bullet through his head and his throat slashed.

Benjamin Haydon (1786-1846) was and is still archetypical of the walking, talking painter: of the artist, whatever his medium may be, who is theory-ridden, who mistakes a display of energy for accomplishment, who "talks out" his subject, his schemes, his plans to his admirers, to museum directors, to journalists, to bankers or (more recently) to staff members of foundations that have earmarked sums of money for the arts. He advances arguments in the cause of vast "principles" at stake and, at times, is self-deceived in not knowing that the art which he advances is his own. Yet few possess the vortex-like, inward-drawing fascinations of Benjamin Haydon. One knows the outcome of his story is melodrama. One is re-

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pelled by it, repelled by his paranoia, his dogmatism, his reiterations in the cause of a thoroughly outmoded school of British historical mural painting. He can be — was and is — a crashing bore. But the very magnitude of his self-deceptions, never petty, never mean, the sound (on paper) of his enthusiasms, his despairs, his self-promoted partnership with God, forces unwilling readers to turn the page and to go on reading. In describing his humiliations on entering a pawnbroker's shop, he is Dickensesque, and so is his description of a mock election for a Member of Parliament in a debtors' prison. He does not write to please or charm; obviously he kept his *Diary* — strong medicine at best — for posterity's sake.

Haydon wrote in a great age of diary-keeping. Preceding it was Boswell's *The Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides with Samuel Johnson* (1785), and Haydon admired Boswell. The example set by Rousseau's *Confessions* had shaken the air. Sir Walter Scott kept journals, so did Dorothy Wordsworth, so did Greville (who is second only to Boswell), so did Farington — the list could be extended to a long one — but in a hierarchy of the best among English writers, Boswell stands first and Haydon third. In the Romantic age, Haydon's *Diary* occupies an essential and important position: through it we enter the London world of Keats, Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, Wordsworth, Hazlitt (all of whom Haydon knew well), the world of British periodical Liberalism. With a searing, red-eyed glare, Haydon saw the weaknesses of Hunt and Hazlitt. He also saw the ultimate merits of Keats and Wordsworth. Miscast as a painter and propagandist for the value of Lord Elgin's Marbles, Haydon was a supreme critic of life, men and literature — only himself he could not save; he was doomed to a histrionic martyrdom.

"Just what is the trouble with love?"

she asked. He referred her to a collection of poems, some delicate, some frank, all dealing with the various facets of a many-faceted subject: love. She could buy it at any bookstore — for $3.50

The Trouble with Love

by Eve Merriam

The Macmillan Company
60 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

HAYDON'S forty-two-year war against authority with a capital "A" began when he left his father's printing firm in Plymouth and came up to London to enroll as an art student under Fuseli at the Royal Academy. He overrode his father's distrust of his talents with the same vigor that later he turned against Fuseli's awareness of his defective vision. Since portrait painting was the cherished standard of "art" in the Academy, Haydon soon found himself at war against that authority. All his life he was never aware that his huge designs for historical murals owed their true inspiration to Fuseli's spectacular drawings — but without Fuseli's technical facility. Haydon's conception of painting was completely literary. With the one exception of David Wilkie, the Scots genre painter, his friends were poets, essayists and journalists. He was literally blind to the work of his two great contemporaries in painting, John Constable and William Turner. Yet the fact that his interests were so trenchantly literary made it easy for him to approach statesmen, wealthy bankers — even the Prince Regent, "Prinny" — who were of like mind. His eloquence also made a logical appeal to tradesmen, tailors, grocers, landlords, all assisting him with small loans and limitless (so it seemed) credit. His walks around London on Monday mornings were a routine of paying off small debts and making greater loans. In pacing through the town, he met everyone worth meeting; all were forced to hear of the progress of his huge canvases, so large he could not rest them on an easel. They crowded his rooms from floor to ceiling, and at them he would "dash," energetic as ever for several hours — then, merely half-exhausted, rush out to tell his progress to the world.

He applied the same energy to dreams of "sinful" women — which he made conscious effort to reject — and was not at peace until he found his "dearest Mary," a young widow, whose loyalty, cheerfulness and patience make her a heroine far beyond the imagined ideals of the Victorian novelists. She was undoubtedly impressed by the energy Haydon displayed so lavishly, his flow of misquotations from Shakespeare, his studies in Italian, his examples drawn from Plutarch. With these and his lively presence, she weathered the pawning of new dresses he bought for her, the birth of children, the debtors' prison. His histrionics were the center of her stage; she was assured of never a dull moment. His suicide (on one of his dreaded Monday mornings) — after the London public had shown more interest in an exhibition of Tom Thumb than in one of his huge paintings shown next door — brought a government fund for Mary at the request of the kindly Sir Robert Peel.

Haydon has been extremely fortunate in his posthumous publications. Immediately following his death, Tom Taylor, editor of *Punch*, edited a popular (for Victorians) version of Haydon's *Autobiography* and *Journals*. Professor Pope's re-editing of Haydon's *Diary*, a monumental task of transcription from "dashed"-down penmanship, presents a definitive version, unexpurgated of Haydon's sexual desires, dreams and ruminations on theories of painting. The present two volumes comprise about half the work. The completed *Diary* will probably not change the familiar graph of Haydon's remarkable career, yet its publication should remind us that no serious interpretation of the Romantic movement in England can be made valid without reference to it.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

Pari

THE BRECHT plays I saw here were *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui*, written in exile in 1941 and first presented in Berlin (after Brecht's death) in 1959; *The Mother* (written in 1932), an adaptation of Maxim Gorky's novel; *Galileo Galilei*, written in exile in 1939 and presented posthumously in Berlin in 1957; and finally, *Mother Courage and Her Children*, also written in exile and first presented by the Berlin Ensemble in 1949.

Arturo Ui is an epic caricature of the rise of Adolf Hitler and his gang. The word is used advisedly: Brecht has set his play in a mythical American city and Ui is the head of a band of petty crooks in the cauliflower racket. All the events and personalities connected with Hitler's rise to power — Hindenburg, Goering, Goebbels, Roehm, Dolfuss, the Reichstag fire and trial, the occupation of Austria—have their absurd counterparts in this panoramic farce.

Though the parallels between the episodes of the play and their historical sources are quite obvious, Brecht has the factual political items which he wishes us to recall projected on a screen at the beginning of each scene. Since the play was revived after the war, Brecht's last commentary is appended after the final curtain: "You are learning to see instead of merely watching stupidly. Act instead of gossiping. See what almost dominated the world. The people finally won. But none should proclaim victory too readily. The womb from which the vile monster issued is still fertile."

The "lesson" of the play is made explosively graphic and vastly comic in Brecht's treatment, and more particularly in the brilliant production directed by two of Brecht's disciples. Of incalculable value is the virtuoso performance by one of the company's younger actors, Ekkehard Schall, who plays Ui-Hitler as a maniacal neurotic, a trembling hysteric obsessed by fear of his own inferiority and an even more violent revulsion against this fear. From a spastic stammer to mad eloquence, the creature Schall projects with an energy which at times mounts to sheer acrobatics, is unforgettably convulsive. One scene especially, in which Hitler is coached by a ham actor on how to pose and speak, is deliriously funny.

I shocked my critic friends here by saying that in a certain sense the production of *The Mother* was even a more remarkable feat than than of *Arturo Ui*. They were shocked because *Arturo Ui* is, if nothing else, tremendous entertainment, full of invention and scenic ingenuity. What I meant was that *The Mother*, which is rather primitive Communist propaganda telling the simple tale of a transformation of an illiterate Russian woman of the working class to a heroic figure of the revolutionary movement from 1905 to 1917, is presented with such muted power, such quiet humor, such fine songs rendered inspiringly brave by Hanns Eisler's music, such grave conviction communicated not only in the acting of Helene Weigel (Brecht's widow and the head of the Ensemble), but also in the stark staging. The staging, for all its bareness, manages to attain a sculptural and pictorial distinction which conveys in its very shape, color and composition something of the earthy strength of which the play is a poem of praise and an example.

I need not dwell on *Mother Courage* —I wrote about it when I first saw it in Berlin in 1957—except to say that it impressed me even more this time. It is probably the finest of Brecht's achievements, a masterpiece of modern stagecraft in all its aspects.

THE PLAY and production which most strongly stamped on my mind a sense of Brecht's great stature as an artist of the theatre was *Galileo*, for which Erich Engel is credited with the direction. I believe, however, the first steps were undertaken by Brecht himself, who died in 1956 while the play was still in the early stage of study.

I had seen *Galileo* in the 1947 Hollywood-New York production with Charles Laughton in the leading role and, though Brecht had supervised it (Joe Losey was the director), that production gave only the faintest notion of its possibilities as a stage piece. Whether due to lack of means or to a misunderstanding of Brechtian aesthetics which recommend a certain asceticism, it looked almost shabby. But a careful reading of the play (which takes place in Florence, Venice and Rome in the seventeenth century) shows that its physical presentation calls for opulence within that asceticism. This is fully realized in Casper Neher's all-bronze setting—a stroke of genius by this master designer—where scenes of poverty and of pomp, interiors and exteriors are all equally at home.

Galileo is the story of the struggle of reason against superstition and the forces which maintain superstition in order to hold the reins of social power. On the surface, both the thesis and the play's points appear too simple. But Brecht's simplicity is artful. He presents the case for the hierarchy, cannily aware of the dangers of Galileo's proof of the Copernican "heresy" — that the earth moves around the sun and not vice versa —with skill and something like sympathy. Indeed, when the court philosopher asks Galileo, "Are such stars (that Galileo has just discovered) really necessary?" the audience here seemed to turn against Brecht, for many laughed and applauded, thinking no doubt of our recent lunar expeditions and the fear they somehow inspire in many of us.

Galileo is entirely contemporary in view of the events of our atomic age and in relation to certain problems of conscience. When Galileo, in fear of torture by the Inquisition, retracts his theories,

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his most devoted pupil in an admirable scene cries out, "Unhappy the country which has no heroes!" to which Galileo retorts, "No. Unhappy is the country which needs a hero!"

But this is not Brecht's last word. At another point, Galileo admits that he ought not to be forgiven his betrayal; his fear of pain is no excuse. Is the search for the truth, then, everything? Science, he says, must be concerned not only with its own findings, but with their consequences. There are thus two battles or fields of struggle. The play ends with the admonition, "Protect the flame of knowledge, use but do not abuse it lest one day a whirlwind of fire consume us all."

This was not Brecht's first ending and there is evidence throughout the play that Brecht kept revising it to keep abreast of the various mutations of his thought and conscience (in one version, Galileo's defection was more or less rationalized). Here then is a play by an intellectual which is subtle, lucid, full of meat yet easily digested by a wide audience, a play which eschews "excitement" and yet remains dramatic.

There are two supreme moments of staging in this production which exemplify what I have previously written about the Berlin Ensemble. One is a scene, largely pantomimic, in which the rabble in the square and passing priests around a strict procession reveal the popular effect of Galileo's inquiries. It is a comic scene—pure theatre—but its message of how the ferment of ideas manifests itself in ordinary social behavior is made indelibly picturesque. Another is the scene in which the Inquisitor attempts to persuade the Pope to put Galileo on the wrack. The Pope is being dressed. When the scene begins, he is in his underwear: he is the "naked" man—honest and forebearing. But as the talk proceeds and ever more of his ecclesiastical robes are dropped on the Pope's body, he becomes increasingly "institutional" until, at the final moment, he stands in princely glory and orders that Galileo be "shown the instruments."

THE QUIET familiarity of Ernst Busch's *Galileo*, just as does Helene Weigel's two "Mothers," typifies Brecht's manner and content. Brecht is a poet of classic character. He wished his work to have the authority of an objective statement which needs no stress beyond a simple grace of speech, no "art" beyond the most engaging directness, no "passion" greater than that which the truth will elicit. His technique is a reasonableness which arises when a smiling skepticism sets out in quest of a small area of certainty. This, he hopes, will prove charmingly self-evident. Not wholly in vain did Brecht claim the Chinese and Japanese among his artistic ancestors.

What does Brecht ultimately say? Trust what your senses experience, what your mind has weighed and what your most fundamental human instincts dictate. Act with your fellow men in the name of what you have all tested and found to be needful to your life in common. Seek always, do not allow yourself to grow rigid at any point, and let your goal be the peaceful enjoyment of the goods of life.

From all the contradictions of Brecht's nature, his irony and his radicalism, his homely earthiness and his "peasant" cunning, his culture and folksy common sense, there emerges something that may very well be that ineffable quality: manly virtue.

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FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE PICTURE that Richard Brooks has made from a section of *Elmer Gantry* is lusty storytelling and an entertaining trip into Americana. I read the Lewis novel so long ago that I have forgotten its details, but I remember it as being more rancid than this almost wholesome film. It may be that Brooks has concentrated on a segment of relatively sunny narrative.

As here shown, Gantry's attitude toward religion is no doubt excessively pragmatic—prayer is good for what ails you, like a hot bath after a lurid night; and there is a living to be made from bringing sinners to Jesus—but in his dealings with individuals he is neither hypocritical nor insensitive. Burt Lancaster, an extrovert even among actors, makes him an ingenious rogue, as though he had been written by Bret Harte rather than Sinclair Lewis.

Sharon Falconer, the girl-preacher of the love of God with whom Gantry serves his revivalist apprenticeship, is a more serious case because she has faith. It strikes me as an implausibility in the movie that she suffers no remorse from having tumbled behind the tent with the unregenerate Elmer, but it is true that a woman who really believes that God's protecting arm makes local fire regulations superfluous is a danger to any community she enters. In this case she pays for her temerity with her life, but so do a lot of other people who didn't know the trappings were inflammable. Sister Falconer's principal message is that God makes you happy—a creed that at least does no harm—but she also goes in for faith healing, the cruelest of all the forms of induced hysteria. All in all, Sharon Falconer is a frightening figure, and the brisk, efficient prettiness with which Jean Simmons plays her gives the film its bite.

Elmer Gantry is an expensive, full-color production, but Brooks has directed it with taste and an interest in detail. The Philistinism of George Babbitt (Edward Andrews) is perhaps laid on like plaster, and Jim Lefferts, the agnostic reporter (Arthur Kennedy), is probably too much a cliché Mencken to figure so prominently in the story, but otherwise the supporting personalities are lively and credible, and the cornbelt background of the 1920s feels authentic.

Hollywood's morale is as low today as it has ever been. It is the more remarkable, therefore, that it can produce a picture that deals with religion in terms other than chariot races and the sex life of Old Testament notables. If it succeeds at the box office, *Elmer Gantry* might encourage the studios to delay a little the final capitulation to TV.

THE IRONY that lies so lightly on *Elmer Gantry* bites deep in *The Threepenny Opera*, the Brecht-Weill-Pabst movie of 1931, which Thomas Brandon, the film importer, has so remarkably reconstructed from fragments of prints and negatives overlooked by the Nazi culture-burners. This picture was freely adapted from the stage work that was the greatest product of the Brecht-Weill collaboration. In places—particularly in the added bank scenes that provide the film with a new ending—it veers toward Brecht's *Threepenny Novel*; compared with the Marc Blitzstein version that has been playing for years at the Theatre de Lys in New York, it seems complex and politically insistent. It is, no doubt, a product of German communism, and yet to call it Communist gives now entirely the wrong impression. For *The Threepenny Opera* is irreverent, witty and, for all its wry cynicism, good-humored. It expresses in every gesture a humane individuality that is today the antithesis of communism. The film goes a considerable way to answer the now-puzzling question of why artists and intellectuals once enlisted in such numbers in the Communist crusade. There was a time when the creative energy of the extreme Left obscured the fact that the future of the movement lay with the bureaucrats of terror.

The Threepenny Opera is still brilliant entertainment. Except for Lotte Lenya, the names of the players will not be familiar, but Rudolph Forster as Macheath, Fritz Rasp as Peachum, Ernst Busch as the street singer, Reinhold Schunzel as Tiger Brown and Carola Neher as Polly were all superb satirists, and they were directed with an elegantly calculated exaggeration. Lotte Lenya's Jenny is, of course, legendary.

Pabst could be the most Germanically realistic of directors, but here he used the street singer as his key and danced his cast through a stage-set London as though he were composing a ballet. The action never stops, one scene impels another, the story is in the fluent bodies of the actors (though Herman Weinberg's subtitles are both discreet and wittily in character). A biting contempt for sham, edged always with self-mockery, is the mood of *The Threepenny Opera* We ourselves live in a time of such dejected conformity that this acid lampoon of hypocritical propriety seems like a shower to make the desert bloom.

ART

Maurice Grosser

This article completes Mr. Grosser's survey of the museums of the Middle West.

OF ALL THE museums of the Middle West, the Chicago Art Institute is by far the most splendid. Along with the New York Metropolitan, the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, and the National Gallery in Washington, it is one of the four great museums of our country. It is also one of the country's largest and most reputable art schools. And, as a matter of record, it was as an art school that it began.

A year after the Civil War, a group of Chicago art students organized a school for themselves. It must have had enormous vitality and fanatical support, for it endured through the Chicago fire which destroyed its equipment, and through the panic of 1879 which did away with its entire assets. In 1882, it was re-established under the name of the Art Institute of Chicago, this time as both an art school and a museum. An impressive building in the Romanesque style of the architect Richardson was built to house it. And though it still operated principally as an art school, it began to acquire a collection, consisting for the most part of plaster casts from the antique for the use of drawing classes. At the end of Chicago's Columbian Exposition of 1893, another much more suitable building became available—a large, well-built Italian Renaissance palace made for the Fair to house the World's Congress of Religions. The Institute took it over (the original building on Michigan Avenue now houses the Chicago Club), and at that point began its serious career as a museum.

In this transformation, the famous Mrs. Potter Palmer was a leading spirit. Beautiful, rich and cultivated, she was the brightest star of Chicago's social life. There still hangs in the Institute a dashing portrait of her, by Zorn, in white with pearls and wand and diadem, as fairy queen for a costume ball. Her own family had French connections. She knew Europe well and followed European fashions so closely that already in the seventies she was buying Barbizon pictures and by the eighties had gone in for Impressionism. Having been president of the *Lady Manageresses* of the Exposition, she was particularly interested in the new museum and supported it with money, time and donations of pictures. Her lead was followed by her son who was the principal contributor to the Institute's collection of old-master prints.

CHICAGO was then full of enthusiastic collectors. There were the Martin Ryersons who, with exceptional taste, were collecting even in the early 1900s Impressionist pictures and Italian primitives, and who contributed to the Institute, among other things, the great six-panel Giovanni di Paolo. There was the McCormick-Deering family, friends of Sargent, who had a castle in Spain and who collected Spanish primitives. There was Arthur Jerome Eddy, the lawyer, who went to Europe in 1895, where he was painted by Whistler and modeled by Rodin, who bought the Institute's Kandinskys from the Armory Show and who in 1914 wrote the first book in America on Modern Art. There was Henry Field, brother of Marshall Field, who gave the Institute its then most popular picture—Jules Breton's *Song of the Lark.* (The most popular picture today is Renoir's *Two Little Circus Girls.*) There were the Frederic Bartletts who collected Lautrec, Van Gogh, Cézanne and donated Seurat's *chef d'oeuvre, La Grande Jatte;* and Mrs. Lewis Coburn who lived in a hotel room and specialized in Impressionists and Post-Impressionists, which she kept in closets and under the bed. There were the Buckinghams, two maiden ladies and their brother Clarence, who bought Chinese bronzes, Japanese prints, Medieval sculpture and old masterprints; and the Charles Worcesters who as friends of the director, Robert Harshe, bought under his direction whatever the Institute needed, from High Renaissance to Vuillard; and Joseph Winterbotham, a man of impeccable taste, who furnished the Institute with, among other things, Lautrec's *In the Cirque Fernando*: *The Ringmaster* and Chagall's *Rabbi of Vitebsk*; the Spragues who bought from the Havermeyers the great Greco *Assumption* which Mary Cassatt had found for them in Spain and which the Havermeyers let go because it was too big for their house; the Kimballs, Brewsters, Mungers, Wallers and many more, all vying to supply the institution with pictures.

The resulting collections are too rich even to attempt to describe. I will pass over the Oriental collection which contains among other things some 8,000 Japanese prints, and only mention in passing the Thorne collection of miniature rooms—sixty-seven American and European period interiors, microscopically complete even to the landscape outside the windows—and go on to the paintings. The Institute is particularly rich in German and Flemish works. To mention only a few outstanding examples, there is the famous *Adam and Eve* of Cranach; a Jerome Bosch *Garden of Paradise* with fantastic grotto and fountain, as fine as anything outside the Prado; a beautiful portrait of a *Man with a Pink* by Quentin Massys; and a young girl looking through an open half-door, undoubtedly one of the best Rembrandts in America.

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ceptional Tintoretto of Venus and Mars, with Cupid, serving girl and the Graces in attendance; a Florentine burgher by Ghirlandaio, probably the best portrait of his in the country; and four extraordinary scenes from *Jerusalem Delivered* by, I would imagine, Giovanni Domenico rather than Giovanni Battista Tiepolo. The most popular picture here by far is a large and handsome work of Caravaggio's school—a furious Mars, his arm upraised to thrash naked and blindfolded Cupid, flat on the ground and howling. Among the Spanish pictures there is a most unusual and beautiful Velásquez of a Moorish boy-servant with downcast head in white turban, waiting, pitcher in hand, behind the counter of an inn; and six small Goyas which recount in comic-book sequence how young Fray Pedro got the best of the bandit Maragato.

French painting begins with a sixteenth-century portrait of a man with a glove by Corneille de Lyon which might be mistaken for Degas. There is, what many museums claim and few possess, a real Poussin — *St. John on Patmoss. The White Tablecloth* is the best Chardin still life I have ever seen. Nineteenth-century painting has complete representation and includes admirable pictures by painters like Fromentin and Millet, today generally considered negligible.

IT IS in Impressionism and Post-Impressionism, however, that the Institute astonishes. Its collection is very likely the finest outside the *Jeu de Paume* Museum in Paris. Here is the best of Mary Cassatt—a woman in striped dress bathing a child; and the best of Berthe Morisot—a woman in silvery gray at her toilet table. The Manets are numerous—eleven or twelve of them—but to my taste too much in his Velásquez-inspired salon style. On the other hand, there is a room of admirable Degas, twelve of them including the almost Japanese *Millinery Shop* and the vivid double portraits of *Uncle and Niece* and *Mme. Lisle and Mme. Loubens*. There is a room of Renoirs; a room of Monets—which is, however, only half of what the Institute owns; the best and biggest Lautrecs; some of the best Matisses; seven or eight Cézannes and six astonishing Gauguins including the portrait of Marie Derrien with, as background, the Cézanne still life Gauguin owned. One must not forget Douanier Rousseau's jungle *Cascade*, or the most famous item of all, Seurat's *Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte*. The twentieth-century School of Paris is equally well represented with Braques, Picassos, Brancusis, Soutines, Derains, and the rest.

American eighteenth- and nineteenth-century painting is completely displayed, often with better works than one had thought their painters capable of—as for example, the *Third Beach, Newport* by Kensett, the *Corn Husking Bee* by Eastman Johnson, the luminous blue *Gloucester* of Twatchman; and the dark and brooding *Mrs. Charles Gifford Dyer* by Sargent. The Institute's collection of Innesses I did not see; some of the galleries were then being rehung. But there were other things to compensate, including a sardonically detailed plucked chicken by Harnett, every pimple there, entitled *For Sunday's Dinner*.

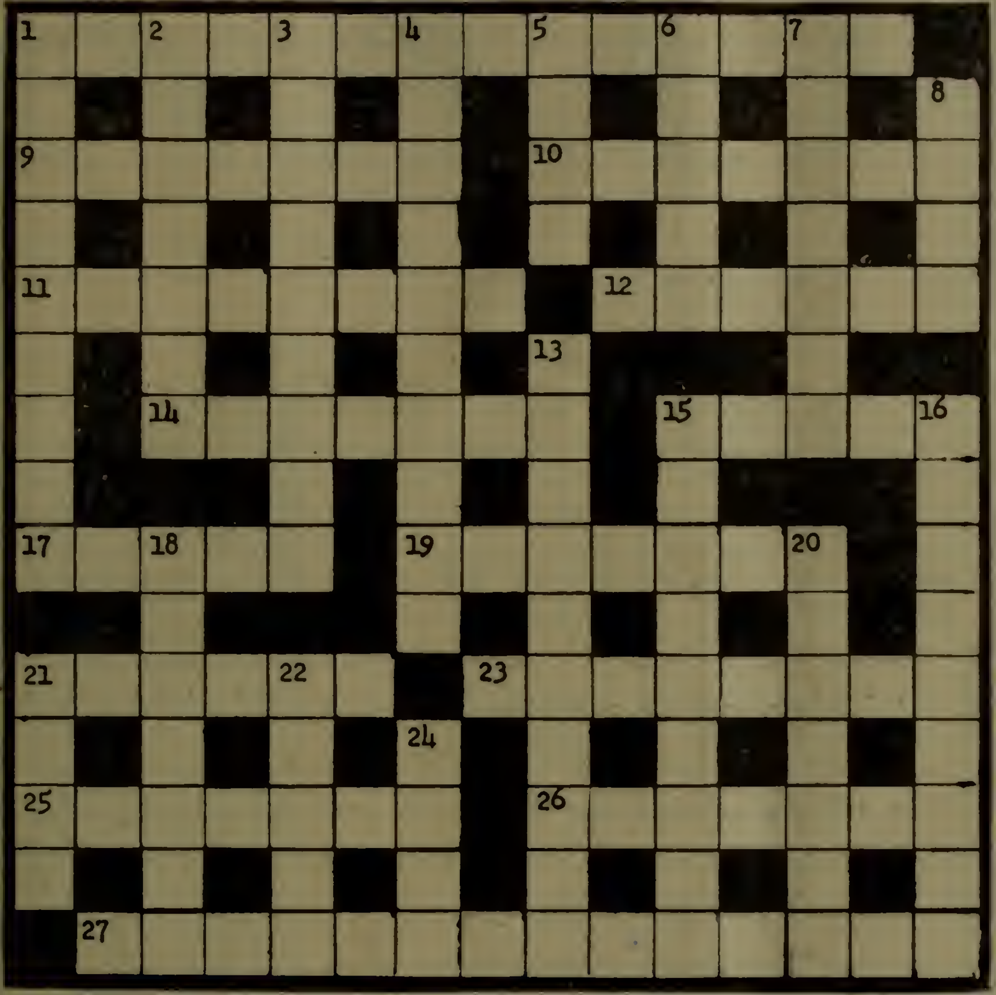
AS FOR twentieth-century American, the collection contains all the most publicized pictures of our time from Grant Wood's *American Gothic*, Peter Blume's *The Rock*, Jack Levine's courtroom scene, *The Trial*, and Albright's sinister still life of a hand-held bouquet before an embossed tin door, down to the "name" non-objective painters.

Curiously, all through this trip I have been hearing complaints from museum people about the non-objectives. In Detroit I was told that their painting grounds and pigments were for the most part either of bad quality or badly handled, that the pictures were rapidly deteriorating and would be impossible to restore. At Kansas City, the complaint was rather of their size: that the cost for keeping an average-size picture on the wall — figuring the expenses of guards, museum maintenance and so on—ran to about $300 a year. And that a large non-objective work occupies the space of three or four more concentrated works. And in Chicago I was told that the local young private collectors were stocking up on the non-objectives to the neglect of the sort of pictures the Institute would prefer to inherit.

Be that as it may, the fact remains that in Chicago, after a lull of many years, an enormous amount of private collecting is being done, perhaps more than anywhere else in the country, at all price levels and in all the ranges of taste. And, if past models are followed, all these collections will eventually be available to the Institute. Under the new director, Mr. John Maxon, the Institute is being refurbished, repainted, relighted and rehung. And pictures, good pictures, hidden away for years are being given wall space. The Art Institute has for a long time been one of America's most important museums. It is now on the way to becoming one of our most exciting ones.

Crossword Puzzle No. 877

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Is it in the sky to arouse air labor? (6,8)
9 Sound investigation required for this study! (7)
10 What might twist Franklin's heart growth? (7)
11 Unruly hair does in Africa. (8)
12 See 24 down
14 You can't say you'd never find as real a body of water. (4,3)
15 One way of seeing the foreign head of state, in short. (5)
17 It might take a little English money to stake a poet. (5)
19 One might find it otherwise, if a form of water comes from a hole. (7)
21 To wage war and peace, for example. (6)
23 Sound source of offspring, it's clear. (8)
25 Enterprising, when associated with a policeman's lot by Gilbert. (7)
26 Imposes a silent order. (7)
27 In order for a Greek to exist? Shake, friend! (14)

DOWN:

1 "Morning" by Mme Dudevant — and in character! (9)
2 With myrrh, odor always gives the plant away. (7)
3 Utter duplication! (9)
4 Superlatively good in third place, paradoxically — a real dog! (4,2,4)
5 Rub yours, but not ours! (It's hard!) (4)
6 A large order at sea. (5)
7 In a way, kill new yet old lines made possible by it. (7)
8 Was rather a strain to St. Matthew's blind guides. (4)
13 The little devils are found in the most colorless writing material! (10)
15 A description of the peak, perhaps. (9)
16 Violet battles so, and struggles to avoid the outcome. (6,3)
18 Nervous around the square, but probably not in battle. (7)
20 Was his the original flying saucer report? (7)
21 Proving a prize bull is a strange animal at heart! (4)
22 Leaves, perhaps, protection to the plant. (5)
24 and 12 With food evidently on the way, were hacks driven to it? (4,6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 876

ACROSS: 1 Mutiny; 4 Herewith; 10 Noxious; 11 Jackson; 12 Facts; 13 Bay; 14 Large; 15 Lobes; 17 Lestrade; 21 Left half; 23 Plain; 26 On dit; 28 Jet; 29 China; 31 In being; 32 Yachting 33 States. DOWN: 1 Manifold; 2 Taxicab; 3 Nooks; 5 Enjoy; 6 Excel; 7 Insured; 9 Isabella; 16 and 19 Satrap; 18 and 30 Safety in numbers; 20 Enlarges; 22 Endemic; 21 Animist; 25 and 8 Bounty hunter; 27 Treat; 28 Jason; 29 Cabot.

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How Young Are You?

Dear Sirs: I've just finished reading Mr. Rexroth's article in your July 2 issue. It is superb. *In spite of my threescore years and ten,* I feel rejuvenated and most grateful. . . . *The Nation* is one of the great journals in America. I don't know what I'd do without it.

(signed) HERMAN STUYVELAER

San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sirs: I have been receiving *The Nation* as editor of the San Antonio College *Ranger*. Now that school is out for the summer, I would like to continue to receive your fine magazine . . . which fills the basic need of persons who want more than the pap served up by our daily "newspapers."

DORAN WILLIAMS

San Antonio, Tex.

Whether you are seventeen or seventy, *The Nation* is for you — provided only that you have a young heart and a vigorous, inquiring mind. (If you are already a subscriber, recommend *The Nation* to those of your friends who fall into that category.)

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U. S. A. 1960

THE CASE OF THE MISSING PURPOSE

Hans Meyerhoff

HAITI: THE EXPLOSIVE BUFFER

Lynn Grossberg

EICHMANN and OURSELVES

Stuart Palmer

LETTERS

The Heroism of Rhee

Dear Sirs: Because I was also in Korea during the early months of the United States occupation, as correspondent for *Yank*, Alfred Croft's detailed account of "Our Falling Ramparts" [June 25 issue] was of special interest to me.

But on at least one aspect of the public image that Syngman Rhee sought to create for himself, Mr. Croft has been taken in. This is the section in which he accepts Rhee as ". . . a hero of the 1919 Mansei Independence Revolt in Korea." This is pure fiction, assiduously spread by Rhee upon his return to Korea in 1945. Rhee could make this story stick because nearly all those who actually led this unarmed revolt for independence died young—either under torture in Japanese prisons, or afterward as the result of it.

But in 1919, while the huge demonstrations still surged through the streets of Korea's ancient cities . . . Rhee, the hero in absentia, was in Paris, attending the Versailles Peace Conference and living on funds donated by Korean patriots.

RALPH IZARD

San Francisco, Calif.

In Defense of Civil Defense

Dear Sirs: The author of "Charade of Civil Defense" in your June 11 issue, chides us for dispassionately citing the millions of possible casualties from a nuclear attack, as though emotional handwringing would be a more productive solution. If we "'drive from our minds visions of writhing bodies and screaming flesh," to quote Stanley Meisler's prose, "then war becomes thinkable. In the nuclear age, war must be unthinkable."

Unthinkable to whom — the USSR, or only the U.S.? Not thinking about the prospect of nuclear war won't make it go away. . . .

Your space and my time won't permit a complete refutation, in this letter, of all the article's inaccuracies and innuendoes. I must, however, rebut the most serious of these. The author writes of "confusion" hiding our civil defense goals, particularly as to shelter and evacuation. Confusion is limited to those who will not bother to obtain the facts and guidance available to them. I quote the national policy statement on shelter and evacuation, as set forth in the National Plan for Civil Defense and Defense Mobilization:

> Governments and the public will take such action on receipt of warning as is prescribed by the government involved.
>
> (1) Evacuation or dispersal—*Target cities and other areas near assumed targets* will, if time and conditions permit, execute plans for evacuation or dispersal to prepared reception areas.
>
> (2) Shelter—If time and conditions do not permit evacuation, full advantage will be taken of existing shelters, and fallout protection will be improvised.
>
> (3) *THE ACTION TO BE TAKEN IS A LOCAL DECISION.*

This last point is necessary because the local authority knows which action is best suited to the conditions in his area (such as availability of shelters, ease of evacuation and other geographic factors) based on the probable time between warning and attack. Thus it is wrong to speak of evacuation *versus* shelter. . . .

The National Shelter Policy is practical. Two years of exhaustive studies and tests at the highest levels of the Administration produced this policy. . . . Mr. Meisler fears that . . . shelters would make us overconfident. I would rather be confident inside my shelter than dead outside it. . . . The mental processes of your author puzzle me, as did those of the persons who created the motion picture version of *On The Beach.*

LEO A. HOEGH, *Director*
Office of Civil and Defense Mobilization

Washington, D.C.

The Nation on FM

Readers in the New York area may hear the next installment of *The Nation Commentary* on August 18 at 6:45 P.M. over WBAI-FM (99.5). Patricia Sexton will talk on "The Wife of the 'Happy Worker.'"

The WBAI Program Folio is sent regularly to all subscribers to the station. Write WBAI, New York 16, for a sample Folio and further information.

Translation Program

Dear Sirs: The American Institute of Biological Sciences, with the support of The National Science Foundation, is currently translating and publishing seven Russian research journals in biology. It is hoped that this material will aid biologists in research, prevent duplication of work, give some idea of the work being done by Soviet scientists in the field of biology, and also bring about a better international understanding among scientists.

Because of the support of the National Science Foundation, the AIBS can offer these translations at a fraction of their publication cost, with even further price reduction to AIBS members and to academic and non-profit libraries. Inquiries should be addressed to me at AIBS, 2000 P Street, Washington 6, D.C.

FRANCIS C. HARWOOD
Director of Publications

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1960
VOLUME 191, No. 5

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Castro's Neighbors

Politics does make strange bedfellows, but the strangeness is mostly in our minds because we are given to judging the future by the past, and politicians by their words instead of by the forces that impel their actions. If we were more realistic, we should be better prophets. On this basis, it would appear that the troubles we have seen in the Caribbean are only a beginning, and that seemingly bizarre alliances may emerge there to plague us in the months and years ahead.

Nowhere, one would think, would the likes of the Castro brothers and Che Guevara be more hated and feared than in Ciudad Trujillo; and no doubt the sentiment is mutual — Raul Castro recently referred to Generalissimo Rafael L. Trujillo Molina as an "abortion of North American imperialism." But by all indications "El Benefactor" and his gang are taking it on the lam. The dictator's son "Ramfis," erstwhile benefactor of the Misses Kim Novak and Zsa Zsa Gabor, has been packed off to Geneva as a trade expert in the official Dominican delegation. The dictator's brother, Hector Bienvenido Trujillo Molina, has resigned the ceremonial presidency of the Dominican "Republic" and is to become an ambassador. "El Benefactor" himself has been appointed (by "El Benefactor") to head the country's delegation to the U.N. While this will raise some problems for the New York police, it will get "El Benefactor" to a relatively safe sanctuary with, presumably, a substantial part of the $800 million he is said to have accumulated in his thirty years of honest toil. With Trujillo in retreat, what assurance is there that Castroism will not spread to the Dominican Republic?

Oddly enough, events seem to be driving the two regimes into a kind of involuntary alliance. At the forthcoming session of the Organization of American States, the culprits in the dock will be the Castro and Trujillo regimes. On August 8, OAS overrode Cuban objections by a 20-to-1 vote and approved a U.S.-formulated agenda to take up "defense of the democratic American institutions against the subversive activities of any organization, government or their agents." At the same time, OAS must also consider the complaint of Venezuelan President Romulo Betancourt that Trujillo plotted his assassination. And on the matter of sugar quotas, both regimes have reason to resent U.S. policy. In the past, Trujillo has been a beneficiary of our well-known penchant for backing "anti-Communist" regimes no matter how dictatorial or corrupt they may be. But he is certainly aware that new winds are blowing in the Caribbean and he may be preparing to show OAS and Washington that he still has a few cards up his sleeve. While arranging to move his dear ones out of the country, Trujillo has instituted some reforms. Among these is a particularly strange one: he has legalized the Communist Party. One seeks bedfellows where one may, and a double bed for the Dominicans and Cubans to lie in would not, in this perspective, be so very peculiar. It might, indeed, become a triple bed, for in Haiti [see article p. 83], there is only the shell of a government.

Against this background, President Eisenhower's proposed $600,000,000 aid program merits the criticism leveled at it. It suggests, as Senator Mike Mansfield points out, that "a callous attempt" is being made "to purchase favor in Latin America at a time when we are especially desirous of obtaining it." Apart from the timing, we can't buy good relations in Latin America. Funds alone will not avert the trouble that so clearly impends in Haiti. What is needed is a plan and a policy; at the moment we have neither.

But for the Grace of NATO

Everyone knows that if it were not for the bases, bombers and serried manpower of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, the Muscovites would long since have overrun and enslaved Europe. Among the nations for which NATO has been the shield and buckler is Belgium, twice in this century overrun and enslaved, not by the Russians but by the Germans. But never mind that — the most acrimonious exchanges in recent weeks have been between Brussels and Moscow. How intriguing, then, that immediately after Secretary General Dag Hammarskjold secured a 9-to-0 confidence vote

To *Nation* Readers

***The Nation* is on its alternate week summer schedule. The next issue will be dated September 3.**

in the Security Council for his efforts to pry loose the Belgian hold on Katanga, the Belgian cabinet met and, throwing all caution to the winds, announced a cut in its NATO commitments.

Naked before the teeth of the Russian bear, Premier Gaston Eyskens, as reported by the New York *Herald Tribune*, said that Belgium resented "a lack of support from Western nations in the U.N. Security Council debates on the Congo." In direct quotes, he said, "I am surprised to see that certain international organizations are not preoccupied with military investment which they continued to demand. . . . notably NATO. I don't mean Belgium is going to leave the organization, but I do see that generous gestures do not pay." Belgium forthwith canceled an order for 100 Starfighters which NATO had requested it to buy. A source close to the Belgian government expressed bitterness at the vote cast by the United States, Belgium's brother in NATO. "It is the second time," said the source, "that the United States United Nations representative has cast the same vote as his Soviet colleague in a Security Council debate on the Congo."

When rude hands are laid on a sovereign nation's overseas investments in a former colony, it is remarkable how quickly its fears of being overrun at home vanish. As for Henry Cabot Lodge, who has twice cast the same vote as his "Soviet colleague," he had better watch his step, or he will tarnish his image as one who knows how to talk tough to the Russians.

The Nixon Sell

Light is being shed on the would-be Presidential personality of Richard M. Nixon, some of it by the correspondents who travel with him or worship him from afar, some by Nixon himself. One of the most revealing portraits appears to be the joint product of Nixon and the Los Angeles correspondent of the New York *Times*, Gladwin Hill. It shows Nixon not only as a master politician but as one of the most adroit hidden persuaders in the country who, if he fails to achieve the Presidency, might well find his true métier as head of a great advertising agency, preferably one specializing in corn. As Hill sizes things up, it is too early in the campaign for "hippodroming," in Nixon's estimation, although the candidate could have "put them in the aisles" if he had turned on the oratory. Instead, Nixon is feeling his way, trying out "impact lines" and "audience rousers," for the purpose of "establishing an image." This image, as presently conceived (it is flexible of course), is that of the "nice guy" of humble origins. Nixon will refer, for example, to "grinding hamburger in my father's little grocery store in Yerba Linda — and it was good hamburger, too." Thus he hopes to establish a "wholesome, constructive image," and to cast his opponent, who did not have the good fortune of a father with a little grocery store, in the role of a villain — for if there is going to be a hero, there must also be a villain.

In brief, Mr. Nixon creates the impression, in his first post-convention appearances, not so much of being a candidate for the Presidency as a bright young agency executive making a presentation for a client. But this year he is not the tactician for a party; he is himself the candidate. It is one thing when the manager instructs the candidate in how to play "the humble bit" or how to cast himself in "the nice guy" role. But it becomes a bit too palpable when the candidate coaches himself and then insists on explaining, to an admiring circle of newsmen, just what he is up to and why. It is as though a magician kept interrrupting his show to give impromptu lectures on the art of conjuring.

Art and Labor

Observing that, perhaps more than ever before in its history, England is interested in music, theatre, painting and the allied arts; observing further that no one, not even its own large membership, is much interested in the labor movement, three young Britishers have boldly proposed that the trade unions themselves become patrons of the arts. Arnold Wesker, author of a play trilogy about British workers that has made him a leading figure in the contemporary theatre; Nicholas Tanburn, editor of the Oxford magazine, *Gemini*; and Bill Holdsworth, a member of the Association of Shipbuilding and Engineering Draughtsmen, have drawn up a program of action for the British unions. It is less a manifesto than a catalogue of projects: theatres should be built in areas that lack them, an existing film unit should be expanded, a trade union orchestra should be formed, a publishing house should be started to sponsor "uncommercial" writing, unions should commission works of art and should sponsor an annual show. The beauty of such an approach is that each of these proposals is valid and valuable in itself, and independent of the others. The unions can start by testing any one of them, and their first response to the trio's "mad scheme" indicates that they will very likely do so.

Now what if, say, Norman Mailer and Irving Howe were to approach Walter Reuther with a like proposal? In the 30s, when everyone had fervor, the ILGWU staged *Pins and Needles*, a satirical revue so good that lots of us today can still remember the sketches and whistle at least two of the tunes. Anything since then? The AFL-CIO is in danger of growing fat and gray with prosperity: it is integrated into the scheme of our society. It still has fights now and then, but its major battle is won. People find it hard to stay interested.

Wesker says: "Art is the heritage of the whole nation, and the trade union movement is the only body which represents . . . that majority of the community to whom art, *by tradition alone*, does not yet belong." That is certainly true in America — an AFL-CIO theatre off-Broadway could begin to reverse the tradition.

Lionel's Medaris

Did you love toy trains in your youth? Or did your brother? Better still, do you love toy trains now? Did you ever love Maj. Gen. (ret.) John B. Medaris, who quit the Army six months ago to protest the Administration's lagging attitude toward space? Did you ever love Roy M. Cohn, the Grand Inquisitor of the Army in the 1954 McCarthy hearings? If you fill these specifications, this item will warm your heart. General Medaris (58) has been elected president and a director of Lionel Corporation, manufacturer of toy trains and sundries, the chairman of which is Roy Cohn (33). According to *Time*, Medaris' special qualification for the job, aside from proved administrative talent, is "a long-time fondness for electric trains. . . ."

The years have not improved Cohn's somewhat sinister photographic image: at the Lionel press conference he still looked like a gargoyle on a medieval cathedral. He could have afforded a smile: since he and his associates took over Lionel nine months ago, after two years of losses, the firm earned 80 cents a share in the first half of this year, and sales are expected almost to double over 1959. As for General Medaris, he did smile, and he had reason, beside his fondness for electric trains. He will earn $50,000 a year and he received an option to buy 20,000 shares of Lionel stock pegged at 95 per cent of the price on August 1, 1960. That was a Monday, and by the end of the week General Medaris had a paper profit of $120,000.

Furthermore, General Medaris will still be serving his country, for Lionel, in addition to making toy trains, chemistry sets, sporting goods, etc., is in the process of acquiring an electronics company which in June received $3,300,000 in defense contracts. Also fortunate is the fact that General Medaris is a tolerant man. Asked how it felt to work with the Army's former antagonist, he said, "Let us forgive the mistakes of youth."

HAITI: The Explosive Buffer . .

Lynn Grossberg

HAITI may be more important than anyone suspects. Situated in the politically turbulent Caribbean between the Dominican Republic and Cuba, it has been supported by the United States as a stabilizing buffer between those warring neighbors. But Haiti, under the rule of President Francois Duvalier, is likely to prove the least stable of the three. If the Duvalier government moves to the Left — where its president has threatened to take it if we fail to support him with massive injections of dollars — the shift could set off a chain reaction throughout Latin America. In fact, there is no real Communist movement in Haiti, and in further fact if we come to Duvalier's aid we shall light the train for a real explosion by supporting a corrupt, incompetent and unpopular government. It is a dilemma.

Haiti, once the jewel of the Caribbean, is now the poorest nation of the New World, and one of the neediest on the earth. Tourists are always shocked by the living conditions of the overwhelming mass of Haitian humanity that somehow miraculously stays alive. The United States has not been indifferent to Haiti's plight. We have recently attempted large-scale development projects, as a prelude to expanding aid. But with President Duvalier at its head Haiti is not an easy country to help.

FRANCOIS DUVALIER was elected in September of 1957 with the help of a military junta headed by Brigadier General Antonio Kebreau. Despite this backing, he was thought of as an honest country doctor, dedicated to the poor peasants he claimed to represent. There were indications that he played the game of South American politics with no holds barred, but since he was in and since he wanted our collaboration, including a U.S. Marine Mission, we backed his fortunes. With Batista on the run and with Trujillo perhaps dying, he looked like a good bet.

And he continued to look that way for some time. A quiet-spoken, bespectacled man with a shy smile and a warm personality, he seemed the picture of sincerity and dedication. He fooled many people who rallied to his call to crush the minority that had been exploiting the country for 150 years; among others, he fooled me.

As one of two foreign correspondents in the country, I was unofficial greeter of visiting journalists and other delegations. I was one of the few members of the press to accompany the President on a tour of the country, and on one occasion he stopped his forty-man entourage on an inspection to greet me and say, "I read your marvelous article." Last June, by which time I was no longer fooled, Duvalier sent me this message via my publisher: "You are *persona non grata*. Go quietly or it will be at the point of a bayonet."

In similar ways, the President has expended all his friends. Like many Latin American dictators before

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LYNN GROSSBERG has spent the past three years in Haiti as correspondent for Reuters and several American and Jamaican newspapers and magazines, and as editor of the Port-au-Prince Times.

him, he has sought to secure himself in office by turning on the people who put him there. General Kebreau was one of the first to go, but Duvalier has also systematically rid himself of almost all the political leaders who first provided him with a government. The Senators who took office with him cut short their final session last September to forestall a threatened entry of the police and one Senator expressed privately the hope that Trujillo wouldn't be overthrown immediately, lest revolution in the Dominican Republic spill over the border, toppling the government and bringing chaos.

As mercurial as the blood pressure that forced him to his back last summer, the whims of this brooding man play havoc with a desperate people. His former allies are disgusted and weary; they are also afraid. They are afraid not only of what Duvalier may do, but of what may happen if he falls. At the moment when Senator Jean David was being forced from the country, his colleagues rushed through his appointment as Ambassador to Japan and dashed out to the airport to see him off. He never went further than New York, but they were covering for the President.

I HAVE a list of dozens of Haitians who have died in the struggle against this regime. It is said that night shootings occur frequently at Fort Dimanche, the victims being unnamed people from the populace. A man was shot down while posting a handbill on a downtown store, another while running in a ravine after having abused a deputy to his face, others in the market place, others on the street at night. Even the main streets of once-gay Port-au-Prince are often empty by ten o'clock. Most of the middle and upper class stay at home in boycott against the regime and because they are afraid to go out. However, they are by no means safe against the brutal invasion of their homes by Duvalier's private terrorists. Most government officials carry a gun.

In the process of throwing out anyone conceivably dangerous to him, Duvalier has also thrown out most of the competent and honest figures in the government. He has thoroughly damned the influence peddlers, but business with the government today can be done only by making the proposal interesting to the right person. Duvalier seems unable to do anything about graft, and as a result has involved himself in a grotesque series of abortive groundbreaking ceremonies. The President appeared with full fanfare to inaugurate the building of a mortgage bank, an airport, a shopping center, a peasant market place; the government has announced sugar plants, a hydroelectric plant, a fiberboard factory, a 500-room hotel, casino and airport for Cap Haitien and countless other projects. None of these have ever gone beyond the paper stage; they appear to be dummy operations set up for the benefit of promotors and their friends in office. Very little legitimate business has shown interest in the country, despite the tremendous potentiality. Those that do run into all kinds of trouble, often because they set up operations on the basis of great monopoly advantages that the government cannot deliver.

It is said that, whatever the corruption of his regime, the President is himself honest. Certainly he looks honest: the serious, scholarly man interested only in his books and his peasants. But the unending parade of malfeasance, misdirection and cupidity in the government closes in so tightly that it is very difficult to believe the man at the center is entirely uninvolved. It must be said, though, that however skillful Duvalier may be at staying in office, he is not very adept at running it. He bogs down in the minutiae he insists upon handling, and the last man to get his ear frames the directive. This can result in any number of people being sent in any number of directions on the same errand. When you add to this a great knack for selecting the wrong man for the wrong job, it becomes evident why the great crusade has never, as Duvalier admits, got off the ground.

It fails to do so most conspicuously in its negotiations for aid from the United States. One project that was really moving, the irrigation and development of the Artibonite Valley, ground to a standstill when Duvalier insisted, over the objections of Norman Ward, I.C.A. adviser and trustee for the $4,300,000 Development Loan Funds, on appointing a man he had himself jailed for malfeasance to a chief engineering inspection post. Ward refused to let the project become such another boondoggle as the Export Import Bank's investment of $25 million in the Valley's Peligre Dam. He was ejected from the country and Garvey Laurent, the young man considered most responsible for getting additional funds for the discredited project, was dumped. I was ordered from the country for putting a picture of them, captioned "Haiti's Loss," on the front page of the Port-au-Prince *Times*.

AT Cap Haitien this summer two demonstrations were staged against a Point IV regional development program called "Pote Cole," which did not provide as many jobs as the President had promised in an optimistic speech a year earlier. The top Haitian officials were run out of town, and every possible block has been put in the way of the Point IV officials. Admittedly, these latter made some mistakes: they built themselves hilltop houses, they ran around a great deal in jeeps and they failed to establish harmonious relations with the inhabitants surrounding the work. But if any worthwhile activity was going on in the country, it was in this Point IV development.

It has become clear that nothing constructive can be done from the outside if it has to be channeled through the Duvalier regime. Not only will funds so poured in fail to materialize in physical improvements; they will keep in power a man hated at least by the politically and economically active sectors of the population. Eventually, this would only create another situation on the model of South Korea.

WHERE does President Duvalier's strength lie? He has been at war with the business interests and the upper class. The Catholic Church has been against him from the beginning, whether for class reasons or because they feared that he would end the concordat and institute complete voodooism. (Catholic ritual in the countryside has always been interwoven with voodoo symbols and ceremony). Last fall, two priests were expelled, a request was made for the recall of an archbishop and the police broke up a mass at Notre Dame Cathedral.

The trade unions, which showed some signs of life again after the flight of Magloire, have no independence now. Daniel Fignole and Pierre Delmont, the most active leaders of the movement, are both in exile. The masses of Port-au-Prince are still fanatically devoted to Fignole.

In general, the inarticulate peasants and a portion of the middle-class professionals originally gave Duvalier his main support. How the peasants feel today, other than hungry, it would be hard to say. They have had promises but no food.

For all practical purposes it is an intellectual and professional clique and an armed band, plus the regular army, that has kept Duvalier in power. He has had a clever way with the army, twice stripping it of its general staff and elevating bright young officers to their places. There are signs that the armed gang is now being broken up; if it goes, the army officers are likely to hold the balance of power, as the army has done so often in the past.

The leaders of the gang were the strapping, revenge-ridden Prefect Lucien Chauvet and Duvalier's fanatic secretary, the slight, machine gun-toting Clement Barbot. They did the most to discredit the regime and the most to keep it in power. They maintained "order" according to the whims of a doctor turned dictator. The July arrest of Duvalier's loyal executioner, Barbot, was nothing less than sensational. This, with the arrest of many of his close associates (including young Lebanese merchants who have appeared recently in high management positions at the gambling casino), the disarming of the civilian police and the reported presidential chastisement of the swaggering Chauvet, suggests a shake-up of the palace coterie that could lead anywhere.

If his inability to run an orderly government were to cost Duvalier the major part of his U. S. funds, would he look elsewhere? It has been said that his advisers are turning him to the Left, but Left theoreticians themselves believe he would crack if he tried it. The government has no base in any class and is incapable of any real planning. There are few estates to be broken up or industries to seize. Hollow demagoguery is the best he could offer and it would probably get him into deeper trouble. Meanwhile, we are being held responsible for keeping an impossible government in power. What responsible Haitians want above all is for the United States to withdraw all aid from Duvalier, and thus pave the way for the return of Louis Dejoïe, Fignole and Gaston Jumelle from exile. These, the most popular candidates, could then participate in an election under UN supervision. Indeed the ideal solution, to guarantee stability, would be an agreement by these leaders to distribute cabinet posts according to popular vote, and thus employ Haiti's most able men.

The feeling against Duvalier was so intense in Port-au-Prince when I left on June 30, that everyone said I would soon be able to come back. Dr. Duvalier, of course, does not share the view. In fact he sees himself as Haiti's mystically chosen leader and is consolidating himself for another term by building houses for his young army colonels. Little else is being built in Haiti.

U.S.A. 1960

THE CASE of the MISSING PURPOSE . . *Hans Meyerhoff*

"THE GREAT debate is on," said the speaker at our annual commencement exercises. Launched with the imprimatur of *Life* and *The New York Times*, the great debate had come to Los Angeles—the point of no return.

What's at stake in the great debate? Nothing less than the fate of the national purpose. It's not a question of defense policies or civil rights: "These are minor arguments," as the magazine *America* informs us. No, the debate—"the greatest debate," according to *Newsweek*—goes to the heart of the matter. It is looking for the national purpose. It seems we have lost it, and something is wrong with America, because we can't find the missing purpose.

"What's wrong with America?" is the challenge which *U.S. News and World Report* hurls at its panel of experts in religion, history, science and philosophy. "What shall we do with our greatness?" ask the editors of *Life*. If *they* don't know, there must be something wrong, and it's time to bring in the experts. "I didn't know the anxiety was so widespread," Mr. Steinbeck reports upon returning from abroad. I didn't either until I looked at the record and encounter-

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HANS MEYERHOFF is the author of Time and Literature *and the editor of* The Philosophy of History in Our Time. *He teaches philosophy at the University of California.*

ed the same gloomy refrain: "Something has gone wrong in America." A spirit of discontent, uneasiness, bewilderment, apprehension, alarm, anxiety, yes, "downright fear" has seized the nation as a result of the missing purpose.

But what are they talking about in the name of the national purpose? This is not easy to come by, but if I read the experts right, they are chiefly worried on two counts:

First, they are worried because we don't have a political purpose. We don't have political ideals and goals which inspire us—and the rest of the world — with confidence. In this sense, the lack of national purpose is a lack of political purpose.

Second, they are worried about the state of our collective souls. Like ancient Rome as made in Hollywood, we are a powerful and prosperous nation, without equal in the world, but we are also a corrupt and decadent people. Why? Because living is too easy, or because we make a mess out of the "good life" in America. In this sense, the case of the missing purpose is a case of human beings missing their purpose in life.

These two complaints touch upon two sets of ideals which have expressed something like the national purpose in the history of the United States—civil liberty and democracy in politics, prosperity and technological progress in the human world. "America and its discontents," then, must mean that these ideals leave something to be desired in the light of reality.

Walter Lippmann usually gets credit for having kicked off the present search for the missing purpose; and it is to his credit, I believe, that he usually talks politics. Thus, when he conducts an "Anatomy of Discontent," the analysis deals with the concrete issue of our foreign policy vis-à-vis the Soviet bloc, and Mr. Lippmann comes up with a specific diagnosis. We extend ourselves in our political commitments beyond our capacity and willingness to fulfill them. Perhaps that *is* a cause for concern. Again, Mr. Stevenson remembers that the national purpose, whatever it may be, deserves to be spelled out in terms of domestic issues such as inflation and integration, private opulence and public squalor, defense spending and education. Or, suppose we go along with Mr. Sarnoff and say "freedom [must] regain the initiative." Why not? There is never enough freedom to go around. So let us pass "a bill to establish a Freedom Academy of 'cold war' specialists—what *Life* called a Political West Point" and let us set up "a liberation force, a volunteer formation from captive nations" as part of our "strategy for victory." That's another way of catching the missing purpose.

Whether we catch it or not, it is at least relatively clear what the national purpose is all about in this political context. It means: what shall we do with our greatness—in terms of political and economic action? If the experts are right, we don't know. Now, this may be true, but I doubt whether it is a cause of general distress and creeping discontent. A great many people, to be sure, are worried and anxious about something or other, but where is the great debate in the name of politics? Perhaps *it* got lost, not the national purpose.

THE GREAT debates in the nation have always been political. Of course, they have invoked, as in the Declaration of July 4, 1776, philosophical ideas and moral principles, but, as Mr. MacLeish observes correctly, "we were never a very philosophical people after Jefferson and his contemporaries left us." The genius of American politics and the reality of the democratic process lay elsewhere: in bringing abstract ideas down to earth, in applying them to a specific situation, or in expressing them in a concrete project, whether political or economic. This was the case in the great debate at the founding of the nation. It did not set out in search of manifest destiny. It defined the national purpose in terms of a concrete constitutional system. This was the case in the great debate over slavery, and this was still the case in the lesser debates over Reconstruction, the League of Nations, the New Deal and isolationism.

As compared with these debates, it's sort of quiet around the house. Even when U-2 descends on us, we keep quiet or conduct an embarrassed inquiry into the "incident"—behind closed doors. That shows we are mature, but it also shows that politics seems to have been shelved for the duration. If U-2 cannot generate a debate, what can? And what can we, the people, do about it? We can, of course, always schedule another debate for the Presidential election. But will it force the moment to a crisis? Will it present a genuine option, "forced, living, and momentous," as William James defined it? Of course not. Our national elections, as Dwight MacDonald wrote recently, "have become elaborate techniques for avoiding rather than resolving issues." Yet, we go through the motions of looking for the missing purpose and spend millions of dollars on the missing debate. Perhaps there is something wrong here, after all.

Even the President seems to think so. (Maybe some purpose is missing at the 19th hole.) He has set up a "Commission on National Goals" and charged its members "to sound a call for greatness." Why not? If Khrushchev can set goals by commissars, what's wrong with goals by commission? It's tempting to say, with James Reston, that the case of the missing purpose is a case of absentee leadership, but that is not the whole story. Who could say more than Ike and hope to be as popular? Who would dare say more and hope to be elected? And who would listen to a great debate? There are so many other things to listen to. Meanwhile, the national purpose is quite safe in the files of the commission.

THERE IS, as I was saying, another voice crying for a national purpose. It's the voice of the preacher. The call for greatness is also a call for a moral and spiritual revival.

I confess I wasn't prepared for this campaign of moral rearmament nor for some of the purple language which promotes it. But if the experts are right, we are really in bad shape. This is the age "of the shrug" and of "the emptiness of the heart"; or, if you prefer, ours is a society of "cynical immorality," "spiritual flabbiness" and "dry rot." We are a nation of idolaters worshiping the Golden Calf—the bitch goddess of success and money. We are wallowing in a pool of iniquity brewed by peyote and payola. In short, we are a fat, lazy, selfish and corrupt people.

This is quite a different dish of tea. It's the human, moral or cultural context of the case of the missing purpose. It's not the search for a political purpose. It's a kind of collective soul-searching. It's not a shot in the arm to cure a case of political anemia. It's a confession of anomy.

Thus, the great debate is a great confession as well, a public ritual to purge the nation of the sins and evil ways into which it has fallen. There is nothing new about these purges as such, whether they expose public crimes and corruption or private scandals. We have always had them, and provided these exposés hit at specific targets and drove the "bastards" out of office, they served a perfectly legitimate purpose. But this latest confession seems to be rather different: it sounds a general, non-specific alarm and says something quite subversive—that something is wrong with the American way of life itself.

Here is Mr. MacLeish's summing-up of the case:

> We are richer than any nation before us. We have more things in our garages and kitchens and cellars than Louis Quatorze had in the whole of Versailles. We have come nearer to the suppression of grinding poverty than even the nineteenth century Utopians thought seriously possible. We have wiped out many of the pests and scourges of humanity. We have lengthened men's lives and protected their infancy. We have advanced science to the edges of the inexplicable and hoisted our technology to the sun itself. . . .

Yet, all these achievements to the contrary notwithstanding, "something is wrong and we know it." Says the Reverend Billy Graham: "We over-eat, over-drink, over-sex, and over-play. . . . We have tried to fill ourselves with science and education, with better living and pleasure . . . but we are still empty and bored." Mr. Steinbeck, too, has suddenly discovered that Americans have been made rotten by wealth and prosperity: "Having too many things, they spend their hours and money on the couch searching for a soul." "There is reason to suspect," says the Reverend Thurston N. Davis, "that what we are really worried about is that the whole kit and caboodle of our American way of life — missiles and credit cards, Cadillacs and pop-up toasters, our freedoms, fun, filters and foolishness—is about to go down the drain." And here is Mr. Stevenson with a felicitous contribution to the same theme: "With the supermarket as our temple and the singing commercial as our litany, are we likely to fire the world with an irresistible vision of America's exalted purpose and inspiring way of life?"

Lowell Naeve
from The Phantasies of a Prisoner

Of course not. There *is* something wrong here, and the critics of America have always said so. But they have said so in America, as Mr. Steinbeck knows. Other writers and poets, from Henry James to Henry Miller, went abroad because they felt lost in the air-conditioned nightmare at home. For Scott Fitzgerald, the vision of "the last and greatest of all dreams" drowned in the swimming pool of the Gatsby estate. Even Thomas Wolfe, who believed in "America's everlasting, living dream," confessed that "we are all lost in America" and that "the life which we have fashioned . . . and which has fashioned us . . . was self-destructive . . . and must be destroyed." "The Virgin and the Dynamo" have always signified irreconcilable aspects of American life. The literary imagination, with few exceptions, has always said "no" to the way of life fashioned by the commercial and technical genius of America.

THUS, not even the mood of disenchantment itself is new. What *is* new is that an "agonizing reappraisal" of the American way of life can now be conducted profitably in the pages of the mass media. What used to be a private preoccupation, or neurosis, of the unhappy few has become respectable copy addressed to the uneasy many. "Never before in history has a people enjoyed the mass prosperity now to be found in this country. . . . Yet, never have there been such widespread signs of deep uneasiness."

But what's wrong with prosperity? Nothing. And just how prosperous are the Okies of the sixties? And what is Khrushchev's idea of a national purpose? To out-produce, out-butter, and out-milk the United States. And why not? That's the *inter*-national purpose. Everybody is going our way trying to catch up with American production and the American standard of living. The fact is that there is nothing wrong with prosperity that more prosperity for more people wouldn't cure.

Then why the sound and fury? Sputnik, it would seem, was a shock on a much deeper level than the military. "They" beat us at our own game, and if they did it on the moon, who knows where they might do it again? Thus we need a sense of national purpose in order to compete with the challenge of communism in the world. The stakes are high. If we don't find the missing purpose, we might lose the game. In fact, the need for a purpose seems to fluctuate inversely with the fortunes of the cold war. As it cools off, we grow more anxious about the missing purpose; as it grows hotter, we regain our sense and soul. "There has been a lot of writing and talking lately about our 'purpose'," said the Los Angeles *Times* in a front-page editorial after the troubles in Japan. "Some of it . . . has been pretty *fuzzy. The Japanese incident ought to bring our true purpose into focus. . . . There is enough [here] to supply purpose to every American. If he cannot find it in the shocking evidence, his soul and understanding are as dead as his body is likely to be presently, dead and ready for the burial that Nikita Khrushchev promised him."* When the great debate comes to Los Angeles, it has obviously passed the point of no return.

The cold war, however, has another dimension. It has entangled us in the affairs of the world on an unprecedented scale and within the brief span of a generation. Thus we are up against a problem which is quite new in American history: to justify our way of life in the encounter with other nations, not only the Soviet Union. We have not had to do this before. To all those weary and hungry, oppressed and persecuted who came to these shores, America needed no justification. Liberty, work and the prospects of prosperity were more than enough to bring home the blessings of America and set them off sharply against the curses of the Old World.

This has changed. Now we must sell our "image" to the world and employ a special corps of technicians, the image merchants, for this purpose. And suddenly this summer, we discover that our commercials are not catching everywhere and that our traveling salesmen are not always welcome.

Why not? Surely not because we come bearing candy, washing machines, fertilizer, or electric-power plants. These goods move everywhere. The have-nots want them as much as the haves. But do they want them on our terms? Are the methods of free enterprise which produced progress and prosperity in nineteenth-century America necessarily the best for India or Indonesia? Of course not. And why do we usually put a political tag on the gifts we distribute? Why not try a revolutionary idea and say, we have come to make the underdeveloped nations economically viable so that they may become politically neutral —independent of both power blocs? Who knows? Such a message might be quite welcome. We don't need advanced bases to blow each other off the face of the earth. We can do so just as well by remote control.

Again, there is nothing wrong with advancing the cause of civil liberties among the Negroes in the South or in South Africa. I am sure we are most welcome. But it's rather difficult to move forward on all fronts at the same time. The purposes of bases and business do not necessarily advance the cause of liberty and democracy. In other words, the means we employ to achieve one objective may defeat the ends of another. Thus, what are we doing in the name of freedom, say, in Spain or Taiwan? We have the fireworks at home, but where is the shot heard around the world?

PERHAPS there is a lesson here, after all. We don't "enjoy" freedom as an abstract ideal. We enjoy it in action, and if we don't, or dare not, act lest we rock the bipartisan boat and lose military bases or oil concessions—of course, freedom is empty and purpose is missing. We don't "enjoy" prosperity as such either. We enjoy what we can do with it, and if we do nothing but play golf and watch the world go by on TV— of course, prosperity is empty and purpose is missing.

Which makes for another lesson even more elementary. In one of his confident moods, the President reassured his people that there were no grounds for defeatism because "the free-enterprise system produces more—not only more happiness . . . but also more goods, more wealth." That's putting the cart before the horse; besides, it's patently false. Free enterprise is not the golden key to happiness any more than is a collective economy. For once, the preachers are right: there is much more to being human and happy than being free and wealthy. Liberty and prosperity are necessary for enjoying the "good life," whatever that may be, but they are not enough. They do not make us human. On the contrary, we become the human beings we are by what we make of them.

This lesson seems to run counter to the national myth that the blessings we count on the Fourth make ours the best of all possible worlds. But this is an illusion, or a form of self-deception, which cannot but cause us anxiety and discontent when it is challenged. Others don't necessarily think so. And we don't necessarily think so when we encounter the ways of life which other peoples have fashioned for themselves. We lose nothing of real value by getting rid of the illusion, and we may gain something of value by appropriating what other cultures have created in their pursuit of happiness.

Thus, the two purposes—political and human—are not unrelated. The private world we live in is deeply affected by the public world we create. Yet it also pays to keep the two worlds distinct: it's easier to see what's going on in the name of the national purpose, if we do. It's easier to sort out sense from nonsense. Some people seem to enjoy sessions of collective soul-searching; these sessions may even serve a therapeutic purpose; but they are a dubious substitute for political action. In fact, they reinforce attitudes of withdrawal from public action, thus playing into the hands of political interests that exploit apathy and abuse morality. For when God, morality and the depravity of the human condition are tossed into the same political pot, it is still safe to suspect we are being had.

Moreover, the distinction is worth making for the benefit of politics as well as humanity. We can do more for both if we keep them apart. A great deal would be accomplished if we could give politics back to the people. For how can they have a sense of purpose if they don't have a sense of power? Political purpose is spelled out in the power to make decisions, not in a debate on abstract principles or pious platitudes. Thus it would mean much to revive politics as usual—i.e., a live, active concern about those issues and decisions in public life with regard to which political action is both possible and necessary. The prospects for such a revival are, to put it mildly, not too encouraging.

Yet even if politics were to recover from its present state of disability and desuetude, this would not solve the human equation. Politics is a means, not the end of human life. Political action is neither possible nor desirable with regard to the purposes we choose to make us human. Thus "democracy is not enough" either. Human beings may (and should) use democratic processes in order to create conditions which make it possible to pursue happiness and produce culture. But democracy doesn't have a monopoly on what's good for humanity. Much remains to be done for human life after politics has done its work. Thus, in principle, political action is subordinate to ends and values beyond politics. Political authority is limited, and rightly so. It deceives, as does any other authority, when it equates its own interests with the interests of humanity.

THIS IS PART of the American political tradition which is worth recalling at a time when the human, or cultural, dilemma is no longer our private affair. The virus of discontent is spreading. What are the young men angry about? There is no room at the top—for human excellence. Prosperity is the world's purpose, and the politics of the welfare state is producing its own middle-class structure and its own popular culture in the American image. The English, too, like the worst TV programs best. They also enjoy exhaust fumes and traffic congestions on lost weekends. Leisure, as Malcolm Muggeridge has said, is the new opiate of the people. "The vague picture of the future," writes William Golding, "which our political parties deduce for us as a desirable thing is limitless prosperity, health to enable us to live out a dozen television charters, more of everything. . . ." No doubt future generations will welcome these blessings. "They will have a far less brutish life than their nineteenth-century ancestors. . . . They will believe less and fear less. But just as bad money drives out good, so inferior culture drives out superior." And look at the "Little America" called West Germany: the *Wirtschaftswunder* with a vengeance! "Is the 'affluent society' obsolete?" asks a Canadian reporter calling for a "national examination of conscience." The "good life," it seems, is just too good for everybody. "The business of not working," *Life* informs us in its issue on "The Good Life," "now runs to $40 billion a year"—"disposable dollars" spent on the ever-increasing "disposable time," as *Life* puts it, in order to make sure that it will go down with the garbage.

Ah, but there are always the Russians and the Chinese and the have-nots everywhere. They have a national purpose. They know where they are going. And we are envious. But why? In politics, we let them keep alive a revolutionary ideology (long since discarded in the Soviet Union) which puts us on the defensive because ours is put on the inactive list. And, in human terms, of course, they are hungry and have a long way to go in the kitchen debate. But they'll get there, and when they do, they will also have a great debate on what to do about being human in their spare time.

No, the American dilemma will be everybody's dilemma before long, because the American way of life is setting the pace and the goal for human life everywhere. The great debate is a kind of preview of the shape of things to come. Before long we'll all go fishing in the same boat —"fishing for fun is now a $2.6 billion a year business"—fishing for the missing purpose.

PIN-STRIPE JURIES . .

by Laurence Barrett

THE FEDERAL COURT in New York City either cannot or will not recruit jury panels that represent proportionately all sectors of the population. And the situation is presumably not much different elsewhere in the country.

There is no overt or covert system of discrimination. Gone are the days when potential veniremen were selected from *Who's Who*, the *Social Register* and similarly loaded sources. Yet lawyers who practice in the U.S. District Court for the Southern District of New York State agree that trial juries here are head and shoulders above the citizenry at large in terms of education and socio-economic position.

Whether this furthers or obstructs justice in the district—which includes Manhattan, the Bronx and nine counties to the north, and is one of the busiest in the country—is another matter. Lawyers, litigants, prosecutors and defense attorneys in all courts praise juries in victory and condemn them in defeat.

But if one believes that the hallowed phrase "a jury of one's peers" means a genuine cross section of the community, then there is no doubt that the practice is at variance with the concept. A look at a typical panel drawn recently in the district from the array of some 20,000 qualified candidates gives an indication of the state of things.

Ordinarily, a panel of about 300 is chosen blindly out of the hopper twice a month. During the summer, only 175 are picked at each drawing. The list for the first half of July, as compiled by the Jury Clerk's office, carries a description of each talesman's occupation. I broke down the roster to the seven categories listed below:

Business-managerial	59
Professional	46
White-collar and skilled workers	48
Housewives	12
Retired	4
Semi-skilled and unskilled workers	4
Not classified	2
	175

Because of the brevity of the Jury

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Clerk's entries five of the names could have been put in more than one category. My decisions were, of course, arbitrary. But even if one presumes there was a small margin of error, it seems clear that a large majority—105 out of 175 by my count—represented the higher strata of society. (The figure of 105 is reached by adding the professionals and the business-managerial persons.)

The lowest level of the socio-economic scale got scant consideration. The white collar-skilled worker segment, while not ignored, was not represented in proportion to its great size. Despite the city's large Latin American community, not one Spanish name was on the list. Women made up less than a quarter of the roster.

WHEN one considers the array as a whole—an array is the total list of qualified candidates, in this instance comprising about 20,000 persons — it is seen that only two and a half counties are represented out of the eleven which comprise the district. Only residents of Manhattan, the Bronx and lower Westchester, which immediately adjoins the city on the north, are called to jury duty. This is because the court does not choose to pay traveling expenses for those who live more than twenty-five miles from the Federal Courthouse in lower Manhattan. Thus there is a *de facto* exclusion of upstate citizens.

If there is no systematic exclusion of groups except on a geographic basis—and it is agreed that in New York there is no such conscious subversion—how does the roll become so lopsided? The answer lies mainly in the federal court's administrative practices. (In this regard New York's Southern District has much in common with other federal districts.)

THE LAW leaves the selection of federal jurors up to the individual district. In practice, the responsibility for picking and choosing rests with the Jury Clerk and the Jury Commissioner. The clerk is a full-time functionary; the commissioner, working on a *per diem* basis, merely contributes his presence at certain times to certify that the physical fishing out of names from a basket is done blindly. The commissioner also has certain other relatively unimportant duties.

Our interest here is with how the names get into the basket in the first place. The law does not dictate any specific means. It states: "Any citizen who has attained the age of twenty-one years and resides within the judicial district is competent to serve as a grand or petit juror. . . ."

The statute then excludes certain obvious types: convicted criminals, persons who cannot read, write, speak and understand English, those afflicted with serious mental or physical illnesses, members of the armed forces on active duty, public officials and full-time policemen and firemen. In addition, the district judge may order the exclusion of "any class or group of persons" in the "public interest." This is done rarely. Elimination of groups for reasons of race or color is specifically prohibited.

Today, virtually all candidates for federal jury service in the Southern District of New York are drawn from lists of registered voters. Court officials insist—and there is no evidence to the contrary—that the election districts and names are both chosen at random. But dependence on voting lists for jurors immediately prejudices the lower-income group, in which the percentage of registered voters is smaller than in the higher economic groups.

Postcards go out to the persons selected, summoning them to appear "for examination as to your competency and qualification to serve as a juror."

The examination consists of a questionnaire and personal interview, both administered by the Jury Clerk or one of his assistants. The seventeen-part questionnaire includes questions as to the precise nature of the person's occupation and his educational background. According to one assistant jury clerk, the interviewer seeks to establish whether the person is of "reasonable intelligence." The interviewer makes this decision on his own.

ABOUT half of the prospective talesmen are eliminated at this stage, many because of financial hardship. Federal jurors receive an allowance of only \$7 a day, plus traveling expenses of ten cents a mile. To a family man earning \$70 or \$80 a week, this could mean a 50 per cent reduction in income. Thus exemptions on financial grounds alone remove large numbers of low-income citizens from the jury lists.

In discussing juror selection, Chief Judge Sylvester Ryan of the Southern District said in an interview: "What we try to do is get a good cross section of the population." By and large, he contended, the court succeeds. In the next breath, he acknowledged that there are "difficulties"—the exodus from the city of the middle classes, the arrival of a less stable element, language difficulties on the part of some of the newcomers. "It is important to have jurors who are accustomed to dealing with large sums of money and economic issues," Judge Ryan added.

This very point seems to weigh heavily in the decision on an individual's competence to serve as a federal juror. Civil cases tend to be extremely complex. Rarely does either side object to a jury that leans toward the blue-ribbon side.

NUMEROUS criminal cases tried in various Federal District Courts have been appealed on the basis of allegedly unrepresentative array. Other appeals have been pegged on charges of a bad trial jury itself. Only in rare instances—when deliberate exclusion of large groups of persons could be proved—have the appeals been successful.

Circuit courts and the United States Supreme Court have held repeatedly that a fair trial does not depend on proportional representation of all sectors of society. One of the best-known cases involved a group of Communists convicted under the Smith Act. The appeal was based on three points: the absence of an appreciable number of Negroes and Puerto Ricans from the array, the alleged failure of the Jury Clerk to obtain a good cross section of the community, and the resulting preponderance of members of the "owner-management" group.

The negative decision on the appeal said, in part:

> Defendants have no vested right in any particular method of [jury] selection, so long as the resulting array be not the product of intentional and systematic discrimination.

Once on the array of qualified candidates, a citizen can be called to serve frequently, occasionally, or never. He cannot be called more often than every two years. His name is stricken from the array only in the event of death, incapacitating illness, removal from the district, assumption of an occupation on the exempt list, conviction of a felony, or passing of his seventieth birthday.

This facet of the system causes the same persons to be called time after time. Additions to the array are made gradually, as the need develops, thus allowing for great selectivity. The suggestion has been made that large segments of the array should be replaced periodically. This proposal meets with little sympathy from the bench.

In fact, a committee of federal judges now concluding a study of the jury system for the Judicial Conference of the United States, an advisory group of federal jurists, finds little of substance to criticize in the present operations. The outlook is for an indefinite continuation of the *status quo*.

EICHMANN and OURSELVES . .

by Stuart Palmer

SIX MILLION Jews, including one million children, were killed by the Germans and clearly Adolf Eichmann played a continuing part in these murders. This was not mass murder; there is no such thing. Individuals die separately, one by one. Try to envision the murder of one unique human being every minute of every day for eleven and a half years and you will have some idea of the magnitude of this violence.

The fundamental question here is not whether Argentina's rights were violated by Israel, not whether international or Israeli law allows for a trial of Eichmann, and certainly not whether Eichmann is guilty. Even if one adopts the view that he was acting under orders from Heydrich, Himmler and Hitler, there is definite evidence that he went beyond those orders. He was not ordered to cause the death of twenty-seven British fliers at Terezin in 1945, but he did so.

The fundamental question is how men can proceed so that children do not grow up to be Hitlers and Eichmanns.

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IN 1906, in the Ruhr, in the city of Solingen, Karl Adolf Eichmann was born, the eldest of four sons. His parents were middle class, his father an electrical engineer. There is some evidence that the mother was a domineering, aggressive woman and the father a weak, dependent and passive man. When Karl Adolf was four years old, his mother died while giving birth to the youngest son. The father moved, with the four children, to the Austrian city of Linz. Eventually, the father remarried.

In Linz and Vienna the teen-age Karl Adolf, or Adolf as he was later known, made friends with Jews, seemed to like the warmth of the Jewish middle-class way of life. At the same time, he began attending National Socialist gatherings. He heard Hitler speak, was impressed, then in 1931 joined the Nazi Party of Austria. At that point a low-paid salesman for an oil company, Eichmann was attracted by the action-centered approach of the developing Nazis.

Because of his friendship with Jewish families, Eichmann spoke Yiddish. Also, he was frequently judged because of facial structure and coloring to be a Jew. As he left a bar one evening in that same year of 1931, young followers of Hitler accosted him, beat him into semi-consciousness. Recovered, he broke with his Jewish friends and joined a group of young toughs who spent their spare time in Jew-baiting.

It was during this period, also, that he fell from a motorcycle, suffered injuries of the head and was hospitalized for several weeks. It is interesting that in a recent study, by the author, of fifty-one United States murderers, head injuries, dominating mothers and passive fathers were found to be relatively common among the murderers.*

Eichmann moved to Germany in 1933, became a regular party worker, then an S.S. member, soon was a sergeant. Two years later he married Veronica Liebl, who is his wife today. S.S. General Reinhardt Heydrich spotted him as a potential leader of the assault on the Jews and in

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**A Study of Murder*. By Stuart Palmer. Thomas Y. Crowell. $4.95.

1941 Eichmann was placed in command of the Jewish Central Emigration office, the position from which he directed the killings of the six million persons.

His Nazi superiors considered Eichmann a genius of organization. New methods of death were perfected, new methods of disposing of the bodies were painstakingly developed under his guidance. He traveled widely, arranging for consignments of Jews, checking carefully the various phases of the operation, noting the efficency of his subordinates.

> The smaller children usually cried because of the strangeness of being undressed . . . , but when their mothers or members of the Special Detachment comforted them, they became calm and entered the gas chambers, playing or joking with one another and carrying their toys.
>
> I noticed that women who either guessed or knew what awaited them nevertheless found the courage to joke with the children to encourage them, despite the mortal terror visible in their own eyes.
>
> One woman approached me as she walked past and, pointing to her four children who were manfully helping the smallest ones over the rough ground, whispered: "How can you bring yourself to kill such beautiful, darling children? Have you no heart at all?"

This was written by Rudolf Hoess, commandant of one of Eichmann's death camps. He was convicted of war crimes at Nuremberg and then ordered to write an account of his activities, which was published in 1960 as *Commandant of Auschwitz* by the World Publishing Company.

Eichmann is supposed to have said in 1944, "I shall leap into my grave laughing because the feeling that I have the death of five million people on my conscience will be for me a source of extraordinary satisfaction." Those who knew him well describe Eichmann as a composed, businesslike, firm yet courteous man. As a child he had been exceedingly withdrawn but in his years of power he was sociable, drank heavily, but not to the extent that his efficiency was impaired, had a reputation for sexual lust.

At present, evidence concerning Eichmann's basic personality is scant at best. Tentative speculation is that he was and is highly intelligent, extremely insecure, ridden with repressed aggression. There are indications that he is compulsive and beset by strong, latent homosexual tendencies.

With the war's end Eichmann went in hiding near Linz. Soon he changed his tactics, impersonated a *Luftwaffe* private and allowed himself to be captured by United States troops. In 1946 he escaped, hid in the forests, went to Rome and Madrid, to Buenos Aires. Working first as an engineering supervisor and then as a clerk in an auto-assembly plant, he earned a small reputation for efficiency. He called himself Ricardo Klementz. His wife and children had rejoined him and in the town of San Fernando, outside of Buenos Aires, he built a small home. He became a commuter.

And then on May 11, 1960, Eichmann was captured near his home by Israeli commandos. He is reported to have said, "I realize there is no point in continuing to evade justice. I declare myself willing to proceed to Israel and to stand trial before a competent court. . . . I want at last to achieve inner peace."

WITH the story briefly told, the fundamental question remains: How can men proceed so that children do not grow up to be Hitlers and Eichmanns? What could be done about the Eichmann case that would further this end?

Eichmann could be understood. There could be a massive attempt to seek out the social, cultural, psychological factors which drove his actions. What were the cultural forces at work in Germany which allowed a situation to develop where a Hitler and an Eichmann filled a need in the members of the society? And needed they were, or they would not have flourished. What experiences molded Eichmann's personality? What was the nature of this personality that could fill that need in German society? Here is an individual case study within a societal case study, both of which are of the utmost significance if we are ever to make strides toward solution of the problem of how violence develops.

There are those who will say that Eichmann is a monster and should be exterminated. There are those who will ask why should the Jews be expected to be "better" than other people; that is, why should the Jews avoid capital punishment in the Eichmann case? And there are those who will say that to ask for understanding of Eichmann is to ask too much. Understanding of human beings does not seem to be a popular goal. When crimes of violence are involved, and these in almost overpowering numbers, the desire to understand becomes even less widespread.

But what more effective way is there of trying to reduce a problem, in this case violence, than to understand what produces it? If individuals let that very violence sway them from the rational to the emotional, then the result is only a strengthening of the vicious circle.

Let me be more direct about this: terrible as Eichmann's crimes were, if one is going to insist on being negatively emotional about him, on putting him beyond the sphere of human beings, on putting him beyond understanding, then the whole human attempt to achieve reasonable, non-violent, productive order probably cannot prevail.

Eichmann could be incarcerated, studied carefully in the context of his cultural and social background. Certainly, it is doubtful that his redemption as a constructive human being could be achieved; but the attempt would in itself be symbolically important. Once it is admitted that any human being is beyond redemption, then failure in the general effort to reduce broad-scale human problems is admitted.

Staggeringly monstrous as Eichmann's actions have been, there were causes for those actions and they can be comprehended. Like it or not, it may be well to keep in mind that Eichmann was once a two-year-old who played in the sand as my child is doing now. The case of Eichmann is the grand opportunity to put constructive rational action ahead of destructive self-defeating emotionalism in the human march toward nonviolence. In all likelihood that opportunity will not be grasped.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Gigantic and Loving Fight

THE DYMAXION WORLD OF BUCKMINSTER FULLER. By Robert W. Marks. Reinhold Publishing Co. 232 pp. $12.

David Cort

BUCKMINSTER FULLER can write for himself, but usually in a specialized language. Robert Marks's work comes, therefore, as a translation of Fuller into at least the English of the schools. As such, putting part of the Fuller mathematics and philosophy out in the open where they can be scholastically seen, assayed and handled, it may very possibly, even probably, open a revolution in thought. Fuller is not a philosopher in the mere sense of playing with semantics, but in the rare sense of struggling with the observed facts of life, or what he calls "the universe." It is always moving to watch one man engaged in this gigantic and loving fight, alone, overmatched and unblinking. And here, in this book, released from the bondage of the Fuller private dialectic, anyone can see the epic combat.

In the first chapter, when I found Dr. Marks translating the Fuller concepts—"valving," "regenerative," "synergy," "macro-micro-oscillocosm," "event constellations," etc.—it became evident that at last out of these concepts a visible explosion was taking place on the printed page. The experience of seeing them take shape in an assimilable idiom is much like seeing a genie rise out of a bottle on the beach and look around for the problem to be solved.

Since the book is itself a review of Fuller's work, a "review" would require quoting it in full; condensation of Dr. Marks's condensation is beyond my ability. He traces Fuller's point of view to Occam and Descartes: specifically, to "Occam's Razor," that assumptions must never be multiplied beyond absolute necessity (which ended a lot of medieval nonsense), and to Descartes' interest in "the totality of possible events." To operate between this classic negative and this positive requires both high discipline and high adventure. The combination is rare, and when it occurs, something is likely to happen.

The dymaxion house, car, bathroom, map, geometry, etc., presently happened, but in social terms nothing much happened, for about twenty-five years. In this fascinating period, Fuller's failure to cash in seemed to Henry Luce of *Life* and some dowagers to represent simply "failure," in the sense that the playwright, Arthur Miller, writes that "a failure in society and in business has no right to live." Fuller and his universe evidently did not know what Luce and Miller were talking about. For in fact Fuller was producing prototypes of things of vast potential use to "society and business," things that worked, were efficient and cheaply made. Society wasn't interested, *at that moment*, but the apathy did not dismay, or slow down Fuller, or even interest him in the irony that the "failure" was American society's. Dr. Marks's later chapters implicitly describe the painful satire on the American business world corresponding to Fuller's "failure." Actually the joke gets better all the time, but Fuller would not appreciate it; he is not at all interested in such ironies.

IN THE existing world, Fuller's position is necessarily confusing. The philosopher designation would be acceptable and harmless, except that he has been on the payrolls of big corporations like Armour, Phelps-Dodge and Time, Inc., and not invisible. Like Socrates, Fuller has known "everybody," he goes out in society, he is an old-school gentleman, he used to go to night clubs, he answers anybody's question at length and gladly suffers fools; he is physically powerful, able and gentle. One cannot escape the comparison to Socrates, himself a great gentleman, and a very patient one. But Fuller also has a staff of lawyers who carefully defend his innumerable patents, he constantly lectures at all the leading universities, and a kindly cynicism that is quite unnatural to him has lifted him out of the category of "mad inventor," a designation that never fitted the actual man.

Fuller is in the world; he has to be dealt with face to face. He may walk into a great corporation's board meeting; he may walk out of a Maine surf; he may be seen sculling a stalled motorboat in the Thousand Islands; or talking in the quadrangle of a South African University; or lecturing in Rangoon or Tokyo; or making a gentle point to Prime Minister Nehru; or clambering over one of his structures at any one of two score American universities. Whoever you are, he will try to meet you on your own terms and translate them to those of the universe, again like Socrates. All very well. But what kind of creature is this? To the big businessmen, as well as the little philosophers, it is obviously a monster. However, the former at least have at last embraced the monster, because he is necessary and profitable. Some corporations would be in trouble without the once-lunatic ideas of Fuller.

THE philosophers might begin with the geometry on page thirty-nine. In this, which would interest Euclid, we begin by close-packing around one sphere as many same-size spheres as possible, and continue to layer on subsequent shells of same-size spheres. The first layer has 12 spheres, the second 42, the third 92, the last figure being the number of atomic elements. Oddly, these three numbers combined produce 146, the number of neutrons in uranium, the 92nd element. Add another basic 92, and you have 238, the number of nucleons in uranium, whose atomic weight is 238. In this relation of numbers, some insight is opened into the relationships of the atomic world and the structuring of the universe. From his packed spheres, Fuller derives formulas and a geometry of structuring in terms of lines of force. Mathematicians and engineers seem to be able to follow this with joy and understanding.

In a sense more practical than mystical, the Fuller mathematics hypothesizes a human society of increasing plenty and happiness, without politics, the reverse of the Socialist forecast. It is here that I must dissent, noting that Fuller, by no coincidence, is temperamentally optimistic and magnanimous. A beautiful future rams straight into the nature of man, which will probably remain selfish, hardhearted, shortsighted and thoroughly political, as will human society. Most people are more adept at expressing their meanness than their love, and actually happier in doing so. The Fuller universe offers us a better world, and can prove that it is there for the taking. But there remains the human perverseness that used to be called Original Sin. My resistance to the Fuller optimism can be ascribed to my share of the ancient disease.

The achievement described in this book is protean; but in fact it is only about a third of the whole Fuller body

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of investigation and speculation. Some of the rest can be found in Fuller's own *Nine Chains to the Moon* (Lippincott, 1938), in my *The Big Picture* (chapters on Universe, Earth, Current Events) and in the March, 1960, *Architectural Design*. But what is needed is publication of Fuller's tape-recorded lectures in five seminars. His lectures, if he is not allowed to edit them in his celebrated "feed-back" style, are quite comprehensible and wonderfully honest and exciting.

The worldly-naive strain running through Fuller is that of a Faust who would try to convert Mephistopheles; he has repeatedly turned away when the devil would not play on his terms. A great magnate once told him that the way to get rich was to make things complicated; Fuller smilingly went on trying to make them simple. Henry Luce once told him he was a fool to tell everybody everything he knew; Fuller smilingly went on trying to tell it all, knowing that he was really telling it to himself and correcting it as he went along; while Luce, like the rest of us, hugged his own barren and shriveling secrets. Fuller proves in at least this one career that magnanimity, optimism and love of one's fellow man (plus enormous brains and hard work) pay off, as against greed, fear and suspicion (even with brains and hard work). The ordinary man has not even begun to understand how completely and effectively Fuller is on his side. This revelation evidently must come slowly, though it has already come to the young people in the colleges.

The communication with the whole people, which Fuller wants, may not really be compromised by his current status as the darling of the businessmen, a role he accepts only to be socially useful. These people need him, they will forgive him every dread heresy, for they cannot break his patents, hard as they may try, and they have tried.

But the heresies of clean, precise thinking end up as faith, hope and charity. They dismiss all politics as after-the-fact temporizing, from Karl Marx to our own founding fathers. Since I like the founding fathers, why does this not dismay me? Fuller points to the great destiny for mankind, and I say that I know more about mankind than he does. Who is he to tell me that these creatures will ever be decent? And the wonderful hope is that I may be wrong, and Fuller right.

Table for Three

Three women sat down at a lunch table.
One of them told a story about a niece.
When she stopped talking the second
began.
She told a story about a cat.
When she stopped talking the third
one began.
She re-reported a newspaper story.
There was a pause, then another round.
One of them described a salad she had
tasted.
When she stopped talking the second
began.
She described a hat she had bought.
When she stopped talking the third
one began.
She described a house she had seen.
Then the three got up and left.
They have more courage than I can
imagine.

Ruth Soter

Our Taste for Violence

BRASS-KNUCKLE CRUSADE. The Great Know-Nothing Conspiracy: 1820-1860. By Carleton Beals. Hastings House. 312 pp. $5.95.

THEIR MAJESTIES THE MOB. By John W. Caughey. University of Chicago Press. 214 pp. $5.

Carl N. Degler

IN A YEAR when *The New York Times* and *Life* are exploring the national purpose and lamenting the loss of our historic sense of mission [see Hans Meyerhoff's essay, page 85], it is well for us to recall other years when our articulation of national values was even less successful than today. We easily remember the lofty and inspiring words of a Lincoln, but we often forget that during Lincoln's own lifetime — in the nativist movement — Americans touched the nadir of their idealism. We can take little pride in those years when many Americans, consumed by fear and drugged with bigotry, tried to deny public office, the ballot and even jobs to thousands of immigrants congregating in our cities, when Protestant hatred burned Catholic churches and hounded priests and nuns, and when scores of books spread malicious lies about Catholics and foreigners.

In his book Mr. Beals tells the whole violent, distasteful story, vividly and at length, sometimes too excitedly for complete accuracy, but with conviction. He makes no pretense to a dispassionate or scholarly study of Know-Nothingism, which he flatly calls "America's first fascist movement." One can sympathize with Mr. Beals's indignation. Certainly the lies were incredible, the violence shocking. But it is one thing to deplore the anti-Catholic sentiments of the movement and quite another to suggest that nativism was nothing more; or to assert, as he does, that the movement came "within a breath" of gaining national power.

Unlike Mr. Beals, the historians of nativism in the last two decades have emphasized the complicated motives which underlay the nativist outburst. In Massachusetts, for example, as Oscar Handlin has shown, many genuine reformers joined the nativist movement, not out of nativist conviction, but because they wanted to outvote the conservatism of the immigrant. Once in power they passed, not nativist legislation, but reforms like personal liberty laws to protect free Negroes. None of this reinterpretation appears in Mr. Beals's pages or in his bibliography. A striking omission of the book is that, although we are frequently told of elections which nativists won in the 1850s, rarely, if at all, are we told of any concrete actions which followed from these victories. The fact is that almost no legislation was passed to implement the nativist program, even though in states like California, Massachusetts and Maryland so-called nativists constituted a majority of the legislature, or nearly so. By itself this fact suggests that the party was not as monolithic, rabid or powerful as Mr. Beals contends.

Much the same conclusion is suggested by the variety of people included in the movement. Along with the expected array of bigots, frustrated neurotics and self-serving politicians, there were abolitionists and reformers like Henry Wilson, frontier democrats like Sam Houston, respected conservatives like Millard Fillmore and John Bell, and even prominent Catholics like Charles Gayarre of Louisiana. The presence of such figures among the Know-Nothings should suggest to Mr. Beals that the American Party, as it was officially called, was moved by more than simple bigotry. But he is so eager to show that Know-Nothingism was about to take over the country that these figures are left unexplained or passed off as mere fronts; even Webster's Seventh of March speech on the Com-

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promise of 1850 is said to be tainted with Know-Nothingism because it contained references to the desirability of standing by the Union. Indeed, it is the Unionist sentiment animating many nativists that Mr. Beals is least able to appreciate as an explanation for the temporary success of the Know-Nothings. He can easily ridicule those who thought they saw some hope for saving the Union through the American Party; he knows that the Civil War was coming soon. The historian is by profession a Monday morning quarterback, but he ought to be at least as sparing in his use of hindsight as a sports commentator.

THE VIOLENCE of the "brass-knuckle crusade" forcefully reminds us once again that lawlessness, vigilantes and mob violence run through most of our history. This thread of violence is sometimes minimized on the assumption that it is simply the consequence of the frontier. Such an explanation is inadequate, though, not only because of the clear evidence in books like Mr. Beals's that violence was common in the cities, but because lawlessness and vigilantes are by no means universal frontier phenomena. Canadians, for example, have no significant history of frontier vigilantes and lawlessness. In short, the vigilante impulse, as John Caughey calls it, is more than just a colorful item of Americana — it is a distinctive part of our national character.

Recognizing the special place of the vigilante in America, Mr. Caughey, who teaches American history at the University of California, has brought together in *Their Majesties the Mob* more than fifty accounts of, and comments on, mob action in this country during the last century or so. Some of these are fine statements of the principles of justice ignored by mobs, most of them are eyewitness sketches of the ugly face of vigilantes in action. In an introduction, Mr. Caughey tries to sum up the nature of the vigilante impulse, both in its violent and in its subtle manifestations. Defining "the essence" of the impulse as "group action in lieu of regular justice," he takes issue with those writers who have defended American frontier vigilantes on the ground that regular law was ineffectual or absent. Rightly, Mr. Caughey points out that the occasions when the established courts were unavailable were rare, but the use of irregular justice was not rare at all.

His effort to illustrate the dimensions of the vigilante impulse through his collection of sources is not equally successful, however. For one thing, all the examples concern events in which Mr. Caughey obviously sympathizes with the victims of the vigilantes. Is it not, though, as much an act of vigilantism to free a runaway slave held by the authorities in Boston as it is to drag a Negro from a jail in Mississippi? It is no extenuation to plead the injustice of slavery; such a defense is but a variety of the mob's justification for the lynching of the rapist — namely, that the law is inadequate or wrong.

The other weakness in this selection of sources is Mr. Caughey's inclusion of examples which so broaden the definition of vigilante as to make it meaningless. To be sure, conventional examples, like lynchings on the frontier or the mobbing of Chinese in Wyoming railroad towns, are included. But also included are sources on the intimidation of former Communists by Congressional committees and the blacklisting of radicals and leftists. These may be deplorable acts, but they hardly qualify as interferences with the processes of regular justice.

Moreover, what is gained by thus stretching the term "vigilante impulse" to include the effects of popular prejudice, fears and pressures? Not only is the meaning of the term diluted, but the achievement of the book's purpose — to convince Americans of the need to resist vigilante actions — is made that much more difficult. For if we accept the dismissal of Robert Oppenheimer as an expression of the vigilante impulse, as Mr. Caughey urges, then are we not obliged to call by the same name the agitation of the A. F. of L. and the NAACP against Judge Parker's appointment to the Supreme Court in 1930? And if popular pressure to influence public policy is vigilante action, then do not boycotts against South Africa or against Woolworth stores in the North fall into the same category? But if acts like these are to be so named, many good liberals will be hard put to condemn the vigilante impulse as uncompromisingly as Mr. Caughey hopes.

Our history is filled with examples of vigilantes in action. Sometimes this impulse has served good ends; many times it has been the agent of injustice. One thing seems clear: the vigilante spirit is in every American. And just because it is, it needs to be illustrated in all its manifestations, not in only those which we may happen to dislike. Furthermore, as a facet of the American character, it deserves to be studied in its own right and not obscured by being loosely equated with prejudice or opposition to liberal goals and ideas.

Return to the Heart's Longing

HOMO FABER. By Max Frisch. Abelard-Schuman. 198 pp. $3.95.

MOUNT ANALOGUE. By Rene Daumal. Pantheon Books. 157 pp. $3.

David L. Norton

WHATEVER the causes, it is clear that present-day spokesmen for humanity are displaying a marked modesty of intentions. No more, apparently, shall we brandish swords of righteousness or flaunt our partisan banners. Heroics of the individual will are disdained, and the heart's longing, if revealed, is apt to receive a dousing, like a trespassing troubadour.

In this atmosphere it is not surprising that novels of aspiration are out of favor. Ahab would only mystify us, and Melville's resignation was prophetic when he turned to *Benito Cereno*. Art has indeed come to be considered "gratuitous," as Gide demanded, but at the price of sacrificing its secret hope to save the world.

In Europe, especially, the novel of aspiration has been supplanted by cool works of observation. There is much in the new manner — by Robbe-Grillet, Sarraute, Claude Mauriac — that is admirable; in each case the whole is nursed out of a single methodological concept, giving the work a consummate unity and coherence. But the picture of man presented is without will, purpose, or moral judgment. Percepts replace concepts, facts annihilate value, the vessel is rudderless and propelled by circumstance.

Of course, this is not entirely new. Many writers in the past have been spectators rather than interventionists. But with this difference, I think: they were so by temperament rather than by doctrine. As a consequence they enjoyed greater latitude in their choice of instruments. Henry James, for instance, was abstract and antiseptic; he peered at life through a telescope. Gide was personal and sensual; he used a stethoscope, catching heartbeats. Better yet have been those who used the finely focused human eye. By contrast the new group

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exhibits a collective favor for the clinical microscope, magnifying minutiae.

Given this trend, confirmed pluralists will be delighted to find two first-rate novels of aspiration, very different in kind, by European authors.

Homo Faber, by the Swiss writer Max Frisch (*I'm Not Stiller*, etc.), details two months in the life of Walter Faber, a power-systems engineer. In method it resembles Camus' *The Stranger*, for it is told in the first person by a narrator who is singularly misqualified for the job. Meursault could not think; Faber is a monolith of prejudice.

Faber lives in a closed universe of turbines, mathematical probabilities and mechanistic interpretations. In his eyes everything reduces to matter in motion. Feeling is obstructive and therefore a vice. Sent twice by his firm to supervise a turbine installation in Caracas which initially misfires, Faber undergoes a forced landing in Mexico, a side trip to a Guatemalan plantation to visit a friend whom he finds on arrival to have hung himself, and a battle of wits with his New York mistress who resents being sacked. He survives unmarked. In moments of weakness he sustains himself by invoking the spirits of Uspensky, Reichenbach and Norbert Wiener.

It is a tribute to Frisch's skill that Faber is believable, and even more, interesting. The author has made him narrow, but not superficial in his own realm, literal-minded but not pedestrian. He is endowed with a keen eye for local absurdity and a caustic wit which turns at least one scene — in the New York apartment — into a near-burlesque. Further, his positive philosophy is fascinating, like a Gorgon's head. We never suspect that Faber is being fashioned in straw expressly for demolition.

And he is not demolished, though ultimately we find him weakened, searching, his shell no longer impervious. Frisch has subtly prepared us for this change. In the Guatemalan adventure, where the author evokes a torpid, oppressive atmosphere with Conradian power, we found welling up in Faber a hidden horror of the organic, the fetid and unclean. "What got on my nerves were the newts in every pool, a seething mass of newts in every one-day puddle — all this procreation, this stench of fertility, of blossoming decay. Wherever you spat it germinated!"

Here we learn that Faber's excessive love for clean, powerful, resistant mechanisms is not intrinsic, but a reflex of his hatred of the organic, with its laws of generation and dissolution. These are precisely what finally ensnare him. His sex interest in two women brings him to the only genuine relationships he has known, then leads inexorably to tragedy; and he suspects he has inoperable cancer. At the end, he is awaiting the knife with little hope, but he is a fuller man. His salvation, Frisch intends, lies in his growing awareness that truth is many.

BY CONTRAST, Rene Daumal is certain that truth ultimately is one, and *Mount Analogue* is a quest for understanding, not of self, but of the universal essence of things. It rests on the same substratum that supports Yoga, Zen ritual, the experiments of Rimbaud with hashish, and those of Aldous Huxley with mescalin . . . the conviction that higher states of consciousness are attainable, by extraordinary means.

Mount Analogue is an allegorical marvel tale. It deals with the search for, discovery and ascent of an invisible mountain, the highest on earth, and the supreme symbol of the bond between earth and sky. The nameless narrator of the story is a young literary symbolist who has written an article tracing the outcroppings of the symbol in prophetic literature. He corresponds with "Father" Sogol, ex-novitiate of a heretical order, professor of mountaineering, and amateur physicist, who has established Mount Analogue's existence and location. They carefully recruit a party of eight believers and set out aboard the yacht "Impossible."

The strength of Daumal's book lies in its internal logic. Why Mount Analogue is invisible and not ordinarily approachable is explained both by physical principles and by symbolic necessity, thus achieving a balance which the author maintains throughout. Each difficulty the party encounters along the way is met by "regarding the problem as solved and deducing from the solution all logical consequences," a method which produces results that are fantastic, yet coherent.

Daumal died of tuberculosis in 1944 at the age of thirty-six, leaving the book unfinished. So far as the work is concerned I think this is just as well. In the last chapters, where anticipation gives way to the actual ascent, Daumal appears to grope a bit and his symbols lose their edge. This was predictable. He has led us to expect more than he, or perhaps anyone, could fulfill. By unanimous testimony of those who endorse them, the higher reaches of mystical experience cannot be described in a meaningful way.

These two novels may be placed together, apart from the bulk of recent literature. Yet it is a difference between them that is perhaps most suggestive. Apart from matters of writing style and methodology, *Homo Faber* and *Mount Analogue* contrast substantially different styles of thought. The ideal toward which Faber moves is openness to the varieties of experience. The ideal held aloft by Daumal is a finished product from the start. Everything that happens in *Mount Analogue* justifies the initial certainty of Sogol and his colleague; by each event in the life of Walter Faber a bit of his initial certainty is destroyed.

The essential difference between the ideals represented in the two works amounts to the gulf between the animal and absolute and the tentative and human. Somewhere, C. P. Snow has remarked: "I want a man who knows something about himself. And is appalled. And has to forgive himself to get along." So do I, and so, I believe, does Max Frisch.

Le Rêve de Yadwiga

Henri Rousseau

Even in the dream, he notices,
that peasant common-sense
accompanies her
like a dry aunt, and
Yadwiga
brought along the sofa
in case the lotusleaves were damp;
left her wide
shoes at home, with
other things . . . reclines
on red plush
in a bower of hair; jungle
rises, panting, round her.
Oranges
and lemon birds
ornament the trees; music
supplied by a
darker dream in a loud-
striped skirt, breathing
into a woodflute;
tigers, abashed, and
shoulderdeep in green,
cannot decide whether
to roar or purr;
Yadwiga reaches
to pick that lotusbud
offering itself so crisply to
the square hand; she
likes flowers. A bird says something
brilliant;
all the leaves
are green flesh.
Yadwiga
on red plush makes a jungle
in which everybody is
surprised but
the serpent: he
is used to
Edens, and generally
successful

DEBORAH AUSTIN

ART

Leslie Katz

VISITING the major exhibit, Art Nouveau, at the Museum of Modern Art this summer (to be shown later in Pittsburgh, Los Angeles and Baltimore), one discovers that a movement, often vaguely thought of as a flash in the pan of art and design at the turn of the century, was an international style that touched in its origins such diverse figures as the French painter Paul Gauguin and the American architect Louis Sullivan. In addition to advancing a style, its idealistic practitioners brought a philosophy to art, a social (or occasionally anti-social) intention, sharing a common desire to apply high art not only to painting and sculpture, but to graphic design, decoration and architecture. It was a folk movement of aristocratic minds that sought to take art out of the museums and bring it into daily use, public and private, as in building and wall decorations, books, furniture, jewelry, household objects.

On first glance one may be tempted to categorize the fanciful chairs and cabinets, the elegant iridescent vases, the refined, elongated or squared romanticism as a quaint echo of a transitional epoch, a passing fancy of passing ebullience, the simplification of the Victorian into the Modern, when the umbrella stand made of an elephant's foot gave way to the inkwell formed of abstract swirls of cast metal. The logic of fancy produced lines and designs that evolved like organisms in a society stable and affluent enough to imbue any object with convoluted grace. The movement thus symbolized its confidence in the natural evolution of form and progress (as in Hector Guimard's Paris subway entrances and Louis Tiffany's glass), and sought to establish cohesion, harmony, the pleasures of formal taste, in advertising posters, book bindings, chairs and world fairs.

The social idealism of certain contributors to the Art Nouveau movement, although not emphasized in the exhibit, is outlined in the admirable catalogue,* a collection of essays, which traces and gives the background of the leading figures—artists, architects and craftsmen—who took part, sometimes by coincidence, in this international phenomenon in France, Britain, Belgium and Holland, Germany, America and elsewhere. It was an era when commercialism and salesmanship were looked to as civilizing influences, when each new item, whether book, stove, subway entrance or iron-trussed building, was invested with an innocent glamour and embellished with bold designs inspiring its power of grandeur in the beholder and dignifying its particular use.

In the catalogue Peter Selz, Director of the Exhibit, documents the early interest of Paul Gauguin and others at Pont Aven in Brittany in applying their art to ceramics, wooden screens and painted glass—the need and desire for a sense of identity with a folk and a folk art, a spiritual rapport Gauguin later sought to find with natives of a South Sea Island (and could not find, as the Impressionists did, in Paris). Vincent Van Gogh, it may be remembered, began as an evangelist in the mines of the Borinage, and later asserted his transcendent, impassioned respect for the form and use of ordinary objects in his paintings of an old pair of shoes, a simple bedroom, a pool table with a light above, common flowers, tilled landscapes. Van Gogh may be said to extract from given reality a consistency and harmony of design that his onetime schoolmate Van de Velde, an outstanding exponent of Art Nouveau, created and imposed overtly by designing with logical uniformity (more fanciful and less rigid and puritanical than much "free form" modern design) his house, his furniture, his silverware, even his wife's clothes. The point is, the souls of both men, as artists, were involved in different ways with social, even civic aspiration.

THE WORK of America's great architect at the turn of the century, Louis Sullivan, had qualities of Art Nouveau. Sullivan was a civic genius who ended his career in failure. One of his last designs, it is said, was the tin floor plate for a parlor stove, but it may be supposed he did not look down on the job, as he had previously designed drinking fountains and door hinges for his buildings, believing with Whitman that the detail is the microcosm of structure. He traced the ruin of American architecture and his own career to the wave of bad taste and jingoistic hypocrisy that engulfed America in the 1890s, an artiness that cheaply imitated the past instead of daring to originate in native terms and be itself. In his *Autobiography of an Idea*, musing over the absence of honesty and sincerity in then current vogues, he continued to invoke his own confidence, while castigating the smug dictatorship of taste by an alliance of business patrons and art world academics. In words worth quoting today when admiring his creations, he spoke of the reigning taste in America as "a culture lost in ghostly *mésalliance* with abstractions, when what the world needs is courage, common sense and human sympathy, and a moral standard that is plain, valid and livable."

Much Art Nouveau, especially in Northern countries, was tinged with a *fin de siècle* and dying swan grace, or a sense of romantic horror that soon found release in cold theories and fearful symbolism. A genuinely new style has the power to create a vast new conventionality. The movement went in many directions and influenced many forces. The seemingly brief success that bloomed with broken blossoms had deep, strong roots—strong enough, perhaps, to outlive not only its eclipse, but the fashionable revival it will now enjoy, elevated to scholarly attention, high prices in antique stores, and a snobbish status as ancestral justification for present fashions. Capable of putting forth many and unexpected growths, in differing soils and varying climates, Art Nouveau has proven its vitality, surviving in seed form, and now emerges again.

WHEN THE KISSING HAD TO STOP

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THEATRE

Harold Clurman

Paris—London

SINCE most of the plays I saw in Paris and London will be shown in New York during the coming season, I prefer to postpone detailed reviews of them. Also, watching these plays in their home capitals, I made little effort to estimate their worth as entertainment or art. I was more concerned with what they represented as part of the spiritual horizon of their respective countries.

The most striking development in Paris and London—but more emphatically in London—is that what might be called the *avant-garde,* the unusual or the difficult play has crossed the line that divides the little theatres in the byways from the big theatres in the center. Harold Pinter's *The Caretaker,* for example, a play markedly influenced by Beckett's *Godot,* began its career at the Arts (a tiny club theatre) but is now attracting enthusiastic and packed houses in the West End.

In London, the difference in price of an orchestra seat in the West End theatres—$2.80—and a seat in the smaller theatres is slight, but that is not the whole explanation. There is a "new wave" in the English theatre, and it has created a large audience which attends the once risky plays wherever they may be found. Some Americans tend to pooh-pooh this new English drama on the ground that it is hardly new at all; that it resembles what was done by us in the thirties. I do not believe the objection to be well founded. Every culture must follow the course of its own organic nature. And because Osborne, and more recently Arnold Wesker, have written plays which in part recall Odets and other of our erstwhile insurgents does not mean that the English authors are contributing nothing specifically their own to the contemporary drama. They *are*—by the very fact of their Englishness. And though we too have seen Beckett and Ionesco in New York, their plays are still caviar on Broadway: our expense account audiences have no appetite for such plays. In Paris, Genet's *The Balcony* is a success at the Gymnase—a typical boulevard theatre. Though Sartre's *The Prisoners of Altona* is almost a melodrama in its technique and Anouilh's *Becket* is even more facile in style, both are far more successful in Paris than I believe they can ever be in New York, even if buttressed by "name actors."

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THE London and Parisian theatres at this moment are healthier than ours. It is pointless to set down the titles and number of our best productions alongside those of London and Paris; the condition of a theatre is not to be measured in such terms. What must be taken into account are the position and function of the theatre in a particular society: the theatre's relation to its audience in respect to demand, sentiment, economic situation.

The French theatre at its best continues a tradition of maturity in writing—often novel in tone and manner—coupled with themes of a certain weight. Even the plays of the apparently anarchistic Jean Genet have potent social implications. His most recent *The Blacks* deals with the tension between white and colored people in a manner that is at least as germane to us as to the French, though its reverberations extend far beyond the reach of civil-rights platforms and liberal legislation.

By comparison, the English plays of similar ambition may be regarded as the work of beginners—often imitative and uncertain—though the English accent justifies them, at least for their own audiences. They also help us understand how the malaise common to the entire Western world expresses itself in one particular segment of it.

What emerges from the new drama in England as well as in France is a desperate cry for help. The stress is different in each country. A character in Sartre's play says: "The liquidation of the human species was decided upon in high places. The specific facts and causes don't matter. The main point is that we have a taste for destruction." Speaking of a war criminal, another character says: "He cried to God 'I do not want to do what I am doing,' but he did it." In a word, Sartre says that we are frauds. We refuse to do away with the causes of the guilts that torment us, and linger in willful inertia protected by our temporary prosperity. Aware of our moribund condition, we retreat from historical necessity—that is to say conscious responsibility — which leads to what might be called social incest. Ostensibly about Germany (though some say it alludes to the French in Algeria) Sartre's play challenges all of us. Genet, much less clearly a moralist than Sartre, nevertheless makes his plays resound with corresponding echoes.

The English suffer their anguish more locally. One source of distress is their feeling that they are still constricted by their patient manners, their lack of expressiveness in matters of the heart, that peculiar mutism which is perhaps a vestige of the days of the powerful British Empire. The English dramatist now appears to demand loud denunciation of what may still be remedied, together with outlets for inner turmoil whose alleviation is not readily available because the malady has not beer defined.

IN THIS respect there is a division in English thinking about the theatre. I is evident in Kenneth Tynan's resistanc to Ionesco as contrasted with his en thusiasm for Brecht. I too am a Brech "partisan," but let us reflect on this moment. Ionesco's *Rhinoceros* is an out cry against conformism and the dehu manization of the person in our mech anized society. This takes a subjectiv and romantic form which, beside bein bewildered, seems practically impotent What may be worse, Ionesco often sug gests that the process of dehumaniza

A Dissertation upon Roast Poet

(dedicated to R.G., E.P., K.R., et al.)

His dashing knavery
The world said was savory,

Till, oh dear, his truculence
Spoiled his succulence.

Edward Locke

tion is intrinsic to the human condition. Brecht believes in human intelligence and its capacity to act on behalf of a better life.

What should not be overlooked, however, is that both dramatists represent responses to kindred aches. Western man—to speak only of him—feels himself oppressed and ailing. No artistic (or political) utterance today can be pertinent if it fails to recognize this. Therefore "decadent" writers, insofar as they voice truly experienced reactions to the endemic disease, are being socially creative (or useful) even when their expressions of horror or rage point to no such clear conclusions as are contained in the classic statements of a Brecht.

Pinter's *The Caretaker*—a stylized play, though more naturalistically grounded than its French counterparts—sounds off on the painful lack of connection and the hostile suspicion between individuals, all of whom are almost equally wounded and pitiable. Arnold Wesker's *Roots* is an attempt to dramatize a specific working-class milieu whose people are able neither to communicate with one another nor to make any real contact with members of other classes. The author, however, arouses the hope that the ferment of fresh impulses now being quickened almost everywhere in England will generate a renewal of vigorous growth. The strange gesture of Pinter's play is arrestingly graphic but hangs fire. Wesker's realism is more directly communicative. Those who seek new modes prefer Pinter; those who are stirred by the prospect of social change and anxious for news of its imminence are in greater sympathy with Wesker. My point is that, divergent as their two plays are aesthetically, they spring from a like source of disturbance; both, in the present English scene, are portents of growth.

ALONGSIDE these "protestants" in England and France are their more traditional fellow travelers. Their plays hint at trouble but not in a manner to worry the regular playgoer very much. These plays are usually more neatly constructed and more serviceable to show business than is the more daring work. In England, Rattigan is the model and most proficient practitioner of this stable dramaturgy. His *Ross*—in which Alec Guinness stars with great success—is about T. E. Lawrence. Such plays are attractive but are somewhat scorned by the advance guard because they rarely foster new perceptions.

Plays in this category—like the others—vary in talent and interest. About Françoise Sagan's *Castle in Sweden*, Mauriac remarked that in reading it he was "delighted and dismayed." It is a frothy comedy, structurally awkward but written with grace and wit. It is a fable revealing a wholly disabused view of modern love which may be summed up as follows: romantic sensualists are squares, solid citizens are both brutal and complacent, the prewar generations live in a foggy dream world, the intelligent young are nowadays dispassionately vicious and as destructive in their own ways as their elders. We may therefore conclude that we are living in an icy vacuum where no truth or profound affection can thrive. Sagan's play recalls those French novels of the eighteenth century about which it is difficult to tell whether the author meant to expose the wickedness of society or to join the readers in enjoying it. They are eating up Sagan's immorality play in Paris, but I suspect her of being a "spy": she is having fun with the middle class while her heart is secretly with the rebels.

A safe rebellion may be observed in Santha Rama Rau's dramatization of E. M. Forster's *A Passage to India*—in which interracial conflict is decried and snobbism plus the sexual repression of the English are once again deplored. The more extended and subtler dimensions of the novel may be impossible to convey in a dramatization. What remains is worthy enough, though hardly revolutionary—but the play's success is another indication of the direction in which the English are moving.

A FINAL WORD about the acting on the English stage. Joan Plowright, Peter O'Toole and many others show the growing emotional scope of the younger generation of actors who are adding to the customary professionalism of their theatre a new element of personal expressiveness and power.

What strikes an American observer even more forcibly is the appearance of such stars as Laurence Olivier and Michael Redgrave in parts which, though no doubt interesting, would nevertheless probably be rejected by our big stars. (But how many such stars do we have now who act regularly on our stage?) I was so touched by Laurence Olivier's very presence in Ionesco's play that I almost "forgot" to consider his performance apart from the play itself; and Michael Redgrave in a new play by young Robert Bolt, *The Tiger and the Horse*—still in its pre-London tour—also made me feel that such actors deserve a special accolade for their eagerness to help the cause of vital theatre. That is another aspect of the increasingly good disposition of the English stage.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

RCA VICTOR has issued two exceedingly fine recordings: the complete version of Stravinsky's *Petrouchka*, conducted by Monteux, and the new Poulenc opera, *La Voix Humaine*.

La Voix Humaine is a lyric tragedy in one act, a forty-minute solo tour de force set to the text of a Jean Cocteau play. The play itself was an *avant-garde* production in the prewar repertory of the Comédie Française. It also served as a vehicle for Anna Magnani in the Rossellini film, *La Voce Umana*. Undoubtedly, however, Poulenc has given the text its most durable form, for his setting of it is so substantial and dramatically perfect that the opera should find a lasting place in the repertory of every alert, modern opera house. The music, like most of Poulenc's output, is suave and harmonically opulent—very much in the French manner. There are one or two passages which might have been lifted whole from Debussy or Ravel, but they are counterbalanced by a main body of sound that is Poulenc's own. The total effect is fresh and exceedingly attractive.

If Poulenc were a less adroit and sincere composer, he could not have succeeded so well. For *La Voix Humaine* is the kind of conceit which can be

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terribly annoying. It consists entirely of a telephone conversation, of which the audience, naturally, hears only one side. I would have thought Menotti had exhausted this idea in his comedy, *The Telephone.* Certainly, I would not have expected so frail, artificial and limiting a premise to support a convincing tragedy. But in Poulenc's hands, the device not only proved effective, but precisely its gimmicky flavor heightened the cynicism and hyper-urbanity that are central to the plot.

The heroine of *La Voix Humaine* is an abandoned mistress, a young and elegant woman, holding her last telephone conversation with a lover who is going to marry someone else. She had attempted suicide a 'day or two earlier and is now trying to control her grief and to hide it behind a façade of civilized acquiescence. Occasional interruptions on the party line and broken connections provide dramatic relief and irritant force. At the finish, after telling her lover to hang up quickly, that they must make an end, she lets the telephone fall to the floor as she cries, *Je t'aime, je t'aime, je t'aime.* The derivation from the scene of Mimi's death in *La Boheme,* complete with falling muff, is obvious. The scene is corny, but, as I remember, the only corny spot in the opera. Since the opera is immediately over, the one instant of melodrama can hardly spoil a firmly established impression of quality. Poulenc did a splendid, feeling job of creation, and I suspect that even those people who are not ordinarily fans of his music—as I am not—will find much in it to admire.

The executants on this record, who gave the opera its first performance in Paris, in February of 1959, are the soprano Denise Duval and the orchestra of the Théâtre National de l'Opéra-Comique, under George Pretre. They are superb, and so were the recording engineers. Poulenc is quoted in the jacket notes as saying: "The performance on this record is a veritable model. I doubt that it could be equalled. To surpass it is impossible. . . ." I entirely agree. (Soria Series—LS/LSS 2385).

THE SAME can be said for Pierre Monteux's reading of the complete Stravinsky ballet score, *Petrouchka,* with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. (LM-2376; LSC-2376). How Monteux manages so unfailingly to get to the heart of a Stravinsky work, to illumine every facet of its structure and detail, is a mystery. It is a fact of life, however, and this recording illustrates it. *Petrouchka* is revealed as a piece of music that is developmental in attitude, standing firmly between *The Firebird* and *The Rite of Spring,* and conceived in a frame of mind radically different from either of them. It is really a symphony, though this fact has never, to my knowledge, been pointed out. I have never understood why Stravinsky was willing to dismantle its intricate, evolving structure and form a suite from the remnants. The long breath of the work is an integral part of its meaning.

Another excellent RCA recording is that of Rimsky-Korsakoff's *Scheherazade,* made by Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra (LM-2446). I must admit that I put this war horse on my machine expecting only boredom, but Reiner brought such immediacy to the work, such elegant suppleness, that all its old life returned. The piece was as fresh as the day I first heard it, and far more ravishing in color than I remembered. Reiner is unpredictable. He can play crudely on occasion and yet, when he really wants to, he makes the skies light up. This recording of *Scheherazade* should supplant all others.

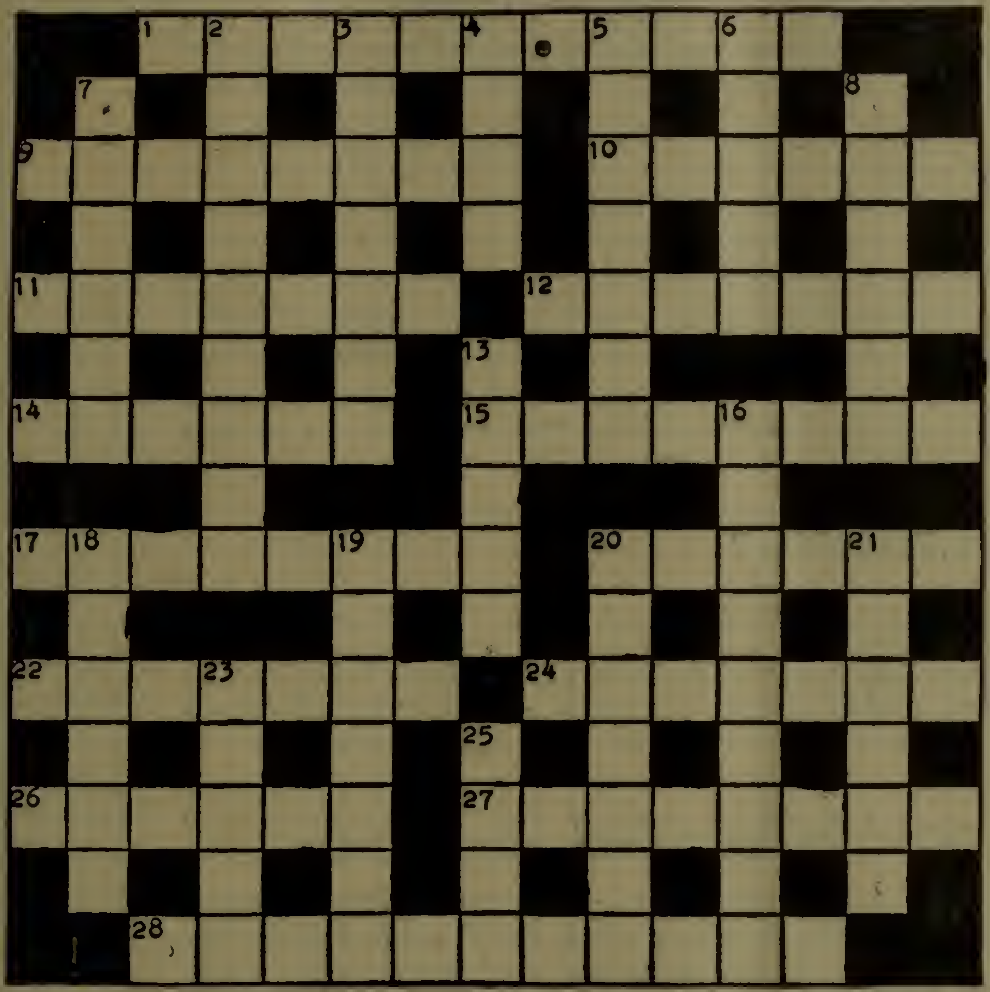
SIR THOMAS BEECHAM'S readings of the Schubert Symphonies Nos. 3 and 5 with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra are not as virtuoso as the foregoing, but are delightfully clean and lyrical, and the playing of the Symphony No. 3, which struck me on first hearing as a bit dull, is entirely convincing the second or third time around. The Fifth Symphony is a more interesting work, and Beecham takes full advantage of its flowing lines and innate gracefulness. He is a good Schubert interpreter, and this is a good example of his work (Capitol G-7212).

Erich Leinsdorf's playing of the Mozart Symphonies Nos. 6, 7, 8, and 9 on Volume II of Westminster's complete Mozart Symphonies is as sweet and ingratiating as can be. With the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of London he achieves the most affectionate kind of readings. All the little inner voices sing up delicately; the strong lines are slender but firm; tempi are ideal. (Westminster XWN-18862).

The young American pianist, Ann Schein, has made a recording of the Rachmaninoff Piano Concerto No. 3 with the Vienna State Opera Orchestra under Goossens which should put he into the front rank of this work's interpreters (Kapp Long Playing 6000). He performance stands up very well against the now famous Cliburn recording (RCA Victor LM-2355); in fact, it has an alertness and edge that some listeners will prefer.

Crossword Puzzle No. 878

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 and 27 One doesn't have to be mated to lose this match. (3, 6, 2, 3 5)
9 In the main, everything might be lost. (3, 2, 3)
10 Woman's were obviously meant to have a solution! (6)
11 Whatever turns the soil might be unfriendly. (7)
12 Is his target better at the window? (7)
14 Bankrupt pleasure? (If your return is over, it might be expected.) (6)
15 A follower of Horatio? (One might be used to stopping at a 6.) (8)
17 Associated with fields of rush. (8)
20 Proving the man might be part of the service. (6)
22 Its meaning might also seem more flat. (7)
24 One way to have fun when a number wake up. (7)
26 Believing the equivalent? (6)
27 See 1 across
28 Hidden first sign of those who might serve under dictators. (11)

DOWN:

2 Internal combustion? (9)
3 Scurried around when the statuary went in the van. (7)
4 and 13 Duck under the roof — there may be portent in them. (3, 6)
5 and 18 Usherettes in the theater? (7, 6)
6 Nothing unchanged in the desert, probably. (5)
7 This might be set back in medical coverage. (6)
8 Convention city? (6)
13 See 4 down
16 Rode erect, head back. (9)
18 See 5 down
19 The Regent is confused after I make one or two, perhaps. (7)
20 You couldn't pay me to be one! (7)
21 Succeeds. (6)
23 Learning about the first person entering the Bay of Biscay? (5)
25 Skip the change, it seems to imply. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 877

ACROSS: 1 Aurora borealis; 9 Phonics; 10 Bracken; 11 Rhodesia; 14 Aral Sea; 15 Calif.; 17 Dante; 19 Orifice; 21 Zeugma; 23 Apparent; 25 Burglar; 26 Entails; 27 Alphabetically. DOWN: 1 Ampersand; 2 Rhodora; 3 Reiterate; 4 Best in Show; 5 Ruby; 6 Avast; 7 Inkwell; 8 Gnat; 13 Palimpsest; 15 Climactic; 16 Fights shy; 18 Neutral; 20 Ezekiel; 21 Zebu; 22 Mulch; 24 and 12 Grub Street.

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LETTERS

Vote "No!"

Dear Sirs: I am increasingly impressed by the plight of the independent liberal or progressive voter in the forthcoming election. In the presidential category, we literally have "no place to go."

That being the case, I can only believe that our one chance to salvage anything is to try to pile up a large non-vote for either of the presidential candidates — that is, to vote in the congressional and state elections, but to refrain from voting for either Nixon or Kennedy.

Staying away from the polls entirely is negative and defeatist. But to vote for offices below the president-vice president level is to make a positive declaration of disapproval which — if the size of the non-vote is great enough — politicians will have to take into consideration in the future. . . .

T. E. Wilson

New York City

What Survival?

Dear Sirs: In a recent editorial in *The Saturday Evening Post*, Mr. Stewart Alsop considered the matter of underground shelters against nuclear attack. He suggested that if the couple from the film *On The Beach* had had the foresight to build a "cozy little" shelter, they might have sat out in safety the two weeks of dangerous radioactive period following nuclear attack.

A few points are relevant.

GB, the latest development in nerve gases, is odorless, invisible and capable of being packaged and delivered by long range missiles. It is now being manufactured by the U.S. Army Chemical Corps. It is lethal in minutes. Presumably the Soviet Union does not lag behind us in research on chemical and biological weapons. Major General William H. Creasy, former Chief Chemical Officer of the United States Army, has declared that the ventilation system required by underground shelters would turn them into death traps for the citizenry in the event of chemical or germ warfare. . . .

After emerging from the "cozy" shelters, what do we do about radioactive Carbon-14, released in vast quantities by the so-called "clean" Hydrogen Bomb — an element absorbed in huge amounts by the human body, but which loses only half its dangerous radioactivity in 1,000 years? . . .

According to the estimate prepared by the Office of Civil Defense and Mobilization, and published in *The New York Times*, June 27, 1959, in the event of a "limited" hydrogen-bomb war between the United States and the Soviet Union, those killed and injured immediately in the critical target areas in this country would amount to nearly 60,000,000. . . .

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T. E. Wilson

New York City

What Survival?

Dear Sirs: In a recent editorial in *The Saturday Evening Post*, Mr. Stewart Alsop considered the matter of underground shelters against nuclear attack. He suggested that if the couple from the film *On The Beach* had had the foresight to build a "cozy little" shelter, they might have sat out in safety the two weeks of dangerous radioactive period following nuclear attack.

A few points are relevant.

GB, the latest development in nerve gases, is odorless, invisible and capable of being packaged and delivered by long range missiles. It is now being manufactured by the U.S. Army Chemical Corps. It is lethal in minutes. Presumably the Soviet Union does not lag behind us in research on chemical and biological weapons. Major General William H. Creasy, former Chief Chemical Officer of the United States Army, has declared that the ventilation system required by underground shelters would turn them into death traps for the citizenry in the event of chemical or germ warfare. . . .

After emerging from the "cozy" shelters, what do we do about radioactive Carbon-14, released in vast quantities by the so-called "clean" Hydrogen Bomb — an element absorbed in huge amounts by the human body, but which loses only half its dangerous radioactivity in 1,000 years? . . .

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by Harold J. Berman

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through a bare one-fourth of the country's 1,800 accredited colleges, are studying the language spoken by an estimated half-billion people. Or, to put the matter in another way, for every 5,000,000 people who speak Chinese, there is one lone American who is trying to learn to understand what they are saying. This is indeed a cavalier attitude for us to take toward the world's largest country, which within a generation may also be the world's leading country — economically, militarily, perhaps even technologically. And on the most pragmatic basis, the lack of cultural communication which the language barrier implies cannot be casually dismissed. There is no understanding a people without an understanding of their culture; and without understanding, too often there is no meeting ground except the battlefield.

It is with these facts in mind that the Modern Language Association is seeking ways to encourage the study of Chinese and to improve the techniques. But in the last analysis, they can do no more than provide more and better teaching (at a generous estimate, about 100 teachers are now available). It is today's college generation which must provide the learners, and to this end the establishment of a substantial number of scholarships — provided by colleges, by foundations, by the federal government — would be a distinct contribution to the national interest.

Only people insensitive to the great forces shaping the contemporary world would deny that there is a career ahead for the American who speaks and reads Chinese.

eller and Bethe

Both sides at the stalled Geneva negotiations on a rmal prohibition of nuclear testing have agreed by utual consent to recess without an agreement on controls and inspection. The United States has been threatening to resume testing. However, after the matter was debated in the National Security Council, John A. McCone, Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, and Under Secretary of State Livingston T. Merchant flew to London to discuss the matter with the British, who succeeded in getting a United States commitment against unilateral resumption of testing, at least until after the November elections. The moratorium will therefore last at least another three months. If Mr. Nixon is elected, the decision to resume testing could come in November, since the Vice President is already part of the government.

In the August issue of *Atlantic Monthly* Dr. Hans Bethe has an article, "The Case for Ending Nuclear Tests," which is a model of rational thinking on the subject. Dr. Bethe shows clearly that the United States has gained rather than lost by the moratorium, and that if tests were resumed the Russians would probably set off a series of megaton explosions, while the principal interest of the American nuclear technologists is in further development of tactical weapons. If, on the contrary, a treaty can be concluded, an enormous political gain will be realized by the entire world, since the Russians will for the first time permit foreign international inspectors to go on their soil and check on some of their activities. "Opponents of the test cessation agreement want . . . a perfect agreement," writes Dr. Bethe. "They want . . . an agreement in which we can be sure to detect each and every violation, no matter how small. I think that by insisting on perfection we shall end up with nothing." He is talking of Dr. Teller.

The Sound of Progress

Two items from *Nafbrat*, published by the National Association for Better Radio and Television:

The FCC has ordered radio station KIMN (Denver) to cease-and-desist from broadcasting the sound of a toilet flushing;

The British Broadcasting Corporation has barred the sound of bones being broken from its television programs. Violence must not be accompanied by audible fracture.

THE POWERS CASE . . *by Harold J. Berman*

A STRIKING fact about the Powers trial, and a source of confusion to so many of our political commentators, is the Soviet use of orthodox legal principles and procedures to score what is loosely called a "propaganda" victory.

Prior to the trial, many American writers predicted that Powers would be "brainwashed," that his lawyer would not really defend him, and that the proceedings would be, from a legal point of view, a farce. Comparisons were made with the notorious purge trials of 1936-38, when abject confessions were extorted from the defendants, who testified at times to acts which they could not possibly have committed. Learned essays were written contrasting Soviet and American criminal procedure, in which it was stated that in Soviet law there is no presumption of innocence, the defense counsel is supposed to serve the state and not the defendant, and indictment is tantamount to conviction. It was widely thought that the whole proceeding would be "political," a "propaganda stunt," in which the defendant would be used as a whipping-boy to publicize Soviet charges against the United States government.

Now it appears that the trial *was* used in order to publicize Soviet charges against the United States government—and yet it was at the same time a fair trial, in the sense that Powers did not appear to be "brainwashed" (whatever that means), his lawyer put up the best possible defense under Soviet law, the trial procedure (though different from our own) preserved most of the basic principles of procedural justice, the prosecution was required to prove its case, and the sentence was neither too harsh nor too mild. Those who take a contrary view of the fairness of the proceedings seem to forget that the only legal issue in the case was the measure of punishment (seven to fifteen years' imprisonment or death), since Powers was clearly guilty of violating the Soviet law of espionage, which, like our own espionage law, makes it a punishable offense for a foreigner to gather secret military information for the purpose of sending it to a foreign power.

And so *two* "propaganda" victories were scored, for in addition to the enormous amount of publicity given to the United States espionage flight over Soviet territory (and, what is even more serious, our refusal publicly to admit that such flights are a violation of international law and to express regrets), the Soviet legal system was paraded before the world as just and even somewhat humane.

Thus the newspaper readers of this country have been given a lesson in comparative law. Yet it is questionable how many were able to grasp that lesson, for generally speaking even our own legal system is something of a mystery to non-lawyers and a foreign legal system—and especially the Soviet system—is a blank. It is likely that most Americans learned for the first time through the Powers trial that the Russians have a legal system at all!

DESPITE Lenin's statement that "law is politics," and despite the Soviet doctrine that a law is an expression of the will of the dominant class (which means, in the Soviet context, the will of the top leadership of the Communist Party), there is nevertheless a relatively stable and viable legal system in the Soviet Union, with regular judicial procedures, protection of the rights of the accused, and indeed a belief in the necessity of "strict legality" as a means not only of insuring the efficiency and stability of the social and economic order but also of satisfying the sense of justice which is so strong in the Russian people. Enough tourists have by now brought back stories of their visits to Soviet courts to cure us of the notion that "there is no law in Soviet Russia," and that "law cannot exist under a totalitarian regime."

Of course there is law—how can you possibly run a complex, unified modern society involving 200 million people without a very great deal of law?—and of course there are abuses of law, especially in political cases. Under Stalin those abuses were so serious as to compromise the whole legal system. Under Khrushchev, the Russian people have been promised that the regime will no longer abuse law, even in political cases.

Khrushchev's pledge to maintain legality, and his sponsorship of important law reforms affecting both political and non-political cases, are rightly thought by many to be an encouraging factor in international relations. If the Soviet leaders have recognized that law has a positive role to play in maintaining a stable order at home, this is a hopeful sign that they will recognize that law has a positive role to play in maintaining a stable world order as well. Indeed, there is some comfort to be derived from Khrushchev's appeal to international law in his condemnation of overflights by the United States. The more the Soviet leaders become attached to international law, whether out of self-interest or habit, the more hopeful are the chances of building world peace.

The Powers case is significant, then, as a demonstration of what the Soviet regime means by legality. It was, on the whole, a normal trial by the new Soviet standards reflected in the law reform movement since Stalin's death and particularly in the 1958 legislation on criminal procedure and on laws against the state. Powers' rights were enhanced by the new requirement that trials for anti-state crimes in the Military Division of the Supreme Court of the USSR be held in public (except where state secrets would be divulged); by the change in terminology from "counter-revolutionary crimes" to "crimes against the state"; by the clear provisions that the burden of proof is not on the defendant and that no inference of guilt may be drawn from the mere fact of indictment (which is the substance of the doctrine of "presumption of innocence," although the technical phrase was rejected as "bourgeois" by the Soviet

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HAROLD J. BERMAN, a professor of law at Harvard University, teaches a course in The Comparison of Soviet and American Law.

draftsmen). Furthermore, he profited from the reduction of the maximum period of confinement for espionage from twenty-five to fifteen years; and he will profit, presumably, from the very considerable liberalization of the system of detention which took place in 1954-56, and from the more lenient rules with respect to parole which were enacted in 1954.

YET there are certain features of Soviet criminal procedure which infringe basic rights of the accused; and two of these features were prominent in the Powers case. One is the fact that a suspect may be detained incommunicado during the preliminary investigation, prior to indictment — normally for one month but with permission of the Procurator General of the USSR up to nine months. During this period he is not entitled to counsel. A man kept in solitary confinement for a long time tends to lose his perspective; he tends to depend on the investigator to tell him what to say. (We should not be too smug about this, for Rudolph Abel, the Soviet spy who was sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment by the federal district court in New York in 1958, was questioned ceaselessly for five days without sleep and thereafter kept in solitary confinement and interrogated daily by the F.B.I. and Immigration officials for three weeks, prior to being arraigned. The United States Supreme Court, by a 5 to 4 vote, sustained the conviction on the ground that Abel was an alien arrested by the Immigration and Naturalization Service for purposes of instituting deportation proceedings and that deportation proceedings are not subject to the constitutional safeguards for criminal prosecutions. But ordinarily in the federal courts anyone charged with a crime must be arraigned forthwith, and is then entitled to have counsel; if these rights are infringed his conviction will be reversed.)

Secondly, in the Powers case there were the television cameras and the enormous Soviet press condemnation of the defendant. (One American court has permitted trials to be televised, but it may well be a violation of due process of law and reversible error. In England, but not in the United States, one-sided press comment on a trial in progress is not permitted, on the ground that public opinion should not be allowed to sway the course of the trial even indirectly.)

These two features of Soviet law not only affect the rights of the defendant; they also make it easier to exploit the trial for political purposes. And that is what was done in the Powers case. The Powers trial was a "demonstration trial"—as the Soviet writers term those occasional trials to which various segments of the population are invited in order to be taught an important lesson of a social or political nature.

One abnormal feature, however, was the heavy emphasis on examination of the accused by the prosecution and the defense counsel. Normally, such interrogation in a Soviet court, as in the courts of most European countries, is carried on primarily by the judges; but both Procurator General Rudenko and defense counsel Griniov had participated in the Nuremberg trials and had seen the advantages of the Anglo-American system of examination and cross-examination by counsel. They no doubt also realized its special advantages for a "demonstration trial" of the Soviet type, where one of the main purposes of the entire proceedings is to bring home certain truths to the spectators and to the public at large.

THERE IS, of course, a tension between the interest of the Soviet state in showing its impartiality, its correctness, its respect for law, on the one hand, and its interest, on the other hand, in using law as an instrument for molding the thought of the public on political or other issues. Under all systems of law the accused is apt to suffer when his trial is lifted above its individual facts and deliberately made an object lesson for society. Soviet court procedures in general, and not only demonstration trials, are intended to be object lessons for society, means of educating the members of society to be loyal, obedient, disciplined fighters for Communist ideals.

This, then, is one of the primary lessons in comparative law which the Powers trial teaches. The Soviet leaders believe that law, and especially the judicial process, can be used consciously and explicitly as an instrument of social and political education. Even the rights guaranteed for the protection of the accused can serve this educational goal. Thus the requirement of Soviet law (as of other Continental European legal systems) that even when the accused admits his guilt there must be a trial in which the prosecution proves its case—a requirement which seems humane in that it helps to guard the accused against the consequences of a false confession—served in the Powers case as a means of extracting the maximum political value from the trial. (In some states of the United States a guilty plea is not accepted in cases of crimes subject to the death penalty, and in our federal courts, the judge may if he chooses refuse to accept a guilty plea; but normally under our system if the defendant pleads guilty there is no trial, but only a hearing to determine the proper sentence.)

The indictment—under our system normally a short statement indicating the barest essentials of the crime charged—is, under Soviet and Continental European law, a long report by the investigator of all the evidence in the case. The accused cannot be surprised at trial by evidence not listed in the indictment. But here, too, the 4,000-word indictment of Powers, containing (together with some irrelevant reproaches of American "aggression") perfectly relevant allegations of statements by the highest United States officials admitting that Powers was sent by them to gather secret military information—which *is* espionage not only according to the Soviet definition but also according to American and other definitions—served both as a means of acquainting the defendant with the evidence to be used against him and as a means of influencing political thought.

Thus Soviet law and Soviet politics are closely related, not only in the political sense but also in the legal sense. Law is law, and yet it is intended to serve political ends; it is permeated with conscious political purposes, and yet it cannot fulfill those purposes properly if it is abused. The result is not the crude melodrama of the 1930s purge trials. The result, at least the intended result, is correct procedure, a proper sentence—and a political victory.

We cannot successfully counteract Soviet political victories by denouncing Soviet law for what it is not. Surely in the Powers case, where the defendant's guilt was admitted by him and supported by a superabundance of evidence, it was a gross underestimation of the intelligence of the Soviet leadership, and of the vitality of Soviet law, to assume, as so many American writers did (and as some still do), that the trial could only be a sham and a farce. It is true that the ancient Greeks would not hear the testimony of a slave unless he had been first tortured; but the science of judicial procedure has advanced since those days. The Russians are perfectly capable of putting on an excellent trial, and they did! Our only proper response to the trial procedure as such is to point out that, although it works well when the defendant is guilty, there are certain safeguards lacking which could seriously prejudice a defendant who is innocent.

Beyond that, we may properly be concerned about the flagrant use of the trial to achieve the political aims of the Soviet government. Just as there are positive implications for world peace in the Soviet movement for law reform at home during the past seven years, so prospects for establishing an enduring legal framework for international relations are adversely affected by the failure of the Soviet leadership to draw the proper line between law and politics. Admittedly, in the international arena the line is far more indefinite than in most areas of domestic affairs. Yet unless it can be drawn somewhere, international law will indeed become propaganda.

Here, too, *we* have erred, for we have refused—for political reasons—to recognize the validity of the Soviet claim that we violated international law. Our assertion of a right to send reconnaissance planes over the Soviet Union, in violation of the universally accepted rule that each state has sovereignty in the air space above its territory (or at least in that portion of the air space in which military planes can fly), will continue to disturb the peace of the world until we withdraw it—until we pay lip service, at least, to a principle which many countries have secretly infringed but which no other government has openly rejected.

This, too, deeply affects the Powers case. For the trial made it clear that primarily it was not Powers but espionage, and especially aerial reconnaissance, that was condemned by the Soviet court. The Soviet Government having failed in its effort to get an expression of regret from the principal, the Procurator General wrung one out of the agent. It is possible that Powers would be paroled and sent home if the State Department should ever recant its doctrine of the right to send reconnaissance planes over "closed societies." Such a recantation might be made in the form of an international agreement defining the lower limits of outer space into which satellites may be sent over a country's territory. But whatever the form, until we utter some condemnation of aerial reconnaissance, we shall not hear the end of the Powers case, for his trial and conviction were conceived as a symbol of the judgment which Soviet law passes on our government's violation of international law.

LOLITA and LOLLIPOPS . . *by Eve Merriam*

SHORTLY after the Second World War, a most remarkable birth occurred. The biggest creature of all time had been conceived, to be fondly named The Teen-age Market. American production was at its highest; how could consumption be brought up to meet it? Adults were buying, but it wasn't enough. Millions of youngsters, formerly playing hopscotch and mumblety peg, were suddenly declared ready-made for all the ready-to-wearables that manufacturers were spewing forth. They were too young to own cars, too young for washing machines and other hard goods: the hard sell for soft goods was on.

Teen-age is the generic title, but the actual age range spans from the lollipop league to Lolita and beyond. Not that all teen-agers are included. As the reckoning goes, by 18 or 19 —the time of the late teens—they have graduated to the rating of young adults. According to this scale, the late teens become 15 to 17, the teen teens are 13 and 14, preteens are 11 and 12 and subteens are officially 9 and 10. But the count is getting lower all the time.

Each segment of this rigidly staked-out market is wooed with an astonishing variety of fungibles, from Hound Dog orange lipstick endorsed by Elvis Presley with the plea to "keep me on your lips always" (over 250,000 sold in thirty days) to *Mad* magazine cuff links and tie-clasps featuring the grinning, tooth-missing face of Alfred E. Newman, mythical editor of the monthly.

Eight out of ten teen-agers own a wrist watch, 15 per cent own two, and more than half expect to receive one for a high school graduation present. Three out of four own their own radios and phonographs. Perhaps a good many parents have made sacrifices here in order to get away from rock 'n roll, but the teensters are doing well on their own. Some 800,000 work at full-time jobs; many more take on part-time work after school hours and have summer jobs. Allowances have upped enormously to an average of $10 a week, compared to $2.50 in 1945. And as

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more families make the trek to suburbia, some allowances move far upward of the average. The grand total in teen-age buying power is estimated by *Life* at $10 billion annually, more conservatively by *Newsweek* at $9.5 billion.

Where does the money go? The disk jockeys spin the latest Fabian record—interspersed with commercials for the local emporia—and the money comes out so: $9 million for home permanents; $20 million for lipsticks; $25 million for deodorants, and more, much more, to make an impressive sum of $300 million for all toiletries and cosmetics. Ready-to-wear takes a triple toll, some $900 million.

IF TODAY'S teen-ager, as a special mutant of the human species, is not an immaculate conception on the part of manufacturers, then surely artificial insemination is involved. No such distinctive grouping had ever existed or been designated as worthy of note in previous periods. Adolescent behavior, yes; but the adolescent as a source of buying power to be cajoled, courted and captured, this is new. It is now so much a part of our mores that it is startling to realize it began only in 1945.

That year marks the emergence on the national scene of Eugene Gilbert, an enterprising young man whose mark of authority seemed to be that he was an ex-teen-ager. He set himself up as the Gilbert Youth Foundation, sold a syndicated column about teen-agers to a series of newspapers, and offered his services to manufacturers and retailers who were looking for new markets to conquer. Gilbert took polls to find out what kind of peanut butter teen-agers liked to spread on white bread, and whether they preferred their fashions smooth or crunchy.

The kid-oriented Kiplinger struck gold on the first attempt. Others then got into the act, but Gilbert's word is hi-gospel. He has conducted over six million interviews with teen-agers, and operates a national network of close to 5,000 teen-agers as poll-takers. His findings are passed on with all the seriousness of an archaeologist relaying the markings on the Rosetta Stone. Teen-agers spend over $100 million in Mother's Day gifts; close to $70 million for Father's Day. Since the average teen-ager is not saddled with fixed family responsibilities, his income can be spent freely. Why not encourage him to spend it freely-er? Approximately two million electric shavers are sold to teen-agers; wouldn't the razor-heads like to try for four?

Gilbert lectures, writes for *Harper's* and like magazines, addresses conclaves of industry. Experienced elder statesmen in the business field listen attentively while he tells the shoe manufacturers they've got to move their teen departments farther away from the children's shoe section—teen-agers don't like to be reminded that they once sucked lollipops. Furthermore, he advises them, teen-agers come home and the first thing they do is clunk off their shoes, so why don't you consider marketing a special teen-age slipper for them to sport around the house?

The Motivational Research Institute, headed by Dr. Ernest Dichter, daddy of all hidden-persuasion techniques, also dives with a big splash into the made-up market. An Institute spokesman assures the cosmetic manufacturers that they are not merely trying to increase their sales; they are conferring soul-status: "one of the main functions of cosmetics for teen-agers is as a tool in their search for identity." The psychological knackwurst is spread with relish:

> The adolescent doesn't only ask "Who am I?" With equal anxiety she also asks "Where do I belong?" Her deepest wish is to be accepted by her group and to feel she belongs there completely. Then, once her wish to belong is fulfilled, she wants something more. She wants to be "somebody" . . . and leadership is often conferred on the basis of great knowledge and skillful use of cosmetics. Excellence in cosmetics causes more comment as a rule and yields greater authority than excellence in scholastic achievements.

The manufacturers, by purveying their tubes and bottles and jars, are offering souls, school ratings and even a course in living literature, for

> Finally, cosmetics among teen-agers is a most important means of communication. It is not only a subject in which they are deeply interested, but one through which they explore each other's mind, taste, disposition. Brands and brand knowledge are very important to them. For all these reasons girls are also very aware of cosmetics advertisements. They study them conscientiously. They deeply believe in advertising and they believe

Drawing by Burmah Burris from *Figleaf.*

just as deeply in the specialized publications directed at them. Because teen-agers are so skeptical about the adult world, these means of mass communication have a very heavy responsibility in the formation of this wonderfully sensitive new generation.

The heaviest formation in the field is *Seventeen*, the schoolgirl's required reading. Its slogan is "Brand loyalty *starts* in *Seventeen*, and it's easier to START a habit than to STOP one!"

Seventeen's average reader is estimated to be fourteen years old, and some of the advertisements would seem to be slightly out of order: wedding and engagement rings, furniture, fabrics, mascara, girdles, silverware. But then, as *Seventeen* says, it's easier to start than to stop. The issue of September, 1959, contained 240 pages—of which 110 were totally composed of advertisements. Almost a hundred more pages carried partial columns of advertising. Fifty contained none—except that thirty-two out of those fifty listed fashions from department stores, and itemized prices and sizes.

The editorializing lists frankly to the fashion side. A feature entitled "Hates, Habits, Heroes" begins:

> Girls keep the lid on their feelings in some situations—but not when clothes are involved. Being frankly joyous about it when you "flip" for a fashion is IN. . . . So is the graceful, feminine look (waist-hiders like the chemise are kaput). . . . Leotards are popular . . . earrings being worn more often for movie dates . . . stockings for school becoming the custom in Wichita Falls, Texas; Arlington, Virginia and other cities. . . .

Donald B. Armstrong, Jr., corporate vice president of McCann Erickson, one of the largest agencies in the country, states, "In my opinion, the youth market is the most challenging one we have. It is constantly searching—and at the same time constantly in need of support. The teen needs security, but he doesn't know how to name it, nor what it looks like, nor—most importantly—what it feels like."

The teen-ager is getting that security named for him in a big brand-name way. *Scholastic* magazine has issued a study showing that teen-agers are more brand conscious than their parents: over 90 per cent prefer to buy a product which carries a label or name that they have seen advertised. Of course they are brand conscious; they're lucky they haven't been knocked unconscious by the bombardment.

Rutgers University does a three-year panel study among three thousand teen-agers. The theme: whether teensters turn to their own age group or to adults for advice and counsel on such subjects as what to wear and whom to invite to a party.

Youth Welfare Boards and citizens' community groups are desperately in need of personnel and funds, but then they're working the wrong side of the street. The sunny side is where the poll-takers are out asking such vital questions as, "Do you like your sweaters baggy or crew-cut? Slacks with a belt in the back or side-tabbed?"

The statistics pile up awesomely to form a "natural" picture of average American teen-agers. The image is about as natural as George Washington's wooden teeth. The commodity sellers, nevertheless, keep piling it on.

Our corporate vice president assures us that there are 103 different kinds of teen-age problems:

> Here are the most important fifteen: Trouble keeping my temper . . . . Worry about little things. . . . Can't help daydreaming. . . . Have a crush. . . . Do things I later regret. . . . Feel I'm not as smart as others. . . . Get stage fright before a group. . . . Want to gain or lose weight. . . . Want to improve posture or body build. . . . Want to get rid of pimples. . . . Seldom have dates. . . . Don't have girl (boy) friend. . . . Want more people to like me. . . . Want to make friends. . . . Need to develop self-confidence.

One would think that this listing would call for the services of doctor, psychiatrist, sympathetic teacher, more affection and more attentive listening from parents. His conclusion, however, is: "If this list doesn't make them perfect prospects for the fashion, cosmetic and allied industries—I don't what does!"

Montaigne once observed that if you tell a man he is brave, he becomes so. Today's market-molders have adapted the principle in their own resourceful way: tell a teen-ager that he is a supreme consumer of commodities, and he will begin to behave so. In real life, he begins to parrot the ersatz teen-agers represented in the advertisements. A Midwestern high school girl writes a letter to her local paper, the Columbus *Evening Republican*:

> As a teen-age consumer, I represent profit to the American business world. The money I acquire is transferred from my hand to the hand of a clerk in exchange for the many items that I want. [She works after school as a car-hop at Jerry's Drive-In; with salaries and tips, she averages $25 a week, and in addition gets a small allowance from her parents.] Now comes the question of spending. What do I buy? Why do I buy? My needs differ considerably from the things that I want. One bathing suit each summer is all I need, but I like to have two or three. I don't need ten pairs of shoes, but I like to have many different styles and colors. Fifteen dresses aren't necessary, but I like "scads" of summer dresses. . . .
>
> What does all this mean? It means that with a sigh of relief at not being odd, I can class myself as average.

Well, kid, do you want to be like everybody and have everybody like you, or do you want to be an oddball, a freak? Then reach into that pocket and dig. And dig Mom and Pop for the rest of what it takes to be classed as "average."

RECENTLY, a seventeen-year-old girl on Long Island was arrested for shoplifting. Her plea—which did not save her from being put into jail—was that she was stealing clothes for her trousseau. Perhaps she was a confirmed juvenile delinquent before the fashion frenzies were foisted by the teen-age market complex. But how abnormal is she in today's atmosphere? Parents in Silver Spring, Maryland, a suburb of Washington, D.C., have issued a booklet on family guidance. In considering the special problems of girls, the booklet notes that shoplifting is more common than parents might believe among girls in their early teens.

Teen-agers, illegally trafficking in goods, don't always get away with the loot. The traffic in teen-agers, however, goes on and on.

A high school journalism institute

requires its students to fill out a four-page questionnaire about their financial habits—ranging from the amount and source of weekly income to how many pairs of bobby socks they own. The director explains that it is more than an abstract exercise: "We are using the results of this survey to indicate to high school editors and business managers that their papers are natural outlets for this type of advertising."

The public school system, too, is making an inadvertent contribution. Seeking for ways to combat juvenile delinquency, an edict has been issued: no more sneakers or blue jeans or pullovers in class; a shirt and tie every day for every boy. Blouses and skirts or dresses for the girls.

If you're really bent on hijacking a car or holding up a bank, you can do it in Ivy League slacks as well as in dungarees, but the rule is strictly enforced. Sneakers are long-wearing; so are jeans. The budget for Junior's clothing has had to be increased, and Father is not too happy about the fact. Mother isn't saying much; she's too busy washing and ironing all the teen-styled blouses and skirts that shake off dirt and require little or no pressing. The makers of wearing apparel, though, are feeling fine, thank you, and looking brighter-eyed and more youthful every day.

THE volume control on the teen dial tunes up louder and louder. The statistics become lusciously mouth-watering. By 1965, young people will stand (and crawl) seventy-seven million strong and will represent about 40 per cent of our population. The youth market will then be larger than the total population of the United States in 1900. Rhetorical questions are rolled with delight: are these young people just a lot of bodies, or are they a market for goods and services? What about all the money annually burning a $10 billion hole in their able pockets? Do our manufacturers stand ready and willing to pour on more oil and help the flames blaze higher?

Onward and upward with the art of youth salesmanship. In sagas of the old Wild West, when the U.S. marshal entered a territory, the first thing he did was to find out how many able-bodied men were in the vicinity so he could deputize them as sheriffs in time of emergency. In today's emergency times, when super-production reigns and consumption has to be forced, before a U.S. manufacturer enters a territory, the first thing he wants to know is: How many teen-agers have you got and where are they? Thus armed, he can proceed to organize his campaign.

What can he promote that may turn out to be as big a hit as last year's beanie or gob hat? Perhaps he can stir up a new kick for leather jackets; a way of presenting skin-tight pants so they can be even tighter; plaid petticoats worn outside instead of inside. His worthy causes are many as he seeks to honor the profit system. He may decide to stage a fashion show at the high school gymnasium, or the central bowling alley. Let's go, kids, that's *spending* money in your pocket.

THE SELL reaches down lower and lower as the teen market is boosted into bigger and bigger business. The Teenform Company advises that many experts feel a bra gives a girl more self-confidence, even if she isn't developed. Talk it over with your mother, they urge; she'll understand. Tell her, too, that Teenform is a company that makes bras *only* for young figures. Choose Cream Puffs, a six-way embroidered bra; Littlest Angel, with magic Gro-cup of nylon Helenca that grows as you grow; Dawn; or Debuteen. Lest Susy forget to remember all the pertinent facts, they address a separate booklet to The Understanding Mother, who should know that her be-Tween age daughter may have an emotional need for a bra, even when she is undeveloped, in order to feel grown-up or "be like the other girls." The understanding mother knows, too, that a girdle (in Dancing Doll design or peppermint stripes) can sometimes help ease psychological "growing pains."

And you are never too young for beauty care, is the judgment of *Vogue*. They suggest that if a little girl needs glasses, she should be fitted at age twelve for contact lenses. Before then, they intimate, she may not be ready to assume all the responsibilities that beauty entails, and might just throw the contact lenses away at night along with her cut-outs and bubble-gum wrappers —and those little plastic circles are expensive. *Vogue* acknowledges that little girls don't yet need hormone creams to give the illusion of restoring youth to their aging skin, but they state that coiffure fashion is best learned young. As for eyelashes, well, "the merest flick of mascara will do fascinating things." And while hormone creams and bee jellies may be postponed, *Vogue* takes a firm stand for foundation creams right now.

> We're all for them for scientific reasons. Many foundations, nowadays, are loaded to the bottle-tops with those marvelously protective ingredients known as moisturizers. These, according to experts, are what help keep your skin dewy and smooth come-what-may. Weather belongs in the come-what-may category, and it's wise to remember that weather happens indoors — four years in a cosily overheated dormitory can frazzle the most damask cheek. Therefore: latch on to the moisturizing beauty aids—cleansers, night creams, foundations —E*A*R*L*Y.

Every reputable dermatologist knows that creams cannot penetrate the skin, and that soap and water is still the most efficient cleansing agent. But the "expert" voices of authority call louder, and their "scientific reasons" are heeded.

A recent study by the Federal Office of Education notes a marked increase in sophisticated behavior patterns among the young. In 1945, only .5 per cent of thirteen- and fourteen-year-olds were "going steady." Today, the number has increased twenty times. Patterns for sophistication are copied down to ever younger levels—to children between the ages of nine and eleven. The report found youngsters in the fourth, fifth and sixth grades "going steady," wearing lipstick and nylon stockings.

And on down the line to little baby consumer, where the lowest is dressed in the height of fashion. The speed-up in changing styles of women's dresses and coats is now operating at an accelerated rate among the tricycle set today. The squared-off, unbelted chemise; the triangular trapezoid shape that came along after; the high Empire waistline that followed the trapezoid; the man-tailored look; the lavish ladylike collar—every incoming adult fashion was in turn promoted for millions of little Betsys. Nor are all the little Bobbys neglected. The Ivy League look in men's wear has been handed down to sonny; and every year the trousers are to be tapered more, and the lapels cut on a narrower line. In summer he is clad in a cabana set of matching shorts and shirt like Dad's; in winter, a sports-car coat. Children's clothes are booming—not only because little girls and boys grow so fast, but because the styles are changed so fast.

AMONG the pioneers in this new children's crusade was Proctor and Gamble. They introduced a children's home permanent, Lilt Party Curl, "for girls two through twelve." This was no toy, no make-believe; here was a real way of life to turn your baby into a real living doll. For just as grown-size Lilt gives Mommy the reassurance of party-pretty curls while she's swirling the wet mop around the kitchen floor, so little Betsy can have her own new lease on life. Even if she's past her second birthday and going on three, it may not be too late. Just think of the prospects: never again need she be pushed out of the sand box because she has dreary, lank hair. And you'll have the inner glow that comes from being a conscientious parent and seeing that your child is statusfied.

There is a warm familial glow to it all, for even when Betsy reaches the ripe old age of thirteen and graduates from the children's department, she still won't have to leave her home permanent. She can just switch over to the ladies' home permanent. There is more than mere togetherness with this kind of product; it's Foreverness.

Proctor and Gamble was not left for long unchallenged. Along came the Toni Corporation with Tonette, their children's home permanent "for curls that stay care-free." And Richard Hudnut introduced Children's Quick with a touching poem, the meter adapted from Robert Louis Stevenson's *A Child's Garden of Verses*. The title, starkly, is MOTHER! Here are the classic couplets:

Like every other *sensible* girl,
Of course, I'd like my hair to curl . . .

But please don't make me go to bed
With stiff old curlers in my poor wet head.

And please don't make me stay inside
For six long hours while my curls are dried.

All I need to do the trick
Is Richard Hudnut's Children's Quick!

The vista here of what happens to your little girl when you use another company's brand is frightening. Not only does she have to be incarcerated all day long; she'll probably catch pneumonia by going to bed with wet hair. And other brands don't even offer hospitalization.

Our driving salesmanship economy has decided that children are exactly the same as grown-ups. The only difference is that they're shorter. And since they're not tall enough to reach up to all the containers on the brand-name shelves, the manufacturers will stoop down. Today, no child needs to grow another inch. The youngest is already consumerable, conformable. If baby can mouth Ma-ma and Da-da, he can jolly well learn to say Buy-buy.

THE VOTE MARKET . . *by Harold Baron*

WE ARE told that the age of machine politics is over. Our younger generation has never heard of Lincoln Steffens and *The Shame of the Cities*. That is a matter of history, now conventionally called the "era of muckrakers." Political science textbooks on local government give a scant and bland four or five pages to the local machine. This downgrading is explained by pointing to the growth of civil service, the decline of patronage, the disappearance of immigrant communities for which the machine provided a social service, and the flight to the suburbs.

Yet anyone who has followed Democratic conventions must be impressed by the strength of the city bosses. In 1952 Estes Kefauver lost the Democratic nomination because he had angered the local politicians by investigating, of all things, racketeering. In the 1960 convention Kennedy's victory was based on the backing of the city bosses — Daley of Chicago, Disalle of Toledo and Ohio, Lawrence of Pittsburgh and Pennsylvania, and the stormy Wagner-DeSapio alliance of New York. The machine hardly seems to be in eclipse.

At the local level the party machinery is in many ways more firmly entrenched than ever. The Democrats, capitalizing on the New Deal identification of their party, no longer have an effective rival Republican organization within the city itself. This undisputed control of the electoral power implies the governmental power necessary to carry out decisions that are made for the entire community. Floyd Hunter in *Community Organization* and *Top Leadership, U.S.A.* has confirmed that the decisive power figures in community decisions are the men who control the large corporate and financial institutions. In a city like Chicago these power wielders are overwhelmingly Republican, and at least rhetorically they do violent battle with the Democrats on national

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issues. On the community level, however, they have formally recognized the electoral control of the Democratic organizations and have even made alliance with them to the point of active support in elections. The role of the corporate leaders is no longer limited to behind-the-scenes deals and threats of reform candidates. The partnership is now public.

The authority of the city government is needed by the leading financial figures in their programs for urban renewal and the maintenance of downtown property values. In Chicago much of the new political alliance was forged in the renewal project for the University of Chicago area. The Board of Directors of the University is indistinguishable in personnel from that of any major LaSalle Street Bank; I also assume that its dominant aims do not differ. The University renewal program will probably end with more than 5,000 fewer living units in the neighborhood. Almost all the renewal programs have been projected in a form that notoriously disregards the welfare of the poorer urban inhabitant. By the same token, such plans are attentive to the needs of the major business institutions. The story holds true with different variations for Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and St. Louis, to name a few places. I shall deal with Chicago because I am familiar with the situation there.

IN CHICAGO the corporate heads support Democratic Mayor Richard Daley, not only in his program for the development of urban property but also in election. During the last mayoralty election campaign, perhaps the majority of the leaders of the United Republican Fund came out for Daley in newspaper advertisements that emphasized his role in the urban development programs. The United Republican Fund is the money-raising organization that shares control of the party with the downstate politicians; it is the political alter ego of the big money in Chicago.

This winter a scandal of tremendous proportions broke in Chicago. [See "Corruption in Chicago" by Leon M. Despres, *The Nation*, March 12.] Some police officers were discovered to be operating a burglary ring. In the course of the revelations the citizens were told of the "satchel men" at each district police station whose job it is to collect the pay-offs for the captain. The power of the Democratic ward committeemen in police promotions was also made public. The entire situation presented a perfect opportunity for the Republicans to attack the Democratic organization and prepare a reform issue for the fall 1960 elections. Quite to the contrary, they cooperated to save Daley's neck. The four major newspapers, controlled by the McCormicks and Fields, attacked the policemen but not the politicians. Top corporate personnel was readily available for a blue-ribbon committee which covered up the political ugliness of the scandal. When the Republican governor, William Stratton, tried to capitalize on the scandal by calling a special session of the legislature, he received no encouragement from the United Republican crowd and had to accept a compromise which left Daley in control. The net political effect is that the Democrats are in a still stronger position in the city.

IT IS the ability of the machine to garner votes that gives it its base of power. This electoral ability is recognized and supported by the holders of the command positions in the economy. The leaders receive political support for community planning decisions; in exchange, the politicians are permitted a rather free hand in the day-to-day conduct of government administration and perquisites. Control of these perquisites, in turn, strengthens the political organization.

The precinct captain, that effective cog in the vote-getting business, has the most immediate problems with metropolitan shifts in population. The 24th Ward, which used to be the home base of Democratic National Committeeman Jake Arvey, was always noted for the larger than 90 per cent majorities that it turned in. It was also noted for being the last ward to report, the implication being that any deficit in votes could be recouped in the wee hours of the morning. Today the once overwhelmingly Jewish population of the 24th Ward has moved to the suburbs or to the far north side of Chicago. It has been replaced by Negroes. Yet, the social-service program of the Arvey machine so maintained its old pattern that only a couple of years ago a veteran precinct captain could complain at Passover time: "They're still handing out matzohs in the 24th. Nobody knows what to do with them. They think we're nuts!" Adjustment is slow. Today in the 24th Ward, as the result of local pressure, there is a Negro alderman, but the vastly more important post of ward committeeman is still held by a white man.

However, the amazing feature of precinct vote-getting is not the slowness of adaptation but the efficiency of old ways. In a well-run precinct the vote is turned out for primary elections and judicial elections as well as for the publicized national elections. This stability of performance is one key to the machine's strength. See how a Democratic primary is run in a West Side ward. In last spring's gubernatorial primary, the contest was between the machine's candidate, the urbane, Harvard-educated, Judge Otto Kerner; and two "reform" candidates whc had failed to get the party's nod. Steve Mitchell, former Democratic National Committee Chairman; and State Treasurer, Joe Lohman, a former University of Chicago criminologist. There was little difference o position among the three candidate —though Mitchell trumpeted agains machine politics, and Lohman cam out for a state income tax and identi fied himself as a friend of the Negro

The precinct approached the elec tion in time-tested manner. The thre patronage holders are the precinc captain, his son and another co-cap tain. Their most effective approach es to the voter are face-to-fac contact and an appeal by person obligation. If a family moves int the precinct, its members are visite a couple of times to let them kno that the organization is available fo favors. Generally speaking, th amount of favors that is forthcomin is in proportion to the number "good voters" in a household. Fou or five good votes in the family ca get a great deal accomplished—n garbage cans, driveway permits, preferential treatment in the public hospitals, occasional jobs for unemployed members, aid in civil-service appointments. And, of course, ticket fixing, with the precinct captain making the pay-off to the Traffic Court Clerk out of his own pocket. Now that the heat is on the police department, the captain will sometimes even pay the fine. A funeral director in the precinct, with eight votes, gets almost *carte blanche* for such building code and traffic violations as his business may incur.

When you ask the precinct captain if he discusses the issues, a look of amazement comes over his face. "One guy tries to bend my ear about why should he vote when there is no difference between the parties. I tell him some stuff about democracy, but he's a crank. I don't bother to see him any more." Yet almost every voter is seen three times immediately before the election. The major strategy is to establish a personal relation so that the voter will do the precinct captain a favor.

URBAN redevelopment creates problems of contact. A new expressway has bisected this particular precinct and another worker has to be paid "half a hundred" to see the few families on the other side of the highway. A man who speaks Spanish is paid twenty-five dollars to visit the Puerto Rican families.

Election day, of course, is the focal point of all this activity. The voters' personal devotion and obligation has been taken care of. Still, the machinery of the election must be handled. The police in the polling place are each given a ten. The election judges, both Democratic and Republican, are given twenty dollars to augment their salaries. For this bonus one Spanish-speaking judge makes sure that all the Spanish-speaking voters are registered as Democrats. Another explains the operation of the voting machine and in many cases does the chore of pulling the lever. A judicious twenty-dollar contribution is made to the cupboard funds of both the nuns and brothers of the local parochial school. Cars are sent to the school to bring in these thirty good votes. They all vote for Kerner and that is a particular point of pride to the captain, for Mitchell was the only Catholic candidate in the contest. In spite of this well-oiled operation the precinct captain complains: "A few old crabs come up and want a five to vote. You have to take care of them."

The results: 254 out of 280 registered voters cast their votes, 251 of them in the Democratic primary; of these, 243 votes were for Judge Kerner. A resident of the precinct was the candidate for State Representative on the Republican ballot; he received three votes. The precinct's voting record is entered on a blue card that is countersigned by the ward committeeman. The card in this case will be treasured by the precinct captain, for a record like that will carry weight in many places.

EVEN though the precinct organization has turned in a good record for this election, its sights are already on the next campaign. One small store owner, with six voters in his household, had promised to show up, but failed to do so. The day after the polling, the precinct captain was preparing to punish the welcher: "That guy is going to wish that he had voted. The building inspector is going to visit him on Monday, and I can hear him crying now."

The costs of this efficient operation are high. The precinct captain pays out about $300 per election and there are an average of two elections a year. The costs to the public are infinitely higher. The precinct captain has a city job at $800 a month plus a night job with the county at $400. Since the daytime job requires little effort, he has a full-time private job on the side. The son gets $500 a month while the other co-captain receives $600. The patronage costs total up to more than $100 per year per "good vote." As the son says, "It's a good business." What is more, it is an inheritable family possession.

The variations on this story are numerous. In the "river" wards they specialize in voting the winos. Others take advantage of the political capital that can accrue to a law practice, insurance business or bookmaking.

BOARD
OF
ELECTIONS
MEETS
HERE

The effective power and the really large perquisites belong to the ward committeeman, but the ultimate strength of the committeeman lies in the ability of his precinct captains to turn out the "good voters."

CHANGES have taken place in the benefits the precinct captain and ward committeeman can bestow. Since World War II the pay-off has been eliminated from the process of obtaining a teaching position. In general, the administrative routine of the Board of Education has been removed from political control. The precinct captain has even imposed limits upon himself. One reported that he took $250 to get a guy through the routine of civil-service appointment to the police force. "Not bad. Half a hundred goes downtown to fix up the deal, and I pocket two hundred. One guy wanted real bad to get on the Fire Department. He gave me five hundred bucks. But I gave him two-fifty back. I'm honest, you see."

Another captain was impressed by the weakening ability of political "clouts" to swing civil-service jobs. He reported that things had changed in the last fifteen years, and cited the following incident as an example. "I wanted to get on the police force and was being examined. The only thing that worried me was that I might not be tall enough. The regulations say that you gotta be 5′ 8″, and, I don't know, I'm sort of on the borderline. So the night before the physical, I went to see my ward committeeman [one of the most powerful in the city] to see what he could do for me. I explained the situation. The committeeman put his arm around me and said, 'Jim, I'm sorry, there's nothing I can do for you. You have to be five-eight. If you limped a little or didn't do so well on the written exam, I could take care of you. But you have to be five feet eight!" This story, however, has a happy ending. The captain ended up in a job paying $7500 a year and requiring little work.

The nature of benefits has changed, too. The importance of handing out jobs to people from households with a large number of "good voters" has declined with the high post-war employment. In the opinion of one captain the most effective benefit in his ward is the fraudulent registration of maternity cases as indigent at Cook County Hospital. He calculates that the money thus saved by loyal voters is three to four hundred dollars per confinement.

THE precinct captain's job is to turn out the vote. The ward committeemen and city leadership have to worry about the strategy of being on the winning side in state and national elections when other voting elements have a part in the decision. The ward committeeman has more flexibility than the state and city leadership, for he can maneuver to have strength in more than one camp.

In the most recent gubernatorial primary I was surprised to see a precinct captain I know sporting a Lohman for Governor button. This fellow manned a precinct in one of the wards in the notorious "West Side bloc." In the past he had also bragged about his friends in the Syndicate, Chicago's racketeering monopoly. Yet, here he was wearing the emblem of a reform, anti-machine candidate. I asked him if he had lost his job with the county. The answer was "No!" Had he had a fight with his committeeman? "No." Was he part of a faction trying to take over the ward? "No."

The answer was, "This is insurance. Remember Henry Horner!" (Henry Horner had defeated the Kelly-Nash machine for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination in 1936.)

This precinct captain was one of several assigned by their committeeman to be in the opposition camp, so that the ward organization would have influence in case of an upset. Meanwhile, the committeeman was supporting the machine's candidate, Kerner. Early in the primary race there was fear that Lohman, who had the patronage powers of the State Treasurer's office, would gain the support of the Mitchell forces. Even though this particular committeeman was one of the chief patronage distributors for the entire organization, he was taking out insurance. "Remember Henry Horner!" The business is getting out votes and being on the winning side.

Why do the working people of a great democratic nation put up with the commercialization of their franchise? I submit that they take what they consider the best of the alternatives presented them. This judgment was well stated ninety years ago in a workingmen's meeting in New York City. The newspaper reported one of the speaker's estimates of the relative merits of the machine and reform candidates:

> [He] then commented upon the "Tammany Ring" doings and the "reform" party, the difference between which he described as follows: "The Tammany 'Ring' divided the spoils with the working people, who earned the money, while the reform party have on the contrary put all the spoils into their own pockets, or into the pockets of those whose money put them into office." (N. Y. *Herald*, Dec. 12, 1873.)

I read to my students from Lincoln Steffens' preface to *The Shame of the Cities*:

> The politician is a business man with a specialty. When a business man of some other line learns the business of politics, he is a politician, and there is not much reform left in him. . . . The commercial spirit is the spirit of profit, not patriotism; of credit, not honor; of individual gain, not national prosperity; of trade and dickering, not principle.

When I announce that this was written fifty-six years ago, a look of surprise comes over my students' faces. They say almost in unison, "But, I thought this was a description of today."

IS THE FRENCH PRESS FREE? . .

by Alexander Werth

Paris

RECENTLY A FRIEND, just arrived from the United States, noted that he had been reading back home of how newspapers in France were frequently confiscated "right off the newsstands." He asked: "Is there any freedom of the press left under de Gaulle?"

The answer is not simple. One can argue, quite plausibly, that there *is* freedom — provided one keeps in mind that 90 per cent of French newspapers practice a voluntary "self-censorship," and simply say nothing that might offend the authorities. One can further argue, also plausibly, that the opposition papers are being handled no worse than they were during the last years of the Fourth Republic. Indeed, it can be shown that the Communist press—notably *l'Humanité* and *Liberation*—has been confiscated less frequently by the de Gaulle regime.

The two newspapers which have been seized most often both before and since the General took over, are *France-Observateur* and *l'Express*, liberal weeklies. Entire issues of the former were confiscated on about

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ten occasions prior to this regime, and on six or seven occasions since. The same ratio holds true for *l'Express*, though on the whole it has been confiscated less often. Without exception, the confiscations of both papers were officially attributed to an article, or news item, directly relating to the Algerian war.

As a rule, the Ministry of the Interior takes responsibility for newspaper confiscations, although occasionally the initiative has come from the Ministry of Defense or the Ministry of Information. Under French law, the Interior Ministry is permitted to seize only four copies of any newspaper edition which it believes to be questionable; only after that, *and without interfering with the distribution of the edition,* may it bring formal charges. But for some years now, the ministry has been ignoring the "four copies" stipulation and has been seizing entire editions at the outset. The seizures usually take place in the printer's shop, before distribution has taken place. Occasionally, however, confiscation is decided upon only *after* the newspaper is already on the stands. In a small country town, last summer, I was informed by a newsdealer that local gendarmes had seized his two copies of *France-Observateur* as soon as they had arrived by train from Paris that morning. Evidently, police prefectures throughout the country are instructed to make the rounds of thousands of localities to make sure that not a copy of an "offending" edition reaches the public.

When an issue of *France-Observateur* or *l'Express* is seized, the publishers generally put out the same paper the next day, but omitting the offending article and adding 25 or 50 francs to the normal price (100-125 francs) "to help make up for the loss." Nevertheless, each seizure means a gigantic loss—perhaps four or five million francs ($8,000 to $10,000)—for these small papers.

Practically every confiscation is followed by an official charge, instituted by the Interior Ministry, that the newspaper has "endangered the internal (or external) safety of the state." Generally, the legal action remains pending for months, or even years. Several times publishers have sought to recover from the government losses suffered as the result of confiscations. So far, all attempts have been in vain.

WHILE *France-Observateur* and *l'Express* have been the two principal victims of the confiscatory actions, occasionally a Fascist or Communist publication is seized. But a curious aspect of the Communist papers under the de Gaulle regime is their apparent determined effort to survive at any cost, i.e., to avoid excessive verbal violence, especially on the touchy matter of criticizing de Gaulle directly, or of making dangerous revelations about Algeria.

Perhaps the most remarkable example of press freedom in France today is the case of *Canard Enchaîné*, a satirical weekly which has made funnier cracks and published perhaps more brilliant and devastating stories about the de Gaulle regime than any of its competitors. The paper has been left in perfect peace. This is all the more remarkable because *Canard* has become a kind of safety valve: newspaper men working on "conformist" papers, and even nonconformist government officials, feed it continually with stories that appear nowhere else. De Gaulle himself is said to read it every Wednesday morning.

The explanation seems to be that its hitherto unhindered distribution gives the government an air of extreme liberalism which makes a good impression both abroad and among traditional Republicans here at home. And "after all" — as a government official told me recently — "even though the paper's circulation has trebled in the last two years, it is still read by only a few hundred thousand traditional and sophisticated grousers, who would remain anti-colonialist, anti-clerical and critical of the Army and of the New Order no matter what paper they read."

M. Terrenoire, the Minister of Information, is reported to have drafted a new law whereby the present confiscation procedures, which technically are illegal, will be duly "legalized." M. Pierre Stibbe, a well-known Paris lawyer, commented angrily on the proposal: "To give such a practice a legal appearance is to destroy any inhibitions still existing about seizing newspapers." According to M. Stibbe, the government has also drawn up a decree providing that any newspaper man who has been charged with writing an "anti-security" article, but who is not yet under arrest, would go to jail if he wrote on the same subject before he had been tried. If this decree is actually issued (the report is that the Conseil d'Etat has rejected it so far), not only Fascists like M. Biaggi, one of the heroes of last January's *putsch* in Algiers, could be silenced, but so also could several left-wing editors and writers against whom "anti-security" charges are still pending.

STILL more recently, it has become known that the government is planning to "recast" completely the Press Law of 1881, which has been until now the basic law on the freedom of the press. A draft bill has already been drawn up; it claims in its preamble to "provide even better protection for freedom of speech," but this hypocrisy has been denounced by a substantial part of the French press, led by *Le Monde*. The proposed bill contains the concept of a new offense, called "demoralization of the army," directly inspired by a private members bill introduced by five notorious Fascist members of the National Assembly, including M. Biaggi, and tabled in 1959.

It is feared that *any* criticism of the war in Algeria, or any call to end that war, could be interpreted as demoralizing the army and thus severely punishable. This and other features of the bill suggest that de Gaulle's "liberal phase" will be followed by a much more authoritarian regime, under which whatever teeth are left to the opposition press will be knocked out.

Only a very sharp reaction from the bulk of the French press is likely to dissuade the government from passing this bill, whether by decree or by vote in a tame and unrepresentative parliament. The present conformism of the press is such that no one foresees such an opposition being organized.

BOOKS and the ARTS

What History Will Not Approve

THE FUTURE AS HISTORY. By Robert L. Heilbroner. Harper and Bros. 217 pp. $4.

Jacob Cohen

IF WE use the term "radical" purely, referring not merely to thought that is extreme and left-wing, but rather to thought that asks fundamental, root questions, and builds its programs from these questions, then there is growing evidence of a new kind of radicalism in American letters. The old-time leftist may scoff at the movement but that is because his left-right, liberal-conservative orientation today has only tired relevance. No less than the Marxist does the new-style radical begin his inquiry with a fundamental image of the historic process; but he views that process quite differently. He perceives a denser, more multiple, history; a history amenable to analysis, though not simple analysis; predictive though only roughly predictive; one that exhibits tragedy as well as triumph, that contains paradox as well as dialectical simplicity. Much more consistently than the Marxist, the new-style radical sees that man's condition is inescapably rooted in history, and therefore he sees also how futile (and inhuman) is any violent attempt to escape this condition. Yet, unlike the new-conservative, he is not paralyzed by the insight. The fundamental category of analysis for the new-style radical is American civilization itself, and he confronts America in all its complexity as the most relevant and obstreperous of historic realities. He is radical about America and a radical only in an American context.

John Galbraith's *The Affluent Society* is a major document of this position, and, in its way, so too is Daniel Bell's freshly published collection, *The End of Ideology*. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and Reinhold Niebuhr have been apostles of the new style for some time. But to my mind the best statement of it is Robert L. Heilbroner's *The Future as History*, subtitled "The Historic Currents of our Time and the Direction in Which They Are Taking America."

Mr. Heilbroner places the new image of history in stage center. The old image which America inherits, he says, is utterly inadequate for the contemporary world and needs to be altered if America is to operate at all successfully. Americans still believe, as their eighteenth-century forefathers believed, that history is utterly receptive to their individual and collective endeavors. They see a history that is idea-directed and hence man-made, a history in which failure is explained by the presence of inadequate ideas and inadequate personnel, and success by adequate ideas and adequate personnel. They view history as infinitely plastic, no more resistant to human design than clay to the potter's fingers. Such a history crowns sincere effort with success and progresses as success accumulates.

TODAY, SAYS Heilbroner, this image of history has become a crippling anachronism. The three great forces — technology, democracy and capitalism — which in the eighteenth century gave rise to these optimistic notions have proven in time that forces for good in history contain within themselves (ironically, not dialectically) the seeds of their own destruction. Technology, which once seemed the unambiguous means by which man might better himself by his own efforts, has now created weapons of mass destruction and an environment which finally dehumanizes man. Democracy, which seemed to contain all the ideals toward which technology might ideally be directed, has spewed forth modern mass society and the excesses of modern revolutions. Capitalism, which once seemed the perfect institutional framework for the attainment of democracy's goals, has been revealed to contain enormities of human suffering, inequity and moral degradation. We have learned rudely that history may frustrate the best of our intentions.

But for America, blessed with unparalleled abundance, until recently isolated from international entanglements, and unburdened with the habit of tragic thought, technology, democracy and capitalism may still seem unalloyed blessings. And we blindly thrust the trends of each into the future, confident that history will approve. History will not approve, says Heilbroner, and if we fail to recognize this we shall foreclose even those possibilities that remain for us.

In the center of his book Heilbroner projects the paths which he feels technology, democracy and capitalism will take into the future and the problems they will present for America:

(1) With regard to technology, he says, we must face the prospect of a nuclear stalemate which will continue into the foreseeable future and whose consequences include an enlarged role for the military in public affairs and an intellectual atmosphere contaminated by the consciousness of impending disaster. We must face too the unavoidable consequences of a modern technological environment which in a thousand ways places man's humanity in jeopardy.

(2) Democracy, combined with technology, will continue to induce popular revolutions in the underdeveloped world. And given the specific setting of these revolutions — their necessarily anti-imperialist bearing, the extreme poverty from which they spring and their concomitant need to industrialize at lightning pace, the tactical necessity for them to ally with the most congenial and sympathetic of the world's powers — we must expect that these revolutions will produce regimes which will find it much easier to dislike America than to dislike the Soviet Union.

(3) As for capitalism, we must expect that America, like all the capitalist nations of the West, will continue her unpremeditated drift toward what must unavoidably be called socialism. Some-

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Fusion

Now tan this morning light
Like the mystic birth of a desert
On the city concrete.
On the corners red suns
Turn green and grass grows
Prodigal on the pavement.
Desert dissolves. Metal herds
Mechanically crush the meadow.

I do not wonder why
This delirium of delight
Bucolically cloaks the city
For my barely focused eyes.
But look over the concrete mowing,
Smell gutters grown with sweet grass
And observe animals, sticky eyed,
Hunting the meadow for coffee.

TOM POOTS

thing like the present rate of government spending will remain an essential aspect of our economy, even when the current flood of military expenditures abates. We will learn increasingly the folly of expecting that capitalism will be an appealing system for the new nations. We may confidently expect an ever growing abundance, but we will learn that abundance also exacts qualitative human costs, and that the very success of our own economy will feed the resentment of the underdeveloped nations who will be impatient at the slowness of their own development and self-righteous about what will be the increasing disparity between their own living standards and America's.

LIKE MANY men who drink deeply of History's spring, Heilbroner's mood is somber. Not only do most of the trends he analyzes bode ill for the American future, but each of them seems to move in the face of some cherished assumption and habit of American life, a fact which raises doubts in his mind as to America's capacity to deal with them successfully. But if Heilbroner's mood is pessimistic it is never passive. His book is a prolegomenon to action, not to despair. In his concluding pages, and brilliant pages they are, he implores America to exercise the "perilous freedom" which is still permitted her.

Unfortunately, Heilbroner does not pause at the end of his work to suggest a program of action which might now be implemented with that freedom. But we can gather what that program might be by bringing together several of the positive suggestions which he scatters through his book:

(1) In a world where nuclear stalemate is the constant in any future international equation, a new premium is placed on non-military, less-than-ultimate, day-by-day conduct of foreign policy. Shrewd, self-consciously realistic leadership gains new import in a situation where military excursions can no longer settle international differences. This necessitates a leadership which understands that the responsible application of power often compromises an overly abstract morality, indeed that a policy simply impelled by moral abstractions is not only inflexible, but, in this complex and infinitely contingent world, itself immoral. To arrive at this understanding in America will involve an enormous program of public education, for it runs into the teeth of our most cherished habits of mind.

(2) We must endeavor to break the hold which the rhetoric of capitalism has upon American domestic and international actions — a hold which, as Heilbroner shows, has impoverished the public sector of the economy, misplaced and misdirected the processes of national decision-making, blinded us to the realities of the world revolution, and impeded our adaptation to what must necessarily be the socialistic cast of any modern technological society. America is a capitalist nation, in the classic sense, in rhetoric alone. It must be awakened, not to a new rhetoric, but to the facts of its historic situation. At the same time, America must painstakingly attempt to humanize these trends and to conserve the valuable qualities of the older capitalism as effectively as history will permit.

(3) We must understand the degree to which problems such as juvenile delinquency, poor education, criminality, urban and suburban ugliness, cultural impoverishment, are functions of our historic drift and therefore not amenable to simple solutions. We must learn the habit of alleviating evils when we cannot eliminate them, a habit which can only be learned as part of the entire reorientation on the nature of history which is here proposed.

(4) Our philosophers must maintain for America her sense that she is a significant participant in the ultimate process of history in the face of a historical current which will continually rebuff and alienate her, and which cannot be totally redirected to her liking. It is as formidable a philosophic task as any in man's memory, and in attempting it American philosophers will again be performing tasks which philosophers ought to perform vis-à-vis their civilization.

There will be many (this writer not among them) who will feel that Heilbroner unduly limits the spectrum of possibilities open to America at this moment. Yet he forces his more optimistic critics to challenge him on grounds as fundamental as his own. If only by restoring this high seriousness to contemporary dialogue, he has performed a notable service.

Bloodshed Near Archangel

THE IGNORANT ARMIES. By E. M. Halliday. Harper and Bros. 232 pp. $4.50.

Alexander Werth

"WE REMEMBER," said Khrushchev at Los Angeles last September, "the grim days when American soldiers stepped on our soil to help the White Guards to fight the new Revolution." American intervention in Russia after the Revolution is commonly associated with the simultaneous, largely *political* "check-Japan" intervention in the Far East; and non-specialists scarcely remember that five thousand American soldiers also took part in what was primarily a British *military* operation in Northern Russia. It started in the middle of 1918 and continued for a year. The ultimate purpose of the "Archangel Front" (regardless of what Woodrow Wilson said and even meant) was to "drive down to the Trans-Siberian" and to join forces with the Czechoslovaks (first version) and (second version) with the main forces of Admiral Kolchak marching "on Moscow" from the East. Muddleheaded and ineffectual though the whole intervention "by fourteen nations" was, it has stuck in Russian memories to this day.

In *Khorosho!* ("Fine!"), Vladimir Mayakovsky's famous 1929 poem, known to practically every schoolchild in the Soviet Union, there are some lines on Archangel which, roughly translated, run like this:

> Lady, ask your colonel to tell you
> How the Dvina River, dyed with
>   blood,
> Thawing and sweating out corpses,
> Was carrying her horrible cargo to
>   the Polar Sea;
> How a dozen heroes would shoot
> A single Communist with ropes tied
>   round him;
> How His Majesty's officers ran from
>   our rifle shots,
> Clearing the beaches. . . .
> But "It's a long, long way to
>   Tipperary,
> It's a long way to go. . . ."
> Damn you all, you lousy kingdoms
>   and democracies,
> With your phoney fraternités and
>   your stinking egalités.
> You are pouring showers of lead on
>   our heads
> But we're alone, and we've nowhere
>   to hide.
> "Yankee Doodle, keep it up, Yankee
>   Doodle dandy!"
> In the midst of this bellow of rifles
>   and guns,
> There's an island called Moscow, and

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we're on this island.
We're hungry and poor, with Lenin in our brain
And a gun in our hand. . . .

Was Mayakovsky, as usual, glorying in wild hyperbole? E. M. Halliday writes as follows in his first chapter, describing the battle of Toulgas which was fought, by a strange irony, on and during the two days following Armistice Day, November 11, 1918:

> If Trotsky was at Toulgas [as some Bolshevik prisoners claimed] he must have gone away thoroughly enraged. . . . Over 300 soldiers, including several of his best commanders, were killed, and countless others wounded, while the Allies had only 28 killed and about 70 wounded. What had promised to be a massacre of the Americans and British had turned out to be a massacre of Bolsheviks.

So, in a sense, the waters of the Dvina *were* "dyed with Russian blood"; Russia never quite forgot it, even though intervention is associated in her mind with England, and, above all, with Churchill, rather than with the United States.

Toulgas is nothing more than a village on the banks of the Dvina, about 200 miles inland from Archangel. What were the doughboys doing there, fighting a grim Arctic war? Mr. Halliday says in his final summing-up chapter that, according to George F. Kennan, the American soldiers in North Russia "took no part in any actions other than ones of a defensive nature," a statement wholly contradicted by Mr. Halliday's detailed account. The author sees a more candid assessment in what Churchill said in 1953: "The strangling of Bolshevism at birth would have been an untold blessing to the human race."

THE IGNORANT ARMIES is admirably done, though perhaps it is less a systematic historical study than a swift-moving documentary of episodes. It recounts scenes both at various military outposts deep inside the Russian North, and in the tragi-comic "capital" of Archangel, with its "provisional government" under a "Social-Revolutionary" anti-Bolshevik dreamer called Chaikovsky and later, with a White Russian army of wholly unreliable, largely pro-Soviet recruits under the command of a Czarist general, E. K. Miller. In the Russian North, there was even less "social basis" for a White Army than elsewhere in Russia. At one point, some of these Russian "allies" mutinied and murdered five of their British officers.

Mr. Halliday has made good use of the available American, British and French records of the expedition; better still, he has talked to as many survivors — now rather aged gentlemen — among the American "Polar Bears" as possible. His portraits are most entertaining: the fanatically anti-Red U.S. Ambassador Francis, with his genius for misinforming Washington; the first (pre-November Armistice) British commander, General Poole, an almost unbelievably stupid Blimp; all kinds of Russian puppet "ministers" and "generals," among them that picturesque Armenian adventurer, "General" Torcom who, with great solemnity, conferred a self-made "Order of the Star of Armenia" on a flattered British general, but who, before long, thought better of it and emigrated to England. All this story of silliness, blundering, wishful thinking and the irresponsible waste of lives is vividly told, though its admittedly complex contours could perhaps have been made clearer.

I have only one criticism to make of this otherwise excellent book. Of what went on on the Soviet side during the Archangel operations Mr. Halliday tells us nothing. He tends to assume that Trotsky (no one else is mentioned) conducted the operations, and says that, by the middle of 1919, the Russian troops had got much tougher and better armed and organized. But there is nothing to show that Mr. Halliday has studied any Soviet books or documents on this "Archangel War." No doubt, even the most recent Soviet histories of the Civil War and the Intervention are not "fair" to Trotsky; nevertheless, they contain an enormous amount of factual material which cannot be simply dismissed as propaganda, and would at least have been worth looking at.

No Exit

THE PARATROOPER OF MECHANIC AVENUE. By Lester Goran. Houghton Mifflin Co. 246 pps. $3.50.

Terry Southern

AT THE beginning of *The Paratrooper of Mechanic Avenue* is a description of the strange high steps known as "Sobaski's Stairs," which rise up through the grotesque Pittsburgh slum where the action of this book is placed, and the advanced reader's first impression may be that the term "Paratrooper" in the title is not being used in the ordinary military sense but will refer to some tormented soul who flings himself off the top of these steps and into Mechanic Avenue far below.

If the book does not quite measure up, and I'm afraid it does not, to such a contemporary level of multi-*entendre*, it nevertheless does have its moments and should prove enjoyable, especially to readers of Nelson Algren, of whose style and tone the author is evidently a close protégé (though it might be well to note that the old master himself would doubtless take exception to Mr. Goran's omission of goofball-heads from this particular scene, as well as his use of the word "hep" instead of "hip").

The tale is a gray one; Ike-o Hartwell, its protagonist, is born during the gloomy winter of 1931 in a tenement hall-toilet shared by nine families; his father is a Bowery-type wino and his mother a 250-pound moron. The family's circle of friends—Fats Smolcher, Rosie Plotkin, Whorehouse John, Catfish Gedunsky—are of similar stamp and kidney, so that Ike-o's youth is a fair balance of bleakness and tumult. These colorful circumstances, of the boy's birth and childhood, are presumably not without a suggestion of irony since he is a direct descendant of "Colonel Isaac Hartwell, 1737-1807, Brandywine, Trenton and Princeton, and aide-de-camp to General Washington."

Ike-o goes into the Army during the Korean affair and spends two or three years being shuffled between detention barracks and mental hospitals, after which he comes back to the neighborhood wearing a paratrooper outfit and describing his imaginary skirmishes.

Mr. Goran has addressed himself, primarily, to the subject of *the slum* and has written about it with an unfaltering earnestness and considerable authority. Like Algren and Saroyan, however, he occasionally tries to inject a certain *La Bohème* richness into the depressing relationships he's treating, and cooler tastes will probably find these bits of warmth and camaraderie merely literary or maudlin. The fact is that a distinctly tragic flavor pervades the story which no amount of sentimental sop can disguise—a sort of no-exit hopelessness about the lives and limitations of the people involved. An arresting summation occurs near the end of the book with the death of Miss Fireman, a dedicated and energetic social worker who has spent her entire life in the slum, to finally die, old and broken, but mercifully unaware that at the funeral someone can ask: "How does it happen she can be put into the ground like that and there ain't one real thing different with the world?"

TERRY SOUTHERN'S novels are The Magic Christian *(Random House) and* Flash and Filigree *(Coward-McCann).*

LETTER from FINLAND

Jean Martin

EMBARKING by night boat from the moneyed sophistication of Stockholm, the American tourist bound for Finland finds himself switched overnight into the grim, gray atmosphere of the so-called "poorer" tourist countries — countries living behind, under, or at the fringes of the Iron Curtain; countries in which life is all boiled-meat-and-potatoes and second-hand double-breasted suits. The Finns live a fiercely independent life, yet remain edgily aware of their position as a window between Russia and the Free World. Life in Finland is happier, the tone freer than in the satellite countries, but the shadow of Russia is present.

The boat service from Stockholm to Turku, Finland's third largest city, is excellent but crowded, and the tiny buffet-cafeteria has a long line waiting for sausages and mashed potatoes. The crowd is tinged with a pleasant peasant coarseness, and happily innocent of "high style"; many of them carry garish souvenir Kewpie dolls that are well outside the pale of Scandinavian Good Design. All night long, up and down the corridor of the second-class cabins, an argument rages which is endlessly complicated, irresistibly interesting, but unfathomably in Finnish. It involves an ever-changing cast of voices, footsteps, thuds, scuffling, sobbing, moaning, arguing and invective. In the morning I ask a lady who looks like Isak Dinesen and who is reading a book in English on the Bahai religion if she knows what it was all about. She tells me that it was a family fight, that they were all drunk and that a lady broke her arm. She doesn't seem to find this unusual on the night boat to Finland. She says that she is a worker for Bahai stationed, inexplicably it seems to me, in Helsinki and that the Finns are a very proud people and tired of having their country ravaged by other people's wars. A Swede breaks in to tell me the Finns are fierce fighters and habitual knife-carriers—a piece of information he accompanies with a sinister gesture and which is a widely held Scandinavian prejudice for which I find no evidence.

At Turku the passengers disembark and head for an ancient black railroad car which makes direct connection with Helsinki. They seem to regard anyone staying in Turku as markedly eccentric, and we cast a wistful glance after them, then climb doggedly aboard an empty streetcar which jolts along through boring, semi-industrial outskirts to the town center. A steady rain begins to fall as we reach the vast gray town square and, since Turku boasts one of the few remaining second-hand open-air markets, to the general grimness of the scene is added a tangle of depressingly dubious junk. But in the market a woman is cheerfully selling twig brooms like those the witches used in fairy tales; she also has fresh green bunches of leaves for the *sauna* baths. The one shop bordering the square which is even faintly "Finnish modern" has a tricky self-supporting spiral staircase, a bubble phone booth, and houses a gourmet shop which offers such oddities as a small jar of American instant coffee for two dollars.

IN A MILK *baari* where we see adult patrons solemnly drinking a single unaccompanied glass of plain old milk, we examine our newly purchased book of language catch-phrases published in Helsinki by the Esperanto Society, for we have already discovered the incredible jungle comprising the Finnish language barrier. The Esperanto Society's compact little book lists things in nine languages but ends with the peevishly pointed footnote that all this could be avoided if we would all just learn Esperanto. In the meantime we are reduced to using German (which the Scandinavians resent since it reminds them of the days of Nazi occupation) to get us onto a train to Tampere, Finland's second largest city. The train is an ancient one — a coal-burner that chugs along lugubriously through the rain in a dank, sparse countryside feathered with firs, and completely innocent of billboards.

Our car is filled with drably dressed people who take off their shoes and lie down on the musty red plush seats to nap, while we stare out the window at small, gray farms. At Toijala, they all suddenly pull themselves together, replace shoes, hats and scarves, and depart, and a distracted conductor who finds the language barrier insurmountable leads us by the hand like children to a spot further along the platform where he points to the ground ("Wait here") and then down the track ("Train for Tampere comes there"). Toijala, we later learn, is one of Finland's major railroad intersections, but it has a roundhouse of such antique vintage and with such obsolete equipment that I am moved to remark that someone ought to be taking a picture.

Eventually a train comes puffing along and we climb aboard to meet the fishy stares of fellow passengers who seem to know an American tourist when they see one. Tampere, whose Chamber of Commerce extolls its modern main street "stretching" a half-mile forward of the railroad station, is a mixture of the dull and the sprightly. In a 1930ish restaurant filled with drably dressed men who look like extras out of a Depression era movie, we have boiled lamb and potatoes in sour cream sauce with dill, while the manager urges us to stay for the dancing later and we wonder who all those men are expecting to dance *with*. Instead, we wander out through town and over a bridge which displays Tampere's four major pieces of sculpture representing Maiden, Hunter, Progressive Government Official and Tax Collector, and we notice that even the big public buildings have enormous piles of firewood behind them. In a park bordering on a lake tall firs rise to a fringe of soft needles and the silence among them is an old silence like that of the sequoias. Suddenly we come upon a troupe of actors in hose and doublet — a dress rehearsal of Shakespeare in Tampere's newly built outdoor theatre. It is a bowl in which a huge turntable revolves the audience round and round, while the actors perform on the grounds surrounding it. They invite us to watch the rehearsal, and the complications of following Shakespeare in Finnish are lightened by the pleasant anticipatory hum of the motors as the bowl gets ready to revolve in the Finnish Forest of Arden.

From Tampere boats leave daily for Aulanko, the government-sponsored resort which is described everywhere as the Finnish equivalent of "swanky." With a group of Swedish Gas Company employees who are celebrating the com-

Dionysius on Vase, B.C.

Flat as thought, thin-lined and funny,
curled phallus and wide giggled ears,
caricatured eyes that tickle like a beard
here's a wicked jack for a mock marriage.

No sweetness here, but true satyr,
he dances round a ring of runty little
nymphs.

Horns play, wine whistles,
gods walk into walls,

jazzing up the New York Metropolitan.
Flowers fizz to bells,
the danced imagination
followed by another race of fauns.

JANE MAYHALL

pletion of a training course, and who are the most relentless shutter-bugs I have met, we sail through the Finnish lakes to the strains of "When the Saints Go Marching In" which one of them can play on the guitar and which all Scandinavian teen-agers adore. Aulanko is beautifully situated, but it is, alas, pseudo-modern, antiseptic, impersonal, and we go on to nearby Hameenlinna ("birthplace of Sibelius") which has two hotels, the finer of which is called "Society House" and furnishes old-fashioned washbowl and pitcher made out of modern Finnish Arabia ware. In Hameenlinna there is a river to fish in, an old castle to house the army, and some industrial plants which would be considered an eyesore in America, but are looked on with pride by the Finns. In a *baari*, couples share one bottle of orangeade and the manager dutifully warns us in advance of the price of a "Melba," apparently one of the few words that made it intact into Finnish. The big square of the town with its newly gilded little gold lion is devoid of activity until the movie lets out, then a few old Packards arrive to buy hot dogs at the little blue stand. The government-run liquor store has closed hours ago, for Finland, like the other Scandinavian countries, has a policy aimed at curbing alcoholism. Even to the most casual tourist in Scandinavia, this problem is noticeable, and nowhere more so than in Norway where the number of drunks, not happy or argumentative, but bleary-eyed and seeking oblivion, is enormous. I asked a Norwegian why this problem is so particularly theirs and he offered the theory that there is something in the Norwegian temperament which compels them to be first or nothing — "and if you are not first you are nothing, and so they drink."

However that may be, there is plenty of work around for the Salvation Army and they are proportionately in evidence; in fact the first thing we encounter in the Helsinki railroad station is a delegation of them. This Saarinen station, which I had envisioned as the epitome of modern Finland, turns out to be by Saarinen *Senior* and is rather dark, dated and Frank Lloyd Wrightish; but the tourist information center assigns us to some student dorms that are clean, bright and relentlessly modern. Helsinki, everywhere described as a "modern" city, is a mixture of modern, old-modern, and old, but its peaple are friendly, cheerful, forward-looking, though there are several cryptic references to "our parliament, if you could call it that. . . ." For me, the Finnish National Gallery sums up as well as anything the historic and economic position of Finland today. Unlike the Louvre or the British National Gallery, which display in tactless splendor a national history of past abundance, Finland has a little art collection made up studiously of one of everything: one Picasso, one Braque, one Cezanne, one Van Gogh, etc. — all neatly lined up cheek by jowl with an abundance of Finnish painting that includes such items as an exceptionally realistic portrait of an injured angel being carried out on a stretcher, presumably for immediate first aid.

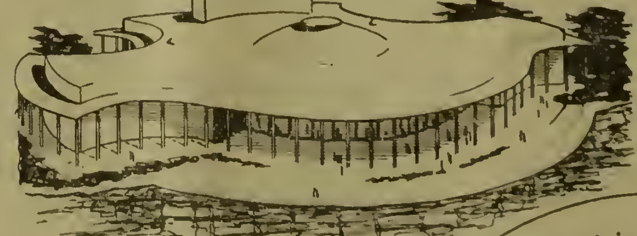
On the plane back to London I talk to two Finnish lady dentists who are en route to a convention in Dublin and I tell them that the usual cliché used to describe Finland is that of a window which the East uses to look at the West and which the West uses to gaze in at the East. To my surprise they agree completely, only adding, "Comes now a difficult time for Finland for she does not wish to be with one or the other and it will now be very difficult to keep her own place."

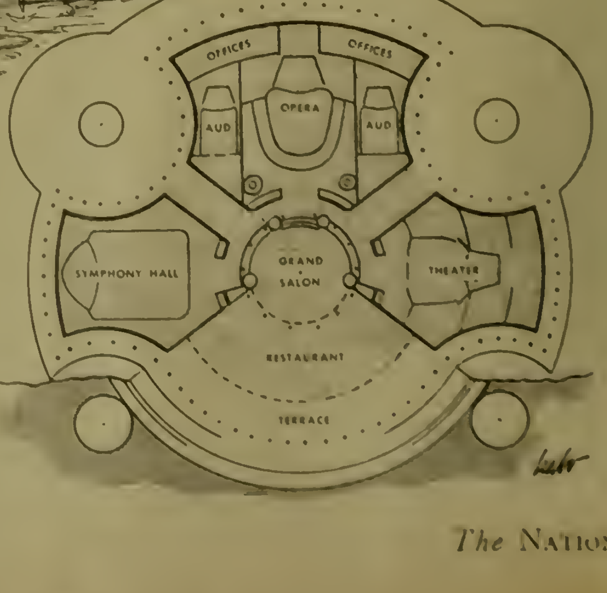
ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

"I WOULD say that Washington is primarily a city of white buildings in a park-like setting," architect Edward D. Stone commented some months ago, when unveiling his preliminary design for the immense National Cultural Center projected for a superbly green site overlooking the Potomac in the District of Columbia. He added, "I would see no reason for departing from that," and with this misleadingly modest statement he detailed his scheme for a single, solid building, basically circular, whose outside circumference would be a blank limestone wall approximately half a mile long, and whose corpus would include an opera house, a repertory theatre, a theatre of the dance, and other king-size spaces. In plan, the design is like an immense doughnut with several bites taken out of it for majestic entrances. The theatres and opera hall (see diagram) lie in the edible region of the doughnut, as does a large restaurant and some terraces hung nicely out over the river. This doughnut is really a bun, however; at its core is another big bite, a round room 180 feet in diameter intended to serve as interior lobby for all theatres and as a social catchall: "I felt apologetic about our country when New York gave a formal reception for Queen Elizabeth in an armory. A country as great and as wealthy as ours should have rooms for state occasions. Smaller countries have them."

Stone is one of the most successful architects in the United States today, having captured the imagination of the people — certainly of the press — with such grandiose architectural notions as this immense and impersonal symbol of the entertaining arts. He designed the U.S. exhibit building for the Brussels World's Fair of 1958, also a round building, but with a pool in its center, as well as the U.S. Embassy in New Delhi, which had a large pool in its core too, not a social armory. These are much live-





lier designs than his cultural center because the open cores do subtract from their deadly bulk. They also have a good deal of intrinsic glitter, which the cultural center lacks so far.

The cultural center was established and given its choice homestead in Washington by act of Congress; but it is to be financed by more than $60 million in contributions solicited from the public and foundations. In fairness, it should be pointed out that what has been announced is but a preliminary design, and the ramparts which its architect mans with an air of finality may be but a fence, behind which he will redesign the project in a more vigorous way. I hope so.

For what he has drawn so far is a real document to the danger of the quest for both immensity and elegance, a difficult combination, as most of Washington itself testifies. In describing Washington's whiteness in a park, which apparently can hypnotize even good architects, Stone might well have added a couple of other adjectives: neoclassical and spiritless. In its official buildings, Washington truly is less like a park than an overblown cemetery, full of half-hearted monuments manned by government employees—a hopeless atmosphere, I would think, in which to attempt action.

This design for live culture is a match for the memorials. A glance at its plan is enough to establish that Stone — a talented man who for twenty-five years has ranked high in the modern movement — picked the big bland shape, then fitted the various functions into it, rather than starting with the spaces and shaping the complex with them. It is quite difficult to absorb a full-sized opera house into anything, to lose the operatic mass and shape and render it anonymous, but his enormous design does just that. Stone has said that in the shape of the cultural center he will recall another feature of Washington, L'Enfant's majestic circular plazas. The only comment on this can be why? Why not recall the shape of an opera house?

No, this bulky building — surrounded in the drawings by a bronze colonnade holding up nothing but the pallid spirit of neoclassicism—must be an image for fund raising alone. It is a shrewdly difficult floor plan from which to subtract elements. Perhaps, when the money has been amassed, the building will then really be designed as a symphony, instead of a thud on a big bass drum. But, again, it is difficult to be confident about this, in the face of Stone's voiced determination. He has defined the flavor he seeks in a deadly way: "Architecture is an ageless art, so the origin of a building like this should be lost in history, as it were. Just as it should not be what currently is the mode, neither should it be archeological. By that, I mean it shouldn't be a copy of a building of a past culture. It really should represent 2,500 years of Western culture, rather than twenty-five years of modern architecture."

Yet doesn't a building, like a man, have to stand for something, or it is nothing? If it attempts to be all things to all the segments of Western culture of the past twenty-five (count them!) centuries, how can it be true to our own time, a genuine expression of the culture we are so nervous about? Shunning vitality, it can only be vacuous. Mussolini tried, and of course failed, to have his buildings represent both the triumphs of the past and the ability to avoid decisions of the present. As a result, his neo-nothings now stand among the noble ruins of Rome — imitation buildings designed to be put on postcards.

I may be taking this design too hard, but it strikes me as the weakest recent architecture of any reputation at all, a grave mistake by an accomplished man. It is reminiscent of the vast, dreary, faceless, placeless war department building across the river in Virginia, a cultural Pentagon.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

ON A recent Sunday, Bosley Crowther, film critic of *The New York Times*, published a column in which he urged that importers of foreign-language pictures drop subtitles and substitute English-dubbed dialogue. This had been a matter of doubt in Mr. Crowther's mind for some time, and the film that finally convinced him was *The Rest Is Silence*, a German work based on the *Hamlet* plot. The picture is, in fact, rather wordy and the subtitles are conspicuous; also, lines of English are spoken now and then, and Mr. Crowther wished the cast would go right on talking it.

He says that "a valiant band of zealots" will take strong exception to the suggestion, and I want briefly to express my zeal.

The arguments Mr. Crowther uses are not new — subtitles are a blemish on the screen and distract attention from the action, dubbing can be done so expertly as to defy detection, foreign pic-

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tures are now so profitable that distributors can well afford the expense of an English sound track. The result would be more convenient and more artistic than the superimposed titles.

More convenient, perhaps, but I don't think more artistic. It is not a question of technical dexterity. Such problems have been pretty well solved — though there is still no way, for example, to put "thank you" convincingly into a mouth that is saying "merci"; if it happens in a close-up, something very peculiar is going to happen. But granted the dubber's skill, the device is all wrong psychologically and logically. In the first place, there is something repellent about putting words into someone's mouth; it reduces the performer to a puppet. If you are going to graft another voice onto an actor, you might as well go the whole way and graft another head. At least the mouth would be speaking the same language as the sound track.

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More important, what kind of voice are you to use? In the picture in question, most of the principals are German industrialists, former Nazis rehabilitated by American foreign policy. Should they speak with German accents? A man with an accent is a man living in a foreign culture — these people are, in fact, the epitome of their culture; they have no accents at all. Should they talk like Gregory Peck in a movie adapted from John O'Hara? Or should they talk that vague "internationalized," or broadcast, English that is pasteurized out of all individuality? Part of what makes this picture good is the verisimilitude of the characters; dubbing cannot find an equivalent for the voices that contribute so much to their reality. Should we also dub English imports? A lot of people would understand Alec Guinness better if he talked like Montgomery Clift.

I recognize that a similar problem exists in the theatre, but there it is not a question of merely putting new voices into an existing performance. The whole production is translated and directed by someone who, presumably, knows how to engender a foreign atmosphere for American audiences. Subtitles are a compromise — they take a little effort and they are never as good as knowing the language being spoken. But their virtue is exactly that they are openly added and do not tamper with the internal structure of the picture. Dubbing is fakery; and unlike makeup and the other illusions of the screen and theatre, it is fakery performed on a finished work.

THE REST IS SILENCE is an ingenious and arresting picture. I don't know that much is accomplished by this sort of transcription; it proves that Shakespeare's plots speak to all ages, but that hardly needs proving. However, the parallels are carried out with taste and good common sense. Ophelia does not die, so the only grave Hamlet has to fall into is Polonius'; that doesn't make much sense, but it is the one real blunder. Also, Helmut Kautner, who wrote and directed, has had the nerve to depart from the parallel when it would become strained. We are spared, thus, a piling up of corpses at the end that would turn funny in contemporary context. If the tragedy is not so well resolved as *Hamlet*, its fading off may be more akin to our less vivid and decisive age. Finally, the characters are real Germans in real situations of their own, not just Horatio, Laertes, Gertrude and the rest in modern dress. This Hamlet teaches philosophy at Harvard when he is not tracking down his father's murderer.

NOT ALL material — not even all good material — can be used effectively on the screen. In witness of this rather evident truth, two pictures are now running in New York. Both are well cast and intelligently directed, neither is by any means without merit; but I watched them with uneasy resistance because they seemed so uneasy in the medium.

One of the pictures is *School for Scoundrels*, in which Alastair Sim, Terry-Thomas and Ian Carmichael disport themselves in Peter Ustinov's adaptation of Stephen Potter's *Gamesmanship* and its successors. The British comics are all at the top of their routines and Potter's vinegar morality produces a series of very funny staccato gags. But each scene is autonomous, the arrangement is both arbitrary and mechanical, and nothing you could call a movie ever emerges — it is more a package of lively illustrations for the amusement of those in the audience who know the text.

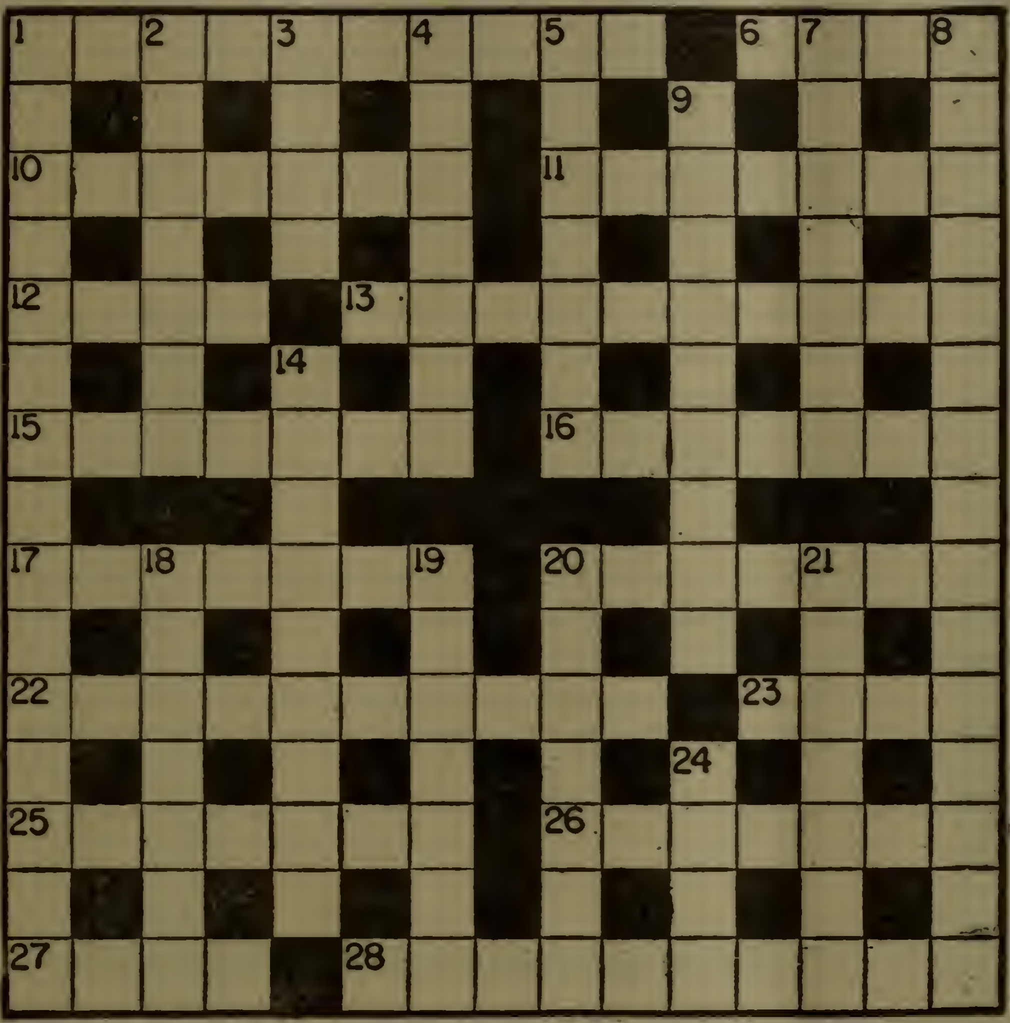
The other example is *Marie-Octobre*, a brooding mystery directed by Julien Duvivier with Danielle Darrieux and an excellent supporting cast. It is based on a novel by Jacques Robert and concerns the efforts of a small group of underground fighters in World War II to discover, twenty years later, who among them betrayed the band and caused the death of its leader.

The personalities are moderately interesting and sufficiently equivocal to start a dozen hares, but the trouble with the picture is that it remains in one room and consists entirely of talk. A Hollywood director would inevitably have re-enacted the War scenes, with the main performers miraculously rejuvenated; he might even have used the *Roshamon* stunt of playing the crucial moments in a series of superimposed flashbacks representing each narrator's memory, or at least story, of the events.

This could be attacked as vulgarizing the book, but at least it would have given a basis for a movie. The camera has no talent for drawing-room melodrama; it grinds almost audibly when all it is given for recording is a slow kaleidoscope of groupings to indicate the shifting finger of suspicion. You will sit out *Marie-Octobre* to be told who the villain was, but I think you will also squirm a bit as the long night wears along.

Crossword Puzzle No. 879

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 See 11 across
6 Makes a hound sound like horses. (4)
10 How tears flow! (This might keep you off the track.) (7)
11 and 1 across Dramatic circle? (7, 2, 3, 5)
12 Hugo's second wine. (4)
13 What might be found on credit is part valor? Not the least! (10)
15 Good fortune will even petty minds, according to Plutarch. (7)
16 Present imperfect, bothering early gardeners. (7)
17 Responds agreeably to challenging circumstances. (7)
20 Head covering on a lady journalist should look well. (7)
22 Serge might say it, if talkative, but it isn't important. (10)
23 His hands were spotted when his voice was disguised. (4)
25 Like Bumble's law? (7)
26 Emerson quoted a Dutch one, saying paint costs nothing. (7)
27 Such a philosophy could well confuse the painter. (4)
28 Robin might make a commendable graduate student, perhaps. (10)

DOWN:

1 The quality of not having one leg might imply the unbeatable. (15)
2 See 24 down
3 A good point in this case? (4)
4 I used to get excluded! (7)
5 They might suggest the advertising section. (7)
7 Approximately three feet on a horse? (7)
8 See 24 down
9 You've possibly heard before that it's a great help in communications. (9)
14 Beat mine, in a figurative sense. (9)
18 The sound of metal tapping on the motor shaft on holiday, perhaps. (7)
19 Wind with a little firm up and down direction, after a respectful beginning. (7)
20 A cowboy might be on his face and legs. (7)
21 Famous "Life" writer. (7)
24, 2 and 8 You'd better have, if you're a violinist or a ladies' man. (4, 4, 3, 6, 2, 4, 3)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 878

ACROSS: 1 and 27 The Battle of the Sexes; 9 All at sea; 10 Answer; 11 Hostile; 12 Tipster; 14 Refund; 15 Algerian; 17 Klondike; 20 Anthem; 22 Adulate; 24 Carouse; 26 Seeing; 28 Secretaries. DOWN: 2 Heartburn; 3 Bustled; 4 and 13 Tea leaves; 5 and 18 Leading ladies; 6 Oasis; 7 Alcove; 8 Geneva; 16 Retrocede; 19 Integer; 20 Amateur; 21 Ensues; 23 Loire; 25 Stet.

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Are you surprised at the radicalism of the Castro regime? You need not be. On November 30, 1957, when Castro was still a distant, bearded figure fighting a guerrilla war in the Sierra Maestra, *The Nation* published a "Program of the 26th of July Movement" taken from an obscure Costa Rican publication put out by Castro sympathizers. The program forecast much of what Castro is doing today—even though, at the time, its authenticity was denied by some of the Cuban leader's more conservative spokesmen in the United States.

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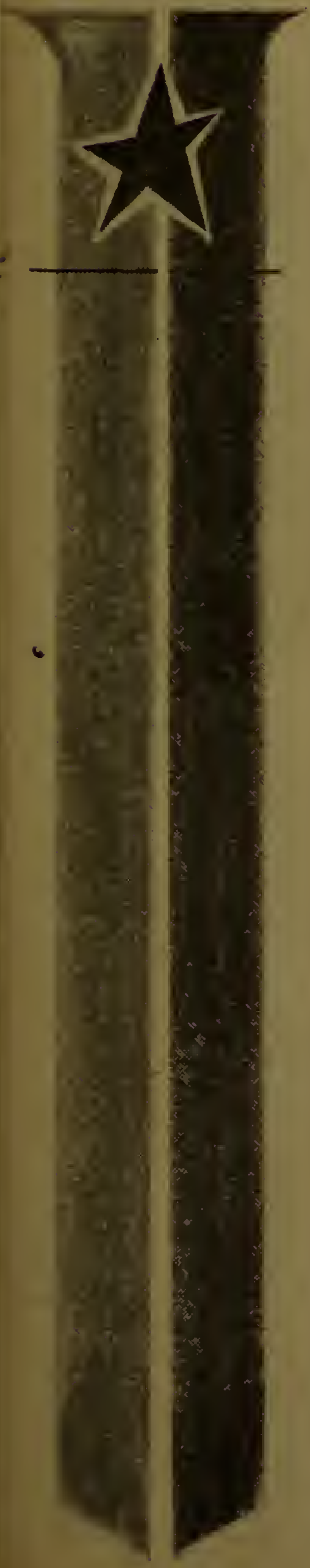

Nixon or Kennedy?

THE PEOPLE HAVE DECIDED

William G. Carleton

Featherbedding vs. Automation

The Issue That Must Be Faced

William Glazier

LETTERS

Eichmann's Fate

Dear Sirs: A Jew who has lost many of his close relatives in the concentration camps in Germany might be forgiven a feeling of violent resentment against Stuart Palmer's calm proposal ["Eichmann and Ourselves," Aug. 20] to spare Eichmann's life in order to use him for an unemotional and objective sociological study. . . . But, strangely enough, I find myself able to agree with him. At the same time I have strong misgivings about the ability and desire of modern sociologists to handle such a study effectively.

Professor Palmer, a teacher of sociology, does not seem to distinguish clearly between the ordinary murderer, who destroys one or several lives with his own hands, and the genocidal killer — perhaps himself unable to bear the sight of blood — who is nevertheless capable of organizing hundreds of thousands of people and vast amounts of equipment into an exquisitely working machine for the most efficient slaughter of millions. For this reason, Mr. Palmer can connect a massive hunt for social forces with the meager findings that Eichmann had a head injury, a dominating mother and a passive father. This confusion probably arises out of the failure to recognize the great qualitative difference that exists between the murderer who is an aberration, an abnormal or sick individual in a fairly healthy society, and the one who is a fairly healthy member, if that is possible, of a very sick society. . . .

In spite of these doubts, however, I feel that Professor Palmer's study should be made. Out of it may come the realization that cremating millions in concentration-camp ovens with ordinary fuel cannot be morally lower than disintegrating them in their homes with nuclear fuel. It may even reveal to many scientists now working on various means of mass slaughter the strong component of Eichmannism in their characters. . . . It may even sensitize us to the blood content of wages, dividends and profits made out of preparation for war.

BENJAMIN DE LEON

Newark, N.J.

Dear Sirs: I imagine you will be receiving quite a few letters from readers who believe that Stuart Palmer is really S. J. Perelman doing a take-off on women's magazine social psychologists ("Like it or not, it may be well to keep in mind that Eichmann was once a two-year-old child who played in the sand as my child is doing now"), and by other readers who concede that there may be a Stuart Palmer and are distressed by his Teacher's College callousness ("Terrible as Eichmann's crimes were, if one is going to insist on being negatively emotional about him . . ."). I have no inside information, but if there is a Stuart Palmer, I hope everybody will keep in mind that he was once a two-year-old child playing in the sand, and that he *did* do this study of fifty-one murderers which found "head injuries, dominating mothers and passive fathers" to be relatively common among them. I am confident that Mr. Palmer will continue to produce such papers throughout his academic career and will go into retirement comfortable in the assurance that mankind's troubles stem from a lack of warmth during the first four years of life — and that the main thing is not to get excited. I wish somebody would do a study of sociologists.

WALTER GOODMAN

White Plains, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: Stuart Palmer points out one of our basic ills: general uwillingness and inability to think clearly about our situation and thus the inability to act to change it. Crises generally produce philosophers, who think and talk but don't do; and crusaders, who demonstrate on an emotional level — and stop there. The leftovers fall into the category of critics — those who prevent change and perpetuate the horrors they feel so indignant about by refusing their support to those whom they deem "maniacs," "beatniks" and "Commies." They usually come around, however, after the various changes have become commercialized or espoused by the government. They would not spare Chessman, who didn't even commit a murder; these same people cannot be expected to show understanding to a man guilty of six million murders.

Only if Mr. Palmer lived abnormally long could he witness humanity catching up, if it ever did, to his perceptions.

FAITH FRANKEL

Fords, N.J.

New Values Needed

Dear Sirs: "The Case of the Missing Purpose" [by Hans Meyerhoff, Aug. 20] calls for a solution. May I offer one?

Marx was wrong. Capitalism has never been wiped out in any industrial nation by the efforts of the proletariat. It is dying, none the less, because it has exhausted the ideas that gave it thrust at birth. The exhaustion shows in the lack of purpose that strikes any civilization that has worn out its animating ideas.

A new set of values beyond getting rich one by one (U.S.) or even getting rich all together (USSR) is what we need. I have a guess as to what it will be — but that is another matter.

DAVID MANDEL

Perth Amboy, N.J.

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VOLUME 191, No. 7

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Not the Season

"Sorry Session," commented *Newsweek* on the bobtail sitting of Congress just ended. *Newsweek* is not noted for crusading liberalism, and when its editors sound off in this fashion things must be pretty bad. It was indeed a sorry session, not only for the Democrats, but for the country and the great majority of voters. The session began on a high note of expectation in the Kennedy camp. Senator Kennedy was ready with a program of welfare measures which, though far from sweeping, did provide something for the more sorely beset sections of the population. He proposed to broaden the minimum-wage laws, pass school-construction legislation and — most appealing to elderly voters — to add "medicare" to the social-security system. Kennedy was so confident of success that he opened a new office next to Lyndon Johnson's and made it clear that he was personally in command. The Democrats stood to win votes whether President Eisenhower signed the bills or, as was more likely, vetoed them. But Congress passed nothing and left the voters in a fog. If they felt any displeasure, on whom could they vent it? On Representative Howard W. Smith, who in effect told Kennedy where he got off, and who has been a Congressman since Kennedy was thirteen years old? On the other Southern Bourbons from areas where limitations on voting and their local machines guarantee them life tenure? On the Vice President, when the Bourbons were doing his work for him?

It was a burlesque of the legislative process, of Democratic pretensions, and of the platform promises of both parties in some particulars. It showed how partisanship triumphs over all statesmanship and without the slightest danger to the perpetrators. Kennedy seemed to have an unbeatable measure in the plan to provide 120 days' hospitalization and other medical care for all aged sixty-eight or older on the federal security rolls, with a quarter of 1 per cent increase in social security taxes to foot the bill. He could not get it past the American Medical Association and the Southern bloc. In any but an election year, liberal Republican Senators like Jacob Javits and Margaret Chase Smith might have joined Clifford Case in voting against the coalition of Old Guard Republicans and Southern Democrats. Richard M. Nixon, fearful of Kennedy's getting some advantage out of the situation, argued privately against such concessions to statesmanship. Kennedy begged on the Senate floor for "at least five or six" Republican votes. Javits replied, "I am sorry, sir, but this is not the season for that." Finally there emerged a thoroughly emasculated version, providing for joint federal-state aid to the aged needy, i.e., near-paupers, most of whom would be admitted to hospital wards and state institutions without act of Congress. As for Kennedy's minimum wage bill, it was so beaten up that Kennedy refused to accept it, saying that it "would have constituted a deception to the millions of Americans who ask and deserve a much-needed improvement in their economic lot."

Newsweek's comment was not quite fair. Just before the session ended the House passed a measure to curb payola and deceptive practices in broadcasting, with lightened penalties previously specified by the Senate. Having done their duty, the members scattered to do the balance of their politicking at home.

Time Runs Out on the U.N.

In the full tide of its editorial wisdom, the New York *Daily News* suggested that the U.S. airmen who were brutally beaten by a mob of Congolese soldiers and civilians at the Stanleyville airport should have been armed, if only with sidearms. Since there were eight Americans (and two Canadians) and hundreds of Congolese, this would have insured the massacre of the entire Globemaster crew. As it was, their lives were saved by a handful of Ethiopian U.N. soldiers who were present, and whom the Congolese could distinguish from Belgians. In the present situation in the Congo, armed Americans are no solution, and armed Russians would probably fare no better. The fact that the rescuers were Africans may, however, point to a method of avoiding the chaos which threatens to engulf both the Congo and the efforts of the U.N. to restore order.

The basic trouble at Stanleyville was that the Globemaster landed at an airport controlled by the former *Force Publique* which, in its present state, is an armed mob rather than a disciplined military body. If the

U.N. is to continue to function in the Congo, the airports must be controlled by it and not by Moise Tshombe, Patrice Lumumba, Albert Kalonji or any of the other newly arrived native statesmen, or others who may displace them in the immediate future. The Pan-African conference at Leopoldville urged Premier Lumumba to "maintain close cooperation with the United Nations." If Lumumba cannot be persuaded to allow his cooperation to take such tangible form as to permit detachments of Tunisians, Ghanians, Ethiopians, etc., to hold the airports, the situation will continue to deteriorate. Moreover, these detachments must be of sufficient strength, and well enough equipped, to suppress outbreaks and insure the safety of arriving and departing aircraft. Unless, by some happy but unforeseeable development, a measure of order should return to the Congo, the U.N. should sound out its African members on their willingness to provide paratroop forces to seize the airports, if necessary. If the Africans consent, the Russians might abstain in a Security Council vote; if they used the veto, the U.N. could act despite it as, under American pressure, it acted in Korea. The alternative may be U.N. withdrawal, followed by anarchy and starvation in the Congo.

The Moon Has Nothing for Them

Sadly, any meeting of scientists and politicians these days is likely to give rise to the most lugubrious forebodings. What new plan is afoot, we are inclined to wonder, for cooking the world out of existence instanter; what new noxious vapor is being readied to choke the oxygen from our lungs? How refreshing, then, to have followed the agenda of the recently concluded International Conference on Science in the Advancement of New States, where scientists from the West met with politicians of two score "have-not" countries to discuss not quicker deaths, but better living. The Weizmann Institute in Israel was sponsor and host, and the problems discussed had to do with the practical issues faced by the small new nations of the world: problems of agriculture, social services, government administration, public health, politics, economics. It was a unique conference in more ways than one. Not a single display was put up for the delegates—not even a graph, a chart, a table of statistics. All Israel was the showcase for the meeting. Did the delegates want to know about planting cotton? About de-salting sea water? About running a home for the aged or a hospital for chronic diseases? About collective agriculture? An hour's bus ride, in one direction or another, gave the delegates a view of ideas in action. Israel, as her Foreign Minister, Golda Meier, pointed out to an American TV audience recently, is fortunately situated to assist the new countries of Asia and Africa; her climate and soil are in many ways similar, and her stage of development is just sufficiently advanced to serve as a model, yet not too far advanced to overtax the resources of those who would learn from her.

Out of the conference emerged the "Rehovot Program," which envisions a series of "aided self-help" schemes involving technical and financial aid from older, wealthier countries to the new have-not states. And out of it, too, may emerge a permanent organization of political leaders and scientists to serve—in the words of Abba Eban, president of the Weizmann Institute and Israel's Minister of Education and Culture—"as a clearing house for . . . development schemes which can be applied to the evolving new states. We hope that delegates will . . . leave the conference determined to introduce into their economic and social systems something that will keep them in touch with the rest of the world, and that the modern scientific movement will regard Asia and Africa as its challenge and its arena."

Be it noted that the mysteries of nuclear fission played only a small, if intriguing, role in the discussions, and not a single politician asked a scientist for the shortest route to the moon.

How Do You Prefer to Die?

Recently the Army Chemical Corps staged a series of lectures and demonstrations for newsmen at Dugway Proving Ground in Utah, aimed at removing prejudices against chemical and biological warfare — "CW" and "BW" in military terminology. Ten years ago, the spokesman admitted, there was a stigma attached to CW and BW, but, he added, "there has been a lot of progress in this field." As an example, he cited the nerve gas "GB" (for German Type B) which, according to the correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, "induces death in a matter of minutes after the victim first suffers a chest tightening, salivation and perspiration, vomiting, pinpointing of the eyes, convulsions and finally death from a filling of the lungs with fluid. Despite these reactions, the Chemical Corps scientists said, death is painless."

To prove it, the Chemical Corps fired GB shells at goats and pigeons. Within a minute and a half, all the nearby goats and pigeons had "gone into a few quick convulsions, rolled over and died." One goat was masked "and appeared to thrive until, in his excitement, he tore the tube on his gas mask free, inhaled the GB and died in two minutes." The Army, it seems, gives a regular CBR (chemical, biological, radiological) Weapons Orientation Course weekly to selected visitors at Dugway. Colonel Joseph C. Prentice, the course director, says, "I'm an enthusiast over biological and chemical warfare. I think it's great stuff. It's more humane than anything else we've got." His enthusiasm will be shared by many, even if they are not among the selected visitors who can see for themselves.

'VICTORY' at SAN JOSE . . *by Carleton Beals*

THE "VICTORY" of Christian Herter at the inter-American assemblage in Costa Rica may prove to be one of the costliest ever won by the United States. "A clear-cut indictment of the Castro Government of Cuba," crowed Herter. Foreign Minister Manuel Tello of Mexico, who made a brilliant defense of the right of the Cuban revolution to make its own mistakes and seek its own destiny, retorted that this was not the case. So did Venezuelan delegate, Ignacio Luis Arcaya, who previously had told the assemblage that his country rejected all coercive efforts "under the pretext of combatting communism."

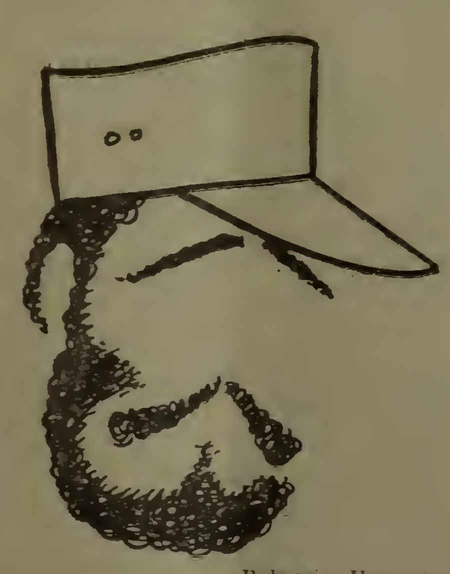
Not one of the nineteen representatives from Latin America, not even those from semi-dictatorial Nicaragua, Salvador, Paraguay or Haiti, took much stock in Herter's unsubstantiated accusations. Several delegates did express vague fears about Cuba; several believed that the island should restrict its trade relations with the Sino-Soviet bloc; a number were concerned about Khrushchev's rocket-shaking. But, as one delegate pointed out, if the United States doesn't attack Cuba, there will be no rockets; and, as Cuban Foreign Minister Raul Roa asked pointedly: "Will the Latin American countries protect Cuba if we are attacked?"

Alfredo Vargas Fernández of Costa Rica, representing a Conservative government hostile to Cuba, stated: "The Cuban revolution is a phenomenon . . . that can be judged only by Cuba's own people." Even Raul Porras Barranchea of Peru, a country "crudely bribed" by a hastily improvised $50 million U.S. loan to initiate the O.A.S. meeting, said sharply: "Our people are subjected to inhuman conditions because of great corporations and monopolies." As he spoke, a bill was being introduced in the Peruvian Congress to expropriate U.S. oil holdings in that country.

The mighty voice of the people to the south rang in the ears of every worried delegate at San Jose. As the one from Chile spoke, 20,000 Chileans were being addressed in the public square of Santiago by Congressmen, labor leaders and others. Tens of thousands were massed in the Plaza Agraciado in Montevideo, Uruguay, with banners, "Don't touch Cuba!" The hundred most outstanding writers of Argentina wired the O.A.S. in the same vein. Telegrams from everywhere: 106 from civic organizations in Costa Rica itself; from Colombia, thirty-one Congressmen telegraphed: "The declarations of Eisenhower about the Monroe Doctrine [it was also flayed by several delegates on the floor] are an insult to the Latin American people."

From Mexico, where a month ago the heads of the Mexican parliament demanded national solidarity with Cuba, Isidro Fabela, the President's legal adviser, a distinguished statesman and author, sent word: "Our sister Cuba is in grave danger of losing her sovereignty, not because of any extra-continental attack, which is far-fetched, but on the pretext of . . . Communist intrusion into our hemisphere, in order to reduce her once more to a semi-sovereign state. . . . In view of the punitive airplanes, the oil embargo, the sugar boycott — how is Cuba to be blamed for seeking aid in other countries?"

As Roa walked out of the assemblage, he said, "We will make no step backward. . . . I am going back to my people and with me go all the peoples of Latin America." And every delegate knew it, except possibly Herter. Each such victory by the United States grows more costly and dangerous, whatever the immediate goals attained.



Bohemia, Havana

Fidel Castro

The sad thing is that in the end, in spite of brave speeches, all the chicks were tucked under the eagle's wing. If the delegates did not credit the charges of Herter about Cuba, neither would they consent to consider Roa's against the United States: the pushing of the trade credit embargo against Cuba; the cutting off of the usual four-month credit terms for purchases in the United States; the withdrawal of U.S. technicians; the refusal to modify the trade treaty; the oil embargo; the airplane flights from U.S. soil; the punitive unilateral sugar embargo (for which Brazil criticized the United States); the persistent anti-Cuban press campaign in the United States.

IN SHORT, the whole affair was a niggling business. But it did make fairly clear the basic attitude of the Latin American governments and of their peoples. Latin America did not give the United States what it wanted, but Herter was allowed to save face at the last moment. In the end, the delegates voted a bland resolution open to many possible interpretations, laying aside a straightforward one, upholding non-intervention and continental integrity, which Cuba would have signed. They first squawked a bit — even brought up the ghosts of Sandino and Guatemala — but they were anxious to prove that they were obedient. Cuba alone said it would continue to trade wherever it pleased, getting help from whomever would give it without strings.

Sorry also was the spectacle of the Latin American countries tucking themselves into the coccoon of hemisphere isolation under the aegis of the United States. But time is running out. Even the O.A.S., for all its brave talk about the sacred inter-American system, is merely a regional bloc authorized by the charter of the United Nations, a world organization. The sun will quickly hatch out the little cocoon. Latin America, for all its obedience, cannot much longer delegate its world responsibilities.

"But of course Africa will become free sooner than Latin America," one Latin American press representative said lugubriously.

CARLETON BEALS, author and journalist, has specialized in Latin American affairs for more than two decades.

NIXON OR KENNEDY?

THE PEOPLE HAVE DECIDED . .

by William G. Carleton

THE current Presidential campaign is to be no time for greatness; American voters are not in a heroic mood. The outcome will depend in part on bread-and-butter issues and even more on the personalities of the candidates and on the religious issue. At the grass roots, this is a dirty campaign.

Since the Republican National Convention, I have traveled through the South, the Middle West, and in certain sensitive areas of Pennsylvania and New York State, interviewing politicians and plain citizens and assiduously reading the local daily and even the county weekly newspapers. The tone of the campaign has already been set, and I believe the outcome, barring unforeseen events and circumstances, is already pretty well indicated.

In foreign affairs, run-of-the-mill Americans remain amazingly oblivious to the dangers of nuclear war and to the decisive importance of winning the confidence of the popular anti-colonial revolutions of Asia, the Middle East, Africa, and now of Latin America. If the Eisenhower Administration should decide to "get tough" with Castro's Cuba, it would have the enthusiastic support of a majority of Americans. It is still widely believed that the West can somehow "liberate" the Soviet satellites, and both parties continue to encourage this notion in areas where Eastern European populations are large.

The foreign issue that really interests the American voter is "getting ahead" of the Soviet Union in the arms race. Nixon has the edge in foreign policy because he is regarded as "experienced" and able to "talk back" to the Russians. Recent American achievements in the satellite and missiles field are helping the Republicans, although in the grass roots there is a feeling that Eisenhower, still enormously popular, never really let the country down in the technological race, as the Democrats (and Rockefeller) claim.

DESPITE nearly two decades of world leadership, Americans are still intensely national-minded. "Fortress America" is far from a dead concept, and as intercontinental missiles become operational and reduce the need for American allies and bases abroad, the possibility of a new American isolationism is not to be completely dismissed.

Nor is McCarthyism dead. Indeed, the collapse of the Summit and the intensifying of the cold war have produced something like a revival of McCarthyism in some areas. Since the Paris breakdown, more and more syndicated columns and local editorials have been appearing in the small dailies and the rural weekly press to warn that the "real enemies" are the subversives and fifth-columnists inside America. At present, the crypto-Fascists are politically divided, the "Native American" and Protestant elements supporting Nixon and the right-wing Catholics supporting Kennedy. This division was an important factor in arresting the original McCarthyism, and America's pluralism will probably continue to be a formidable barrier to a renewed McCarthyism. Nevertheless, in spite of the defeat of the right wing in both the Democratic and Republican national conventions, it would be a mistake to write off a dangerous rightist movement as a future possibility — especially if cold-war tensions continue indefinitely.

There is acute agrarian discontent in the corn and wheat prairie states, and Secretary of Agriculture Benson has become the symbolic cause of that discontent. The Democratic argument in the farm states runs as follows: "The Republicans do not understand the socio-economic problems of the average farmer. The vast majority of farmers have very small acreages and produce only a small part of the agricultural product. No farm program of credit expansion, increased, research, import quotas, land reclamation projects and collective bargaining can help these people. They need help in the form of direct government aid. Should we let a majority of the farm population live on the fringes of poverty while only 10 per cent of the farmers reap the benefits of the free-market system?" It is a telling and popular argument. However, by repudiating Benson, Nixon has taken off some of its edge. More important, in this election the Democrats have to expect that agrarian discontent will be offset to a considerable degree by the personality and religious issues, which have their greatest pull in the rural areas.

IN THE large industrial cities, the Democrats start, as usual, with a great advantage. Their record on labor and welfare measures is better than the Republican, and in this campaign they promise even more. Also, the Republicans are embarrassed by local Goldwater politicians who are supporting Nixon and at the same time giving expression to sentiments to the Right of the late Senator Taft. For instance, a few weeks ago, in a situation not unlike that in some other localities over the country, the followers of Richard Durant in Michigan came close to taking over the Wayne County (Detroit) Republican organization. Durant is the leading light of Republican Voters Associated, which has as its slogan "Back to McKinley" and claims that "President Eisenhower's brand of Republicanism has done nothing but make socialism respectable."

Nevertheless, even in the large cities, and although Kennedy is sure to get an even larger share of the Catholic vote than the Democratic nominee usually polls, all is not well with the Democrats. In social politics, Nixon is doing a good job of "me-tooing" the Democrats. At the same time he is getting support from those who fear inflation. Gal-

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WILLIAM G. CARLETON is professor of Political Science at the University of Florida.

braith economics, argued by the Democrats, which hold that a widening and intensifying of the public sector of the economy can increase the country's rate of economic growth and pay for expanded social services and defense measures without inflation, are too complex and still too novel and contrary to the conventional wisdom for the average voter to grasp.

In the cities, too, the personality and religious aspects will have their effect. I was surprised at the number of Jewish voters who said, "I guess I'll sit this one out." And the Negroes, while still predominantly Democratic, may not vote Democratic by as large a majority as usual. Republicans are stressing Nixon's civil-rights record and his membership in the NAACP; they are also gloating over the "surrender" of the Northern Democrats to the Southern Democrats on civil-rights legislation in the post-conventions session of Congress. Negro communities are being flooded with pamphlets quoting from Lyndon Johnson's speech at Blanco, Texas, on August 3, in which he told his fellow Texans that he would support the Democratic platform on civil rights during the campaign, but oppose parts of it when it gets to Congress. Johnson is quoted as saying: "I'll oppose that part of the program when it gets to Congress—not in the November election, but I'll put the opposition in the proper place."

WHILE IT hurts the Democratic campaign in the North, Johnson's candidacy does not seem to be holding the South for the national ticket. Nixon will probably carry Virginia, Tennessee, North Carolina, Florida, Louisiana and Texas in November, whether or not there is a slate of "neutral" or "independent" Presidential electors in any or all of them. Virginia, Tennessee, Florida and Texas went for Hoover in 1928 and for Eisenhower in 1952 and 1956. North Carolina went for Hoover in 1928. Louisiana went for Eisenhower in 1956. But in those states which have never gone Republican since Reconstruction — South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Arkansas — much will depend upon whether there is a slate of neutral or independent Presidential electors. Where there is no such slate, the odds are that the state will go to Kennedy. Where such a slate is filed in addition to the national Democratic slate, the Democratic vote would be divided and Nixon would have a chance. Where such a slate is a substitute for the national Democratic slate and the national Democrats are thus excluded from the ballot, the Republican vote would go up, but the States'-rights slate would probably carry. However, it already seems clear that not enough states will be carried by a neutral or States'-rights slate to deadlock the national election and throw it into the House of Representatives, which is the aim of the right-wing Southern Democrats. The real gainers from all this maneuvering will be the Republicans and not the Bourbon Democrats.

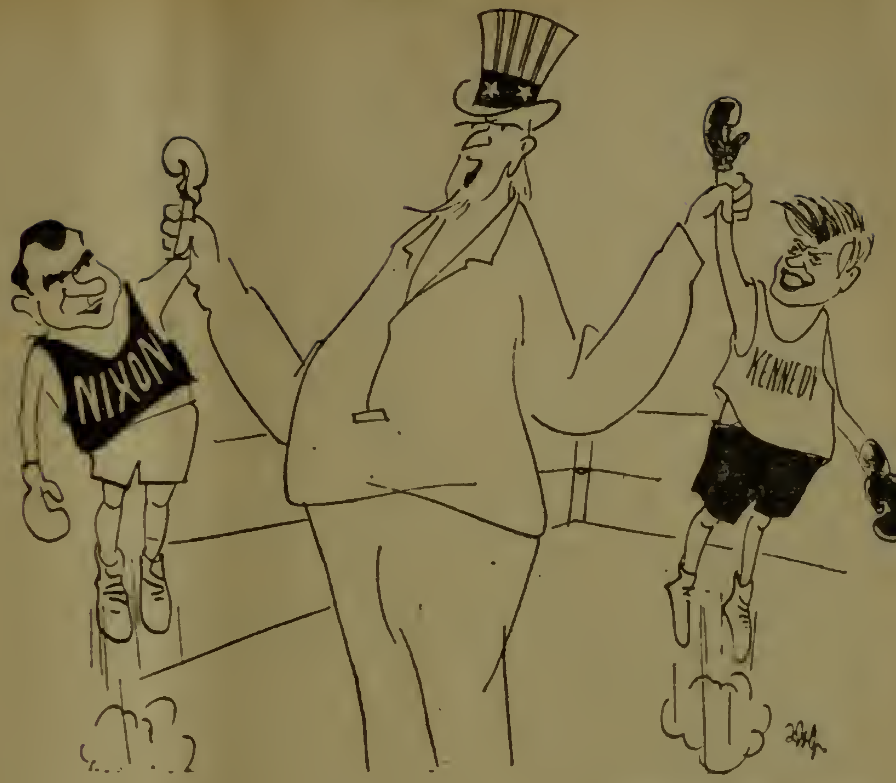
Why is the Democratic national ticket in danger in most of the South today? In part it is because of the South's militant Protestantism, its fear of a Catholic President. But there are other important reasons: the coolness of Southern liberals toward the Kennedy-Johnson ticket; the steady increase over the years in the number of "Presidential Republicans" in the South; the intense opposition of Southern conservatives to the "radical" civil-rights and social-welfare planks of the Democratic platform.

IN ALL parts of the country, the two aspects of the campaign about which voters are talking most are the religion, personalities and backgrounds of the Presidential candidates and their wives.

Since the Smith-Hoover election of 1928, the number of Catholic voters has increased, but it is doubtful that the sentiment in the country against electing a Catholic President has declined much. In almost every community I visited, Democratic politicians said to me: "We are running scared. We know there is an anti-Catholic vote here, especially in the case of the Presidency. Just how big it is, we don't know. It is less organized and less open than it was in 1928."

The implications of Catholic strength in politics are discussed by some. The points raised usually involve birth control, government aid to parochial schools, censorship and the likelihood of a Catholic President's being able to work out a rapproche-

A British View



Time and Tide (London)

"And now, the junior featherweight championship."

ment with the Soviet Union. People who discuss the question in these intellectual terms are impressed by such things as the Eleanor Roosevelt-Cardinal Spellman controversy of a few years ago and Senator Kennedy's "softness" on the McCarthy censure. However, this thoughtful approach to the question will play only a small part in the voting.

THE REAL trouble for the Kennedy ticket stems from a primitive anti-Catholicism which goes back to the English folk experiences of the Reformation, Guy Fawkes, the Popish Plot, Titus Oates and the old Scotch-Irish traditions of Ulster. These folk attitudes are most evident in the rural Bible belts and in those communities, urban and non-urban, where the Anti-Saloon League and the Ku Klux Klan were strongest in the 1920s. In almost every city community I visited, the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith reported a sharp rise in the number and circulation of anti-Catholic publications since the nomination of Kennedy. In Michigan, during the August primary, Catholic candidates in both parties were beset by secret but apparently concerted anti-Catholic whispering campaigns. Michigan newspapers reported that "bigotry is flooding the mails." Most of it is anonymous, and political parties and candidates are careful to keep clear of such literature. Recently *The Cleveland Press* reported a fairly typical attitude when it quoted an old woman as saying: "I don't care what the Democrats promise us old folks. I have to vote for Nixon to offset the Catholic vote. The Catholics would vote for Kennedy even if he were a yellow dog."

The dominantly Republican press is doing a most effective hatchet job of caricaturing Senator Kennedy and his wife. You will get this not so much from the ordinary news columns and editorials as from gossip columns on the woman's page, curbstone reporting of what Mr. and Mrs. Average America thinks, and the letters to the editor columns.

In the personal profiles of the candidates thus emerging, Nixon is seen as a typical American poor boy who has made good, an earnest Junior Chamber of Commerce type of American, a sincere Christian somewhere between a Quaker and a Methodist (he belongs to the Quaker sect but attends a Methodist church), a hard-working statesman, a man of monumental international experience. Recently, the artist for *The Buffalo Evening News* drew Nixon's picture in such a way as to make him resemble Lincoln. Thereafter, letters to the editor proclaimed that the writers, too, had noted the physical similarity, and one group, in dead seriousness, wrote to say that the night Nixon made his acceptance speech all of them, sitting around the TV set, noted how Lincoln's beard seemed miraculously to grow right out of Nixon's face!

On the other hand, Kennedy is "the youthful Massachusetts millionaire," born with a silver spoon in his mouth, typically Ivy League, who still buys his clothes in Mayfair. He is made to appear as a man of little political experience, as perpetually adolescent. With his "way-out smile" and his "bushy bop hairdo," he becomes "the bongo-beating pied-piper," the darling of the teenagers and the bobby-soxers. By way of Peter Lawford, his brother-in-law, Kennedy is linked to off-beat groups in Hollywood.

Here is a fairly typical comment about the two candidates from a special Washington correspondent of an influential Midwestern newspaper: "Both men present a picture of the competent, successful young executive — Mr. Kennedy with the smiling confidence of one who has had all the advantages; Mr. Nixon with the serious earnestness of one who hasn't."

CONTRASTS between Mrs. Nixon and Mrs. Kennedy are made to appear just as striking. Mrs. Nixon is the alert and energetic American girl who worked her way through college to become a housewife and mother, exemplifying all the middle-class virtues. We learn that she dislikes snooty small gatherings and prefers large and democratic ones. In some areas, there are already as many wearers of "I like Pat, too" buttons as there are of Nixon-Lodge buttons. Just once did I see a letter in a newspaper suggesting that Pat Nixon is as mechanical as her husband.

Mrs. Kennedy is being caricatured as mercilessly as the Senator. "Jackie" is the continuing young debutante who orders her frocks from Dior in Paris and who rides to hounds in the Orange County (Virginia) hunt. We are informed that she detests large gatherings and prefers little intimate parties with smart and sophisticated people "where the conversation is often in French or Italian." And then there is Jackie's "outlandish" bee-hive hairdo, which has already caused more comment among American women, Democratic and Republican, than any other "issue" of the campaign. All of the folk prejudices of Main Street and the Bible belts are being mobilized against Mrs. Kennedy. Typical is a quotation from an Ohio woman as reported in *The Cleveland Press*: "I'm against Kennedy because of his wife. She's not only Catholic, she's French. If she gets in, you'll never see so much wine in the White House."

Most objective political observers over the country rate Kennedy as a more magnetic personality than Nixon, as having positively charismatic qualities. But Nixon is better known than Kennedy, and it is held the Democratic nominee must move about the country and be seen by thousands every day from now until election if his true image is to emerge. It was felt that every day Kennedy remained in Washington he was losing votes to Nixon.

DEMOCRATIC politicians at the grass roots say that the decision of the Democratic Congressional leadership to bring Congress back into a post-conventions session was a lulu of a mistake. It not only hog-tied Mr. Kennedy to Washington, but in the midst of a Presidential election it advertised to the country the continuing North-South split in the Congressional party. A Presidential campaign is the one time when the Democratic Party usually escapes its Congressional situation and appears before the country as a national liberal party. This year, by insisting on the post-conventions session, the Democrats have projected their Congressional stalemate into the Presidential election period and underscored it.

Democratic leadership in most states is in unusually good shape. In California, the momentum of the Democratic victory of 1958 has not completely subsided and in his home state Nixon has made powerful factional enemies. In Oregon, Mrs. Neuberger, running for the Senate, is an effective politician in her own right and is the beneficiary of an enormous amount of sentimental good will for her late husband. In North Dakota, the Democrats are in the first flush of their recent Senatorial victory and feel that their amalgamation with the old Non-Partisan League has now become a reality. In Colorado, Nebraska, South Dakota and Wisconsin, popular Democratic first-term governors are giving new life to their party. In Minnesota, veteran Senator Humphrey and veteran Governor Freeman are running for re-election. In Iowa, popular Governor Loveless is the party's candidate for Senator. In Kansas, Governor Docking, the best Democratic vote-getter in the state's history, is running for a third term. In Illinois, Senator Paul Douglas, who has always been stronger than his party, is up for re-election. In Indiana, the Democratic gubernatorial candidate is conceded to be running better than his Republican opponent. In Michigan, the Democrats are fortunate in having a gubernatorial candidate who promises to become as popular, in both cities and rural areas, as "Soapy" Williams, who declined to run this year. He is Lieutenant Governor John B. Swainson, thirty-five-year-old legless war veteran, who in every way is a "natural" in politics. In Ohio, Governor DiSalle is admittedly a controversial figure, but he has flair and drive. Nevertheless, if a national trend to Nixon should set in, these local leaders would in the main be powerless to check it, and some of them would become its November victims.

FEW Americans feel they are in a domestic crisis, for at present the country is fairly prosperous. Americans are not clear about the internal crisis. They rather think the lag in American defense has been exaggerated. The solutions offered by both parties to major issues seem to differ little. In spite of their tall talk about candor in time of crisis, both parties blur fundamentals in foreign policy. For instance, neither party tells the people that there can be no arms limitations without a rapprochement with Russia and that there can be no rapprochement without recognizing a virtual *status quo* in Eastern Europe. Neither party explains why the new and underdeveloped nations must take their first steps toward industrialization through initiative and financing by governments rather than by private enterprise.

With the public issues beclouded and many voters unable to discern meaningful differences between the parties, there is a tendency to emphasize the personality and religious differences between the candidates. In effect, a Horatio Alger type (including the Protestantism) has been pitted against a new type, a glamorous type suggestive of the Hollywood and TV celebrity. In this case, the one representing the new type is also a Catholic. It is a dramatic contrast, and it stirs many kinds of emotions —and prejudices. Even those observers who feel that the current behavior of American voters makes some sense under the circumstances deplore the petty, unfair and often malignant way the contest is being waged.

A ROAD TO PEACE . . *by Stanley Millet*

WE HAVE lived so long with the cold war that our very capacity to think about foreign policy has atrophied. Foreign policy is the major issue in the Presidential campaign, and everyone agrees that "fresh approaches and "bold new plans" are necessary. But of new policies themselves, or of fresh approaches that might be tested, we have heard scarcely a word. Our political thought is so tightly imprisoned in primitive anti-communism and narrow strategic concepts that the only serious debates over foreign policy which our public life has sustained in recent years have been concerned with military expenditures and with espionage. For the rest, we seem content with containment, collective security pacts and, as the current phrase has it, an adequate defense posture. That is to say, we accept the structure built for the cold war, the very structure which the events of the past spring and summer have called into question.

But these are paradoxical times. If the free world has been unable to break free of stale commitments, such has not been the case in the unfree East. The Khrushchev proposals to bring the cold war to an end through peaceful coexistence are just such an attempt at a radical reformulation of Russian foreign policy and of the principles upon which that policy has been based since the end of the Second World War. Within the context of Soviet political thought the Khrushchev proposals are heretical. By asserting that the Western "imperialists" no longer necessarily seek war and that it is possible for the Communist world to live in peace with them (dare an American politician make an equivalent assertion about the Communists?), Khrushchev has attacked sacred doctrine itself. That imperialism inevitably breeds war has, after all, been a cardinal principle of Leninism.

Paradox piles on paradox. It appears now that the Great Debate over foreign policy has taken place, not in the United States where speech is free, but in the totalitarian Com-

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munist world. Such, it is evident, was the main business at the conference of Communist parties in Bucharest last June. And at that conference the debate apparently was resolved in favor of Khrushchev's policy of détente. [*See Paul Wohl's article on page 130, this issue.*—Ed.]

Despite the intransigence of Soviet policy in recent weeks, the Khrushchev proposals are still said to stand. They are still as relevant to our predicament as they are to that of the Russians. The alternatives posed by them are the only alternatives which face both of us: either détente and an end to the cold war, or containment and deterrence with the inescapable risk that the whole system of pressure and counter-pressure may collapse at any moment. And if our own public discussions have failed to turn up reasonable terms for détente, we are left with only the Khrushchev proposals to consider.

DO THE Khrushchev proposals in fact point the way to an agreement? The five years which have passed since they were first offered have set his arguments in perspective. In sum, he has proposed that the cold war be ended on the basis of the existing *status quo*, and that future conflict between the two systems be carried on through peaceful means alone. The principal specific issues which must be settled to bring the cold war to an end are defined as disarmament, the German question and the related question of Berlin.

In his early speeches, Khrushchev invariably gave prominence to the German question. This, he said, was the "question of questions" between East and West. More recently, he has reversed the order, and called disarmament the crucial question. The reversal of importance is unfortunate, and it is equally unfortunate that all of the Western statesmen have joined him in thrusting this issue into prominence. It is unfortunate because disarmament is the least promising issue through which to seek a détente between East and West. Precisely because of the terrible character of modern military technology, negotiation over purely contentious questions must be avoided. And, until political conflict is eliminated, disarmament talks will yield only contention, never solutions. As long as fundamental political conflict persists, disarmament discussions necessarily take place on the basis of a search for military advantage, that is to say, on the basis of irreconcilable interests. Even when disarmament is considered in the abstract, it is clear that only the most insignificant agreements affect both parties with reasonable reciprocity, so different are their situations, geography, development, and the like. In practice, both Russia and the United States have been seriously interested only in such measures of disarmament as conserve their advantages as they see them, and the record amply justifies the recriminations made by both.

FOLLOWING the Khrushchev theses, then, we are left with only Germany and Berlin as issues through which a détente might be reached. But the Berlin question, however grave it has become in its own right, is only an appendage to the German question. Khrushchev deliberately raised it as a lever with which to force a more satisfactory solution to the German question. At the carefully prepared press conference from which the Berlin question was launched in November, 1958, the *Pravda* reporter asked why it was necessary to press the matter of Berlin at that time. Khrushchev replied that negotiations over Germany were at an impasse because the West refused to recognize realities—and he made it clear that the *de facto* existence of two Germanys was the particular reality he then had in mind — so Russia had no choice but to bring about an end to the occupation of Berlin. The uncertain line which the Russians have followed since suggests that the strong stand taken by the United States came as a surprise to Khrushchev. But we did take a strong stand, declaring last April that we regarded our position in Berlin as a *casus belli*; Khrushchev answered in kind only a few weeks before the May Summit meeting and, if Khrushchev's interests in Berlin had really been what he made them appear to be, that city would have brought us closer to war with the Soviet Union than we were in 1949.

There are lessons as well as risks in the Berlin question. The Russians insist on the termination of Western rights in Berlin. We insist on their continuance. So posed, there is no compromise, and again we are confronted with an issue in which the interests of the sides are irreconcilable. Russia has a geographical advantage in this dispute; hence the tactical insistence upon a time limit for the solution of the question. But there is no real urgency in the Berlin matter for the Soviet Union. The pressure is entirely artificial. The only real solution for the Berlin question lies in a solution to the German question, and it was for this purpose that the dispute was manufactured. All the compromises which we have so far proposed — the reduction of occupation forces to token strength, the control of propaganda and espionage, the recognition of an East German "presence" — are beside the point and useless. Khrushchev will drive us to the recognition of East Germany if he must risk war to do it.

These are bold tactics, but boldness is a side of the Russian Premier that must never be lost sight of. He is not only a daring politician; he has a positive appetite for the dramatic. Witness not only the Berlin dispute, but the performance at the Paris Summit meeting and, boldest of all, the attack upon Stalin at the 20th Party Congress. Khrushchev is par excellence the statesman of the "brink," and in tense times is a real danger if pushed too hard.

THE Berlin dispute, then, offers no hope for détente. What of the German question? In form, it is the classic type of dispute — a conflict over territory lying between the parties — which permits resolution through compromise. Is it so in substance as well? The answer becomes clear when the issues are examined.

At first glance, the Khrushchev position seems no different from that held by the Russians since the appearance of the two German regimes: unification through a federation of the two existing Germanys. Nor has our own position changed materially. We insist upon unification only through free elections. The Russian position contemplates not only the "neutralization" of Germany, but the extension of Russian influence deep into Western Europe. The Western position contemplates not only the disappearance of the East German regime (based on a reading of German sentiment toward Russia) and a united Germany allied with the West, but the contraction of Russian influence at least to the borders of Poland. The essence of the German question is thus revealed to be a conflict over spheres of influence in Europe, and it is a conflict that reaches to the very heart of the cold war.

BUT THE Khrushchev proposals create a new setting for this dispute and offer, at last, the possibility of its resolution. Khrushchev has insisted that the cold war can be ended if both sides will accept existing realities. And this means acceptance by both parties of the division of Europe between East and West with which the Second World War ended, and which has since been consolidated by the years of the cold war. It means also a settlement along the line of the Iron Curtain — a recognition by the West of the existing system in Eastern Europe in return for a recognition by the Soviet Union of the restriction of that system to Eastern Europe. In a word, a recognition by both sides of what *is* the case in Europe, what has been the case in Europe for more than fifteen years, and what neither the Russians nor we will permit to change, even if we must go to war to preserve it. Our attitude in the Berlin question and Russia's actions in Poland and Hungary in 1956 amply demonstrate that determination. Russian willingness to accept this situation has already been shown by recognition of the West German government; the parallel course for us, pointing the way to the end of the German question and the Berlin question, lies in our recognition of the East German government, with all that that implies.

Is such a settlement in our interests? Although detailed arrangements will be very difficult to arrive at, an accommodation on the basis of an exact reciprocal regard for the strategic interests of both East and West can, in principle, be found. No other outstanding issue has this advantage. Moreover, a German settlement should include not only recognition of the East German government but a retreat from our Potsdam position and a recognition of the existing borders of Poland. In this way, the freedom of action of West Germany might be preserved.

More important, any relaxation of Western pressure upon the satellite system must necessarily result in a relaxation of Russian pressure on these states. Thus, a Western guarantee of Poland's present borders promises not only freedom of action for Germany but for Poland as well. The history of the Hungarian uprising in 1956 might have run an entirely different course had the future of Germany been settled at the time when Nagy held power. Indeed, recognition of the satellite system of Eastern Europe and "disengagement" through some reciprocal withdrawal of American and Russian forces stands as the *only* present path to possible freedom for these states: the heavier the Western military pressure on the Soviet Union, the heavier must the Russian yoke rest upon the states of Eastern Europe. Whatever kindness we can do for these countries can be done only through détente with the Soviet Union.

Of course, the Khrushchev proposals are also to the advantage of the Soviet Union (else they would never have been offered). But this very fact serves to answer Western skeptics who argue against a détente on the ground that the Russians cannot be trusted. Even the most implacable Russophobe must admit that the Russians can be trusted to uphold an agreement which serves their interests.

TWO further considerations arising out of the Khrushchev proposals must be touched on. His offer is for a European settlement only. China and the problems of the Far East are referred to no more than protocol would seem to require. This aspect of his proposal may be, in the final analysis, the most significant. It may well represent more important evidence of the divergence between the policies of the Soviet Union and those of Communist China than do the ideological disputes about which we have heard so much of late. It suggests the possibility that Khrushchev may be concerned to secure his western flank. And, if we insist on thinking in strategic terms, by the same token but with more immediate urgency, it permits us to secure our flank in the West. The earth is round, and it is we who are encircled in the cold war.

But Khrushchev's offer of a purely European settlement also suggests that he wishes to settle differences among the nuclear powers. These are — for the present — the European powers as well. Once again we find an interest in common with the Soviet Union. At the moment, détente with Russia is the only move that offers to us and to the world the possibility of restricting nuclear weapons to the present holders.

Finally, we must consider the kind of peaceful coexistence that Khrushchev proposes. He has been clear about this: by peaceful coexistence, he does not mean an end to conflict between the two systems. The "ideological struggle," as he puts it, is to continue. The battle between capitalism and communism for control of the world is to be carried on by all means short of violence between the two major representatives of these systems. War, as a revolutionary method, is to be abandoned; conversely, Khrushchev asks that war as a "counter-revolutionary" method be abandoned. This conception of peace has been rejected by the United States, although it may be the best that we can manage. And would acceptance be entirely against our interests? Our official doctrine does not require war to defeat communism. Dare we have so little confidence in the power of our system to prevail in non-violent conflict with theirs? In Europe, in any case, the risk is not very great. There are the most stable states in the world, and little is to be feared there from subversion.

Moreover, need we continue to think in the artificial antinomies of Communist analysis—either capitalism *or* communism? The post-war world has shown itself to be astonishingly rich in the creation of new social forms, and political lines have never been drawn according to the simple prescriptions of Marxism-Leninism. The future will be, as the past has been, a time of change and upheaval. We cannot avoid change, nor can we stifle it. But we can influence the direction and quality of change; Khrushchev's proposal confers upon us at least as much chance to influence change as it does upon him. Both of us have in common an interest to see that no effort to influence the course of the future will lead to war.

Debate Within Communism

by *Paul Wohl*

BEHIND half-drawn curtains, a great discussion is going on inside the Communist world. Because the chief protagonists are in Moscow and in Peking, the West would like to think that the debate is the herald of a great power rivalry which will one day split the Communist bloc. I do not believe this to be so. In my opinion, the discussions have nothing to do with the historical differences between Russia and China. The debate is party-political rather than power-political.

Actually, discussions between Moscow and Peking, not to speak of the rest of the Communist world, have never stopped. Discussion, not negotiation, is the normal way for Communists to straighten the differences among them which inevitably arise. In the past, however, leaks were rare; Communist debates were hidden behind closed doors.

This time, the discussions have spilled out into the press. There is no longer a Stalin whose unquestioned authority was recognized by all Communists. Both sides are speaking up at length, albeit in allusions. And it is this unaccustomed broad discussion which has led many Western observers to see the differences between Moscow and Peking as, perhaps, somewhat more serious than they really are.

One must remember that on most basic issues, the Soviet Union and China are in complete accord. Both claim allegiance to Marxism-Leninism; both invoke the platform of the twelve ruling Communist parties of November, 1957 (which defined the Communist world picture at the present stage); both adhere to the Bucharest Declaration of last June 27 (it was signed by all twelve parties), which states that foreign policy must be based on the principles of peaceful coexistence and that increased watchfulness is needed in the present international situation.

Both sides are leaning over backwards to emphasize their essential unity. After *Red Flag* of Peking had stated repeatedly in its columns that "the nature of imperialism has not changed," *Red Star*, organ of the Soviet Armed Forces, noted on August 12 that "peace must not be prayed for or begged for from the imperialists; it can only be conquered by struggle."

Conversely, Chinese Deputy Premier and Foreign Minister Chen Yi, on July 25, strongly rejected as "shameful slander" the charge that "China was warlike. . . . The Chinese nation loves peace and wishes to live peacefully with all nations in the world." Mr. Khrushchev himself could not have been more benign. On August 1, at a reception in the Swiss Embassy, both Mr. Yi and Premier Chou En-lai even tended an olive branch to the United States, as Mr. Khrushchev insists he has been doing for several years now.

YET THERE are differences. According to the Communists themselves, the differences concern tactics and propaganda, not principles. When both *Pravda* and the *People's Daily* of Peking assert that "there cannot be two views" with regard to war and peace, it means that there *are* two views — and that there shouldn't be.

But anyone familiar with the history of international communism knows that so long as party differences are limited to questions of expediency, tactics and interpretation, they merely lead to ideological double talk and are eventually resolved by practical readjustments which for a long time may remain imperceptible to the outside world.

Let us look now at the main points at issue between Moscow and Peking.

China's Chairman Mao and his supporters fear that the present playing up of the horrors of war by the Soviets is undermining the people's readiness to fight. To which Mr. Khrushchev's side has replied (in the August issue of the *World Marxist Review*) that "to say that war is inevitable in our time is to doom the peoples to waiting passively for the nuclear holocaust, to paralyze their will to fight for peace. . . ."

Chairman Mao and associates not only take issue with the anti-nuclear war line in Moscow, Warsaw and Budapest, but also intimate that the industrially more advanced comrades have become "soft." This

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was the line of thought which led Chinese Communists, and after them the Albanian and Bulgarian parties, to decree that all party officials have to work manually during part of the year, and that army officers — this goes only for China — have to serve one month as ordinary privates.

The Soviets are aware of the softening effects of a modern industrial society. In a much ventilated article about state security in No. 11 of *Kommunist*, N. Mironov of the Central Committee's apparatus, complained that "our huge economic and cultural accomplishments engender in certain Soviet citizens lightheartedness and complacency."

A third main issue in the discussion inside communism is the appraisal of capitalism's strength. Mr. Khrushchev assumes that under conditions of peaceful coexistence the capitalist world must disintegrate economically, socially and politically through exposure to socialism and under the impact of a universal peace movement. Chairman Mao and his friends attribute greater strength and militancy to the capitalist system.

This difference in appraisal may explain, perhaps, the revolutionary aggressive attitude of Chinese agents in underdeveloped countries in contrast with the more "moderate" Soviet approach.

NONE of these differences is spelled out openly. Only occasionally does it become possible to sense the presence of conflict from a maze of ideological double talk.

It may be precisely because they are sensitive to Chinese criticism that the Soviet leaders seek to refute by deeds and bluster the accusation that they have become "soft," or are passively waiting for capitalism to crumble. Khrushchev's threat to bombard America with rockets, should Cuba be attacked, and his initial promises to Premier Patrice Lumumba of the Congo, point in this direction.

In the current discussion, both sides seek to make proselytes. Recent Soviet political and theoretical broadcasts in Mandarin, and Chinese party-political broadcasts in Russian, are gaining in scope.

A test is likely to come next month, when Premier Khrushchev visits North Korea. On October 1, Peking celebrates the eleventh anniversary of the Chinese People's Republic. So far, the Chinese have not asked Mr. Khrushchev officially to include Peking on his tour.

This situation is made even more dramatic by the Soviet Premier's intention also to visit Ulan Bator, the capital of Outer Mongolia, on the occasion of his Korean trip. The transfer of former Foreign Minister Vyacheslav Molotov from his Ambassadorial post in Ulan Bator to the International Atomic Agency in Vienna has removed a personal circumstance which might have complicated Khrushchev's Outer Mongolian visit.

It is difficult to believe that Chairman Mao will let Mr. Khrushchev make an official visit to the North Korean and to the Outer Mongolian capitals without asking that he also visit Peking.

In any case, the West is likely to learn more in the next two months about the content and scope of the discussion inside communism, a discussion which basically is as old as the first Communist state and has little to do with the historical rivalry between what *realpolitikers* still like to call the Russian and the Chinese empires.

FEATHERBEDDING vs. AUTOMATION . . *William Glazier*

THE WORK-RULES controversy is at the heart of the major labor-management disputes of recent years. In fact, employer drives to recapture lost authority by regaining control over work practices now overshadow wages as a bargaining issue. Last year almost two million workers were either on strike or in serious bargaining disputes over conditions of employment. In every instance employers were demanding elimination or changes in rules; the unions were fighting to keep the rules as they are.

The Steelworkers were on strike 116 days in a battle in which work rules were a key issue. At American Oil in Texas City, Texas, management won a 191-day strike over whether classifications could be crossed in job assignments. The strike that ran at Swift for fifty-two days and at Wilson for 109 days was primarily over management's demand to change work practices which allegedly interfered with new methods and new machines.

Some 13,000 men struck for four months at Pittsburgh Plate Glass over management's demand for a free hand in adjusting manning scales and work loads. In Portland, Oregon, the newspaper workers have been on strike since last November in a clash growing out of the introduction of new German stereotype machines. Major negotiations are now under way between 200,000 members of the five operating Brotherhoods and the railroads over demands to eliminate "obsolete" work rules. The same issue precipitated last week's strike on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

THERE is nothing mysterious about work rules. Anyone who has had a job in a factory or an office knows that the place operates under a set of rules which organizes the work of all the employees. The size of the crew on each job; the pace, scheduling and performance standards for each assignment; the application of seniority to promotions or layoffs; even the provisions for coffee and smoke breaks, clean-up time and

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other amenities — all these and more are laid down by work rules.

If there is no union, the employer decides what the employees must and must not do. If the employees are organized, the rules or the conditions on the job are jointly determined; and under these circumstances the rules also include something about what the employer must and must not do. Work rules, because they are tailored to local conditions and problems, are usually negotiated at the local level.

The negotiations over rules are invariably touchy. As soon as a union starts arguing about *how* the work shall be performed or *how many* men shall be employed, management has its back up. Union opinion on such matters is resented and resisted as an intrusion upon management's authority; striking a bargain usually requires a good deal of persuasion. Generally speaking, management thinks that every rule imposed by the union entails unwarranted and unnecessary outlay.

But management is not alone these days in decrying union work rules as "featherbedding." Many objective observers think likewise. The common phrase—"union *make-work* rules" — expresses this feeling. Work rules are increasingly objected to on the grounds that they force inefficiencies upon industry, retain men who are paid for not working, throttle production and obstruct the introduction of labor-saving (and cost-reducing) machines and methods. Higher costs and prices are thus directly attributed to the so-called burden of rules which unions have negotiated. Even those who have steadfastly supported labor's right to organize and to bargain for decent wages, hours and conditions are openly critical of the unions on this score.

With living costs at the highest point in the nation's history and with the labor movement's reputation at an all-time low, it is not surprising that the charge that most, if not all, work rules are featherbedding is widely accepted. The Association of American Railroads has seized upon this to mount a national advertising campaign aimed at convincing badgered commuters that fares could be reduced and antiquated rolling stock replaced if "featherbedding" work rules, costing the lines "over $500 million a year," were eliminated. Every trade union in the land has been accused of insisting upon work rules that add to costs and fuel the fires of inflation.

The pessimistic economic outlook, deteriorating sales prospects, rising production costs, narrowing profit margins, and sharper foreign competition have all made improvement in man-hour productivity and reduction in labor costs a pressing management objective. The elimination of union work rules as much as possible and as soon as possible is urged as a major step toward this end. At the same time, the growing availability of technologically more advanced production methods has dramatically emphasized the substantial savings to be gained from changing over to automated and other labor-saving devices.

But every introduction of an automated process replacing men by machines requires that the whole structure of work rules be overhauled if the full potential of savings is to be made. Management's position is that a new production method or a new process automatically makes an old rule as obsolete as the old machine to which it was related.

Workers, on the other hand, hang on to work rules as a buttress against the essential insecurity of industrial employment. According to the AFL-CIO, 800,000 production workers have lost their jobs in the last five years because of the spread of automation. The unions hardest hit are in steel, autos, electrical equipment and other manufacturing. During these same few years the adult working population of the United States has grown by 7.6 million; employment, however, has gone up only 4 million, and an increasing number of those counted as employed are working short shifts and short weeks.

It is no exaggeration to assert that shop rules, and grievances over the interpretations of these rules, are a major concern of every worker every single day he is on the job. The primary business of the shop steward, the business agent and the local union official is enforcement of the working rules. To the average member, the union's record in rule making and rule enforcement is unquestionably the most important measure of union performance. That's why, incidentally, surveys revealing insignificant membership participation at union meetings can be so easily misinterpreted. Unions aren't built at meetings, they are built on the job.

With the exception of special rules dealing with health or safety, the purpose of most union rules is to *conserve* and to *spread* work opportunities. Therefore, if work rules are voluntarily changed to reduce labor costs and to introduce new machines in an orderly manner, alternative forms of job security must be found which workers will accept. It is doubtful that this can be accomplished through exclusive reliance upon collective bargaining.

CONDITIONS of work and structures of work rules vary enormously from industry to industry and from plant to plant. Longshoremen, for example, are employed in a floating warehouse — it is here today and gone tomorrow. They never know how much demand there will be for their labor next week or next month. As a result, longshore unions all over the world try to establish rules to meet the insecurity of their casual employment by getting as many men on each job for as long as possible. Limitation of sling loads, a widespread union practice in the industry, is a safety measure — and it also spreads the work. Gang sizes are strictly enforced. Disputes in the longshore industry have customarily been settled by action on the spot because to complete loading a ship with a grievance unsettled is to risk having the ship (where particular characteristics may have caused the dispute) leave port, not to return for weeks or months. Only after a system of minimum guaranteed employment and other security guarantees have been substituted for the "open hire," are longshoremen ready to bargain about relaxing their traditional and iron-tight work rules. Not surprisingly, adjusting established manning scales and load limits to new labor-saving methods of cargo handling presents an enormously complicated collective bargaining task.

The steel industry shows another kind of picture. During the hearings before the Board of Inquiry appointed by President Eisenhower in last year's steel strike, Board Chairman Taylor noted that the steel industry — publicly battling to make industry more efficient by eliminating obsolete work rules — already had unlimited authority to make unilateral changes in rules "which many other industries in this country would give a great deal to have." Taylor was referring to Section 2-B of the 1956 steel contract which conceded management the right to change or eliminate any local working condition upon a showing that the basis for the existence of the rule had been changed. Automation or other changes in production methods are not hindered in steel by rules on manning scales or work loads. In the most recent negotiations the industry demand, which ultimately became a major strike issue, was that the requirement laid down under 2-B should be eliminated and management should be free to change any rule simply upon a showing that doing so would save money. The union successfully resisted this proposal.

Despite its failure to amend the contract in this way, the steel industry nevertheless eliminated more than 10,000 production and maintenance jobs as the result of changes since the end of the strike seven months ago.

IT HAS long been maintained in academic circles that a stable and mature trade unionism is one which is focused upon controlling job opportunities and basic working conditions. "Job consciousness" and "job control" have been acclaimed as virtues of our brand of trade unionism. Clearly, when unions concentrate upon the interests of their own members at the place of work they are expressing their confidence in the capacity of the economic system to better the welfare of the working people. It would be foolish to contend that this confidence of the American unions has been misplaced in past years. However, by pursuing their job goals in this way, the unions rejected any broad program of social reorganization designed to improve the status and the economic conditions of the working people as a whole. In this the American labor movement is unique among the unions of the capitalist world.

This state of affairs has a real bearing on the work-rules controversy, especially under the conditions of accelerated technological change.

Even if a union manages to preserve jobs by maintaining the existing work rules, the labor-displacing impact of the machine has not been met but only obscured temporarily, and shifted to the backs of workers outside the union's ranks. For example, the young workers, who might have found industrial employment but for the machine, are the ones "displaced." Ironically, the more successful an individual union might be at job control, the more distressing the immediate effects of technological change might be for outsiders.

The proper aim is to develop a program which helps remove the fear of unemployment and reduced work opportunities while sharing the benefits of technological change directly with the workers whose lives are being disrupted. In a limited way some of these guarantees and benefits can be negotiated with individual employers — as some unions have already demonstrated.

But unless the labor movement is seriously prepared to look a considerable way ahead and to embrace a program of national planning to meet the erupting social and economic problems of automation, the successes at the plant level will be short-lived. The immediate outlook is that job opportunities will shrink for production workers already in the work force, and that one million more young workers will be seeking those jobs each year. In the decade 1947 to 1957, when the labor force increased by about ten million, there was hardly any increase in the number of production workers employed in manufacturing industries; in 1958 there was a sharp drop. During those same years output per man-hour in the private economy continued to grow at a rate of more than 3.5 per cent each year. And *that* was the trend before automation had seriously begun to accelerate both production and the displacement of men.

THIS discussion has been largely concerned with the hazards of technological change and the efforts of unions to mitigate these hazards through maintenance of work rules. The enormous social and economic benefits that could flow from the production revolution now getting under way are too well known to require detailing here. A richer and fuller life for all with more leisure are the promises of automation.

However, the benefits of automation — including greater leisure — will not be distributed automatically. Our present economy, after all, has a capacity to support a higher standard of living for most people than they now enjoy — a shorter work week and more leisure are possible right now and without the greater productivity that automation provides. But the current utilization of productive capacity and the distribution of the benefits of the economy are not geared to this end.

National economic planning, inspired by the union movement, will be necessary if the benefits of automation are to be distributed more equitably and the hazards kept down to manageable proportions. Not to recognize the necessity for this kind of approach — over and above collective bargaining and job control — will inevitably confirm Harold Laski's prediction that "So long as labor accepts the *status quo* in an evolving capitalism it accepts a diminishing role and influence on the American scene."

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Fame of Mitchell Wilson

Bridget Ashbourne

WHEN I visited the Soviet Union last year, I talked to hundreds of people and particularly to students. These conversations usually gravitated to literature, since that was the subject in which I was most interested, and whenever it did I kept running into a mysterious name. On my first day in Leningrad, I was surrounded by a mob of eager, English-speaking Russians outside the Hotel Europa, and their opinions about what they were reading and had read echoed with the same phrase: "But best of all, we like your Mitchell Wilson."

Now, I am a fairly well-read young woman (Columbia M.A. in English Lit.) and several Wilsons came readily to mind, but Mitchell Wilson was not among them. Bluffing, I said: "Which of his books do you like best?" Back came the answer, again and again: *My Brother, My Enemy* of course! At this, I would nod wisely, and move quickly to another subject or another author. In my travel group were five New York City librarians. As soon as I could, I drew them apart and said: "Tell me about Mitchell Wilson." All I got in return was a blank stare. So I recovered somewhat from my embarrassment, if not my perplexity.

The story was the same in Moscow—"But best of all we like your Mitchell Wilson." I did find out in a conversation one night with a young schoolteacher from Yaroslave (who spoke with an American accent and explained it was because she had learned her English from a professor who had spent forty years in America and had come back to Russia ten years ago) that the best-seller was in English. When we tried to buy a copy of the book in the numerous book shops in Moscow, we were told with a gleeful smile: "Sorry, we are sold out."

There was no doubt that for the Russians Mitchell Wilson was classed along with Dickens, Dreiser, Cooper, Twain, Hemingway, Wordsworth, Whitman, Shelley, Byron, Keats (all extremely popular in the Soviet Union). We came to the conclusion among ourselves that he was probably not published in the United States; that he was undoubtedly a loyal party member, possibly even in prison under the Smith Act. The title of his book referred, obviously enough, to his fellow-Americans — a thoroughly un-American piece of work, we thought.

BACK in New York, I rushed to the nearest public library card index and there found that Mitchell Wilson was a man of many books. What had he written? Something called *Live with Lightning* (1949) — "A mighty novel of a man's struggle against today's temptations" (so said the jacket); something else called *The Lovers* (1954) — "A novel of Love and Passion on Martha's Vineyard in the Days of the Whaling Ships" (how subversive can one be on Martha's Vineyard?), and such various other titles as *Footsteps Behind Her, Stalk the Hunter, None So Blind, The Panic-Stricken, The Kimballs.* These titles did not strike me as particularly revolutionary. Well, perhaps *The Panic-Stricken, The Kimballs.* might possibly be so construed, but surely *The Kimballs* could only be a nice, respectable family saga.

I tried to buy a copy of *My Brother, My Enemy*, only to be told that it was out of print (published in 1952 by Little, Brown). Finally, with much calling around, I tracked down a copy on Fourth Avenue, as well as a copy of *The Lovers* (Literary Guild selection), the jacket of which informed me that Mr. Wilson has been writing short stories since he was eighteen, began his career as a physicist, but had given up physics for writing when this became profitable. I further learned that Mr. Wilson was born in New York City in 1913, that he was the third of four children, and that he had had a very happy childhood during which he used to make up stories and tell them to his brothers and sisters for as long as anyone would listen. His first publication had appeared when he was twenty-five. Since then, he had written a number of mysteries, including *The Panic-Stricken* (that clears up some of those titles). He had sold three of his books to the movies, one of which was produced under the title *Woman on the Beach.* All of this sounded not only pleasantly suc-

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BRIDGET ASHBOURNE is employed in the play department of a large New York talent agency.

At a Country Hotel

(a young widow with two pretty children)

"I watched the seeds come down this afternoon
Over the lawn, the garden and the gravel drive.
Even on the pool, where the children sailed
The paper boats you made them—paper boats
Among the lilies, frightening the frogs—
Seeds fell and were sailing.

"I never get tired of watching how the seeds
Break from that high sea of silver and green
Branches to tumble and drift, to glide and spin
Down. It makes me think of falling asleep,
The way people say, I mean, 'falling' asleep,
As if it were really a falling.

"Summer is gone, and the fire is almost out . . .
How tired they were with playing! Will they dream
About their boats? Autumn is here, the night
Is rainy, with a cold wind; and still the seeds
Are falling, falling in darkness. Or else it is
The rain, that taps at the window."

It is late. He does not speak, will never speak.
She goes to the children sleeping, and he dreams
A kindly harbor, delicate with waves,
Where the tethered dories, rocking, rise and fall,
Until the high sail heightens, coming home
To landfalls of the lily and the ash.

HOWARD NEMEROV

cessful, but thoroughly innocent and capitalistic.

The dedication in *My Brother, My Enemy* reads "To Helen," not "to Nikito" or "To Tanya" or "To Vassiliev," just Helen. The book has 372 pages and it begins in 1929.

The story deals with the two Mallory brothers (Davy and Ken), and their sister Margot. The three are orphans, very poor. They run away from their cruel uncle. The boys are both mechanically skilled. They open a garage and work their way through the local engineering college and spend almost all their spare waking moments working on their great, seemingly impossible invention . . . TELEVISION. The setting is Wickersham, a small community not far from Milwaukee. A rich and ruthless young man, Douglas Vollrath, comes to town to take over the local industrial plant. He meets and falls in love (against his will) with sister Margot, who is not at all of his class.

THE BOYS are passionately devoted to their sister, particularly Ken, whose feelings are unconsciously incestuous. They resent Vollrath's attentions to Margot. Ken is the hard one, the physical man of action, the dashing Don Juan who loves them and leaves them — all except his beautiful sister. Davy is the "good" one, quiet, mature, serious, pure, unspoiled. He falls in love with Vicky, a young girl who comes to stay with her grandfather, Norton Wallis, a blind old man who encourages the brothers to persist in their scientific probing. Vicky, however, is drawn to Ken, who for a while returns her passion. Davy suffers silently and works even harder at discovering television. The brothers, after many ups and downs (mostly downs), are successful at last in their experiment. They do discover television — along with a few other people in different parts of the world.

Vollrath, after resisting as long as possible, finally marries Margot, but she is killed in an airplane accident while flying back to Wickersham from New York. Vollrath, a Howard Hughes type who flies and manufactures airplanes, and is a Hollywood movie producer, is a cold, selfish man, totally unconcerned with people's fates once he has squeezed them dry. There is a temporary reconciliation between him and the brothers after their success, and he goes into partnership with them. Davy gets Vicky after all when she discovers she really and truly loves him and not Ken. And so the book ends with a death (Margot's), a marriage (Vicky and Davy), financial success (for all of them).

It's a long book, competently written, with great emphasis on technical details and scientific language and description. But what makes it so fantastically popular in the USSR? I believe that in a little room deep inside the vast Lenin Library in Moscow sits a man who reads every book ever published in the English language. In front of him are two piles — one tremendous, one tiny. The tremendous pile consists of books the reader considers unfit for his comrades to read. The tiny pile is composed of books he considers passable. These must either paint a damaging picture of the Western World (such as a best-selling booklet we encountered everywhere in Russia last year entitled *Unemployment in America*) or they must present some facet of American life which easily fits the Russian stereotype. *My Brother, My Enemy* falls neatly into both groups. The years of sacrifice endured by the brothers while they perfect their discovery, the obstacles they encounter in pursuing an engineering education without financial resources, the ruthlessness of the young industrialist, the love-hate theme among the siblings — all these spell Reactionary America to Russian readers. Mitchell Wilson set out, apparently, to produce a readable story, embellished with much plausible mechanical detail and some social observation, and giving an impression of 1929 America. He hoped that Americans would respond to it (they did not do so to any great extent), but I very much doubt that it ever occurred to him that Russians would find it fascinating or that the book would serve as propaganda.

WILSON spent several months in Russia last year and again this year. He was lionized wherever he went, and one wonders how keenly he feels the irony of the situation: he wrote a book for Americans that caused so little ripple that five professional librarians had never heard of it; but behind the Iron Curtain, caught up in the swell of the cold war, *My Brother, My Enemy* has become a tidal wave.

The Casebook Gambit

A CASEBOOK ON HENRY JAMES'S THE TURN OF THE SCREW. Edited by Gerald Willen. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 325 pp. $3.95.

Terry Southern

WHEN THE pellet-and-pigeonhole syndrome of *Reader's Digest* invades the higher fields of inquiry, spritely resistance is in order.

The argument for the use of the "controlled research project" on the university level—of which this James *Casebook* is a first-rate example—is that the research going into student-theses has become embarrassingly sparse, often nonexistent, and almost always leading to conclusions so wildly disparate (or else so identical) that one might begin to doubt that any particular *truth* was being either taught or learned in the endeavor. With the "controlled research project" a single topic is designated (broadly) as the subject of a research-thesis for an entire class, and a single text is used for research—or rather a single *collection* of texts under one cover, texts selected to form a sort of *impartial balance* of representative pro and con conclusions of previous inquiry over the years. This approach is geared toward the lowest common denominator; behind it is the supposition that students who have heretofore written research-theses without cracking a book must now at least read the single assigned text. What it must also suppose is the possibility of comfortably asserting certain accepted values in an area where, in fact, none exist (i.e., everybody *knows* about Baudelaire, but no one *agrees* about him—or, on another level, everyone *does agree* about Baudelaire, therefore he is not proper material for research; whereas, given a subject-level on which disagreement is popular and the fact of severe disagreement has no dangerous implications, *then* treatment in a thesis lends itself to the fine-line evaluation necessary for the prestige of specialized academics, but without involving any shock hazards). The casebook program is, in short, a torturous self-contradiction—a groping for some sign of "unifying values" and a fairly substantial proof, by virtue of its own format, that none obtain.

This highly organized line of genteel inquiry had its debut, as far as can be determined, at the University of Ohio, in 1956, presumably under the auspices of the History Department, with *The Incident at Harper's Ferry,* an anthology of pros and cons concerning that touchy episode. Subsequent casebooks included such equally explosive topics as *The*

TERRY SOUTHERN'S novels are The Magic Christian *(Random House) and* Flash and Filigree *(Coward-McCann).*

Third Day at Gettysburg: Pickett's Charge, along with several others too innocuous to recall. The effrontery, however, of so dealing with the "quality lit" game seems to be a fairly recent business, but to date has managed to dispose of both Dylan Thomas and Ezra Pound, quite inexpensively ($1.95). The present volume is somewhat more expensive, though understandably so as it contains the complete text of the work in question (*The Turn of the Screw*) in addition to its main attraction, the pros and cons by various hands (Edmund Wilson, Allan Tate, Katherine Anne Porter and, among others, Henry James himself) as to whether or not the work is "more than a mere ghost story." James's own account ("merely a ghost story," "jolly good fun and all that") is, of course, a lot of hokum. The real questions are: Were the man and the woman whom the children saw on the edge of the lake representations of James's dual nature? Of the dual nature of Man? Was the narrator (was the narrator James?) secretly in love with his charwoman? His nanny? His mommy? Was the woman on the edge of the lake (Man? James's mommy?) actually meant to represent the narcissistic aspect of James's troublesome sibling? Was H. G. Wells somehow involved? (Small wonder they are called casebooks.")

THIS obsession for trivial pigeonholing and the insistence on agreement about it is what has undone our education on the university level; this, along with compulsory attendance, compulsory examinations, fraternities, or, in all, a militant effort toward nothing more than a childlike togetherness (the big happy family, but worse still, rallied around the idiot instead of the father) has, in fact, reduced it to the level merely of a "system"—big, cheap and meaningless.

Our commitment to the democratic process right up through the area of higher education, as excellent a thing as it may be in theory, becomes a liability when standards begin to decline rather than to rise. We have allowed our universities, with their hoards of trustees and money problems, to get into the position of the television show, concerned with its rating rather than its quality. The university that loses students is like the show that loses listeners: the big money, or the trustees who can raise it, move elsewhere, and the show folds. And it is precisely *that* sort of problem the casebook people should address themselves to, instead of staging inane Freudian hen-parties under the guise of scholarship.

Three After Marx

KARL MARX: Selected Writings in Sociology and Social Philosophy. Edited by T. B. Bottomore and Maximilien Rubel. Watts & Co. London. 268 pp. 21s.

CLASS AND CLASS CONFLICT IN INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY. By Ralf Dahrendorf. Stanford University Press. 336 pp. $6.50.

HISTORICAL SOCIOLOGY: The Selected Papers of Bernard J. Stern. Citadel Press. 433 pp. $5.

Edwin M. Schur

PROFESSOR Bottomore, lecturer in sociology at the London School of Economics, and Dr. Rubel of the Centre National de la Recherche Scientifique in Paris, have prepared a book which will be of interest both to students of Marxist thought and to students of sociology. Most of the passages have been newly translated (by Dr. Bottomore), and some are here given in English for the first time.

Was Marx a sociologist? Bottomore and Rubel argue that he was at least partly one. They insist that the philosophical aspects of Marx's work have been overstressed, that the central concern of Marx was with the social causes of various phenomena. (Included in these selections is Marx's "Enquête Ouvrière" — the 101-item questionnaire he distributed to workers in France in order to discover actual working and living conditions.) Of course, Marx was also a political activist; "His aim was to transform speculative philosophy into a critical social theory which would be of use to men overcome by misery." But quite apart from its political usefulness, the Marxist analysis did much to stimulate the systematic study of social change, of social classes and of various systems of thought (including religion). As Bottomore and Rubel indicate, much of the most important work in the social sciences has stemmed from a continuing debate over issues raised by Marx. It is useful to remember this at a time when Marxism remains a dirty word in certain sociological circles.

PROFESSOR Dahrendorf, of the University of Hamburg, tries to develop (taking Marx as a starting point) an inclusive theory of class and class conflict. He insists that all real classes are conflict groups, and that a clear distinction should be drawn between class analysis and the study of social stratification. This is an important point because much American work in this area has concentrated on social ranking, status-seeking and the like. Dahrendorf contends that such factors have nothing to do with class. Whereas the study of social strata (levels in a social hierarchy) helps to explain the situations and actions of individuals, only the study of classes (conflict groups) can explain the major changes in society. Power relations, not prestige differences, determine social change.

Much sociological work has suffered from the static emphasis of what Dahrendorf terms the "integration theory of society." This theory (typified by the writings of Talcott Parsons) assumes that the natural state of society is consensus, stability, equilibrium. Conflict then tends to be considered unnatural — or, as it is often put, deviant. The trouble with the integration model (by itself) quite simply is that it fails to account for the prevalence of social conflict. For this reason Dahrendorf rightly states that we must at least supplement it with a model that sees conflict and change not as "deviant," but rather as inevitable (and often desirable) built-in aspects of any society.

Dahrendorf subjects Marx's approach to social class (which clearly is in this conflict tradition) to a meticulous and illuminating analysis. He also surveys the class theories of numerous more recent writers (including several important theorists — Fritz Croner, Karl Renner and Theodor Geiger — whose work is little known in the United States). His conclusion is that the orthodox Marxist theory of class is inadequate, because we are no longer faced with "capitalist" societies divided into "two great hostile camps." Major changes since Marx include the separation of ownership and control in industry, the diversification of skills which has split the working class, the rise of a new middle class, increased social mobility and the "institutionalization of class conflict" — its acceptance and social regulation (as in collective bargaining and related techniques). Dahrendorf concludes that relations of authority determine class formation and class conflict, and that control over the means of production is but one special case of authority.

This approach certainly helps, for example, to explain the development of "classes" in Socialist societies (as described by Djilas and others). But the theory seems to have only limited applicability to the current situation in the United States. How "post-capitalist"

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is a society in which big business still dominates the inner circle of policy making, a society which resists providing health insurance even for the aged? Is it realistic to write of "the institutional isolation of industry" when retired generals are sought for top management posts and when "independent" regulatory agencies are closely linked with the industrialists they are supposed to regulate?

IF Professor Dahrendorf's book constitutes an intensive exercise in social theory-building, *Historical Sociology* represents the application of a basically Marxian point of view to a wide range of empirical and theoretical problems. Dr. Stern, who taught at Columbia University and the New School for Social Research, was also an assistant editor of the Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences and a founder and editor of the scholarly journal *Science and Society*. The essays in this memorial volume cover diverse topics — aspects of historical materialism, science and war production, Engels on the family, a note on Comte, genetics and Lysenko, and the need for national health legislation. As the editors note, the variety of subject matter in no way implies that Stern's work is superficial or mere "popularization." On the contrary, he brings to bear on each topic a broad knowledge, a sharp analytic skill and an all too rare recognition of the crucial issues.

Ultra-professionalists probably will object to the fact that these essays are not written from a viewpoint of utter scientific detachment, of so-called "ethical neutrality." Indeed Dr. Stern makes quite explicit his adherence to and promotion of the values of human decency and of democratic socialism. Yet nowhere do his values masquerade as facts, nor does his avowal of such values prevent him from scrupulously examining the facts.

The book is aptly titled because the major unifying theme of the entire work is social change. Do our social institutions fit the conditions of a rapidly changing world? Stern presents much evidence to support his claim that capitalism frustrates technological advance — by discouragement of pure research and of worker inventiveness, by the shelving and suppression of patents, and by promoting a general unwillingness to innovate. Also instructive is his discussion of how vested interests have impeded change in the fields of public health and medicine. He cites case after case in the history of medical science where resistance to progress was not just psychological, but institutional as well. Similarly, of the historic opposition of landlords to public health measures, Stern states that "the most difficult task of the public health officer has been to combat this individualism that puts rent and profits above human welfare." True in England in the 1850s, true in New York in the 1960s!

STERN'S historical approach challenges institutional arrangements which may be accepted unquestioningly by those who adopt an "integration" approach to social life. There is the danger, for example, that sociologists may accept the prevailing pattern of family life as given, focusing only on "adjusting" families to such a pattern. In two essays on the family, Stern refuses to accept such a narrow focus. What does the history of the family tell us about the interrelations of the family and other social institutions? Should women be confined to childbearing and domestic work? What form of family life best meets the needs of modern democratic society? These are the vital issues, notwithstanding that proposed changes may endanger the "stability" of the traditional family scheme.

Despite his political commitment, Stern is not dogmatic. Just as Dahrendorf discards parts of Marx's class theory, Stern questions Lysenko and recognizes that Engels' family theory was based partly on inadequate anthropological data. These books should help to show that "Marxist scholarship" need not be a contradiction in terms, that in fact it has useful insights to offer to social science today.

Inside the Hospital

THE CULTURE OF THE STATE MENTAL HOSPITAL. By H. Warren Dunham and S. Kirson Weinberg. Wayne State University Press. 308 pp. $5.

Max Pepper

THOUGH stoutly asserting the "pure objectivity" of most present-day social scientists, Professor Dunham and Weinberg do in fact present the inexorable realities of state hospital life with a welcome breath of indignant outrage. *The Culture of the State Mental Hospital* is an absorbing account by these social scientists of a study made of a large state mental hospital which they describe as fairly representative of those in the Midwest. Techniques of social psychology were employed in an attempt to get "inside" the hospital by way of the authors' "participant observation" in the day-to-day lives of patients and staff. The study was made in 1946, and the present volume is the first complete publication of the results.

Within the past decade, a number of important studies have been done and published by various social scientists who viewed the mental hospital, both public and private, as a social system with structures both formal and informal, that could be understood in the context of social theory. The authors maintain that theirs was the first study of the social structure of a mental hospital and believe that the publication of the manuscript at this time has "historical interest" (perhaps an eloquent comment by sociologists on the sociology of sociologists, or upmanship in the academic publishing race).

At any rate, the account is for the most part, readable and revealing, though as might be inferred from the above, it states nothing that has not been already published by others. The text presents a rich variety of excerpts from inter-

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DOUBLEDAY

views the authors held with both patients and employees, to illustrate their main findings. Indeed, the heavy reliance on anecdotal materials makes for a rather journalistic style of reporting, with a muckraking tinge, despite the insistence on devotion to scientific methods. There are gross errors of commissions and omissions in the text, many due to poor editing, it would seem. The authors state: "Of all the mentally ill in our society, 97.6 per cent (as of 1947) are being cared for and treated in state hospitals." Clearly, the word "hospitalized" must be inserted before "mentally ill," yet the authors consistently make this error.

DESPITE all this, the account of hospital culture is cogent, and it pinpoints specific conflicts in structure, practices and traditions which inevitably have hindered the effective treatment and care of patients. The portrayal is realistic and dismal, and unfortunately is still all too timely. With all the recent innovations in psychiatric practice — the inception of home-care programs, the movement toward open wards in mental hospitals, psychiatric units in community-based general hospitals, the intensification of efforts toward public mental health education and the training of ever-increasing numbers of professionals in the mental health fields— the shame of our public mental hospitals stubbornly persists. The authors searchingly illuminate some of the factors that make this so. Thus, the punitive rather than therapeutic attitudes and actions of staff toward patients exhibiting deviant or disturbed behavior are reinforced and promoted by the "informal structure" of the institution. ("Informal structure" is a euphemism social scientists employ to describe the actual, as opposed to the prescribed, behavior emerging in the operation of an institution.) The emergence of the "chronic" and "institutional" types is clearly shown to be at least as much related to the actual culture and social structure of the institutional setting as to the psychological disturbance in the patient. The nature of the work performed by patients in the hospital is devastatingly exposed as a function of the needs of the institution, and not of the individual patient. The authors do not detail what is to be done, but by asserting the just but often neglected role and responsibility of sociologists as social critics, they help point the way toward a truly preventive and social psychiatry.

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LETTER from DUBLIN

Robert S. Ryf

NO OBSERVER of the Irish scene will be surprised to learn that the Drama Festival, due to open in Dublin the middle of this month, has already served up a prologue of polemics in the form of an exchange of caustic letters in *The Irish Times*. It reopens that traditional Irish sore — censorship.

Sean O'Casey raised the curtain by lambasting the Archbishop of Dublin for announcing that no votive Mass would open the Festival if a play by Joyce or O'Casey were scheduled. Recounting some of Joyce's and his own past difficulties with Irish censors, official and unofficial, O'Casey observed acidly that freedom of expression fared little better in Dublin than in Moscow.

O'Casey was promptly engaged in battle two days later by Monk Gibbon, whose memoir of Yeats was pummeled by Frank O'Connor in *The Nation* of February 23. Gibbon called the cause of freedom a "fashionable shibboleth," and then promptly defended the Archbishop's freedom not to perform the Mass.

Calling Joyce Ireland's "Golden Calf," Gibbon accused "fanatical adherents" of imposing the author of *Ulysses* "on an unwilling world," by "using all the formidable weapons of literary snobbery." Gibbon then gave the back of his hand to the celebrated legal decision of Judge Woolsey in 1933 which allowed the publication of *Ulysses* in the United States, by saying that it "reads like an oration from some liberal-minded chairman to a woman's club." So if Ireland hasn't joined the celebrations around the Golden Calf, concluded Gibbon ("Would Dante have joined in them?"), it may be because of Joyce's "debilitating nihilism."

But if Gibbon intended to sidetrack the problem of free expression, an article in the same newspaper defeated the attempt by reporting that 487 books were banned in Dublin last year. It would appear from these figures that O'Casey is not attacking straw men, but live ones, with torches in their hands.

IT IS difficult to estimate what impact this sort of controversy about Joyce has upon the citizens of Dublin. It's a curious situation. *A Portrait of the Artist* and *Dubliners* are displayed in the bookshops, but not *Ulysses* or *Finnegans Wake*. Yet books about Joyce seem to be unrestricted — some of them containing quotations from the passages which supposedly led to the

---

ROBERT S. RYF, who is on the faculty of Occidental College, Los Angeles, is spending this year studying and writing in England.

Nature Poem

There's so much green
In what I've seen
I have to scream
Ahhhhhhhhhh

It's turned to red
My aching head
I'll go to bed
Ohhhhhhhhh

And now there's white
Both day and night
A ghostly fright
Eeeeeeeee

The color's dun
There's not much sun
I'll shoot myself with a hunting gun
Boooooooom

NICHOLAS BIEL

censoring of his works in the first place.

The government does acknowledge him as one of their own by listing his birthplace in the Official Guide to Dublin, but the reference is very terse, and last on the list. Aside from this, one senses a good bit of indifference around the town. When I mentioned to an Irish tour guide that I was interested in Joyce's writings and had walked to 7 Eccles Street that afternoon, he said, "Ah yes, the place where Joyce was born."

"No," I pointed out, "it's the address he gave Leopold and Molly Bloom in *Ulysses*."

"To be sure," he replied blandly, "to be sure."

Commercially, however, there seems to be some advantage to acknowledging and even claiming Joyce. One of the two most fashionable pubs in town, Davy Byrnes's is advertised as "the pub in *Ulysses*." Across the street, the venerable The Bailey countered recently with an exhibit of photographs of the Dublin of Joyce's day. Joyce himself does not appear in the pictures, but what they prove, beyond any doubt, is that, aside from fashions in clothes, the city has changed hardly at all.

And that, I think, is the point. Neither public censorship nor private apathy can change the fact that Joyce's Dublin still stands today, palpable and redolent of him. For example, as I was attempting to reconstruct Bloom's journey through the city in *Ulysses*, a blind beggar came tapping along the sidewalk, much as in the book. As I was discoursing on the beauties of the city, a horse-drawn wagon of Guinness kegs rumbled past, drowning me out—much as Stephen's discourse on aesthetics in *A Portrait of the Artist* is drowned out. And the house at 7 Eccles Street appears unchanged, even though the one next door now sports a TV antenna.

So the censors are ultimately doomed to defeat by the city Joyce immortalized. For you can't censor a city out of existence. Not Dublin, anyway.

ART

Fairfield Porter

THE AUDIENCE for all the arts is growing. Probably not since the time when the populations of cities were organized into craftsmen's guilds, almost all of which participated in artistic production, have people been so open to art or wished so to experience it. And experience is the only way to know it. Art can be known best in its own terms, artistically. The experience of art is inhibited if it is considered as something to be "understood," something, like juvenile delinquency, that resists social control, but whose prevalence requires a sympathetic and tolerant attitude in order that society or individuals may manipulate it for social benefit or private ends. The worst and most mistaken way of manipulating art is to use it for malicious propaganda; a much less bad way is to understand it as part of a disinterested study of all society, without emotional involvement—as though emotion were an obstacle in the pursuit of truth. In this case, disinterest inhibits the experience. But between these extremes there are other common ways of regarding art that are inhibiting. One of those is to consider art as a natural phenomenon for scientific investigation; another is to think that it is a substitute for science, religion or philosophy in the revelation of profundities. It is still fashionable to explain Impressionism as an illustration of tho theory of the physical nature of light. When I was at Harvard, Professor Sachs invited a physicist from M.I.T. to explain the nature of Impressionism to his class on the history of French painting. This man talked to us as one talks to very small children, but he patronized the Impressionist painters even more than he did us. He was not interesting because he told us nothing that we did not know, and this seemed all that he knew. He assumed that Impressionism was valuable to consider for its compatibility with science.

The sociological or historical approaches are more common. The first makes art as good as its purposes: if art contributes to the progressive liberation of the poor and exploited it is good; if it darkens people's minds with superstition, it is bad. The historical approach is usually relativist: art presents an image of society at any given time. If this does not inhibit experience, it is at least unnecessary. It is best when it works as an art parallel to the art it attempts to illuminate. Both of these pseudo-scientific points of view are inhibiting if they induce new prejudices to take the place of the ones they super-

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sede. We think of Victorian prejudices as narrowly moralistic; but sociology may impose, instead of a prejudice for the suppression of sensuality, one in favor of the morality of material fact; or scientific determinism instead of religious determinism; impersonality instead of emotion. The question is not about the truth of any of these opinions or ideas; the question is about the experience of art. And a prejudice in favor of the relativity of values can inhibit by making one disregard one's own feelings, and consequently directing the experience in advance.

The large audiences for art make it less necessary than ever to apologize for art. People are open to it. But art is presented through the efforts of professionals, and these curators, dealers, printers, restorers and critics present art as something to be understood, as something that requires special competence to perceive. That also leads to the consideration of art in terms other than its own. The experience of art can be inhibited by the way in which it is hung, reproduced, restored and criticized.

Of course it is hard to see paintings and sculpture if there are too many examples in too small a space, but that isn't the whole problem. It is also inhibiting if they are presented in too precious a way, apart from ordinary life. Some years ago the Museum of Modern Art spotlighted every painting of an exhibition of old masters in an unearthly fashion that gave an illusion that the paintings had no material surface, that they were just images of light, made of colors that had not existed before this particular exhibition. It was like looking at sacred objects, or the crown jewels.

In order to show its need for more space, the Modern has recently hung its collection in a very crowded fashion. But the intelligent, tasteful and refreshingly irreverent hanging partly defeats its purpose by animating the works historically.

ANOTHER example is the lighting in the Guggenheim Museum, which makes each painting insubstantial and visionary. It makes art seem to pretend to be something more than it is, phony and tiresome. This hanging was the unfortunate result of the challenge presented by Frank Lloyd Wright's building. Wright seemed to consider his buildings in somewhat the way that a seventeenth-century Massachusetts divine considered his sermons: disdainful, spare and relentless. This museum is the last battle of Wright's war against art, which was a threat to his own ambition. Either you cannot see the paintings from far enough away, or if you can, they are cut off, from the top and/or the bottom, like yard goods. The snail-shell floor scheme limits the meaning of the paintings to their place in the sequence. People go in vast crowds to see Wright's fun house, but not the paintings, which could have been seen better in their previous surroundings. His house is fun because there is nothing in an architectural way to compare it with in a city without architectural tradition, but only an engineering one. As a museum, it very effectively expresses its architect's contempt for art.

THE BEST museum presentation I know of in this country is at the Cloisters, housing most of the Metropolitan's medieval collection. It is a delight to millions. Also excellent is the new wing at the Metropolitan, with a room featuring a window on the best view to the south. And the Worcester Museum, ever since Francis Taylor's first term as director, has bought and displayed art for its intrinsic merit instead of for a name value. In May and June it exhibited paintings by Sir Thomas Lawrence, who is distinguished among all English artists as the most un-English, as the one who more than any of his countrymen dared to consider art quite unaffectedly on its own terms, for its own sake. Not only are no exhibitions hung with greater artistry than those of the Tanager Gallery in New York, but the large window makes each exhibition a natural extension of the life of Tenth Street. To present art as an actual part of life is quite a different matter from "understanding" it as part of society.

Because art restorers have much science, they are often tempted to take a scientific attitude toward the object being preserved or restored, as though the "immortality" of art properly removed it from time. This puts into art a rigidity that does not belong there. And in their rationalizations of what they do, the restorers appeal to their knowledge against experience, which is a way of disregarding art in favor of craft. In answering criticism they seem to agree in reverse with the person who says, "I don't know anything about art, but I know what I like." The restorer says in effect, "I know a great deal about art and, in the face of that knowledge, what anyone likes is of little importance." Here, as so often, scientific principle has become anti-empirical and authoritarian. It does not take into account that art, whether realist or abstract, like the nature and experience of an individual, is not valuable so much for the general principles it embodies, as for its unprecedentedness.

IN THIS country, certainly, when art is reproduced mechanically even by transplanted European technicians, it is done scientifically, and the spirit of the original is almost invariably debased. I have seen the phases that the reproduction of a painting goes through. In the effort to get accuracy, liveliness gradually vanishes. It should be remembered that reproduction cannot be exact, for that would contradict the nature of art as always unique. A reproduction can be itself beautiful, art itself, parallel but not equal to something else.

Historical placement, even such as insists on the uniqueness of art, will not contribute to the vitality of one's pleasure. Experience comes first, ahead of the morality of either the old or the new. To consider a work as good as, but no better than, the precedence of its appearance, is to be too coarse about individuality. Are children of no value if they resemble their parents closely? To ask the meaning of art, is like asking the meaning of life: experience comes before a measurement against a value system. And the question whether art has any meaning, like the same question about life, may not be answerable at all. It can be answered by each person for himself, and it is doubtful how well this answer can be communicated. What counts is personal experience, and therefore, what the critic can do, in fact all he can do, is to describe his experience as sensitively as possible.

A Visit to a Friend in a Mental Hospital

The imitation was very good,
Perfect, in fact, except for the eyes,
But still, I left as soon as I could.

The beauty that the face of wood
Possessed was hardly minimized.
The imitation was very good.

I told myself I understood
At times a person partly dies,
But still, I left as soon as I could.

I talked to her as I thought I should
Trying to keep from telling lies;
The imitation was very good.

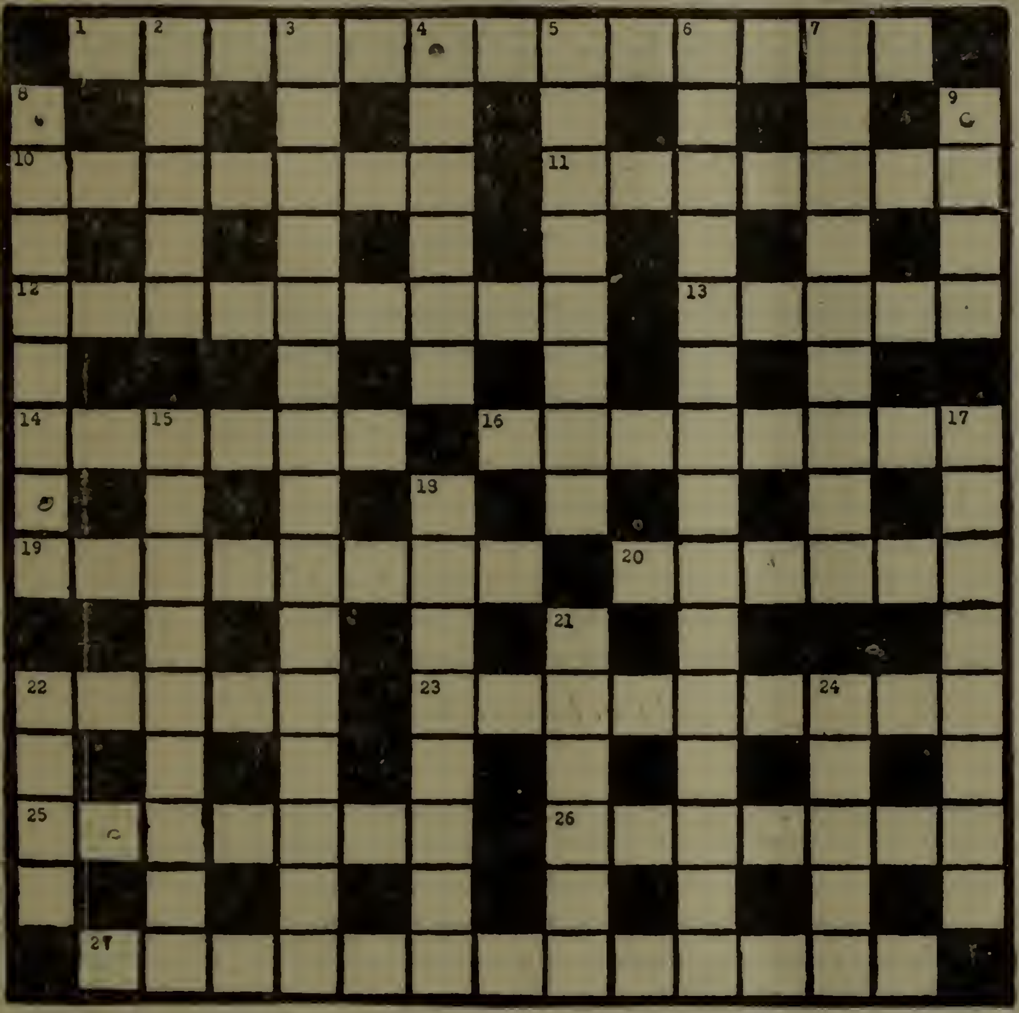
The familiar-looking stranger stood
To watch me go. Once she was wise,
But still I left as soon as I could.

I buttoned my raincoat, tightened
  my hood,
Denying that terror multiplies.
The imitation was very good,
But still, I left as soon as I could.

RUTH SOTER

Crossword Puzzle No. 880

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Tennyson's order to horn in on falling splendor? (4, 5, 4)
10 It does a juggling act for fawns. (7)
11 Sound heard by the cowboy circle where things are tied up? (7)
12 The philosophy of "Do Not Disturb" signs is an added factor in sound reduction. (9)
13 Wet blankets? (Or just what a new shirt does in drying?) (5)
14 What the waitress, the hireling, and the priest all might take. (5)
16 United an organization, as too many 13 might do. (8)
19 The coffee house elegy might have been on one. (8)
20 Eating establishments always provide a good way to take food. (6)
22 In France I take a short holiday, ending up in China. (5)
23 Where Magellan evidently sensed the oversize type in print. (9)
25 A railroad might be a common example. (7)
26 What is sometimes turned over when new and allowed to carry a message? (7)
27 See 8 down

DOWN:

2 Exception is frequently taken to its being last. (5)
3 Was it caused by true Revolutionary spirit? (6, 9)
4 To push for the final outcome? (6)
5 The sort of balm that is placed on rough skin might at one time have been called silly. (8)
6 Swift creatures, despite their size. (15)
7 You shouldn't copy when you do. (9)
8 and 27 Could this be said of duty in part of Iberia? (3, 2, 3, 7, 6)
9 The infant was the first of seven. (4)
15 Drape that might prove dangerous. (9)
17 At recent reading, might be enjoyed during play. (8)
18 Key accompanists helped watch o'er them. (8)
21 This gives the right slant to your reading. (6)
22 Just the man to lift the bumper high! (4)
24 In which to win, you had to lose. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 879

ACROSS: 6 Bays; 10 Viaduct; 11 and 1 across Theater in the round; 12 Lion; 13 Discretion; 15 Elevate; 16 Serpent; 17 Accepts; 20 Capably; 22 Immaterial; 23 Esau; 25 Idiotic; 26 Proverb; 27 Yoga; 28 Goodfellow. DOWN: 1 Invulnerability; 3 Etui; 4 Outside; 5 Notices; 7 Astride; 9 Telegraph; 14 Palpitate; 18 Camping; 19 Sirocco; 20 Chapped; 21 Boswell; 24, 2 and 8 More than one string to your bow.

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in the CLASSROOM

September 1, 1960

Dear Sirs:

Last year at about this time I opened a subscription to *The Nation* at your special student rate of $6 a year (I was then entering my first year at the Tufts University School of Medicine). I would now like to transfer this subscription to another student, namely my brother, now attending Brown University. I append his address.

Let me express here that I believe your magazine is the most enlightened publication in America. During the U-2 and Summit period, yours was the only publication that was saying what I had to say. Your articles on the "peace" issue — the only issue that really counts — were courageous and deserve the highest praise. Keep it up!

(Signed) A. STEPHEN BOYAN, JR.

South Boston, Mass.

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MURDER ONE

A Narrative of Justice by Jury

Richard Harris

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THE NEGRO VOTER

Henry Lee Moon

LETTERS

Where Goals Begin

Dear Sirs: I read Hans Meyerhoff's article ["The Case of the Missing Purpose," Aug. 20] with great interest. While I agree with much of what he says, I feel that the area where individual purpose and national goals dovetail is not clearly explicated. . . .

To the extent that we realistically examine, evaluate and relate to our immediate world the unknowns along with the knowns, the doubts along with the certainties, can we begin to deal realistically with our world and communicate a meaningfulness to our children about it. This might be considered an individual purpose, but it can be translated readily into a national purpose. The process of reducing as much as possible the distortions of the external world based upon infantile perceptions and conceptions could lead to improved dealing with, and the greater acceptance of, the realities of the international family of nations. The leaders of the communications media who permit or encourage the distortions of information for whatever ends, are doing a serious disservice to the national purpose. When *Life* leads us to believe that a Castro is all bad for the Cubans, or a State Department withholds information of what is really happening in East Germany . . . the process of dealing with the real world is deeply injured. *The Nation* does more in one issue to help deal with the real world than a dozen statements by individuals of national purpose can ever do. . . .

Abraham Wodinsky, M.D.
Pomona, Calif.

Dear Sirs: One sentence in Dr. Meyerhoff's article made his whole effort more or less worth while: "The fact is that there is nothing wrong with prosperity that more prosperity for more people wouldn't cure." If that thought could sink into the consciousness of the exponents of "sacrifice," perhaps "The Case of the Missing Purpose" would solve itself.

John Harvey
Manistee, Mich.

The Negro Campus

Dear Sirs: Howard Zinn's fine article, "Finishing School For Pickets" [*The Nation*, Aug. 6] deserves cheers from all of us who have long been involved with Higher Education for Negroes. However, I am of the opinion that, although the picketing activities of Spelman students were in the service of a noble cause, these same activities may have been carried on at the expense of legitimate classroom activity. It would be helpful indeed if these picketing energies were used to strenghten and intensify intellectual activities on the Negro college campus. There is a greater need to read more widely, more deeply and more energetically. They need to learn to love learning and apply themselves diligently to the mastery of ideas. Carrying picket signs is good exercise, but reading Great Books can yield greater profit.

Arthur C. Banks, Jr.,
(Professor of Political Science,
Morehouse College)
Atlanta, Ga.

The Nation on FM

Readers in the New York area may hear the next installment of *The Nation Commentary* on Sept. 15 at 6:45 P.M. over WBAI-FM (99.5). Henry Lee Moon will talk on "The Negro Voter and the Presidential Election."

The WBAI Program Folio is sent regularly to all subscribers to the station. Write WBAI, New York 16, for a sample Folio and further information.

And In This Corner—

Dear Sirs: Much is being made of the fact that Senator Kennedy (at forty-three) is rather young. It is also being said that Vice President Nixon(at forty-seven) is "mature." The ideal age, then, is (compromising the two) a round forty-five, combining the vigor of youth and the wisdom of age. As the right man for the job (age-wise, at least), I offer myself to the American people (as a write-in), promising them youthful maturity and mature youthfulness, liberal conservatism and conservative liberalism, flexible firmness and firm flexibility, and faith in the knowledge that knowledge of one good faith-saving device deserves another.

Harry Cimring (age 45)
Los Angeles, Calif.

Mr. Kennedy's Growth

Dear Sirs: Again and again our journalists keep expressing what appears to amount to an almost pathetic hope that the two Presidential candidates will turn out better than their past performances give us the right to expect. Even *The Nation's* contributors are no exception. Thus, Robert G. Spivack, after properly referring to Kennedy as "a cynical young man," ends his appraisal by saying: "He may grow" [*The Nation*, Aug. 6].

Grow how? or grow what? we ask. Grow a set of principles? of convictions? grow a new integrity on a rank stump of cynicism? A man of forty-three is not necessarily too young to be President,

(*Continued on page 161*)

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THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

They Are All an Abomination

Of course the two defecting mathematicians of the National Security Agency are exactly what the President called them — "self-confessed traitors." They are also turncoats, as the Defense Department said, although neither epithet answers the accusations they made against the Defense Department. Everything they have said may be true; certainly a part of it is. But if we credit them with the high moral objective they avow, the way in which they set out to expose the machinations of the Pentagon was precisely calculated to defeat their purpose. They have simply changed sides in the cold war, and what the world, including the United States and the Soviet Union, desperately needs is a reduction of tensions, not the build-up of animosity and recrimination which follows every major defection on either side.

By way of contrast, does anyone remember Carl von Ossietzky? Ossietzky was a Junker Colonel who fought bravely on the German side in World War I. After the war he became a pacifist and carried on pacifist propaganda. When Hitler came to power, he had a chance to emigrate. He refused. "A man speaks with a hollow voice from beyond the border," he said. He was thrown into a concentration camp and martyred. Toward the end of his life he was awarded, but never received, the Nobel Peace Prize.

If Bernon F. Mitchell and William H. Martin really wanted to serve their country and mankind, they could have resigned and made their revelations on American soil. Subsequently, they undoubtedly would have been seized and imprisoned. In the event that they failed to find a newspaper that would publish their story — the United States is not as open a society as it purports to be — they could have gone to the United Nations, given their data to the Russian delegate, and surrendered themselves to the FBI. Or, if they had no stomach for a prison term, they could have resigned, kept their mouths shut, and taught mathematics to college sophomores. In the course they selected there was little efficacy and no honor.

There is one more thing to be said, however. The United States may or may not be the strongest nation militarily, but it is as self-righteous and as hidebound in its propaganda as the worst of its opponents. When a Russian defects, he is honored here as a friend of freedom, any blather he cares to emit is solemnly publicized by Congressional committees, he forthwith becomes a publishable author, and is welcomed to American citizenship. The Soviet turncoat does have the excuse that he could not hope to get publicity for his dissent in his own country, but when he chooses to defect to the United States, where the fleshpots and the night clubs are, his motives are probably no better than those of Mitchell and Martin, and there is as much reason for execrating him. Decent men will abhor them all alike, whether they come from East or West.

The Peerless Candidates

When the voters march to the polls on Election Day (something approaching half of them stay home), they are exercising the most sacred secular privilege known to man. However, the occasion is somewhat marred if they don't know what they are voting for. So far, the Presidential candidates have given them little enlightenment and not much of an example of deportment, either. Senator Kennedy has been appealing to special-interest groups like any huckster, cracking down on Castro as if he were trying to outdo Secretary Herter and the old Latin-American hands in the State Department and, while piously invoking peace, promising the Veterans of Foreign Wars that he would deal with Khrushchev from a position of greater strength than Dean Acheson ever did. As for Nixon, he was temporarily silenced by his bad knee, but now that he has recovered it is doubtful whether he will add much to the edification of those voters who are eager to know where he stands on the issues which fever the world. Secretary Arthur S. Flemming of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare complained that Mr. Kennedy had "distorted" Mr. Nixon's views on some topics dear to Mr. Flemming's heart. Perhaps so, but, on Mr. Nixon's record, it is doubtful whether anything he says could be distorted much beyond the point to which the Vice President himself has already distorted it in his efforts to get something for nothing.

One never knows what will happen in a campaign, but the general shape of this one can be forecast. In 1956, one of the candidates raised several important issues and gave his views in a forthright and even literary manner. The voters turned him down, but at least he made the campaign respectable. It is doubtful whether any equivalent meeting of the minds will take place this time. Both candidates will say that the old concepts will not do, but neither will offer any really new concepts which might alienate some bloc of voters. Both candidates will view with alarm. It may be predicted that each candidate will discreetly exploit the beauty, charm and vivacity of his wife, children and dogs. In one respect, the campaign will be a novel one, since Mrs. Kennedy is pregnant. Some chivalrous Americans, and a certain number of *enceinté* ones, may vote for Mr. Kennedy on that account, but it is to be hoped that he will give the less sentimental voters more to chew on than has been the case so far.

Corporate Heroism

President Eisenhower has said that under present conditions war would be the ultimate disaster. Both Vice President Nixon and Senator Kennedy have made statements to the same effect. It may be said that they are cadging votes, as indeed they are, but this is a relatively decent way of cadging them, and the fact that no politician can get very far with a forthright belligerent policy is a good sign. But the inhibitions on madness masquerading as patriotism do not apply to generals and admirals, commanders of veterans' organizations, some sections of the clergy—and certain corporations. Among the bravest warriors on the advertising front is the firm of Warner & Swasey, manufacturers of machine tools and other equipment. Their full-page exhortation in the September 12 *Newsweek* begins: "'Yes, there is something worse than an atom bomb . . . the abject fear of it." Other pearls of intellect follow: "Fear of Russia's nuclear bombs and missiles has turned too many Americans into cowards and appeasers. They cry that anything would be better than atomic death. . . . Would it?—would slavery?" And, of course, they quote Patrick Henry.

Where has the advertising agency of the embattled manufacturers of lathes and milling machines discovered this widespread sapping of the American spirit? It seems to have escaped the notice of observers perhaps better qualified. The relevance of the invocation is even less clear. Patrick Henry called for resistance to tyranny with muskets, cannon and swords on land and sea. In the ensuing conflict, less than 5,000 Americans lost their lives. After the Revolution, the country prospered. The situation in which the United States now finds itself is that another full-scale world war may destroy the human race. Everyone who takes cognizance of this stark and incontrovertible fact and tries to avert the catastrophe is labeled a coward and appeaser by our Warners and Swaseys. In these obsessed minds, only the warmakers are blessed.

Labor, the Public and Automation

Labor Day, this year, was marked by the occurrence of a strike which may well foreshadow the typical industrial disputes of the 1960s. Two unions, the Transport Workers Union and System Federation 152, representing 20,000 transport maintenance workers, have halted operations on the Pennsylvania Railroad for the first time in 114 years. There have been few strikes on the Pennsylvania for the simple reason that any interruption of service on this vital system raises a great hue and cry from thousands of commuters as well as multitudes of general passengers who are carried by the road throughout its 10,000 mile, thirteen-state system. It is not surprising, therefore, that the public's reaction to the current strike has been anything but cordial. Moreover, the nature of the strike — about work rules — is such that the public finds it difficult to grasp the issues or to excuse what appears to be an unjustified public inconvenience. The unions have added to the public's irritation by rejecting proposals for arbitration before a special referee and again before a Presidential board; work rules, the unions insist, are not subject to arbitration. And the press, by and large, reflects the public's sense of outrage: "It's Labor's Duty to Break Mike Quill" — "Too Much Power for One Man," comments the New York *Herald Tribune*.

But labor cannot break Mike Quill for his stand in this dispute, nor is the source of the trouble to be found in the power which he possesses — however great that power may be. The fact is that arbitration and mediation, as devices for the settlement of industrial disputes, work fairly well when wages are the major issue. But work rules raise questions of a different order of magnitude: whether particular groups of workers are to have jobs or not. Jobs are dropping on the Pennsylvania as on other roads; in the last ten years the number of employees on the system has declined from 124,000 to 74,000, and it is certain to decline still further. From labor's point of view, what is there to arbitrate in such a situation? In fact, labor and management alone cannot settle such disputes satisfactorily or permanently; the issues concern the operation of the entire economy. What is needed is a national policy, evolved in consultation with labor and management, on the problems to which automation gives rise. In default of such a policy, unions cannot be blamed for striking over issues which their officials admit cannot be settled through arbitration.

What Disaster?

Now that the Olympics are over, it may be worth while to review the games not from the standpoint of who won this or who lost that, but for the light they throw on American national psychology, or at least the version which is served up by the mass media. It is a strange mixture of traditional good sense and fortitude, and perennial childishness. In the first week of competition, the U.S. men's track and field team competed in eleven events and lost eight. John Thomas, holder of the world's record of 7 feet, 3¾ inches and "sure winner" of the high jump, was able to get up to only 7 feet and ¼ inch and lost to two Russians. "Disaster at Rome," was *Newsweek's* headline, with a quote from *Il Messaggero* ("The myth of American sprinters has fallen").

The American athletes denied that they had been looking on the wine when it was red, but that there was disunity at this stage seems to have been established. "There's no team spirit," Rink Babka, a discus thrower, said. "No one gives a damn for anybody else." The three American shot putters, O'Brien, Nieder and Long, were said to have been "feuding" all year. After four of six throws, Nieder, the favorite, was third. He knew he was doing something wrong, but he didn't know what. He turned to the German shot putter, who told him without hesitation that he was not extending his arm all the way before releasing the 16-pound ball. Nieder took the advice and won. "I couldn't have asked one of my own teammates," Nieder said later. "He wouldn't have told me." "Why should I tell him?" Long is quoted as saying. "I want a gold medal, too."

John Thomas got only a third-place medal, but his was the best crack of the games. "A lot of people in the world can't jump seven feet," he remarked.

The next most sapient observation came from Oscar Frailey, the Games correspondent of the *Rocky Mountain News*. Now, he said, "Europe is as well fed as we are." And we have been sending coaches and athletes abroad for years for good will. So: "Now every other country can produce world record breakers too, and our joy ride is over."

Probably the best photograph of the Games was in *Life* (September 12). Three American sprinters are leaving the field after losing the 100-meter dash to a German. All three are very handsome young men. On the left is a Negro, Frank Budd, still gasping, his head hanging. In the middle walks Dave Sime, a white boy, a picture of disappointment. On his right, Ray Norton, another Negro, is clinging with both hands to Sime's arm and weeping on his teammate's shoulder. The three men are perhaps closer in defeat than they would have been in victory. There is no lack of American solidarity there, and no disaster. Along the same line, the Governor of Tennessee cabled Wilma Rudolph, the fifth of nineteen children of poor parents (the father married twice) and the only U.S. woman ever to win three gold medals: "Come home, Wilma!" They may even let her sit at a lunch counter one of these days.

A NARRATIVE OF JUSTICE BY JURY

MURDER ONE . . *by Richard Harris*

The following is a report in depth of a "routine" New York murder case. The crime was tawdry; the two defendants are among the more obscure of the anonymous millions who make up the city's masses. The man they were charged with having murdered was equally obscure. Yet the case is as instructive in the ways of American justice as any famous trial; indeed, in some ways more instructive. The Saccos, Vanzettis, Hisses enter our courts once or twice in a generation; the Nobles (despite the special qualities displayed by this particular Noble) are the courts' daily fodder.

The author is a free-lance writer.—Ed.

LIKE MOST criminal tribunals today, Kings County Court Part II — one of five such courts having jurisdiction over major crimes committed in the sprawling, hazardous community of Brooklyn — has an atmosphere of harried and foreboding expectancy. At least, that's the way it struck me when I arrived there one morning some time ago shortly before a murder trial that I was interested in got under way. At the time, the presiding judge of the County Court system, Nathan R. Sobel, a vigorous, rather impatient man in his mid-fifties with wavy black hair and horn-rimmed spectacles, was conducting a few arraignments before going on to the trial.

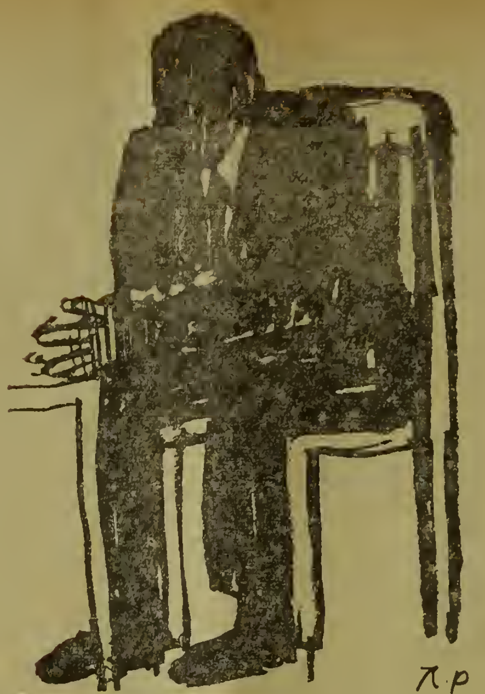
Periodically, a door behind the jury box opened and a uniformed court attendant led in one or more handcuffed prisoners — Negroes, for the most part — who had either been refused bail or had failed to raise it. Not long after I sat down, a bald, snub-nosed attorney approached three young colored men who had just been escorted to some chairs a foot or two in front of me. Thrusting a stubby forefinger in each of their faces in turn, he demanded, "Will you take a plea? Will *you* take a plea? Will *you* take a plea?" The response was three bewildered looks. He was asking whether they would plead guilty if the District Attorney's office offered them lesser charges than the original ones.

This is standard procedure — as long as the public isn't clamoring for a malefactor's hide — and while it serves, often dubiously, to assure the D.A. of another conviction for the record and to lighten both his and the court's immense caseloads, it is still a fairly humane way out of an impossibly overburdened situation. However, it is also easily abused. For one thing, any D.A. who has a deal in mind is obviously going to be tempted to charge a defendant with a higher degree than he intends to settle for. For another, lawyers handling ignorant, helpless people who have run afoul of the law are in a position to give them what is known in the trade as a shave and a haircut; that is, once the attorney has his fee — usually paid by strapped relatives or, when they are too strapped, by the court — he talks his client, guilty *or* innocent, into taking anything the D.A. will offer.

A couple of minutes later, I began to wonder if the three men nearby were getting shaves and haircuts, for just then the lawyer stopped a passing colleague and said, "You take one of these, and I'll take the other two." The newcomer shrugged. "I don't know anything about the case," he said. "You don't have to!" the first one snapped. At that point, Judge Sobel waved a hand in exasperation at still another lawyer who was standing with a slight Puerto Rican youth before the bench. "Don't tell me you want this tried six weeks from now," the Judge said. "You know perfectly well it won't be called this year. You know perfectly well that I have five times as many cases as I can possibly handle."

THE MURDER case that I was there to see tried had been on the calendar of Part II for over nine months. It had first come to my attention when I ran across this story in *The New York Times*:

> A practical nurse who is said to have paid to have her husband murdered and the man accused of doing the job were arrested on homicide charges yesterday [April 18, 1959] in Brooklyn.
>
> The police said Mrs. Ella Barber, 28 years old, of 1973 Eighty-first Street, had arranged to pay $300 for the slaying to James Noble, 30, an orderly who lives and works at the Haym Solomon Home for the Aged, 2300 Cropsey Avenue.
>
> The police said Mrs. Barber, who also works at the Home, had complained that her husband Ernest, 38, was unduly jealous. The murder took place early Saturday morning, when, according to the police, Noble climbed in a window and stabbed [Barber] seven times.



Although the notion of hiring someone else to do one's ultimate dirty work is by no means a new one, it has become increasingly popular since the disclosures a decade ago about Murder Incorporated's thriving business in Brooklyn during the thirties and forties. However, as I recalled the various unincorporated examples since then, I realized that they had been limited, for the most part, to people who were accustomed to buying their way around; on this ground, a practical nurse scarcely sounded like the assassin-employing sort, and an orderly who to all appearances was a rank amateur at killing seemed like a most improbable prospect for the job. Curious about what had brought these people to this pass — if, indeed, anything had — I went to the hearing ten days later at Kings County Felony Court which, like Part II, is in the Central Courts Building, in the Borough Hall section of Brooklyn.

Once there, I found to my surprise that the hired killer as a final resort was an idea that had perhaps crossed not only class but racial barriers, for the principals in the case were Negroes. Ella Barber, an attractive, copper-skinned woman with a curly, bouffant hairdo, wide-set eyes and high cheekbones, appeared, in view of the circumstances, remarkably sedate. On the other hand, Noble, six feet two inches tall and weighing a hundred and thirty pounds, seemed rather shaken as he stood, silently intent, before the magistrate's bench with his long, bony hands clasped behind him and his narrow, rounded shoulders hunched up almost to his dark, small-featured face. Dressed in a black suit, he looked to me more like an Adventist preacher than someone who was equal to crawling through a window in the dead of night and stabbing a man.

At the end of the hearing, the accused pair were held over for the grand jury's consideration. After they had been taken out, I had a brief talk with the lawyer who had been with them at the bench, a slender, dark-haired, polite man in his early forties named Leonard Kaplan. He told me that he had been retained by Mrs. Barber's mother, and that for the time being he was also representing Noble who, since he could not afford an attorney (he earned only $80 a month plus room and board at the Home), would soon have counsel assigned by the County Court.

AS WE LEFT the courtroom, I remarked on Noble's appearance, and Kaplan nodded. "He's as strange as he looks, too," he said. "He's been in several correctional institutions in the state, including Matteawan, which is for the criminal insane. But even so, he's smart — and as glib as they come." I asked Kaplan when he thought the trial would be held. "Oh, it probably won't come to that," he answered. "Right now, the charge against both of them is murder one — murder in the first degree. In a common-law, premeditated murder like this one is claimed to be, if they're convicted, the electric chair is mandatory. But the D.A. will undoubtedly offer them murder two— twenty years to life. The chances are they'll take it."

However, nine months later Kaplan called me and reported that to his, and everyone else's, surprise Ella and Noble, though duly offered a charge of murder in the second degree, had independently refused to take a plea, saying that they were innocent. "The trial starts tomorrow morning," Kaplan went on. "We picked the jury this afternoon — an all-white, all-male, blue-ribbon jury, which means that the jurors' stations in life are somewhat above average and, of course, that they're willing to send a person to the death house if they feel it's necessary." The defense set-up had been altered since I last saw him, he went on, and explained that Mrs. Barber's mother had backed out, financially speaking, which had obliged one of the County Court judges to assign counsel for Ella as well as for Noble. In view of his having been in on the case from the beginning, he had been chosen to lead her defense with two assistants, while three other lawyers had been appointed to take care of Noble. "Noble's defense will be handled by Maurice Edelbaum, who is one of the top criminal lawyers in the state," he said. "And all the rest of the men involved have good names and big practices, too. There's no question that Ella and Noble will get a great deal more than just adequate defense."

HALF AN HOUR after I reached court the next day, Judge Sobel left the bench and retired to chambers to wait for the participants in the Barber-Noble case to be assembled. Presently, two of them arrived together — Kaplan and a portly, self-assured man in his mid-fifties who had a fringe of dark-gray hair, a penetrating voice and William McKinley's face, and who turned out to be Edelbaum. Kaplan introduced us and then went on to say that Edelbaum had changed Nobel's plea from a simple Not Guilty to Not Guilty with a Specification of Insanity. Nodding, Edelbaum said to me, "That means he didn't do it, and even if he did it, he's not responsible for his acts. He isn't, either. That boy's as nutty as he can be."

A couple of minutes later, I met Edelbaum's co-assignees — William Leibowitz, a stiffly erect, gray-haired man of about sixty; and Joseph Fontana, who was perhaps twenty years younger. Soon afterward, we were joined by another of Ella's attorneys, Aaron Silver, a boyish-looking, cheerful man of around forty. (The sixth defense lawyer showed up briefly a couple of times, and then disappeared altogether.) After chatting for a few minutes with this legal battery, I got the impression that no one was overly concerned that their clients would be condemned to death, and when I mentioned this to Kaplan a little later, he assured me that such an outcome was highly unlikely. The main factor in favor of the defense, he explained, was that Judge Sobel had been on the bench for eighteen years, had tried a hundred and sixty-four murder cases, and had yet to sentence anyone to death.

By this time, the Assistant District Attorney who was trying the case had arrived — a rather aggrieved-looking man in his fifties named Nathan Schor, who had wavy black hair, heavy black eyebrows, and thick black-rimmed spectacles. He had taken his seat at a table near the jury box, while the defense lawyers had arranged themselves at one closer to the center of the room. Before long, the door behind the jury box opened, and the jurors filed in and quietly took their seats. Ranging in age from the mid-thirties to the mid-sixties, they were all modestly dressed and properly somber-acting. Finding a note that Kaplan had given me earlier, I saw that they were pretty much what they looked like — a bank inspector, a lithographer, a cement salesman, a radio technician, a haberdasher, a bank teller, a radium technician, a bank clerk, a Western Union branch manager, a supervisor of an American Tobacco Company warehouse and two engineers.

Finally, the defendants were brought in through the same door. Ella walked steadily around behind the jury to a chair between Kaplan and Silver and, smiling at each in turn, sat down. Noble took a seat next to Edelbaum, who turned to him and said, "Well, how're you feeling this morning, son?" With a flickering smile, Noble ducked his head, mumbled something, and slid down in his chair until he was sitting on his spine; then he stretched his long legs forward so that they stuck out beyond the far side of the table, crossed the right one over the left at the ankle and, placing his long, skinny hands together on the table before him with the thumbs touching and pointing upward, he drew his head down between his shoulders and cocked it to one side. The only variation in this posture during the twelve-day trial was that every few minutes his head would suddenly snap over to the other side.

AT THE outset of the trial, Schor set the jury straight on one matter: Ella and Ernest Barber (who was familiarly known as Bobby) had not been married. Referring to Barber variously as "her paramour," "the decedent" and, when he forgot himself, "her husband," Schor went on to say that the two had been living in sin in a three-room basement apartment, which they were temporarily sharing with a dispossessed friend of Barber's named Sylvester Dunn. At a little before five o'clock on the morning of April 18, 1959, Schor stated, Dunn came home from a night out with friends, circled around as usual through an alley to the rear of 1973 Eighty-first Street and, passing through a door into an outer hallway, went on into an inner one. That was as far as he got, for as soon as he flicked on a light switch beside the door leading to the living room, which he used as a bedroom, he later testified on behalf of the prosecution:

> I found Bobby lying there on the floor in a pool of blood. And I called him. I called "Bobby!" three times. Bobby didn't answer. Then I called Ella. I called her three times. She answered me on the third call. She came out of her bedroom. She kneeled down and started crying, and I said, "'Let's get the police here."

Not having a telephone in the place, they went together by taxi to the nearest police station, the 62nd Precinct, located half a mile away on Bath Avenue. As they started up the steps there, Dunn stopped hesitantly and, facing Ella, asked if she had killed Barber. "Do you think I'm crazy, to kill Bobby?" Ella cried. "I love Bobby."

In the course of that day, Schor continued, Ella was questioned by a number of detectives in the quarters of the 62nd Detective Squad, at the top of the station house, and she told them, in all, four stories — that she knew nothing whatever of the murder; that she killed Barber herself; that she had seen an unknown intruder kill him; and, finally, that she had paid Noble to kill him. As for her motive, despite her not being legally bound to Barber she had determined to have him murdered because, as Schor put it, "she hadn't been getting along" with him. "They were continually quarreling," he explained. "On occasion, he would beat her up. He would get drunk." Accordingly, around the first of April, Ella mentioned her unhappy condition to Noble, with whom she was casually friendly, and after they had discussed it on a couple of occasions — abstractly at first, as an example of the folly of one person's being unwilling to part with another who no longer cared for him — Noble got more practical, mentioning that he knew some men who would get rid of Barber for her for $300.

NOTHING came of the offer right then, but by the middle of the month, Schor went on, Ella couldn't stand any more of Barber's abuse. On Friday, the 18th, Ella stopped by to chat with Noble after they had been paid—$203 for two weeks' work, in her case — and said to him, "Take care of that thing tonight." As a down payment, she gave him a hundred dollars — five twenty-dollar bills, according to her confession. Somewhat reluctant to take on the job so hastily, Noble finally pocketed the money and told her to take Barber to the Bay Bar, on Bay 32nd Street, in Brooklyn, that night after she got off work at eleven, to do her best to get him drunk if he were not already, and then to take him home by midnight. He said that he would drop in at the Bay Bar while they were there just to make sure that he had the right man.

All this, Ella claimed in her confession, she had done, and by shortly after midnight, she and Barber were in their bedroom — she still dressed in her nurse's uniform, and he in his undershorts, socks and a sport shirt. She told the police:

> My husband and I were having an argument. Barber went into the kitchen to get something. Noble came through the window, started tussling with him. . . . When it got quiet, I walked out. I talked to Noble. . . . I asked him whether he was dead. He said, "It's finished." He was kicking. He asked me did I want to kick him. . . . I don't know whether I kicked him or not. I started staring at him.

Once the police had this version, Schor continued, they took Noble into custody at the Home at around three o'clock in the afternoon. At first, he denied having anything to do with the murder, but on being confronted with Ella, who told him in detail what she had told the police, he, too, confessed. He had first met Ella at the Home, he explained, and although there had never been anything intimate between them, he felt himself inexplicably attached to her. "She used to come into the kitchen and see me staring out the window," he stated in his confession. "She asked me . . . was it mental dissipation or daydreaming. I told her no, it was constructive contemplation. Anyway, she used to come into the kitchen quite frequently. . . . She told me she understood me." Going on, he recounted how she had described her life with Barber, saying that, besides his drinking and brutality, he carried a switchblade knife and often threatened her with it. When she finally asked Noble to take care of Barber, he continued, he tried to put her off for a time until he could do it properly. "She persisted rather in a passionate manner," he stated. "I was too weak to resist. . . . She was shaking like a leaf. The fellow pulled a knife on her last night. . . . I couldn't stand her going to pieces because some fool was not broadminded [enough] to let her go. I was doing it — just getting rid of this son of a bitch, his last breath of life."

Once he decided to go ahead, Noble said that he got hold of another man, whom he described simply as a friend. After Ella had fingered Barber at the Bay Bar, where Noble spent half an hour or so playing shuffleboard, he and his accomplice followed them home. In the alley at one side of the basement apartment, the two men took off their shoes and crawled through the kitchen window. From there, they went to Dunn's room, where Noble picked up a folded blanket from the foot of the bed and opened it. A few minutes later, as they waited uncertainly, Barber went into the bathroom and then headed for the kitchen, which he could only reach by passing through the room they were in. As he left the bathroom, Noble recounted, "He made a remark — 'Every damn morning I get up, I am ready to die.' The son of a bitch made this remark." That was too much for Noble. Lunging at Barber, he threw the blanket over his head and stabbed him several times in the neck and once — mortally — on the wrist, severing an artery. Barber fell to the floor, Noble said, and the friend and he began kicking him. "While I was kicking, I uttered some remark — 'You would take advantage of somebody,' " he quoted himself. "I was saying, more or less in essence as a teacher would say, 'You go around taking advantage of frail, helpless women.' "

SINCE NOBLE was the principal figure in the case, the burden of the defense fell largely to Edelbaum. While from the beginning he resorted to a good many rhetorical devices — from deceptively innocent, matter-of-fact questions on through amazed hissing whispers to arm-waving, thunderous indignation — he reserved his real stuff for the police. The first of these to undergo cross-examination was a handsome. gray-haired man in his early forties named Edward Quilty, a detective attached to the 62nd Squad. As he explained, he had been the first to question Ella, beginning at around a quarter to seven on the morning of the crime — after he had gone to the scene to take a look. From then until the early part of the afternoon, he testified, he and several other detectives — among them Lieutenant Victor Kaufman, chief of Brooklyn West Homicide, who was in charge of the case — had questioned her until she told her final story. Once Noble was brought in, Quilty continued, another officer was sent to pick up the shoes he said he had worn the night before which he had left at his mother's apartment in Harlem, where he spent the night as he occasionally did. Edelbaum now questioned him:

> *Q.* You were in a room with him and who else?
>
> *A.* Lieutenant Kaufman.
>
> *Q.* And Detective Kaufman talked to him?
>
> *A.* Yes.
>
> *Q.* How long did he talk to him?
>
> *A.* Three hours.

"Three hours," Edelbaum repeated, and, after going over some other details, asked:

> *Q.* During those three hours, did you strike the defendant?
>
> *A.* No.
>
> *Q.* Did anybody in your presence strike the defendant?
>
> *A.* No.
>
> *Q.* Did the defendant say to you he wanted a lawyer?
>
> *A.* No.
>
> *Q.* Were you present when the defendant was interrogated by an Assistant District Attorney?
>
> *A.* Yes.

Digressing briefly again, Edelbaum abruptly turned to the jury a couple of minutes later, and demanded, "How long did that interrogation take place by the District Attorney?"

Thinking for a moment, and then consulting some notes, the detective answered, "It concluded in the neighborhood of ten o'clock."

> *Q.* And he started about what time? [Edelbaum was still facing the jurors.]
>
> *A.* About a half hour after he got there.
>
> *Q.* What time would that be, approximately?
>
> *A.* He got there at eight o'clock P.M.
>
> *Q.* So would you say he questioned him about an hour and a half?
>
> *A.* I would say he concluded around ten-fifteen.
>
> *Q.* And were the questions continuous?
>
> *A.* Yes.
>
> *Q.* There were no interruptions? [Edelbaum at last turned to the witness.]
>
> *A.* No interruptions.

A little later, Lieutenant Kaufman, a balding, middle-aged man with a strikingly casual manner, took the stand and in the course of describing the events during the time he had questioned Noble, said, "I told him that she had made a statement, and I told him he had better tell me what happened."

"He had *better!*" Edelbaum roared. "Or what would happen if he didn't?"

"No, I didn't say that," Kaufman put in hastily. "I didn't say that."

"Didn't you just tell us that he had *better* tell you what happened?" Edelbaum demanded in a quivering voice. "Is that a Freudian slip?"

"No, it is *not* a Freudian slip," Kaufman answered indignantly.

WITH THIS, Edelbaum called his client to the stand. Rising quickly, Noble stalked, with hands clasped behind him, to the witness box and sat down in the same way he had before. A couple of times during his testimony, he sat up sharply and gestured by moving his still-clasped hands jerkily forward and back. Under Edelbaum's questioning, he told a story that varied widely from what had been said up to that point. For one thing, he said, speaking in a very rapid, rather soft, mumbling way, he had been picked up by the police at the Home not in mid-afternoon, but shortly after nine in the morning. For another, everyone in the squad quarters except Quilty had beaten him off and on from about nine-thirty in the morning until six that evening.

> *Q.* Did there come a time when they brought in Mrs. Barber?
>
> *A.* Yes.
>
> *Q.* Tell us what happened when she was brought in.
>
> *A.* They brought her in. They sat her down in a chair. They said, "Tell him what you told us." So she made a hysterical statement and was muttering in a more or less unintelligible fashion. She said something. They said, "You know, tell him what you told us." She made some motion. She made some unintelligible sound. I couldn't understand what she said. . . . They came—all of them crowded around me—and said, "You heard it. What are you going to do now?" All of them crowded about — four of them crowded around the chair I was sitting in — and began slapping me. They said, "We have a reputation for getting confessions in this precinct. You know that, don't you? I told them I don't know what they're talking about, I'm not going to admit to anything that is going to put me in the electric chair or prison for the rest of my life. They kept it up and kept it up, and they reached a point beyond which I found myself incapable of proceeding, and I said, "All right, anything you say."

A couple of hours later, Noble went on, he was brought into a room where an Assistant District Attorney and a stenotypist, along with Quilty and Kaufman, were waiting for him. Somewhat recovered, Noble again denied any connection with the murder, whereupon

> . . . The D. A. banged his fist on the table and yelled, "Listen, you bastard, I'll put you in the chair! I'll fry you! I'll have that girl take the stand against you!" Then he hesitated for a minute, looked me in the eye as if he was trying to discern some manifestation of stupidity in my face, and he said, "All right, now start over again and tell us what happened over there." I said, "Am I forced to make all these incriminating fallacies against myself before I have a chance to consult with counsel?" He said, "All right, take him out." They took me out and began to work me over . . . and they began to bang me around until I said, "All right." And they said, "He is ready now." And they sat me back in the chair I relinquished about fifteen minutes previously.

In the end, Noble continued, the D.A. had given up and dictated the confession to the stenotypist, pausing frequently to ask him if that were right. "Anything you say," Noble said he had answered. "Anything you say." Finally, the statement was completed, and the D.A. told him that he had been very cooperative, and smiled. "It reminded me of a smile that Brutus had on his face," Noble told the court.

The point that Edelbaum was slowly working toward emerged soon after he recalled Quilty to the stand. Picking up Noble's confession, which as yet had not been put in the record, he slipped on his glasses and approached the witness. Asking him to recall the colloquy between Noble and the D.A. who took his statement, a man named Wallace Flax, Edelbaum said, "Do you remember him being asked these questions and making these answers? Question: 'What happened at 1973 Eighty-first Street, James?' Answer: 'Am I compelled to answer these questions before I consult legal counsel?' Question: 'What happened?' Answer: 'After I speak to legal counsel, I will speak to you.' Question: 'If I ask you any more questions, what would your answers be?' Answer: 'After I speak to legal counsel, I will talk to you.' " Removing his glasses, Edelbaum faced the jury again, and said, "Did you hear him asked those questions and make those answers?"

With a nod, Quilty said, "Yes."

"Now, at that point was he taken out of the room?" Edelbaum asked. "Yes or no?"

"No," Quilty answered unhesitantly.

QUICKLY putting his glasses back on, Edelbaum turned to the detective and, looking at the confession, said, "Well, the very next questions were these: Question: 'James, do you want to make a statement?' Answer: 'I do.' " Lowering the paper, Edelbaum shook it and shouted, "Do you remember *that* question?"

"Yes, Mr. Flax asked it," Quilty answered calmly.

Edelbaum turned his back on him, and then, suddenly wheeling around, cried, "And do you tell us that after these other questions where he asked for legal counsel, the very next question was then asked? Question: 'James, do you want to make a statement?' Answer: 'I do.' You tell us *that* happened without *any* interruption whatso*ever?*"

"Yes," the detective replied.

"And the very next question?" Edelbaum went on, his voice rising even higher. "Question: 'Do you want to see your lawyer as you told me before?' Answer: 'No. I tell you the truth—everything that happened.' Do you tell us that *that* next question immediately followed the other questions without any interruptions, without him being taken out? Do you tell us that now?"

"Yes."

"And the questions continued *without* interruption?"

"Without interruption."

THE stenotypist from the D.A.'s office who had taken down the confessions—a dark-haired man of about thirty named William Hilowitz, with a fixed expression of general perplexity—took the stand and added the further information, under Edelbaum's cross-examination, that he had recorded on each statement when it began and ended; Ella's statement, which was six and a half pages long, had taken eighteen minutes to put down, while Noble's, which was only a page longer, had taken fifty minutes.

"And then the examination continued, when you started at eight-fifty, right through to nine-forty, is that right?" Edelbaum asked.

"Yes, sir," Hilowitz answered.

"And Mr. Flax asked the questions and got the answers one after the other, right?"

"Yes, sir."

Edelbaum proposed reading the two statements to the jury and timing them — a request that brought Schor up from his chair with the objection that the circumstances under which they had been taken down could not possibly be reproduced. Granting that much, Judge Sobel overruled him on the ground that there was a sufficient discrepancy in the time each had taken to warrant such a test. Still, Schor refused to participate in it, and sat down sulkily. As a result, the Judge himself, with the authority of his position, read the statements slowly and with frequent pauses. Ella's confession took him nine minutes, and Noble's, about which he was particularly circumspect, took seventeen.

After court adjourned that day, I joined Kaplan, Silver and Leibowitz outside as they waited for an elevator. "In my opinion," Kaplan said to me, "the case won't get to the jury. Judge Sobel will probably call in Schor and tell him that he'll never get a conviction on murder one and that he'd better offer the defendants a reduced charge. By that time, they may be scared enough to take it."

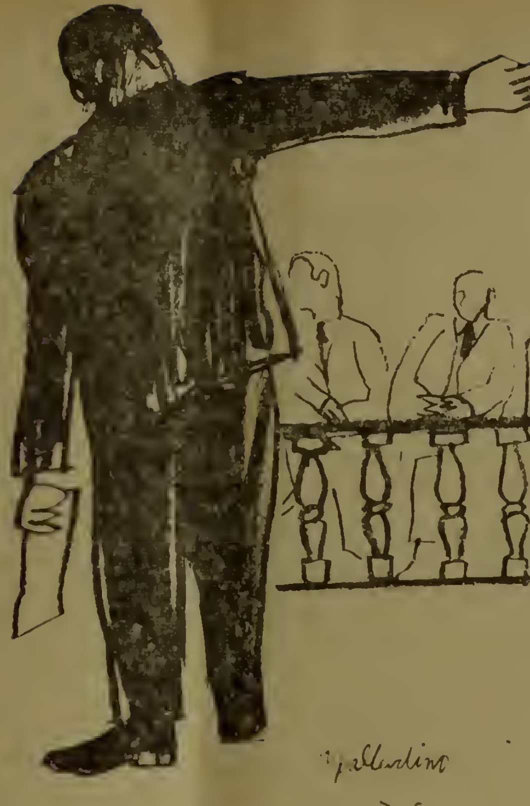
Leibowitz had been staring off abstractedly, but finally he shook his head distastefully, and said, "I never have understood how anyone can come into a station house and see a man bleeding and frightened and shaking, and can sit down and take a statement from him. I just don't see it."

"You've just got to do it right, Bill," said another lawyer who had just stopped by after observing the day's events. Smiling, he went on, "You never tell them to rough somebody up. I used to be an Assistant D.A. myself, you know. When I got to a station and they said the prisoner wasn't ready, all I ever said was, 'I'm going around the corner for a cup of coffee, and I'll be back in half an hour.' "

WHEN THE subject of corroborative evidence came up, it turned out that the murder weapon was still missing; that although the Barber apartment had been gone over for fingerprints, none of Noble's had shown up; that while his shoes were found without undue difficulty, the clothes he had worn on the night of the murder had never been discovered.

Moreover, it came out that the police had never checked at the Bay Bar to see if Noble — a memorable customer indeed—had been there on the night of the murder. Nor, it seemed, did anyone know who was the mysterious accomplice whom Noble had mentioned in his confession (and whom Ella had *not* mentioned in hers), or where he could be located; in fact, to all appearances, no one had troubled to look for him. As for the shoes, a serologist from the Medical Examiner's office stated that while the soles had revealed traces of human blood, there was not enough of it for him to determine whether it was even from the same general group as Barber's.

In both confessions, it was stated that Ella had paid Noble a hundred dollars in twenty-dollar bills, none of which were ever located, either. On this point, Edelbaum cross-examined Kaufman with particular thoroughness. "You tell us now, Lieu-



tenant Kaufman, that you, as the head of the homicide bureau for that district at the time you questioned Noble, didn't know whether or not he was searched when he was taken into custody to see how much money he had on him?"

"I do," Kaufman answered, with equanimity.

"And you didn't know, and you didn't inquire, is that right?"

"I didn't inquire, no."

Leaning forward from the waist, Edelbaum waved a fist, and shouted, "Well, don't you know that the five twenty-dollar bills would be the strongest evidence in this case if they were found in the possession of the defendant?"

"Yes," Kaufman said, shifting in his chair.

Again Schor got up to protest, saying, "Will the Court please instruct Mr. Edelbaum to treat the witness with respect?"

"I have the greatest respect for him," Edelbaum said sourly, as he turned his back on Kaufman and walked away, like a matador from a fixed bull.

NOT long afterward, the state rested—uneasily, by the looks of the prosecutor—and as soon as the jury and the defendants had left the courtroom for a recess, Edelbaum sauntered over to his opponent. "You know, Nat," he said, "my client might agree to take a plea now—to third-degree assault." Schor gave him a pained look and turned away.

Out in the corridor, I stopped Kaplan and asked him whether the police investigation of Barber's murder had been as slipshod as all the evidence brought out seemed to indicate. "They never expected it to come to a trial," he explained. "They had a couple of confessions—whatever they were worth—and so they just left it at that."

I wandered around, among the members of the audience—most of whom I recognized from earlier days in the trial. One of them, a tall, light-skinned Negro in his late fifties, appeared to be more in the know than several men standing around him. Just as I was about to make my way back to court, I heard one of them raise a question that had been in the back of my mind for some time, so I waited to hear what his answer would be. "Why are there so many big lawyers in one case—one little case like this?" the tall man said, repeating the question.

"Well, it's like this. It's good for a lawyer to get appointed to a case because of the money in it for him. The state pays. The state pays $2,000 per defendant."

The questioner snorted. "What's one-third of $2,000 to a man like Edelbaum when he has to spend two weeks and better here?" he asked.

"You are right, my friend," the tall man said, with a smile. "But you forget that they never thought it would go to trial. So every one of them lawyers gets a slice without more than a day or two of work. That's why. The judge who appointed them—not Sobel, but I don't recall exactly who—didn't expect it to come to anything any more than the rest of them did. That's what some people call politics."

THROUGHOUT the trial thus far, Ella had followed the proceedings closely and, as at the start, she still seemed quietly confident. When Kaplan called her as the defense's first witness, she hesitated momentarily and then quickly rose and walked to the stand. However, as soon as she spoke—in a soft, rather woolly voice that often burst into sudden incoherence—it was clear that she was under a fearful strain. To begin with, Kaplan, guiding her slowly and gently, brought out that she had worked a double shift on the day before the murder, from seven A.M. to eleven P.M., and that she had slept, at most, no more than four or five hours out of the thirty-six that preceded her statement to Flax; moreover, she had also been without food for twenty-four hours prior to that final interview. Continuing, she stated that although she had at times found living with Barber so difficult that she had even left him on one occasion—about three weeks before the murder—she had returned of her own accord a few days later because she wanted to be with him. Furthermore, she went on, others had found Barber a good bit more difficult than she had, including a man named Leo with whom Barber had almost had a knife fight the day before he was killed.

When Kaplan asked her to recount the events of the night of the murder, Ella told how Barber had met her at the Home at about eleven o'clock Friday evening, and that after being joined by a woman, who also worked at the Home, and her husband, the four went to the Bay

Bar. Worn out from her long day and not being much of a drinker to boot, Ella said that after she had consumed better than two three-ounce glasses of whiskey, she wanted nothing more than to go to bed. Barber, however, wanted to go to Coney Island and get a hot dog at Nathan's, and was furious when everyone else voted to turn in. Once back home, Ella said, Barber continued to grouse about not getting his hot dog. Ignoring him, she went into the bathroom to wash off her makeup before going to bed, and as she did, she happened to glance around and saw a strange man coming through the kitchen window. Terrified, she ran into her bedroom and grabbed Barber. However, before she could speak, he pushed her aside and, saying that he was going to fix himself something to eat, started for the kitchen. In a panic, Ella recounted how she had looked around for a place to hide. "I thought I could go through the window, go under the bed or something," she testified. "I just didn't know what to do. I just passed out."

SHE REMAINED unconscious, she stated, until Dunn called her five hours later. Afterward, when she was in the station house, the medical examiner arrived. "So he came in and he told them how Bobby was killed," she said, and sobbed. "He said that he was stabbed, and he was—" Here she broke down once more, and stopped to collect herself. "He said he was stabbed and kicked and stomped," she went on finally, with an effort. Suddenly she cried, "He was just telling *every*thing!" and burst into tears.

Composing herself, Ella went on to say that after she had been questioned by the police at some length concerning her first story, she told one of the detectives that she was very tired, and he let her lie down on a cot in a small dormitory.

> As soon as I laid on the bed, the other detective, Detective Quilty, came in and he says that I wasn't going to lay down until I give him the story. So I said, "Well, I'm tired," I said, you know. "If you give me a chance to think, maybe I can think up another story to give you," I said, "but I told you the truth in the beginning." . . . He said, "Well, Ella, all we have to do is just get a story," he says. "Listen," he said, "you don't have nothing to worry about. All we want is a story." He said, "If you don't give us the story, you could go to jail." But he wanted the story about I had paid somebody, you know, to kill Bobby. . . . So he told me that if I would give him that story and persuade Noble to say it was true, that I wouldn't go to jail, but if I didn't give him that story, I would go to jail. . . . I was scared. I had never been in any trouble. I had never been to a precinct. I didn't know what to do. I just was doing what they asked me to do. Then when I went in the room to Noble to try to persuade him — they put handcuffs on me and told me to go in there and talk to Noble, you know — so I went in there, and I begged Noble to give them the story. He said, "What you want me to do, lie?" I said, "No, just tell them anything, Noble." . . . And so after that they took me out and everything, and before I went out of the room, there was one detective . . . he picked up a chair, you know, because Noble didn't want to do what I asked him to do . . . and I said, "Please don't hit him." I said, "He don't know nothing about it. . . ." So they took me on out and made me sit down. In the meantime — I was sitting in the office next to him — and they kept fighting Noble and everything. I begged them. I said, "God," I said, "there has been enough happened all day."

AN ADJOURNMENT for lunch followed, and I joined Silver in the elevator. Out on the street, he stopped and faced me. "The most important part to remember is that we didn't tell Ella what to say," he said. Perhaps I looked at him doubtfully, for he went on, with renewed emphasis, "Oh, you hear all those stories about lawyers who tell clients what to say, I know, but ninety-nine times out of a hundred that's pure bunk. Maybe a lawyer will suggest an over-all way to approach things. But we *never* tell a defendant what to say. We'd be fools to. In the first place, you don't know clients well enough to be sure just how they'll act, how much strain they can take, whether they're liable to break down on the stand and tell *all*. If they do, there you are—suborning perjury. As a lawyer, you're through. And, besides, what if you cook up some story and they tell it, and then they go to the chair? That's too much even for a lawyer to bear."

After lunch, Schor had his turn at Ella, and by this time the only real issue he had left was that since out of her pay of $203 only $83 was left when she was arrested, where was the rest? As Ella remembered, April 17th she had spent two to three dollars for sandwiches and ice cream for herself and her co-workers; she had given Noble eight dollars for some cosmetics, which he sold on the side; she had paid for five dollars worth of drinks at the Bay Bar; and she had given Barber sixty dollars to pay some bills of hers. Pointing out that this added up to only around $163, Schor wanted to know what had happened to the other forty. Mathematics was too much for Ella to handle, but when it came to handling Schor, she was quite up to the task. For one thing, she said, Noble's name had first come up not in regard to his being the killer, but when the police wanted to know what she had done with her pay and she mentioned the cosmetics she had bought along with the rest of her expenditures. For another, she continued, it had been Lieutenant Kaufman who suggested the hundred-dollar payment and, in particular, the five twenty-dollar bills, since he thought that would be easier for her to remember.

Getting back to when Noble's name had first come up, Schor asked:

> *Q*. Well, did you tell the detectives finally that Noble was the man who killed—
>
> *A*. No, they told me. They told me that Noble had told them I had gave him a hundred dollars.
>
> *Q*. And you agreed with that?
>
> *A*. I didn't agree.
>
> *Q*. You denied it?
>
> *A*. Why not? I didn't do it.
>
> *Q*. You wouldn't tell the detectives a lie, is that right?
>
> *A*. What do you mean, I wouldn't tell them a lie?

At this, Edelbaum snickered, and Schor stopped and glared indignantly at him. Once the D.A. had regained his composure, he returned to the detectives' story. "They told you,

'You have to answer the District Attorney in a certain way,' and they told you what to tell him, isn't that right?" he asked.

Nodding, she answered:

> They told me, "Ella, look, we're trying to help you." I don't know whether they're trying to help me or not. They fixed the story up and told me to tell it. Not only that I wouldn't have anything to worry about. I had the impression I was going home when I gave them the story. They didn't even tell me I was going to jail.

NEARLY four days of the proceedings were devoted to assessing Noble's mental state. To fill in his background, Edelbaum went over Noble's history as it had been recorded in the course of his various brushes with the law. To begin with, he was born—out of wedlock, father unknown—in Tarboro, North Carolina, a small tobacco and cotton town. His mother, who worked mainly as a maid, took him to Washington, D.C., to live during his childhood, and they remained there until he was seventeen, when they moved to White Plains. The following year, Noble stole a few dollars from his mother and took a jaunt to Washington. When he got back, she filed a complaint against him, and he was arrested and put on probation as a wayward minor. Feeling none too kindly toward his mother—whose way of life, which he described to various doctors as promiscuous, he seems to have resented even more bitterly than her reliance on the police when it came to taking care of him—Noble moved in with an aunt who lived nearby. However, he stole from her also—cigarettes, this time—and she turned him in to the authorities, too. While in jail on this occasion, he was given a physical checkup and was found to have syphilis, which was thought to be congenital. Put on probation once more, he turned up two months later in White Plains City Court charged with possession of a dagger. Given a suspended sentence and put on probation again, he failed to report to his probation officer and, as a result, was committed, early in 1946, to the Elmira Reception Center. There, for the first time, he came to the attention of a psychiatrist who diagnosed him as a psychopathic personality, a disorder that does not constitute insanity.

Shortly afterward, he was transferred to the New York State Vocational Institute at Coxsackie where, after another year, he was examined again, and again adjudged psychopathic; the prognosis was fair, and an early parole was recommended. However, a year later he was still there, and after the psychiatrist had examined him, he reported that Noble claimed he had visions, that he was planning to sue the state, that he had dreams of turning into a wolf-man, and that he was going to join the Russian Army. This time, he was diagnosed as a schizophrenic, paranoid type—a serious enough mental condition to constitute legal insanity in any court in the land—and within a matter of days, he had been shunted over to Matteawan State Hospital. After undergoing observation for several months, he was classified as being psychotic. Although psychosis, too, signifies insanity, he made a rapid recovery, for within seven months of the time he was admitted, Noble was out again.

THAT WAS IN the winter of 1949, and he managed to stay out of trouble until 1956, when he was again arrested, this time in New York City, and charged with carrying a concealed pistol; in due course, he was convicted, and once more sent away—to Greenhaven State Prison. Examined there by still another psychiatrist, the conclusion this time was: "We are dealing with a schizophrenic of long standing with psychopathic behavior, and as he gets older, more of the schizophrenic picture is visible; prognosis is guarded and supervision should be strict." It was strict, until he was released again, two years later, in the fall of 1958. Trying a couple of jobs—neither of which, he later said, "complemented my personality"—he finally went to work, in December of that year, at the Haym Solomon Home. After being indicted for Barber's murder, Noble was examined once again, at Kings County Hospital, where the chief psychiatrist concluded that he was a schizoid personality, but not insane. On the other hand, a psychologist on the hospital staff put Noble through the usual battery of Rorschach tests and such, and on the basis of these reported that he was definitely insane—"a decompensating paranoid schizophrenic who is managing to sustain a borderline contact with reality."

For the most part, Noble had been attentive but aloof throughout the trial. From time to time, he smiled at a snatch of testimony or shook his head—usually in indulgent contempt—and twice he laughed outright. However, when Edelbaum began to read from the various psychiatric reports, Noble at last became engaged. He openly sneered at findings that suggested or came right out and said that he was mentally ill. Then, when Edelbaum quoted a record from Greenhaven that stated Noble had an I.Q. of 86, he sat forward sharply and glared at his lawyer. A few minutes later, when he took the stand again, Noble was clearly furious. Grudgingly, he answered Edelbaum's queries about his background—he had attended school as far as the seventh grade, he said, and he added to this meager education by taking various courses at Coxsackie and Elmira; moreover on being released from prison, he bought some books and taught himself ancient, medieval and modern history, along with geology, mathematics and music. Continuing, he stated that he had been a Jew for three years but, since his most recent arrest, had turned to Christian Science. Some matters, though, he refused to discuss—that he was a congenital syphilitic and illegitimate. When Edelbaum referred to the latter fact, and asked whether that hadn't disturbed him, Noble gave him a lofty look. "Nothing disturbed me," he said. "I am completely complacent."

However, his complacency vanished when Edelbaum asked him to tell the jury why, exactly, he had been sent to Elmira. "I would prefer you read it to the court for the record," Noble replied. "That way, there will be no discrepancy." Finally, as Edelbaum continued to press him on this subject, Noble lost his temper. "Are you trying to palm me off as a nincompoop?" he cried. "You say my I.Q. was 86 at Kings County. They told me my I.Q. was 120. You didn't tell the jury *that!*"

Even though Edelbaum conceded that his I.Q. was 120 on the verbal level (86 on the conceptual), Noble was quite unmollified. Apparently preferring to be convicted of murder than of being slow-witted, he interrupted Edelbaum to say, "You are reading more or less in an effort to try to convey to the jury that I am mentally disturbed."

His stint in Matteawan, he explained, had been the result of his putting "on a bug act"—a sham likeness of insanity that he had got away with quite simply. "[The doctor] asked me a lot of questions," he went on. "I knew how to answer them, but I gave answers contrary to what a sensible person would give. . . . I told him quite a concatenation of lies." Asked why he had gone to this trouble, Noble replied that he had heard that inmates at Matteawan got more milk than those at Coxsackie. "I figured I would put on some weight and when my time was up, I figured I would have put something over on them."

WHEN INSANITY is a plea, it is quite often the case that opposing experts cancel each other out, but in this instance it seemed to be the general opinion, once all the medical testimony was in, that the defense had won in a walk away. Edelbaum called two psychiatrists on this issue. They had interviewed Noble together for close to four hours, and their mutual conclusion was that he was decidedly schizophrenic, which constitutes legal insanity, since it means that he knew neither the nature and quality of his act nor that it was wrong.

On rebuttal, the state's first witness was the acting superintendent of Matteawan, Dr. Solon Wolff, a diminutive, elderly man who had drawn up the original summary of Noble's condition that Edelbaum had read from earlier, which stated that Noble was psychotic. As Dr. Wolff put it now, though, he had been psychotic only while at Coxsackie and by the time he got to Matteawan his psychosis was tapering off; consequently, when he was discharged after seven months, he was suffering from a psychopathic condition. During this testimony, Noble nodded and smiled encouragingly at the doctor, and was clearly delighted with him.

SCHOR'S NEXT expert, Dr. David Abrahamsen, concurred emphatically with Dr. Wolff's view that Noble was quite sane. This, he testified under Schor's examination, he could tell solely from his "personal observation in the courtroom." If Noble had been psychotic since his stay in Coxsackie, he said, "he would be looking like a vegetable."

Although the jury was not informed of it, the law protects a defendant who is pleading insanity by allowing him, on the grounds of possible self-incrimination, to refuse examination by the state's doctors, which Noble's counsel had taken advantage of. Schor's witnesses, therefore, were obliged to depend wholly on the various records of Noble's medical history and on their observation of him in court. Edelbaum made good use of this fact by picking up Dr. Abrahamsen on his testimony concerning the latter, by asking, simply, "You tell us now—I want a yes or no answer to this, Doctor, without equivocation—do you tell this jury now that you, as a psychiatrist, can tell us with reasonable certainty, merely from your observation of the defendant in this courtroom, you can tell us now, without anything further, without any other knowledge, without any other record, without questioning the defendant, you can express an opinion that on April seventeenth or eighteenth this defendant knew the nature and quality of his act or knew it was wrong?"

Seeing what had happened, Dr. Abrahamsen tried to retract his earlier statement, but Edelbaum hammered after him, insisting on an answer, until, finally, Judge Sobel turned to the witness and said, "The District Attorney asked you the identical question, and you answered, yes, you could with reasonable certainty form an opinion. Now the defendant's counsel is entitled to have a yes or no answer."

However, Doctor Abrahamsen preferred to ignore the Judge. "I believe it would be unfair of me to answer this question with a yes or no," he said, "because I did know beforehand what was going on, so therefore my answer must be, No."

That now settled, Edelbaum said, "Now, Doctor, you told us that if this man was a schizophrenic, paranoid type, as he sits here in the courtroom he would look like a vegetable. Isn't that your testimony?"

"Yes," Dr. Abrahamsen answered.

"Do you tell us now that every schizophrenic, paranoid type that you ever saw in your life looked like a vegetable?"

Again the Doctor refused to answer with a yes or no, again Edelbaum insisted, and again the Judge intervened. "I think you can answer it yes or no," he said. "He asked you if every one you saw looked like a vegetable."

"No," Dr. Abrahamsen answered, after a pause.

"All right," Edelbaum said, turning away, "that's an answer."

At one point, Doctor Abrahamsen let the jury know that he had not been allowed to examine the defendant personally, and the Judge had the remark stricken from the record and told the jurors not to draw any inference from it. Edelbaum managed to turn even this to some use. Wouldn't it have been more desirable, he asked, if the Doctor had had an opportunity to examine Noble?

"I must answer this yes or no?" Doctor Abrahamsen asked.

"Yes, please," Edelbaum replied.

"It is very hard to answer this question," the Doctor said.

"Try," Edelbaum told him. "Try hard, Doctor."

Finally, after a long pause, Abrahamsen shrugged, and said, "I can give a qualified yes."

THE STATE'S next—and the case's last—witness was the chief psychiatrist from Kings County Hospital, a rather rumpled, white-haired man named Dr. Emil Winkler, who had examined Noble in November and found him to be sane. As Edelbaum brought out on cross-examination, however, his study had been made solely to determine whether Noble was able to understand the charges against him and to stand trial. Asked whether he thought Noble was sane at the present time, he answered that he couldn't tell, since he had not examined him recently.

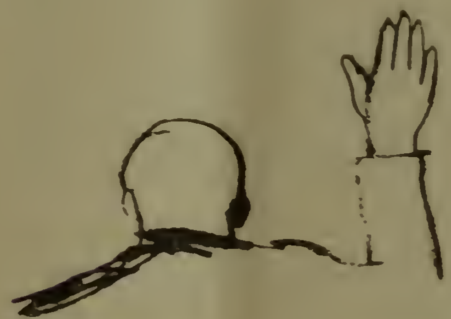
"In other words, Doctor," Edelbaum said, with marked deference, "it is your honest opinion that just from looking at him or observing him, you couldn't give an opinion now, could you?"

"I would not do it, no," Dr. Winkler answered.

Kaplan delivered his summation, which took him half an hour, in a calm, point-by-point fashion. In the course of it, he noted that Ella's lack of sleep was tantamount to coercion; that the police first heard of Noble from her in connection with the cosmetics; that the medical examiner described in her presence precisely how Barber had met his end; that both of the confessions might well have been Kaufman to Ella to Noble to Flax; and, finally, that she had no motive. One of the jurors, a gray-haired, middle-aged man in the back row, fell asleep toward the end of Kaplan's talk, but he came to with a start when Edelbaum embarked on his rousing, old-fashioned summation, during which he whispered and roared for a good hour. "I have been thirty-one years at the Bar, and I have never in my life seen such a terrible piece of work of investigation done in a homicide case as was done in this case," he cried, slapping the rail of the jury box. "They get varying stories from this lady, who had been up for so many hours. They get different stories from her, and they tell you that they didn't believe one story, and they didn't believe another story. Then, they get a final story, and they decided that story is true. These geniuses, they decided it's true. They solved a crime!"

WHEN Schor got his turn, he made some telling points. For one thing, he suggested that although there had been no testimony concerning whether or not Barber had spent or kept the sixty dollars Ella claimed she had given him, if she had in reality given it to Noble along with forty dollars more, that would account for her finances. For another, he said, "Would detectives frame two individuals of their standing? Would they have any reason to frame them? Was there bad feeling between these two defendants and the police? Are they people that are notorious? They get lost in the shuffle." Finally—and most effectively—he brought up Noble's confession, and read parts of it. "Do you think Flax, coming into the police station, could know how to dictate that?" he asked. "You couldn't do it in a thousand years—talk the way this man talks."

HOWEVER, Judge Sobel in his charge to the jury—a carefully worded, simply expressed document that took him three hours to read—put quite a different light on the case. After defining and explaining in elaborate detail the various legalisms at issue and reviewing the pertinent facts, he reminded the jury of every point in the defendants' favor—particularly the lack of corroborative evidence. "I instruct you," he said, "that apart from the alleged confessions, there is insufficient evidence as a matter of law upon which you can find either defendant Barber or defendant Noble guilty." He also took pains to clarify one matter concerning those confessions, saying for the third time, "I repeat once again that it is the duty of the District Attorney to establish in this case that all of the confessions were voluntary, and he must establish that fact to your satisfaction beyond a reasonable doubt." On the subject of Noble's mental state, the Judge slowly read aloud once more the various psychiatric findings that had been made before the trial. As for the testimony given during it, he pointed out that the prosecution's witnesses, "although they did not examine him personally," had found Noble sane, while the defense's witnesses, "both of whom personally examined the defendant," had diagnosed him as insane. Finally, he described the possible verdicts they could bring in—first or second degree murder, first or second degree manslaughter, not guilty, or, in Noble's case, not guilty by reason of insanity.



OUT IN THE corridor, I ran into Schor and asked him what he thought was the most likely verdict. "Not guilty by reason of insanity for Noble," he said, "and manslaughter one for Ella. That means back to Matteawan in his case and up to fifteen years in prison in hers."

Kaplan came up just then, and hearing this appraisal, shook his head. "Not that light, Nat," he said. "I bet it will be murder two for both of them."

We had a long wait. The afternoon dragged on and we went out for dinner and came back to wait some more. At two-thirty in the morning, everyone was sitting around in an outer office of the Judge's chambers when his clerk, a mild-looking man in his forties, hurried in. "They've reached a verdict," he said excitedly. "They're on the way." Hastily, we all took our places back in court. In rapid succession, Ella and Noble came in, both looking as collected as ever, and then the jury, appearing none the worse for their lengthy deliberation, filed in and sat down.

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?" the clerk asked. "Rise, Mr. Foreman."

The first juror, a slight, bespectacled man with bushy hair, stood up. "We have," he said.

"With respect to the defendant James Noble, what is your verdict?"

"We find James Noble guilty of murder in the first degree."

"With respect to the defendant Ella Barber, what is your verdict?"

"We find Ella Barber guilty of murder in the first degree."

In the stunned silence that followed, I looked at Ella and Noble. Their demeanor hadn't changed a bit. To be sure, Noble was sitting more upright, and Ella was leaning forward a little more than usual, but their faces revealed nothing whatever. A minute later, the wheels of justice began rolling once again, and the defendants were conducted, Noble in handcuffs now, to the clerk's desk to have their pedigrees taken. The clerk asked them their names, ages and places of residence, and both of them answered calmly and clearly. Edelbaum, standing beside Noble, was looking down at the floor, his face ashen. He didn't move until Noble lifted his manacled arms up and got his attention long enough to shake hands with him. "Thank you," Noble said. "I just want to thank you. I still think you're the greatest lawyer there ever was."

ONCE the defendants had been led out, Judge Sobel rose and went over to face the jury. "I am not permitted to express any opinion of a verdict, but I want to thank you," he said, his voice shaking noticeably. "I know that you did your duty as you saw it, and I would like to thank you for myself and for the District Attorney and for the defendants' counsel, for the long and arduous duty you performed. Thank you." The jurors returned his thanks, and filed out for the last time. As soon as they were gone, the Judge came down from the bench toward the lawyers grouped in the middle. "You tell them what to do, and they don't even consider it," he said, shaking his head. "I just don't think those poor devils should go to the chair."

Edelbaum, who was still looking dazed, rubbed a hand across his eyes. "It doesn't make sense," he said.

"Has anyone gone to ask them how they reached their verdict?" Judge Sobel asked. Silver volunteered and hurried out, and the Judge, shaking his head again, turned and went back to his chambers.

Edelbaum went up to Schor, and said, "It doesn't make any sense, Nat. Can *you* figure it out?"

Schor, who was looking rather shaken himself, shrugged. "It's one of those things, Maury," he said.

Shortly after Judge Sobel reappeared, wearing a dark-blue coat and a gray hat and smoking a good-sized cigar, Silver came back. "I caught them on the street," he said, breathlessly. "They were all for conviction from the very start except Juror Eight, the tall, bald-headed fellow. He didn't believe Noble's confession was voluntary. He told me he held out as long as he could, but they finally wore him down."

"You mean they didn't even *question* his sanity?" Edelbaum cried.

The local newspapers hadn't printed anything about the case while the trial was on, but the following day several of them took note of Judge Sobel's unfortunate first, as well as of the fact that Ella would be the first woman in Brooklyn to be sent to the electric chair in over sixty years. Later that day, I telephoned Kaplan to see how he felt about the outcome. "Bad—very bad," he said, and sounded it. "I went to see Ella in jail this morning as soon as I could, and she's in awful shape. I told her that maybe the Judge would set aside the verdict if she would take a murder two, but she refused. She just shook her head, and said, 'Mr. Kaplan, I didn't do it. And that man Noble is innocent, too.' "

A FEW days later, I stopped by at Edelbaum's office in midtown Manhattan to see if he had anything further to offer on the case. "Of course, an appeal is automatic in this situation," he said. As for the jury's decision, he admitted that he was no less perplexed by it now than when they announced it. Continuing, he told me that Noble had also rejected any possibility of pleading guilty to second-degree murder—or anything else, for that matter. "He swears he'll go to the chair first," Edelbaum said, shaking his head. Suddenly, he smiled and, reaching into a desk drawer, brought out a couple of sheets of cheap lined notepaper, and handed them to me. "It's a poem Noble sent me after the verdict came in," he explained. Excusing himself, Edelbaum picked up the phone to make a call, and while he was talking, I went over to a chair in the corner and read the poem, which was entitled "The Mellifluous Maurice" and signed "James Noble."

Poignant and magnetic, before the jury stood
The mellifluous Maurice, the errant's Robin Hood,
Remote, sedate, suave, and deft, and classically blasé,
Wafted by his mastery, the throng commenced to sway!
Suspense was choice; it seized with awe, it seemed,
And I a trite, enchanted, indeed a fulfilled, dream!
The mellifluous Maurice, with diplomatic skill,
Confuted with a velvet touch the lie that I had killed!
He swoon'd and sway'd and sallied forth, and set
The crowd in awe.
Their oohs and aahs were stilled, as he discern'd
The flaw!
The magic of this Maurice, his mellifluous mirth,
Vitamined and golden-hued, he fructifies the earth!
He raps and rants and raves and jests; a finished dramatist.
He's poised, he's keen, he's sweet, he's king, that's
Why he heads the list!
He modulates from law to law. He has a
Deadly punch.
He's like a king against a pawn when he
Perceives a hunch!
The joke is past, the die is cast, the jury seems
Irate.
They leer and hiss and seem amiss; they are indeed
My fate!
The sign displayed, I am dismayed, am fraught with
Mortal fear!
Be not alarm'd, be cool and calm: Mellifluous
Maurice is here!!
They said I killed, with lust and skill, and Justice
Must be done.
I have not slain, but bear the pain of the guilty
One!
From the fort, to the court, a victim by decree.
All life is rare with none to spare! Maurice
Come set me free!
Devoid of Edelbaum, I'm certain to succumb.
My doom seems sealed. I did not kill, how can they
Be so dumb!
They say you are the best. Well, here's the classic
Test:
I know you are not bested, but shan't it be
Contested;
If I am burned, shall you have earned the
Title so most vested?

THE NEGRO VOTER . . *by Henry Lee Moon*

TO ASSERT confidently in September how any group of voters will cast their ballots in November requires a clairvoyance — or a rashness — with which this writer is not endowed. There are too many imponderables involved, particularly concerning a segment of the electorate that has demonstrated as much fluidity and has been subjected to as many varied pressures as have Negro voters.

It is, however, possible to evaluate the influencing factors. Basically, Negro voters will be guided by the same general considerations which determine how other American citizens vote. They share a common concern for the national welfare, peace and security. As wage earners and consumers, their well-being is affected by the employment situation, by wages and prices, by the availability of adequate housing and health services. And as members of the nation's largest ethnic minority, they have an important and emotional stake in equality of opportunity and civil rights. Among Southern Negroes, the civil-rights issue, perhaps, will be the dominating one; elsewhere, the complex of all these factors, rather than any single one, will determine how the Negro voter casts his ballot.

Just how many Negroes will be registered and how many will vote in November is as unpredictable as for whom they will cast their ballots. An estimated 4,000,000 went to the polls in 1956, nearly 1,000,000 of them in the South. It is reasonable to expect a higher figure in 1960 because of the natural increase in the number of potential voters, the continuing out-migration of Negro families from the low-registration areas of the South, and the stepped-up drive to register more Negroes in the Southern states. Last December, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference jointly announced a campaign to add 1,100,000 Negroes to the voting rolls in the South.

The total number of Negroes registered to vote this year may approximate 5,500,000, the number depending upon the amount of interest in the campaign and the intensity of the various registration drives.

If colored citizens (like other segments of the electorate) tend to vote for the candidates and party which they believe best serve their interests, they tend also (again like other ethnic or economic groups) to identify these interests with those of the nation. But Negroes especially are confronted with organized and entrenched opposition to the realization of their goals. This opposition which, in the South at least, is blatant and unabashed, tends to solidify Negro voters and accounts for the charge of "bloc voting" often leveled at them.

THAT civil rights has become an issue involving more than the wooing of Negro voters is evidenced by the strong, specific and comprehensive planks adopted at both the Democratic and the Republican national conventions. The convention actions were an affirmation of the country's basic equalitarian principles and a recognition of the need to implement these concepts at home if America is to retain moral leadership of the free world.

Analyzing the civil-rights planks of the two parties, NAACP Executive Secretary Roy Wilkins noted:

> . . . For the first time, both parties have put themselves on record unequivocally as favoring the elimination of segregation and other forms of discrimination from all areas of community and national life.
>
> Both have pledged to remove the procedural roadblocks in the Congress that have impeded progress towards that goal.
>
> Both have reaffirmed support of the historic right of peaceful protest against the indignities and injustices of discriminatory treatment.
>
> Most important, both have recognized the need for affirmative legislative and executive action by the federal government and have committed themselves to such a course.

MEASURED by the NAACP standard, Senator Kennedy has a more favorable voting record in the Congress on civil rights and related social-welfare legislation than Vice President Nixon. Both candidates were members of the House in the 80th and 81st Congresses. According to the NAACP scoreboard, Kennedy voted favorably on the two civil-rights issues before the House in the 80th Congress — to reject a proposal for Congressional approval of segregated regional colleges (May 4, 1948), and to enact an anti-poll-tax law (July 27, 1947). On eleven other measures of NAACP interest, he is recorded as having voted favorably seven times, unfavorably once, and being absent three times.

The record shows Nixon absent for the tally on the regional college plan and voting for the anti-poll-tax bill. On the eleven other measures, he twice voted favorably, seven times unfavorably and was absent twice.

In the 81st Congress, Kennedy is recorded as having voted favorably on four of five civil-rights measures and being absent on the fifth.

On the other five bills on which the NAACP took a position, Kennedy voted favorably four times and was paired favorably on the fifth.

Nixon's record on the five civil-rights measures reveals three unfavorable and two favorable votes. Later, as a Senator in the 82nd Congress, the Republican Presidential nominee three times voted unfavorably on civil-rights measures.

KENNEDY'S Senate record is longer, covering the 83rd through the 86th Congresses (1953-1960). Of twenty-one opportunities to vote on civil-rights issues during this period, he is recorded as having voted favorably twelve times and unfavorably four times. On four occasions he was paired favorably and once was absent. In 1957, he voted to retain in full the disputed Part III of the civil-rights bill which was emasculated in

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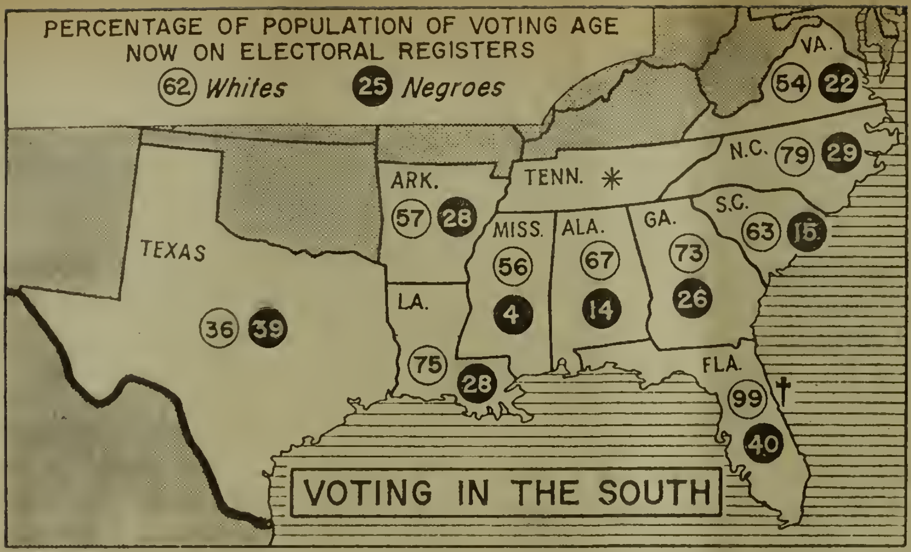
HENRY LEE MOON is the author of Balance of Power: The Negro Vote *and numerous magazine articles on the status of the Negro in the United States.*



NOTE: Tennessee figures not available; in Florida, because population is based on a 1950 census, the proportion of whites registered to vote is probably overestimated.

response to the hysterical demands of Dixie Senators. This section would have empowered the United States Attorney General to file suits, on his own initiative, in cases of civil-rights violations — including suits to desegregate public schools. The Massachusetts Senator, however, went along with the Dixiecrats in their insistence upon jury trials for violations of the Negro's right to vote, a provision which, in the opinion of experts, made it impossible to secure conviction of election officials charged with barring Negroes from the polls. In 1957 and again last year, Kennedy supported a new anti-filibuster Senate rule.

IN HIS role as Vice President, Nixon had no opportunity to cast a deciding vote on any civil-rights issue. However, at the beginning of the 85th and 86th (current) Congresses, he indicated his conviction that the Senate could, by majority vote, adopt new rules — including a new cloture rule — at the beginning of each new Congress, as does the House. In neither Congress did the issue get to the point of a formal ruling.

Except for his active and essential support of the Civil Rights Acts of 1957 and 1960, Senator Lyndon B. Johnson's civil-rights voting record in both Houses of Congress is largely negative. In the 77th, 78th, 80th and 86th Congresses he voted *against* abolition of the poll tax. Among his favorable actions were votes against a proposal to curb the Supreme Court, for extension of the life of the Civil Rights Commission, for home rule in the heavily Negro-populated District of Columbia, and for confirmation of Simon E. Sobeloff as a federal judge (as U.S. Solicitor General, Sobeloff had argued the government's case for public-school desegregation before the Supreme Court).

In the Senate, the Texan has distinguished himself as the able leader of the South's successful effort to retain the filibuster. He and Kennedy joined sixty of their Democrats in voting to table the Republican-sponsored civil-rights bills in the recent rump session of the present Congress. In labor and social-welfare legislation, his record is better than in civil rights, but not particularly notable.

Since Negroes gave overwhelming support to the Stevenson-Sparkman ticket in 1952, although Sparkman's civil-rights record was nil, it is unlikely that the selection of Johnson, despite his spotty record, as Kennedy's running mate will prove a decisive factor for Negro voters.

DURING his early years in the Senate, Henry Cabot Lodge, the Republican Vice Presidential nominee, was a consistent supporter of neither civil-rights nor social-welfare legislation. After his return to the Senate in 1945, from which he had resigned in 1944 to enlist in the Army, he reversed his earlier pattern, the NAACP scoreboard recording him as having voted unfavorably on civil-rights issues only twice out of seventeen chances.

The Lodge record on labor and social legislation, the NAACP tabulation indicates, is better than that of either Nixon or Johnson, but not equal to Kennedy's.

A candidate's record, however, consists not only of his votes, but also of his public position on issues not up for a record vote. Both Nixon and Kennedy have given lukewarm, qualified support to the Southern students' sit-in movement. Each has indicated a keen interest in Africa and a desire to aid the emerging nations on that continent. In his economic and political views, Nixon is admittedly the more conservative of the two, but conservatism is not regarded as an asset among a people standing in the need of change. The Vice President's name, unlike the Senator's, has not been associated with any of the South's extreme racists. Both have addressed NAACP mass meetings. The President's Committee on Government Contracts, chaired by Nixon, has required constant prodding to secure limited employment gains for minority-group workers.

TRADITIONALLY Republican, colored citizens were converted to the Democratic Party by the New Deal policies of President Franklin D. Roosevelt. Their party loyalty was intensified by President Truman, then a fighting advocate of civil rights. From 1936 through 1952, they returned increasingly large majorities for the Democrats. This trend was reversed in 1956. Contributing to the reversal were the increasing well-being of the Negro and the emergence of a prosperous Republican-minded middle class, the resurgence of race as a political issue in the South, civil-rights gains under the Republicans (most of them initiated during the Truman regime but brought to fruition under President Eisenhower), and the ineptness of the Democratic campaign.

In 1956, post-election surveys indicated the Negro Republican vote had increased by nearly 20 percentage points compared to 1952. There was also a startling decline in the votes cast in the Negro districts of the principal Northern cities, except Detroit. As most of these were registered Democrats, their failure to go to the polls was largely a Democratic loss.

Nevertheless, in 1956 the Democrats carried the areas of Negro concentration in all of the larger non-Southern industrial centers except Baltimore, Columbus and New Haven, the majorities ranging from 51 per cent in Boston to 90 per cent in Detroit. The Motor City was one of three showing a slight increase over 1952 in the percentage of Democratic votes.

THE BIGGEST and potentially the most significant switch by Negro voters that year occurred in the Deep South. Voters who had given the Republicans scant support in 1952 went overwhelmingly for the Eisenhower-Nixon ticket in 1956. Eleven Atlanta precincts returned 70 per cent of the vote for Stevenson in 1952. Four years later, these same precincts gave better than 80 per cent of their total vote to Eisenhower. Similarly, the Republican ticket carried the Negro districts in most, though not all, of the Southern cities. The strong support given the GOP by Negro voters in Nashville and Memphis was a factor in helping the President to carry Tennessee in 1956 by a margin of less than 6,000 votes. They contributed also to the Eisenhower victory in Louisiana.

This vote may have been more anti-Southern Democrat than pro-Eisenhower. In the South, not only is the Negro within earshot of the constant din of race hate emanating from local Democratic leaders, but he is also denied an effective role in party affairs and shares none of the political patronage. His vote is being increasingly sought by candidates in his area, but his civil-rights goals are rejected by those in control of the Democratic Party in his community and state, and even by the very candidates who seek his vote. He is compelled usually to vote for the lesser evil.

Even so, the majority of Northern Negroes — which means the majority of all Negro voters — was still voting Democratic in 1958. The Democratic Party continues to have significant drawing power among the Negro masses in the major industrial centers, where it is looked upon as the party of the poor man. Their attachment has been cemented by their stake in the local party machine, which gives the Negro a measure of recognition in party affairs and in political appointments (though by no means commensurate with his voting strength); by the skill and organizing ability of local Negro leadership; in some cities, as in Detroit, by the influence of organized labor; by the liberal records and advocacy of civil rights on the part of most of the Northern Democratic legislators, governors and mayors; and by the Negroes' long memories of the Hoover depression and the revival of hope under Franklin Delano Roosevelt's New Deal.

But this year the Democratic position has not been enhanced by the all but unanimous Democratic vote, in last month's rump session of Congress, to table two modest civil-rights bills.

ON THE religious issue, it is well to keep in mind that American Negroes are predominantly Protestant. The Eastern Baptist Association of Brooklyn and Long Island, N.Y., an all-Negro religious group, has adopted a resolution pledging that "No candidate will receive support who cannot, in good conscience, faithfully adhere to the doctrine of separation of church and state because of adherence to a system which is not only inimical to it, but denies religious freedom and equality when it has the power and opportunity to do so." The same attitude has been expressed privately by some Negroes. How widespread and deep-seated the sentiment is, it is difficult to determine. But there's no denying it exists, despite the militant and effective role of the Catholic Church in the desegregation struggle.

Only once in this century — in 1916 — has the vote of the Solid South been essential to the successful Presidential candidate. In anticipation of a close election this year, the GOP is making a strong bid to win some of the region's 128 traditionally Democratic electoral college votes. In such a contest, the Southern Negro voter may play a pivotal role. Free of ties to local political machines, these voters, acting independently as in 1956, may well be a balance-of-power factor in Virginia, North Carolina, Florida, Tennessee, Louisiana, Texas and possibly Georgia. In 1958, there were more than 1,000,000 Negro registered voters in these states. This figure will doubtless be higher in November as the result of registration drives and federal action under the Civil Rights Acts of 1957 and 1960. This is an electorate at which both parties might well take a second look.

NEGROES, observed Gunnar Myrdal in his classic volume, *An American Dilemma*, "are grossly discriminated against in what they get from politics." Since publication of the book in 1944, there has been some improvement. Nevertheless, the Negro minority still gets less out of politics than do other segments of the population. This continuing discrimination gives validity to the demand voiced by Congressman Adam Clayton Powell and J. Raymond Jones of the Harlem Democratic Leadership team for increased Negro representation in the party councils and in appointive and elective offices. The demand strikes dismay in the hearts of the political purists. Yet there is nothing new, different or strange about it except the race of the group currently advancing the claim. Moses Rischin points out in his Fund for the Republic report, *Our Own Kind*, that immigrant nationality and religious groups have in various ways expressed the same demand for political recognition. Their success is attested by the careful ethnic-religious balancing of party tickets, particularly in New York City and State.

Some progress in recognizing the Negro's claim to a rightful share in government has been made in cities like New York, Chicago and Cleveland, as well as on state and federal levels. But Negroes still remain "grossly discriminated against" in political rewards. The demand for elimination of this discrimination doubtless will increase in volume and acerbity as the Negro vote continues to grow in numbers and in strength in the nation's large industrial centers.

The Politics of Ratology (a fantasy) . . *by Mordecai Roshwald*

THE FOLLOWING account of institutions on "another planet" is taken from two chapters of a forthcoming novel by Mordecai Roshwald. Mr. Roshwald is the author of Level 7 *(McGraw-Hill), a novel of future war. He teaches at the University of Minnesota.*

THE WORD "metooku" came back to my mind the moment I woke up. I had heard it mentioned several times but somehow did not come to ask its meaning. Apparently, it had no precise equivalent in English, or I would know its meaning; yet, it was not completely obscure to me. I knew that "met" meant "average" and "ook" meant "rule," while "u" was the usual suffix for adjectives and adverbs (the Venutians make no distinction between the two). So, literally, "metooku" would be "pertaining to or having the characteristics of the rule of the average," or "in the manner of the average rule." Yet, this did not make much sense: for though the Venutians kept praising their average way of life all the time, the *rule* of the average seemed to me a rather strange notion. As a matter of fact, I had no idea how the Venutians were ruled.

AFTER I got up, or got down from the chair-bed, I asked Fleek (the rest of the family was asleep) about the precise meaning of "metooku."

"'Metook' is 'met-ook' or 'met chee ook'," he said (that is to say, "the rule of the average"). "But we use 'metooku' in a rather lax way: not only to indicate matters pertaining to the rule of the average, but also when we want to say that something is typical for a society which is ruled by the average, or that something is good because it results from the rule of the average. Sometimes 'metooku' just means 'average' and 'wonderful'—two words which are practically synonymous."

That sounded to me like our use of the word "democratic" there on the distant Earth. "Democratic" means "pertaining to democracy," but it also means "good because resulting from democracy," or just "good" and "desirable." But of course there it was Democracy, and here. . . .

Suddenly, it flashed through my mind: "Mediocracy"! That would be the equivalent to the Venutian word. Shorter than "the rule of the average" and far more flexible! "Mediocracy" could be easily modified into "mediocratic" instead of the clumsy "pertaining to the rule of the average"! "Isn't this mediocratic?" would sound as good as "Isn't it wonderful?"

To be sure, perhaps "average" and "mediocre" are not quite identical. One could imagine the average of a certain group, or society, to be far above mediocrity. But, in reality, in the Venutian reality, average and mediocre seemed much the same.

Fleek apparently took my silence, while I was musing about mediocracy, as evidence of lack of understanding, for he said: "I think you should take some lectures in Political Science. They will explain to you all about mediocracy ['metook', he said], its historical development and all that!"

I was eager to follow Fleek's advice and he kindly wheeled us into the study room. There he found the pertinent point in the course sequence in Political Science, and we both listened to the following lecture.

> MEDIOCRACY [said the lecturer] is the best form of government and the best organization of society. It is not only *relatively* best, that is to say, better than all the other political forms; it is *absolutely* best, that is to say, no better form *can* be devised.
>
> The main advantage of mediocracy is that it serves the needs of the average. It is hardly less important, however, that it thwarts the wishes of the eccentric. Its constant practice makes for the strengthening of the mediocre tendencies: thus, once mediocracy has been instituted, it steadily progresses towards the absolute mediocratization of society.
>
> It is in the very nature of mediocracy to be superior to other forms of government. For mediocracy does not aspire to things which are not established: it is satisfied with what is, with the average that is, with the average the way it is. It does not want to transform, it does not want to effect big changes; it is static and contented.
>
> Being itself static and contented, it makes the citizens static and contented. This prevents tension, enhances the capacity to relax. It also makes for order in society, for order is most orderly in a static society and can most easily be maintained in such a society.
>
> Mediocracy is the last stage in the political development of intelligent creatures. It is the last because it is the best, and there is no reason, or possibility, to go beyond this stage.
>
> IN ORDER to understand more profoundly the meaning of mediocracy, let us go back a few steps in our history and see how mediocracy developed from democracy.
>
> At one time, when our society was still quite primitive—both in technology and in political institutions—the government used to be elected by all adult creatures. This was a very intricate, time-consuming and inefficient method of political organization. There were several candidates to choose from and you had to listen to the arguments of each as to why he should be chosen and not one of his rivals—who also used similar arguments. This was most perplexing for average people who—justly and rightly—don't like to think hard and to waste their time listening to speeches.
>
> The burden was gradually recognized by the political leaders (for there were political leaders in those times). They simplified their arguments, cut their speeches and gradually improved campaigning to the point where all they did was open their lips and show their teeth and shake hands with the voters. He whose teeth-show and handshake were considered friendliest got elected.
>
> This was a great progress towards mediocracy, for it was far easier for the average creatures to decide between the friendly teeth-show of two candidates and their handshakes, than between their arguments and speeches, however cut and simplified. But this kind of democracy, though quite advanced, surely was not yet mediocratic in the modern sense of the word.
>
> The next stage came, imperceptibly, with the development of political ratology. Ratologists have known for a long time that you don't have to

test all the rats in order to learn how rats behave in a given situation. A sample of rats is enough! Consequently, the scientists started to study the reactions of samples of average creatures to different candidates for political office. If the sample showed a preference for a certain kind of teeth-showing and handshake, they could predict that the entire population would react in this way too.

Mind you, this was still a purely scientific practice—not acknowledged as a legal political instrument. When, however, the predictions of the political ratologists repeatedly proved correct, the average population became indignant about the waste of time involved in the old-fashioned elections, and the technique of the scientists was instituted as a legal practice. Democracy thus became more scientific, less time-consuming, more efficient.

AND YET the system had a very serious weakness. Though it relieved the vast majority of the time and effort of making a political decision, there was still a small minority, those chosen to serve as a sample, that had to be asked whom they chose for the government. This was considered unjust, for why should good average creatures suffer a loss of time which others could enjoy watching television (television was already in use at that time)? If a way could be found to release *every* citizen from the duty to vote, elect, state his opinions, form opinions at all—this would be an enormous step forward in the democratic emancipation of the citizen from the political burden!

"A persistent demand to be met is bound," says a proverb. The solution to the problem came again from still another scientific development. At that time a variety of electronic machines had been in use in various fields. Those machines could solve intricate mathematical problems without ever erring and much more quickly than the best scientists. Why should not such machines be used to solve problems facing the government? That is the question which Poon loo chee niak Moon asked and research in this direction was started. Before long the Automatic Government Machine, commonly known as A.G.M., was constructed and it has served us ever since.

This machine solves any problem that could face a government in an efficient, quick, unmistakable fashion. To be sure, issues appear in the administration of society which could be handled in *different* ways. But this difficulty was met in a simple way: the solution to be found was the one which would be chosen by the majority! The predominant majority consisted of the average creatures, and the average creatures had similar attitudes and responses: therefore, it was quite easy to construct the Automatic Government Machine in such a way that it would always and unmistakably solve political problems in the average way. Thus, it became the bulwark of mediocracy!

For though mediocracy had usually had its way before, through the channels of democratic elections, it sometimes became distorted: the chosen representatives were not always as mediocratic in spirit as their bared teeth and friendly handshake indicated to the voters. Thus democracy was not *always* and *necessarily* mediocratic. Now, the A.G.M. assured the genuineness of mediocracy in any decision made.

Mediocracy in its automatic form can be regarded as the last stage and the perfection of democracy. And the most wonderful thing about it is that this perfection is enjoyed without effort or cost to society. No more elections, no more troubling a sample with questions, no more problems for politicians and governments! A machine does it all, and will do it for ages to come, in a true democratic-mediocratic spirit, while we can enjoy leisure: take a ride in a "pfloo," watch television, have parties, show slides, and do whatever our heart desires.

Seventy-seven cheers for mediocracy!

THE LECTURE was over and Fleek stopped the film. "I never get tired of listening to that marvelous lecture," he said. "I have heard it innumerable times! It is wonderful! It shows our wonderful way of life: Mediocracy! We, the average creatures, are the rulers of the world, and yet we don't have to move our posterior [a literal translation of the Venutian phrase meaning "to lift the finger"] to make a political decision! Isn't it wonderful?"

"It certainly is," I said. "But tell me: are there no political discussions in your world? In my own world, a democracy without some sort of a parliament [they had a *word* for 'parliament' in Venutian!] would be unthinkable!"

As soon as I asked it I realized the stupidity of my question: why discuss a problem solvable by a machine! Fleek's answer came as a surprise:

"Sure we have a parliament! They discuss politics all right! If you like, I'll take you there! It's fun to listen to them. We even have it sometimes on television."

I told Fleek that I should like very much to see the parliament, if he would be kind enough to take me there while it was in session.

"It is always in session," Fleek said. "It never stops, it never closes! It's big fun! We may go there as soon as you wish. Let's wait only till Bleek wakes up. And maybe Blook will want to join us!"

I thanked Fleek very much and expressed the hope that it was not too long a journey.

"Oh no!" said he. "It is only a ride of about 5/10,000 'blin-blan' to the nearest parliament!"

"Do you have more than one parliament?" I asked surprised.

"Oh, countless!" was the answer. We have to make our political institutions accessible to everybody. Otherwise they would be neither democratic nor mediocratic. There is a parliament within the distance of 1/100 'blin-blan' 'pfloo'-ride of every home! That is one of the political decisions made by the A.G.M."

This was rather mystifying. In order to camouflage my ignorance I said: "I hope the parliament we are going to is one of the interesting ones and that they will be discussing some issue of importance."

"What do you mean by saying 'one of the interesting ones'?" said Fleek surprised. "They are all precisely similar and all of them always discuss the same thing at a given moment!"

I decided not to ask any more questions. Countless parliaments, evenly dispersed, identical and permanently in session—it reminded me of a chain-store with a branch in each neighborhood, or perhaps rather of the almost-identical laundromats in America which remain open twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week.

Still, I was impatient to see a Venutian parliament.

Before long, Bleek woke up, but did not feel like joining us. Blook, however, was delighted to come along. In a short while we were all in a "pfloo" going to the nearest parliament. After a trip of about three and one-half hours we reached our destination and went down in an elevator, which brought us directly to the gallery of the parliament. The gallery had only one semi-circular row of chair-backs: obviously, more rows would not be practical, as the Venutians could not move on steps or on a sloping floor. But there did not seem to be a need for more than this, for I noticed only three Venutian spectators besides my companions. The chair-backs could be turned into beds—Fleek did so with his and instantly dozed off.

THE ASSEMBLY room below was semi-circular and contained six semicircles of rows, increasing in length as the rows came closer to the gallery: the first row contained twelve seats; the second, fifteen; the third, eighteen, and so on. I calculated that there were 117 seats altogether. These did not include a seat occupied by a Venutian facing the assembly who had the most prominent place, at the geometrical center of the circle (if the semi-circle had been continued). "That is the speaker of the parliament," Blook told me.

I was pleased to notice that the house was full: in fact, not a single seat was vacant. Apparently, I concluded, I had the luck to arrive at a time when some important discussion was going on.

My attention was focused on the speaker who, at this moment, was banging with a gavel on the small table before him, shouting in a sonorous voice: "Order, order please!" I was surprised by the voice: even discounting my more sensitive hearing, this speaker had a tremendous voice in which quality, volume and pitch blended to perfection. "At least they know how to choose the right man for a speaker," I thought.

The call "order, order please" was repeated several times, together with the banging. I was a little puzzled by it, for I failed to notice any disorder in the assembly. True, preceding this outburst of the speaker, there had been a single exclamation from one of the back benches in the middle of some speech of a front-bencher, but that was all.

FINALLY the speaker stopped, retaining the gavel in his hand in a way suggesting an immediate resumption of banging at the slightest sign of disorder.

"As I was saying, before I was interrupted by the honorable member of the opposition," continued the front-bencher, "we have every good reason to be proud of our achievements. We have prosperity, everyone has all his needs gratified. With due respect to humility, we can say that the government should be proud of its management and. . . ."

Here a shout from the opposition back-bencher (the same one as before) silenced the government supporter: "Don't talk of humility, you proud hypocrite!"

This provoked another series of "order, please order" with bangings from the speaker, who seemed to enjoy himself by repeating his disciplinary rebukes to a perfectly silent assembly and letting his gavel go banging. Blook seemed to enjoy it too, for he exclaimed quite loudly: "Go on banging, go on!"

I was somewhat ashamed of his behavior, but nobody seemed to bother about it and the speaker, so sensitive about order, did not show the slightest reaction. He stopped again, the gavel in his hand, resuming the motionless but ready-to-act position, strangely identical with the former posture.

I took a closer look at the speaker and all of a sudden I saw: the speaker was a dummy! He was a very good dummy — looked almost alive —but now I realized that both his movements and his immobility were purely mechanical, had no life in them. I recollected how his lips moved while he was talking—the coordination was perfect—but he was a dummy.

I no longer listened to the speech which was resumed by the government supporter—this time without any additional interruptions. I focused my attention on the dummy-speaker, hypnotized by his motionless, about-to-go-into-action posture.

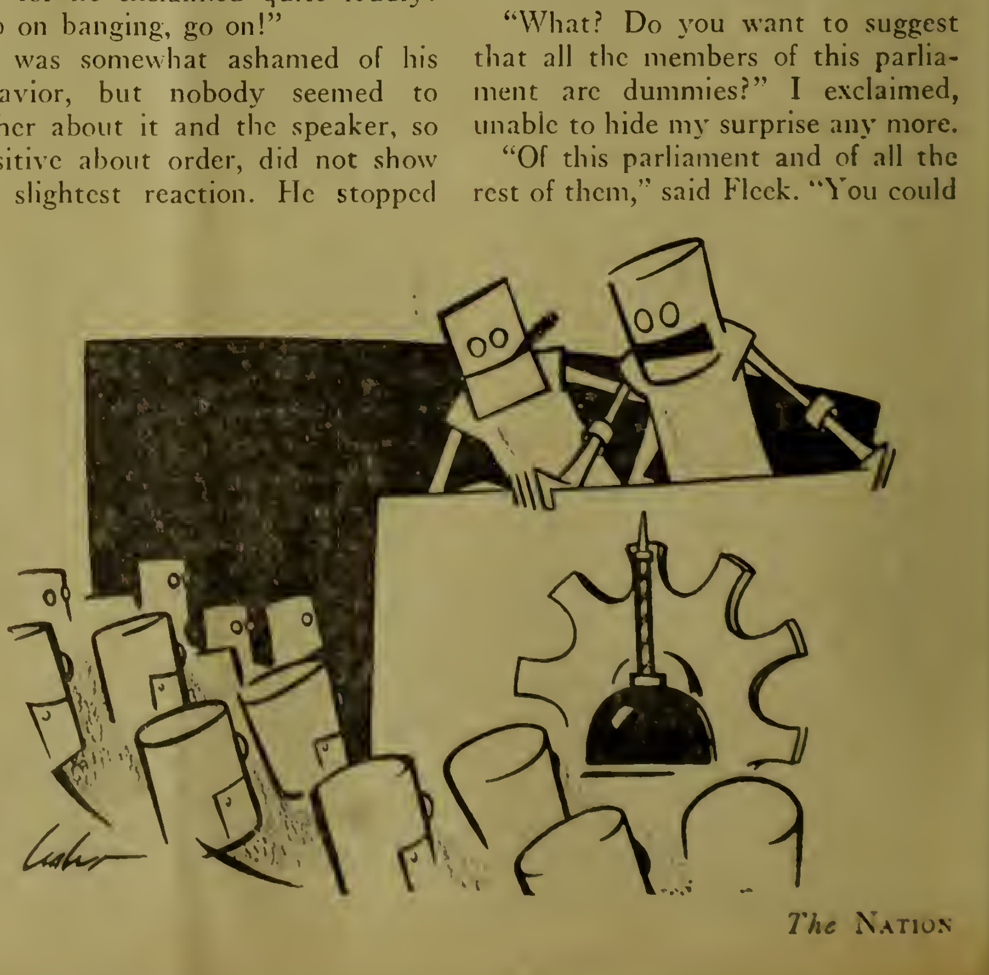
"I see that the speaker is a dummy," I said to Fleek after a while, in as cool a voice as possible. I did not want to show surprise at what they must have regarded as normal, and yet I wanted to induce him to tell me more about this strange arrangement.

"I beg your pardon?" said Fleek, waking up.

When I repeated my statement, Fleek said: "Of course! The speaker and all the rest of them."

"What? Do you want to suggest that all the members of this parliament are dummies?" I exclaimed, unable to hide my surprise any more.

"Of this parliament and of all the rest of them," said Fleek. "You could



not expect progressive living creatures to spend their precious time in discussing things which are best resolved by the government-machine. That would be undemocratic! After all *everyone* is entitled to watch television or to take a ride in a 'pfloo.' Why should one waste one's time on idle talking? Dummies can do it just as well. Far better, as a matter of fact! For they speak some of the most famous speeches in our history. The most famous controversies and the best speeches and discussions have been tape-recorded into these dummies!"

"But, but," I stammered, "if they are not alive. . . ."

"They have the additional advantage," interrupted Blook, "of being permanently in session. They never get tired and the tape does not get tired."

"But then they repeat themselves," I tried to argue.

"True," said Fleek, "but who does not?"

I remained silent and Fleek, not getting any response, continued after a while:

"Well, my dear creature, I understand your astonishment at these perfect arrangements in our parliaments. They are the result of a long evolution. There was a time when, instead of having so many conveniently located identical parliaments, we had one parliament only, with 117 *living* representatives, plus a *living* speaker. They were divided into two parties, a majority party supporting the government (which was not automatic at that time) and an opposition party criticizing the government."

"That is the way democracies work in my world," I threw in with satisfaction.

"But you have to admit that it is not an efficient arrangement," said Fleek. "The amount of talking by the many representatives used to delay decisions, which ultimately were taken along the party lines anyway. So, with the progressive evolution of our parliament, the making of speeches became restricted to the leader of the majority party and the leader of the opposition. An occasional exclamation of a back-bencher was, however, tolerated.

"Then it was realized that it was useless for so many people to sit in parliament and to wait for the moment of a vote, the result of which was always known beforehand. It was decided to reform the parliamentary system by replacing 113 of its living representatives by dummies. Only the leaders of the majority and the opposition and one back-bencher of each, as well as the president of the assembly, remained as living members. The leaders made speeches and whenever there was a division, each of them pressed a button and the dummies of each party raised their hands to support their respective leaders. Periodically, the number of the dummies of each party was adjusted to the results of general elections."

"What a strange parliament," I thought. "Yet it is essentially democratic."

"It was only with the invention and the establishment of the A.G.M.," continued Fleek, "that our parliamentary system reached the ultimate stage of its development. The A.G.M. decided, and it was no longer necessary for the five living parliamentarians to waste their time in performing the strenuous political duties. They, that is to say, those who might have found themselves in the parliament if the A.G.M. had not been invented, can take a ride in a 'pfloo' or watch television, or have parties and show slides. They are free! The entire parliament consists now of dummies!"

"But then," I asked, "Why have a parliament at all? If it makes no decisions, if no current issues are even discussed, but only some historical controversies and speeches tape-recorded, why have this mock dummy-parliament at all?"

"We like to maintain our traditions," replied Fleek. "Our parliament is innumerable 'blin-blan' old. We would hate to see it disappear."

"But this is not any more the same parliament," I argued. "This is, this is. . . ."

I was looking for a word in Venutian corresponding to "caricature," but could not find one. Fleek helped me out in his own way.

"This is a far more progressive parliament," he said. "For, while keeping to our tradition, it has surpassed the dreams of political reformers: we have today many parliaments, they are identical, continuously in session, fully attended, and the best speeches in our parliamentary history are made in them. Isn't it a tremendous progress?"

I did not answer and Fleek added: "And, besides, they have an enormous educational value, for they are all within reach of everybody and especially children get here an excellent schooling in good citizenship." Here Fleek turned to Blook and asked: "Don't you like it here, Blook?"

"Oh," said Blook, "I love it! Especially when the speaker is banging with the hammer."

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

though Mr. Kennedy undoubtedly is. But it takes more than ordinary optimism to believe that a man who does not know the meaning of strong conviction at forty, is likely to evolve into a man of high principle by way of the cynical road the Senator has traveled these several years past.

EDWARD SCHINDELER
Coral Gables, Fla.

Dear Sirs: Whether Kennedy wins in November or Nixon, we'll have the first Organization Man in the White House next January. Nixon represents big business; what Kennedy will represent, will be nobody's business.

LEE GREGORY
Two Rivers, Wis.

The Real Question

Dear Sirs: In Stuart Palmer's article "Eichmann and Ourselves" (Aug. 20), Mr. Palmer believes "The fundamental question is how men can proceed so that children do not grow up to be Hitlers and Eichmanns." As long as there is mental illness in the world, there will always be potential Hitlers and Eichmanns. The fundamental question therefore is: "How can men proceed so that society does not elevate these men to positions of power?" The shocking thing is not that there are crazy people in the world, but that a whole nation can follow them.

PEGGY PAPP
New York City

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Art of An Uncomfortable Man

BRECHT: THE MAN AND HIS WORK. By Martin Esslin. Doubleday & Co. 360 pp. $4.50.

Jerry Tallmer

TO SIT DOWN in the season of Lumumba and Castro, of the Powers' trial and the rockets' red stare and the reemergence of Molotov, to write a *book review* seems about as useful an occupation as the weaving of raffia belts in a mental institution. Yet, strangely, I can think of no recent event more apposite to the times than Esslin's biography of Brecht. Let us consider, for instance, a last thing Brecht is reported to have said as he approached death:

> Don't write that you admire me! Write that I was an uncomfortable person, and that I intend to remain so after my death. Even then there are certain possibilities.

A Galileo to the end, playing it brazen, playing it safe, believing nothing, believing all; for Bertolt Brecht there was never any hope and there was always hope. Another kind of pessimist named Walter Lippmann shifts gears at the very last instant of his lucid and terrible dispatch from Paris on the fatal morning of the failed Summit, to genuflect briefly, irrationally, desperately toward certain eternal possibilities of hope. It springs eternal until now, at any rate, when we see even Khrushchev more and more falling into the habit of invoking the name of a deity whose existence he is dialectically required to deny. We are in the age of the cynical idealist, in all camps and every walk of life, but most especially among those who in any camp would like to think or shape or create or survive. In this sense Bertolt Brecht was a Summit character in his own right — one-third Villon, one-third Schweik and four-thirds The Cat Who Always Lands on His Feet. There are many of us cats; but one or two in a hundred million (Picasso is the other one) not only milk their age but fortify it, give it calcium and bones. One of the most complicated human beings of the past fifty years, Brecht was also a dynamic playwright and, beyond that, a great poet. It is what makes him worth analyzing, explaining, arguing about, and no one in the fifty years has come within touching distance of Martin Esslin in his prismatic and invaluable study. How often does a volume of critical analysis make *your* blood race faster? The last time for me must have been ten years ago with William Empson. But Empson introduced me to ideas; Mr. Esslin — a Hungarian Viennese Englishman who has been writing scripts for the B.B.C. for the past fourteen years — opens up to me the brain and soul of a man. What is most exciting of all is that the man turns out to be the very one that I was groping for, and the very opposite of the inexplicable shadow-form that the obfuscators (and worse) have been determined to foist on us all these years.

THE problem with Brecht was that nothing I ever read or heard about the plays, the playwright, or his methods seemed to have any slightest correlation with what *happened* to me when I sat there watching the plays or reading them. I knew — from being told it a thousand times — that we are supposed to respond only with a detached intellectual appreciation mixed with a sort of desire for instruction; to my puzzlement and distress I always found myself being moved, involved, affected in varying degrees, and sometimes (*Threepenny Opera, Seven Deadly Sins, Private Life of the Master Race*) deeply affected. This would obtain even during what I considered inferior adaptations or productions (Lotte Lenya apart, the Theatre de Lys *Threepenny*), and obviously there were many thousands of contemporary Americans on whom the impact was just as forceful. Where was the *Verfremdungseffekt*, I kept asking myself, the famous "alienation effect"? And once or twice in theatre reviews I would dare to write: *If Brecht intended us not to be moved by such-and-such, then he has failed; but in all else he has not failed.* . . . Furthermore, my emotions toward the characters in the plays were always all mixed up: for example, Mother Courage, whose acquaintance I made by reading the play before reading anybody's profundities, even Brecht's, about it (oh yes, he was the prime obfuscator, and self-obfuscator, of them

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JERRY TALLMER is associate editor and drama critic of The Village Voice *(Greenwich Village, New York).*

The Frozen Ink of Francois Villon

"Dried up and black as a baker's mop,"
So he described himself as the ink froze.
Done with the Bishop blessing streets,
Done with the girls, taverns, and thieves,
Done with the powerful operator of picklocks,
Done with Margot, bloated as a dunghill beetle
(We both love filth and filth runs after us),
Done with the cymbals, the lute, and the dice,
He stared at the ink frozen on the table.

"That man is lucky who has nothing.
I have my luck, I have my frozen ink.
I was born in the year that Joan was burned.
Child of poverty, I heard the hungry wolves
Prowl through Paris to kill women and children.
For a man who's poor, the high mountains
Will move neither back nor forth. They tower
Over the roaches that move in the sour milk,
As I stare at the ink frozen on the table."

"Where are the snows of the past? They are here.
I am sentenced to leave Paris for ten years.
Tortured, starved, chained, I am free to die;
Even princes have a destiny of death,
Yet I think of towns with the gift of hope."
Fleeing Paris and the poor for his death,
He left the frozen ink in the room
And disappeared into the January snow.
Slowly, the ink unfroze on the table.

JAMES SCHEVILL

all). Later I found out that we were supposed to deplore Mother Courage, her stupidity, her narrowness, her greed; why then had I so completely conceived her as broad rather than narrow, earthy rather than stupid? Why had it been exactly her endless female tenacity that had compelled me to give myself over to a play which I would otherwise not much have liked?

The fact of the matter is that Brecht *had* failed; as didactic propagandist, as dramatic theorist, he was in everything almost an utter failure; worse than that, his dramas very frequently worked in direct opposition to their aims. Mr. Esslin explores some of the initial reactions to *Mother Courage*, thus shedding a light that no one ever cast my way before:

> When *Mother Courage* was first performed at the Zurich Schauspielhaus . . . [the public was] moved to tears by the sufferings of a poor woman who, having lost her three children, heroically continued her brave struggle and refused to give in, an embodiment of the eternal virtues of the common people.
>
> Brecht was furious. He rewrote the play to emphasize the villainous side of Mother Courage's character. As he put it in a note to the text of the play . . . : "The first performance of *Mother Courage* gave the bourgeois press occasion to talk about a Niobe-tragedy and about the moving endurance of the female animal. Warned by this experience, the author has made some alterations for the Berlin performance."
>
> . . . Brecht himself supervised the Berlin production. . . . [It] was a triumph. But how did the leading Communist critic, Max Schroeder, describe its impact? "Mother Courage," he wrote, "is a humanist saint from the tribe of Niobe and the *mater dolorosa*, who defends the life to which she has given birth with her bared teeth and claws. . . ."

And in an earlier chapter — the book brilliantly goes at Brecht four ways, as man, as artist, as political animal, as bedrock antagonist of *all* Establishments ("the real Brecht") — Mr. Esslin has already informed us:

> The East Berlin audience who followed the adventures of Mother Courage and saw poor dumb Katrin raped by the brutal soldiery, knowingly compared what they had seen in the theatre with their experiences with the Russian soldiers, and concluded that in fact human nature had *not* changed. . . .

Little wonder that an unraped American some years and miles removed should be perplexed by the contrast between what he was meant to find and what he actually found before his eyes. And what was true for *Mother Courage* was true, as Mr. Esslin shows us, for virtually everything Brecht ever wrote. His work was always in sprung steel-wire tension between what he wanted to do and what he couldn't help doing. It was exactly this that gave it acidity, poignance — and genius. When, under pressure, he once or twice forced himself into the mold of sheer unadulterated agitprop, it came out sheer unadulterated drivel. In Bertolt Brecht we see, under Mr. Esslin's clear gaze, the prototype of the artist as Ibsen's onion, layer within layer, protection within protection, right down to the immutable pulp.

OR that other thing which is the surviving artist of any era, any land, be he Leonardo or Truman Capote: The Cat Who Always Lands on His Feet. What a headache Brecht was for the Russians! — and what a headache they were for him. What scorn he had for their Stanislavsky, their anti-"Formalism," their sentimental (as he saw it) "realism"! A scorn perhaps matched only in his moment of grotesque, bland befuddlement of J. Parnell Thomas. In two minutes he twisted that gentleman altogether arsy-versy — only to emerge from the hearing (October, 1947) as one of the few *truly* subversive witnesses ever to be thanked by the Un-American Activities Committee for the graciousness of his performance. The reservation for his flight to East Berlin was already in his pocket.

A day or two later he was on his way. All his life, a day or two later — or two days before — he was on his way. The day after the Reichstag fire he had left Germany. As Hitler's troops swarmed through Finland, he had departed — across the vast Soviet Union — for Vladivostok. Ten days after the Germans invaded Russia, he was on the high seas bound for America. His final leave-taking was just as neat. "With his usual uncanny sense of timing," Mr. Esslin drily remarks, "Brecht died ten weeks before the outbreak of the Hungarian revolution" — a revolution which would have given him guilt feelings far graver than those stemming from the East German uprising of 1953.

The real Brecht — this is the simple solution of the "mystery" — was an important artist, a great poet, in spite of himself, pinioned mercilessly on the double-pronged dilemma of our time. To use force against force, or not to use force. To replace the old with nothing worse than the old. To resist to the death, but not to die. To oppose the lie with no fouler a lie.

But can it be done? Mr. Esslin slices a marvelously revealing anecdote out of a Brecht short story entitled "Measures Against Violence":

> [There was] a man whose home was invaded by an agent of authority who asked him: "Will you serve me?" Without saying a word the man served the agent of violence for seven years until the intruder finally got so fat that he died. The man wrapped his body in an old blanket and threw it out of the house. Then he washed the bedstead, whitewashed the walls, breathed a sigh of relief and answered: "No."

Thus Schweik, thus Brecht, thus Martin Esslin, himself a refugee, in every inured worldly-wise penetrating line of this critical-biographical-historical masterwork; and thus myself and all political or apolitical hedgehogs everywhere in this era of the deaths of civilizations and planets, when drama and poetry must go down like all the rest. But are there not certain possibilities? Brecht's motto was: "The truth is concrete." Let us, like him, pray it is not.

Fabian Gossip

THIS LITTLE BAND OF PROPHETS: The story of the Gentle Fabians. By Anne Fremantle. The Macmillan Co. 256 pp. $6.50.

Keith Hutchison

IN 1884 the Fabian Society was founded in London by a handful of middle-class intellectuals. Their aim was to reconstruct society, "as based on the competitive system, in such a manner as to secure the general welfare and happiness." At the time this seemed an absurdly ambitious program. Victorian individualism was still rampant; and, although in fact the foundations of the Welfare State were already being laid, the huge superstructure that was to be built on them could hardly be visualized even by the founding Fabians.

The leading role of the Fabians in the transformation of Britain has been fully acknowledged by the historians. Yet the only history of the Society itself has

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KEITH HUTCHISON, a former associate editor of The Nation, *wrote* The Decline and Fall of British Capitalism.

been a modest volume written by E. R. Pease, its secretary for twenty-five years, which was originally published in 1916 with a revised and slightly extended second edition appearing in 1924. There is a serious need, therefore, for a book which brings the chronicle up to date and corrects the bias of Mr. Pease who wrote at a time when the Society was strained by friction between the old collectivists, represented by the Webbs, and the young Guild Socialists headed by G. D. H. Cole.

I REGRET that this need has not been met by Mrs. Fremantle's sentimentally titled work. Her book has some of the apparatus of scholarship — documentation (not always accurate) and a fairly adequate bibliography — but it is not scholarly. It is poorly organized, chronologically muddled, inexact in many of its statements, and flawed by more proof-reading errors than any book I have read for a long time. Moreover, the author, an Englishwoman who contributes frequently to *The Times, The Manchester Guardian* and *The New Statesman*, writes at times like a hack from Henry Luce's stable. This bad influence is revealed, not only in her penchant for gossip, but in her addiction to bastard verbs used in the past tense — "gloomed," "grumped," "quipped," and so forth. Has even *Time* ever perpetrated "they 'Pilated,'" meaning presumably, to wash hands of responsibility like Pontius Pilate?

I had hoped that this book would provide a full account of the activities of the Fabian Society since 1918, a period during which its relationship to the Labour Party entirely changed. In these years it suffered many vicissitudes and its original leaders passed from the scene. Yet the Society continued to show immense vitality while other Socialist affiliates of the Labour Party withered.

Unfortunately, Mrs. Fremantle's treatment of this period is extremely sketchy. More than 80 per cent of her pages covers the same ground as Pease's work, that is to say the first thirty-six years of the Society. Nor does she add much to the account of her predecessor, apart from an embellishment of gossip. Gossip is undoubtedly among the legitimate ingredients of historical writing, and historians from the time of Herodotus have made use of it. But it ought to be relevant to the subject and, while H. G. Wells's seductive ways did have a bearing on his quarrel with the Fabians, there is no good reason for Mrs. Fremantle to drag in the story of Bernard Shaw's loss of virginity — the achievement of a non-Fabian young lady.

As to the author's carelessness about facts, space allows me to quote only a few samples. There is, for instance, her ascription to Barbara Ward of statements about the political influence of Wesleyanism which appear to have been summarized from Mary Agnes Hamilton's biography of Arthur Henderson. There is the wildly inaccurate assertion that "hundreds of thousands of British subjects" were imprisoned for the duration of World War II. Again, Lord Haldane is said to have been a member of Lloyd George's cabinet in 1919, a slander calculated to make him turn in his grave. And the original publication of the Zinoviev Letter, which contributed to the Labour defeat in 1924, is blamed on *The Times* instead of *The Daily Mail.* Among the misspelled names I noted that Lord Askwith, the industrial-relations expert, is called "Asquith" while, rather comically, Trotsky is given the first name of "Lean."

Talk Across the Religious Fence

Robert McAfee Brown

- Gregory Baum. *That They May Be One.* The Newman Press. 181 pp. $3.50.
- Oscar Cullmann. *A Message to Catholics and Protestants.* William B. Eerdmans. 57 pp. $1.50.
- C. J. Dumont. *Approaches to Christian Unity.* Helicon Press. 226 pp. $4.50.
- Richard M. Fagley. *The Population Explosion and Christian Responsibility.* Oxford University Press. 260 pp. $4.25.
- Jaroslav Pelikan. *The Riddle of Roman Catholicism.* Abingdon Press. 272 pp. $4.
- Philip Scharper, editor. *American Catholics: A Protestant-Jewish View.* Sheed and Ward. 235 pp. $3.75.
- George H. Tavard. *Holy Writ or Holy Church.* Harper & Bros. 250 pp. $5. *Protestantism.* Hawthorn Books. 139 pp. $2.95.

THERE IS a level of Catholic-Protestant discussion (if "discussion" is not too polite a word) that is familiar to every American. Whether the issue is Senator Kennedy's fitness to live in the White House, or the building of a new parochial school, almost all the give-and-take makes clear that Protestants and Catholics have basic disagreements about public issues. Religious controversy, particularly when heated, always makes good copy, and with birth control thrown in there is even a sex angle.

But another level of Catholic-Protestant discussion is beginning to emerge in America, and although it is not the stuff of which headlines are made, it may turn out in the long run to be of greater importance. This level is the new concern of both Catholics and Protestants for serious discussion of the theological issues that have separated them since the sixteenth century.

At first thought, the layman may feel that such differences can be left to the theologians, that in the long run they don't make as much difference as one improperly used school bus. But this judgment overlooks the fact that the differences between Catholicism and Protestantism are not simply political or sociological or economic or ethnic; that basically these differences are theological. The current hue and cry over birth control, for example, cannot be fully understood in political or sociological or economic or ethnic terms. For what separates Catholics and Protestants here is not simply a combination of those factors, but a basic difference of theological outlook on such matters as the meaning of God's creation of male and female, the proper use of relevant Biblical material, the purpose of marriage in the sight of God, the importance of "natural law" in understanding the relationship between the sexes, and so forth. And it is one of the merits of Richard Fagley's timely and lucid book, *The Population Explosion and Christian Responsibility*, that it moves, in the course of its pages, from sociological to theological analysis, and that it charts fairly and clearly the Catholic and Protestant differences that emerge. The issue of birth control, in other words, is ultimately a theological issue and cannot be fully understood in non-theological terms.

This means that all of the other areas of immediate Catholic-Protestant tension (from the status of Senator Kennedy on down) have a theological

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ROBERT McAFEE BROWN is co-author, with Gustave Weigel, S. J., of An American Dialogue, *soon to be published by Doubleday. Dr. Brown is Auburn professor of Systematic Theology at Union Theological Seminary.*

rootage. The books listed here represent efforts on both sides of the fence to come to grips with some of these theological problems — problems that will remain long after the November elections determine whether or not there is to be "a Catholic in the White House." They are not dealing with political consequences; other books do that. But they are dealing with the areas of Catholic-Protestant difference out of which political consequences inevitably emerge.

THE DISCUSSION starts with the recognition of an impasse: the Catholic Church believes itself to be the only true Church of Jesus Christ, which means that only by returning to it can Protestants be fully incorporated into the Body of Christ; Protestants, on the other hand, believe that the Reformation represented a recovery of the gospel which medieval Christendom had lost, and which is less and less present in contemporary Catholicism as a result of the dogma of Papal Infallibility (1870) and the recent dogma of the Assumption of the Virgin (1950). To make matters more difficult still, both groups acknowledge that it is clearly the will of Christ, whom both acknowledge to be the head of the church, that his church should be one. And yet the two groups have mutually irreconcilable terms of reunion. There seems no way, humanly speaking, by which the impasse can be overcome.

But the writers responsible for the books cited above are convinced that the end of the road has not been reached when human possibilities have been exhausted; on the contrary, they believe that that may be the very point where the beginning of the road is to be found. Where the road truly ends lies within the mysterious province of God, but at least it begins with the need for Protestants and Catholics to understand one another better. At the very least, the grosser stereotypes can be dispelled; and in the remaining disagreements, the participants can agree to disagree about the right things. All this represents clear gain in an area where so much of the disagreement is based on misunderstandings.

The Sheed and Ward publication, *American Catholics: A Protestant-Jewish View*, is a good introduction to the new winds stirring on the interfaith scene. That a Catholic publishing house should have asked six non-Catholics to write candidly and freely about American Catholicism, so that American Catholics could see themselves as others see them, is a healthy and en-

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couraging symptom of a new level of Catholic concern. And as one who participated in the project, the present writer can state that the Catholic editor not only gave every courtesy to the non-Catholic participants, but scrupulously maintained their right to be as critical as they desired.

Jaroslav Pelikan's *The Riddle of Roman Catholicism* is a more detailed and comprehensive Protestant appraisal of Roman Catholicism. Professor Pelikan's lucid prose keeps his scholarship from becoming a barrier between himself and the non-theologically trained reader, but it is apparent from the notes that he has read Catholic literature with diligence and care, and that the picture he presents, while critical, is one which the Catholic can recognize as accurately drawn.

FR. DUMONT'S *Approaches to Christian Unity* illustrates one level of Catholic approach to the problem of reunion. The main burden of his book is an attempt to show how the life of liturgy and prayer will thrust the Catholic into a real concern for the "separated brethren." These short chapters, originally independent essays, will not only help the Catholic to relate the festivals of the Christian year to the concern for unity, but will also help the non-Catholic to see that Catholic interest in unity comes from the life of prayer and not from the desire for political power.

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Two yellow moths
Were spread against the windowpane,
And bells of spring forsythia,
Touched by the inside light,
Moved soundlessly.

DIONIS COFFIN RIGGS

Fr. Tavard, a French Catholic who has lived in the United States for a number of years, contributes two books which exemplify different levels of the Catholic-Protestant discussion. The volume entitled *Protestantism* is simply a descriptive statement for Catholic readers. The thesis of the book is that "An educated Catholic must know something about Protestantism." Fr. Tavard has read widely in Protestant literature and he reports fairly. In a full-length review the present writer would have a number of bones to pick with him, but they would be mostly on matters of detail, and as a vehicle of information for Catholics, his book can be most helpful.

Fr. Tavard's *Holy Writ or Holy Church* is clearly the most important recent contribution to basic Catholic-Protestant discussion. It is not a book that the layman is likely to read, but it is a book that any theologian, whether Protestant or Catholic, ignores at his peril. For here is a careful treatment of one of the enduring areas of Protestant-Catholic disagreement, namely the relationship between Scripture and tradition. (The historic Protestant position has been *sola Scriptura*, while Catholicism has given equal place to Scripture and tradition, and actually, as Protestants feel, allowed tradition to become normative over Scripture.) Fr. Tavard's fully documented historical study has two consequences of utmost significance for future discussion: (1) he makes clear to Catholic readers that the place of Scripture is much more important than they sometimes acknowledge; and (2) he forces Protestant readers to reassess the possible place that tradition could occupy in a Protestant ethos.

ON a similar level of documented scholarship is the comprehensive treatment by Fr. Baum, *That They May Be One*, which analyzes recent papal utterances on the problem of Christian unity. Both Catholic and Protestant scholars will be indebted to the author for his clear guide through the baffling maze of papal statements over the last sixty or seventy years. Fr. Baum's conclusions will give encouragement to those who are eager for increasing signs of "openness" on the part of the Holy See to discussion of issues involving Christian unity.

The reader may still be wondering if all this kind of writing is not far from the life of ordinary Protestants and Catholics. Oscar Cullmann's brief *A Message to Catholics and Protestants* pulls the discussion back down to the arena of Catholics and Protestants living in the same town with one another. Cullmann, an eminent French Protestant scholar has no illusions about "unity" between the two groups. But he feels that they can give practical expression to their "solidarity" as Christian brethren. He suggests "an offering for one another, by the Catholics for poor and needy Protestants, by Protestants for poor and needy Catholics, which both sides would arrange for the Sunday of the yearly week of prayer." This would not compromise the theological integrity of either group, but it would demonstrate that each group is concerned about the other. Cullmann is well aware of objections to his proposal, and effectively answers half a dozen of them. He also gives enough examples of ways in which this tangible expression of concern has been practiced in Europe to suggest that it can really help to ameliorate bitter feelings.

So what? This is the question many people ask about the kind of Protestant-Catholic discussion these books represent. Does it really make any difference in the long run, let alone the short run?

A good many Protestants discount it as time-wasting nonsense. "The Catholics who engage in this sort of discussion are charlatans," they say, "and the Protestants who are taken in by them are dupes." When such critics talk about Catholic-Protestant dialogue, they prefix the adjective "phony." Some Catholics would share the feeling that the dialogue is useless. "We have the truth," they say, "anyone who wants unity need only apply to the nearest priest for membership in the true Church. We can afford to wait."

But one can also appraise the dialogue in terms that are less cynical. For the primary intent of these writers is not coercion or conversion, but conversation. It is a search for understanding. Furthermore, it is a search for understanding based on honesty rather than on an attempt to score points, not for the purpose of demolishing the opponent but of getting closer to him. And it is based on mutual recognition that there is something terribly wrong with the animosities that sour the air whenever Catholics and Protestants engage in debate over political measures.

The whole approach of these books, in other words, suggests that there could be a new atmosphere for Catholic-Protestant relations, and that a lot of Catholics and Protestants already want it. One reads these discussions of faith with a mounting hope that they may help to clear the air a bit, because it is so patent that the concern of each of the authors is rooted in love.

Circulation 'Bloody Low'

Barry Spacks

LOOKING through the first volume of *The International Guide to Literary and Art Periodicals*, which promises to be a yearly directory to little magazines throughout the English-speaking world, I thought of a friend who, like myself, has at various times been involved with various "littles." He remembers them all with nostalgia, but as a mother who has raised a host of children often does, he holds a special affection for the first-born. This was a quarterly called *Intersection*, which survived, despite "typographical errors, uneven impressions and shifting margins," through two issues in 1953. It was hand-set and hand-printed by the editors. Of all the reminiscence about *Intersection* I've heard, I retain one detail especially. The second issue was prepared in deepest winter, and the ink for the hand-press had to be unfrozen on the cooking range before printing could proceed in an otherwise unheated attic apartment. The image of editor-printers unfreezing their ink while freezing themselves sums up for me a good deal of the devotion and excitement, the humor and the poignancy, of little-magazine publishing.

The International Guide, edited by Mary Carol Bird and printed in London by Villiers Publications, is an offspring of *Trace*, itself a little magazine devoted to tracing, five times a year for the past eight years, the rise and fall of small periodicals. James Boyer May, founder of *Trace* and long-time resident of Hollywood is, in fact, one of the grand old men of the little-magazine movement. The summary he gives of his background seems an archetype of what the experience of all little-magazine editors should comprise: "newspaper reporting and editing, editing of house organs, a trade periodical, a government agency publication, personnel work (both army and civilian); student of contemporary writings, free-lance writer, with four decades of publication of short stories, poems, articles, essays, both in periodicals and books." The custodian of an independent little magazine must be, like Mr. May, variously accomplished and quick on his feet. As a case in point, I quote from my favorite entry in *The International Guide*, the one for *New Vision*, alive since 1952. "No contributions taken. Publication is devoted to the writings of L. Ian Fearn." Needless to say, it was L. Ian Fearn who founded *New Vision*.

AND THE charm of the *Guide*, which is intended for utility and not for entertainment, lies just here, in its introduction of a cast of editorial characters whose manifestoes and biographies often recall a more free-wheeling and confident era in American literary history. For the great days of the little magazines, the days when their influence and vitality were at a peak, are already a full generation and more behind us. That a few of the earlier journals have survived, survived both the exile-renaissance of their birth and its depression aftermath, survived social commitment, the new criticism, the Second World War and the Great Apathy of the moment, is a testament to the en'durance and, perhaps, the unworldliness of their guiding spirits. That such magazines are still launched in numbers—the *Guide* lists more than five dozen heard from for the first time during the past two years

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BARRY SPACKS teaches in the Department of Humanities at M.I.T.

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HARPER & BROTHERS

alone is an indication that the little magazine, coming into middle age, might now be classified as an institution in its own right, a stabilizing influence on the literary scene.

We assume the continued presence of these magazines, and "little-magazine writing" approaches the quality of a sub-genre. Seldom does a new little magazine attack literature, as so many used to do, with revolutionary intentions. Felix Pollak, curator of rare books at the University of Wisconsin, makes the point in one of the three essays prefaced to *The International Guide:*

> The most obvious difference between the current littles and those of the twenties and early thirties seems to be the catholicity (or wishy-washiness?) of today's typical editorial policy. "We belong to no school, have no preferences and prejudices . . ." is an ever-recurring theme in current editorial pronouncements. Compare this with the fervor with which the littles of two and three decades ago flung their aggressive artistic and ideological manifestoes into the eyes of the Philistines and into the ears of their rivals in the one and only true aesthetic theory or world-saving program!

The little magazine is more conservative than it used to be, has less influence, and by and large generates less excitement in its readers and contributors. And if any one bogey is to be trotted out in explanation of this fact, it must be that old paradoxical one, the-success-that-kills. For the little magazines have indeed been successful, more successful than they could ever hope, or afford to be. In place of "earth's fragile children," the affectionate name they bore when they lived exclusively undernourished, fugitive lives on the economic and literary outskirts of the culture, they might now, many of them, be called "robust academic playthings." The little magazines have won acceptance, subsidy, even circulation. And ceased to be little magazines. So thorough has this change been that a distinction is now usually made not only between the large "quarterlies" and the little magazines, but between any institutionally sponsored publication, no matter how closely in appearance it resembles the independent "little," and the real article itself.

AN EXEMPLARY case is that of the *Beloit Poetry Journal,* which pressed its mild *avant-garde* tone a bit too far for the trustees of Beloit College, and lost its collegiate subsidy; now independently produced by the editors and up against it financially, it is much more a proper little magazine than it ever was before. For the essential quality of such a magazine is that it be untrammeled, responsive to no official patron and to no standards of established taste other than those of its own making. Only as a consequence of such independence can the little magazine continue to control an important sector of a literary scene where, more and more, *avant-garde* and Establishment seem to blend, and lose themselves in one another. It is the classic role of the little magazine to be daring and irreverent, and perhaps the largest problem faced by the uninstitutionalized little-magazine editor is the greater tolerance of the public and, as a consequence, the big-circulation journals, to material that earlier might never have seen print but for the existence of little magazines. Again it is success, of a slightly different sort, that has become a threat, and good writers are hard to find for *New Departures* or *The Independent* because their material is being purchased by the editors of *Esquire* or *Mademoiselle.*

Under such circumstances, the little magazine is often forced to cultivate real eccentricity in order to find untenanted editorial ground. We get, in consequence, not only the Organization Man magazines mentioned by Mr. Pollak, but extreme instances from the other end of the scale. When the *Chicago Review,* like the *Beloit Journal,* ran into trouble with its university, editor Irving Rosenthal bolted for greater independence with a new venture, *Big Table.* At about that time I received a letter from him announcing that he was no longer interested in short stories; he wanted "a revelation, a confession, a confrontation, a truth, an experimentation, an avowal, you get what I mean." Amusingly put, of course; but this, I submit, is the true little-magazine atmosphere, and through such an atmosphere one may still hope for the kind of freshening of the literary air that little magazines have provided in the past.

The International Guide presents not only a listing of magazines and essential information for potential contributors, but a colorful and neatly balanced evocation of the whole field, allowing editors to speak for themselves, about their magazines and about their own personalities if they wish. Here one finds such bulwarks of respectability as *The Kenyon Review* nestling between the Japanese magazine *Kast* ("issued irregularly") and a journal for sexual deviants called *The Ladder.* Next door to the *Italian Qurterly,* supported by the University of California and emphasizing "critical writings on any aspect of Italian culture," we have *It Is,* "founded in 1958 by Second Half Publishing Co., Inc.," and featuring "exclusive *avant-garde* — no ads. — no editorials — no reviews — no critics (there are enough of these). . . ." The sole criterion for inclusion in the *Guide* seems to have been a modest-size circulation, with the *Evergreen Review* drawing the top line with an established 25,000 and *Elegreba,* an English tri-yearly of sixteen pages, reporting only that circulation is "bloody low."

Paper-bound, nicely printed, the ninety-two pages of the *Guide* make fascinating reading, not only for the unestablished or far-out writer who hopes to contribute a "one-minute play" to *Experiment,* or an "eye poem" to *Eye Poems* ("the magazine contains no text other than author index"), but for anyone interested in that sub-world of publishing from which, it is said, four-fifths of our public talents have come.

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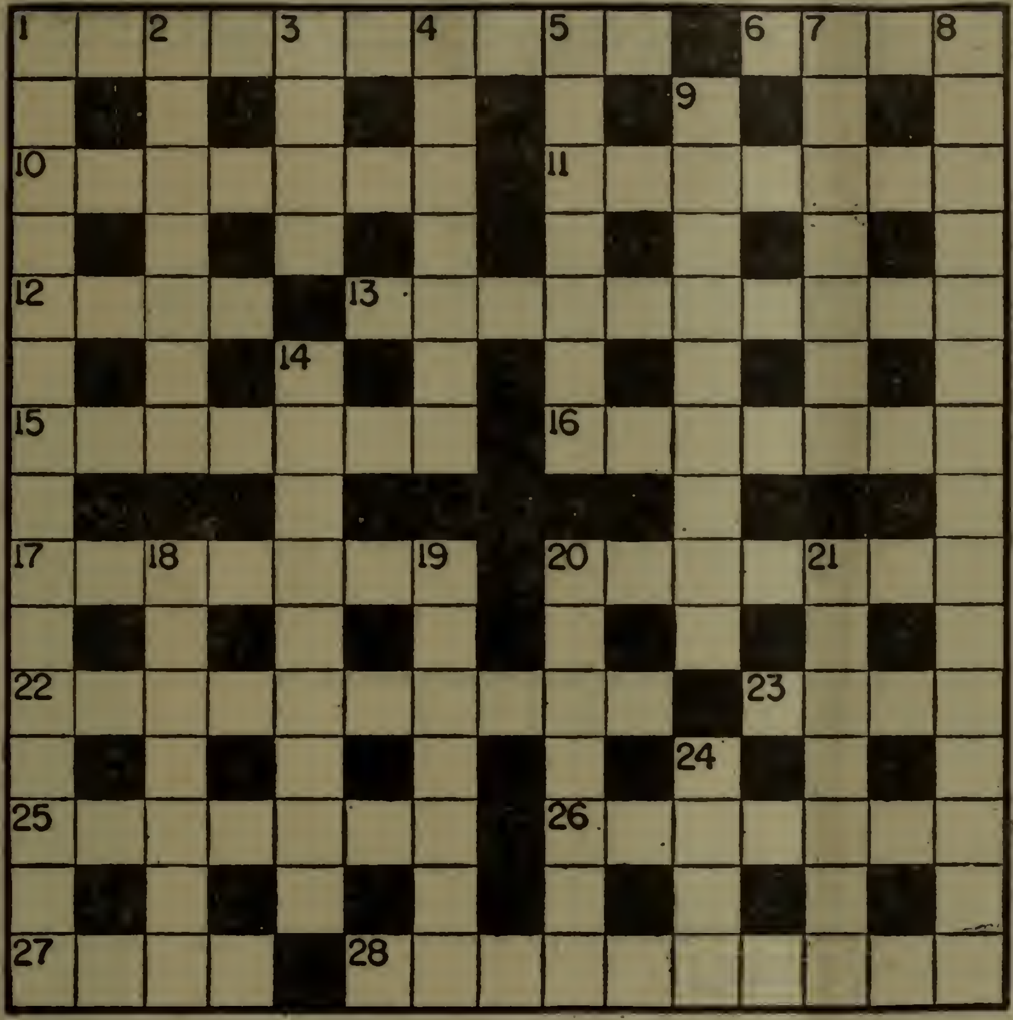

ACROSS:

1 See 9 down
6 See 3 down
10 and 27 Proverbially weaker opposite the spear. (7, 4)
11 The province of a broken bat in 12, perhaps. (7)
12 Genuine old Spanish money! (4)
13 Expanding travel might be. (10)
15 Don't speak to the girl! (The boarder might have recognized the point of it.) (7)
16 Might be wanted in the search of copper. (7)
17 If force is required, is he responsible?
20 His humor might have a sound basis. (7)
22 Not quite ready to employ a one-man jury, possibly. (10)
23 A short poem not allowed in the music hall? (4)
25 Dialect found in Charleston. (7)
26 Spot pot tops? (Theirs is usually an open and shut case.) (7)
27 See 10 across
28 My casting's bad, but the side horse is part of it. (10)

DOWN:

1 Not straightforward flying saucers, evidently. (8, 7)
2 Grey's prospect of Eton. (7)
3 and 6 across The way to trim one's sail on California rocks, perhaps. (8)
4 Makes a standard spread. (7)
5 Old sacred images of a rocky place to sailors. (7)
7 See 20 down
8 Musically found on Tenth Avenue with theater audiences in shambles. (15)
9 and 1 across Gable's sin? It's good surprising! (1, 8, 2, 8)
14 One of D'Artagnan's boasts, no doubt. (9)
18 A plain description of America the Beautiful. (7)
19 Blood ties with uneasy heads. (7)
20 and 7 down APAXD, according to Chamberlain? (5, 2, 3, 4)
21 Where there is an all-out procedure on the line? (7)
24 Do they come out for Socialist? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 880

ACROSS: 1 Blow, Bugle, Blow; 10 Toadies; 11 Mooring; 12 Antiknock; 13 Drips; 14 Orders; 16 Inundate; 19 Deadbeat; 20 Ingest; 22 Jehol; 23 Patagonia; 25 Carrier; 26 Leaflet. DOWN: 2 Least; 3 Whisky Rebellion; 4 Upshot; 5 Lambkins; 6 Brobdingnagians; 7 Originate; 8 and 27 It's an Old Spanish Custom; 9 Ages; 15 Deathtrap; 17 Entr'acte; 18 Ramparts; 21 Italic; 22 Jack; 24 Nullo.

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East Chicago, Ind.

The Beauty of Finland

Dear Sirs: Having lived in Finland for a year, during which I came to feel both admiration and affection for that country and its people, I was profoundly disturbed by Jean Martin's "Letter from Finland" in the September 3 issue. . . . This dreary portrayal reads as though Miss Martin, having resolved in advance to find a "grim, gray atmosphere," had determinedly closed her eyes and ears to any but unfavorable impressions. . . . It is difficult to account for her failure to have observed the attractive flower beds in the little park facing the railroad station, the handsome tree-lined streets along both sides of the Aura River that bisects the city, or the impressive thirteenth-century cathedral that dominates its skyline. And it is hard to understand how she could have missed . . . the beautiful new campus of the University of Turku, one of whose buildings bears the inspiring inscription, "A gift of a free people to free learning."

It seems incredible that at Toijala she should have been more keenly aware of the "roundhouse of antique vintage" than of the huge pots of flowers that adorn the station platform, that she should have been unimpressed by the spotless cleanliness of the buildings in the industrial city of Tampere, or that she should have been oblivious to the beautiful and ever-changing vistas of farming country and forest along the lake trip to Hämeenlinna. Helsinki does, indeed, present a mixture of old and new; the best of the old, of which Miss Martin makes no mention, is to be found in the square surrounding the Great Church; the best of the new in the convenient, modern apartments on the outskirts of the city, in their unspoiled evergreen forest settings.

If Miss Martin, taking a less condescending attitude toward the "impenetrable jungle" of the Finnish language, had undertaken to learn to speak even a few words in this tongue, she could hardly have failed to become aware of the friendliness and good will which almost all of the Finnish people feel towards Americans. She might have learned, also, of the excellence of their educational institutions, and of the almost universal interest in art, literature and music. . . .

Arthur W. Davidson
Lawrence, Kan.

Brewery Beauties

Dear Sirs: The 1961 Miss Rheingold beauty contest hucksters are pushing for sixty million ballots, and we're taking bets they get more votes than Kennedy-Nixon combined. Which leads us to the prediction: By 1968 Atlantic City will replace Washington, D.C., as the National Capital.

Sidney Bernard
New York City

Lolita: Two Views

Dear Sirs: (Re: "Lolita and Lollipops," by Eve Merriam, *The Nation*, Sept. 3.)

Concerning your condemnation
Of sales pressure on teenies,
My 2- and 5-year-old daughters
Just acquired new bikinis.

Harmon Rasnow
Woodland Hills, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Although I found the article "Lolita and Lollipops" both interesting and informative, the statement contained therein that "SEVENTEEN'S average reader is estimated to be fourteen years old" is contrary to fact. . . . Our most recent study, published in February of this year (a national, personal-interview, probability sample of 4,532 girls conducted by Eugene Gilbert) shows the average age of the SEVENTEEN reader to be 17.0 years. It also disclosed that 82 per cent of SEVENTEEN's average-issue readers are 15 through 19 years old.

It is unfortunate that Miss Merriam did not come to us for background data. She would have discovered that it is very much *in* order, rather than "out of order," for SEVENTEEN to carry advertisements for "wedding and engagement rings, furniture, fabrics, mascara, girdles and silverware." May I call these additional facts to your attention: 800,000 teen-age girls are now engaged and the median age for these engagements is 17.1 years. Further, more women marry at the age of 18 than any other single year. . . .

An analysis of the average editorial content in the course of an average year (1959, for example) shows that SEVENTEEN is made up of: Less than 40 per cent fashion (incidentally, the prime interest of teen-age girls with the possible exception of their interest in boys); 17 per cent items of cultural and general interest; 11 per cent fiction; 7 per cent

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THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

The Peace Issue . . .

In an editorial which appeared in these pages on February 6, we stated that peace was the paramount, the decisive issue in the 1960 election. Since then there has been much seething and churning in world and national affairs; nevertheless — with November in sight — peace remains the dominant, if undeveloped, issue. It is true, as we point out elsewhere in these columns, that there appears to be little basic difference between the candidates even on this question; but the public may sense a difference in the way in which the candidates talk about it. The difference, in a word, is one of priority, of emphasis, of relative stress. So far as the public is concerned, a candidate must stress either peace or an acceleration of the arms race; he can't very well give constant stress to the need for greater arms expenditures, a tougher line with the Soviet, and related items, and still stress peace as an issue.

This, we submit, is a simple proposition, but for all its simplicity it has apparently eluded the understanding of several astute politicians. The first victim of the fallacy that it is possible to advocate the strongest possible arms program and still be for peace was Senator Stuart Symington, who finally realized his error — but too late to correct it. The second victim was Governor Rockefeller, with his ill-fated shelter program and constant, heavy stress on increased defense expenditures. It may well turn out to be that Senator Kennedy is next in line. The Senator only confuses voters by stressing, as item number one in a six-point peace program, the need for increased arms expenditures. In Portland, in San Diego, in Texas, in New York, he has spoken first, longest and most emphatically about the need for increasing the arms budget. He has repeated, with growing emphasis, that only by keeping this country the strongest military power in the world can we hope for peace.

On the other hand, Vice President Nixon is stressing two interrelated themes: he insists that, relatively speaking, we are already strong enough militarily — and then he goes on to emphasize the need for "peace without surrender." Correspondents who accompanied him on his first post-convention swing around the country all note that he has aroused the greatest enthusiasm when he has talked about the need for peace. Many of these same correspondents have expressed a feeling of acute personal distress that the crowds saw fit to applaud the Vice President when he stressed the adequacy of present defense expenditures. But one can argue that this applause reflects not so much complacency as it does a general feeling that if $44 billion a year cannot produce an adequate defense program, then something is wrong with our military planners.

There is no point in attempting to assess the relative "sincerity" of the candidates; in a sense, both have been forced into their positions on the issue of peace. President Eisenhower's stand on defense has left the Vice President little option but to follow it. Similarly, the cold-war interests which are so vocal in the Democratic Party (see Kenneth Rexroth's comments, page 172 of this issue) strongly support Senator Kennedy's stand. Sincerity aside, the appearance, if not the fact, is that Senator Kennedy is emerging as the "strong America" (greater arms appropriations) candidate, while Vice President Nixon, with cheerful self-assurance, is emerging as the candidate who gives greater relative stress to peace. Simple or not, the fact is that a candidate who places arms expenditures first and foremost in his presentations cannot complain if the public refuses to identify him with the issue of peace.

. . . And the Issue of Religion

The only issue that has been dramatazied in the campaign is the one supposedly exploded by Senator Kennedy's victory over Senator Humphrey in West Virginia. Both of the Presidential candidates, both of the Vice-Presidential candidates, both national chairmen, and the more respectable adherents of both parties, including President Eisenhower, agree that Senator Kennedy's religion is not a fit subject for discussion. Some of this deprecation is hypocritical, some of it is sincere, all of it is ineffectual. "Anti-Catholicism is going like a prairie fire," says Harry Golden, a Kennedy supporter. And not only among the rabble, but among "people you wouldn't suspect, leading doctors, judges, businessmen, ex-ambassadors. It's devastating — like '28 all over again." And not only in the South. *The Wall Street Journal* (September 12) has made a country-wide survey. In Iowa, Michigan, Ohio, Oregon — practically everywhere — Kennedy's Catholicism and the opposition to it is the one question that has caught the headlines and inspired discussion at the grass roots.

If this is surprising, it must be because all the psychologists have gone to work for the advertising agencies. Religion looms large as an issue because, so far, the key issues — peace at the top of the list — have not been emphasized. On most domestic issues, there is little difference in the positions of the candidates. On specific issues of foreign policy only slight differences may be noted. The practical political realities, such as questions of what is to be done about China, the terms on which a start might be made in achieving a *modus vivendi* with the Soviets, the next move in Berlin — all these are taboo. Presumably both candidates have ideas on these topics, but they keep them secret lest they lose votes. The rosy delusions with which the candidates and their respective parties have sought to bemuse the voters must on no account be disturbed.

But where there is a vacuum, something will fill it. Into the existing political vacuum, the most benighted and abominable elements in American life are rushing pell-mell, and since there is such a paucity of other live issues in active debate, it is as difficult to curb them as to bar teen-agers from thinking about sex. If Mr. Nixon really wants a "cut-off" date on the religious issue he can achieve it soon enough by simply joining issue with Senator Kennedy on a few specific, clear-cut proposals. And Senator Kennedy has precisely the same option.

'Nonsense, Just Nonsense'

Mr. Khrushchev won't say it, but he may think it. In the contest between the Soviet and Western blocs, any gratuitous idiocy on the part of one side is manna from heaven to the other. Restricting the Soviet Premier to Manhattan Island is, as Mrs. Roosevelt said, "nonsense, just nonsense." As a rebuke, it means nothing; Khrushchev did not get where he is with a thin skin. It tells him that he is unwelcome, but he knew that before he decided to come. He is not coming as a guest, welcome or otherwise, but for serious propaganda and diplomatic purposes. These he can accomplish perfectly well on Manhattan Island. The State Department could confine him to the top of Cleopatra's Needle in Central Park; he would still be news and the newspapers and radio would broadcast any belch or hiccup of his all over the world. The pretense that he must be kept from crossing the rivers to protect him from infuriated Americans is even more absurd than the ban itself. The inhabitants of Nassau County, where the palatial residence of the Soviet U.N. delegation is located, are notably blasé about such matters. There would be no need to turn the fire hoses on them. On the other hand, the Hungarian emigré army, led by General Bela Fabian, has its strongest contingents in Manhattan, and if Khrushchev stays at the Soviet U.N. offices on Park Avenue, the New York City police will be scratched and bitten as in the past: they and their horses will be the chief victims of the State Department's feeble countermove. It has often seemed in the past eight years that American diplomacy has achieved the ultimate in absurdity, but apparently it can always get a little sillier.

At Last the Real Culprit

Finally we know who raised Fidel Castro and his cohorts to power and brought communism to the threshold of the Americas. The veil is rent by the testimony of Arthur Gardner and Earl E. T. Smith in "Communist Threat to the United States through the Caribbean: Hearings before the Subcommittee to Investigate the Administration of the Internal Security Act and Other Internal Security Laws, August 27, 30, 1960." The Messrs. Gardner and Smith were both ambassadors to Cuba during the regime of General Fulgencio Batista — "I don't think we ever had a better friend," says Mr. Smith. For their revelations we are indebted to two Democratic statesmen, Senators Thomas J. Dodd and James O. Eastland.

Lest any reader labor under the delusion that repression, tyranny, mass poverty and hopelessness had much to do with the events in Cuba, it may be said immediately that the trail leads elsewhere. It leads across Times Square in the City of New York straight into the editorial sanctum of *The New York Times*. It is not a mere proofreader or reporter who betrayed the good cause, but Herbert L. Matthews who, it will be remembered, never said anything nice about Franco, and, not being brought to book, plotted against Batista in the series of articles which ran in the *Times* in 1957. Other plotters or dupes were in the State Department, and rather surprisingly included Loy Henderson, Robert Murphy, Roy Rubottom and William Wieland. But it was Matthews who started the debacle with his visit to Castro in Oriente Province, and the ensuing articles, which pictured Castro as a political Robin Hood instead of the "bandit" he was and the Communist fellow-traveler he became. In a nutshell, as put by Senators Eastland and Dodd in the Internal Security Committee handout, "Cuba was handed to Castro and the Communists by a combination of Americans in the same way that China was handed to the Communists."

The former ambassadors, one of whom is the chairman of the board of a tube company, and the other (Smith) an investment banker, do indeed acknowledge that Batista made mistakes and that his government was corrupt. But his dictatorship was infinitely preferable, as they see it, to that of Castro, whom they smelled out early as a "radical" (Gardner) and a "Marxist" (Smith). Still more horrendous, Mr. Smith testified, "I was informed by a diplomat that he [Castro] had killed one nun and two priests in Bogota during the uprising in 1948." For Herbert Matthews, the guilty *Times* editor, this must have struck a nostalgic note, for it was as murderers of nuns and priests that the Spanish Loyalists were indicted when Franco began his successful insurrection nearly a quarter-century ago.

Suffer Little Children

How do you characterize a man who would starve some 23,000 small children in order to "get even" with the United States Supreme Court? A number of colorful epithets come to mind, but the old-fashioned one, "mean," seems to fit the case most handsomely. Jimmie H. Davis, the ballad-singing Governor of Louisiana, must be the meanest man in high public office in this country today.

The avowedly retaliatory package bill which Governor Davis pushed through the Louisiana Legislature last May was designed to evade the public-school integration that the Supreme Court has made mandatory and at the same time to show the Negroes just how tough their white fellow citizens could get if they persisted in demanding observance of the school law. The sections of the bill dealing with segregation have been ruled unconstitutional, but the measure inserted as a lash for black backs is still in force.

It provides that relief funds (mostly federal money, but distributed by the state) shall be withheld from any woman who has an illegitimate child after she is registered on the welfare rolls. As of today, that affects some 6,000 women, 95 per cent of whom are Negro, the mothers of some 23,000 children. The private agencies have been completely overwhelmed by this disaster, the children are being sent out to hunt the garbage heaps and the mothers are turning to prostitution.

The law, however, is particularly neat in that it shows the Negro community how easily it can be reduced to desperation and at the same time threatens white integrationists with the moral laxity that would enter the schools on the heels of desegregation. It says nothing of the conditions that produce so high an incidence of illegitimacy in one group, but Governor Davis, a well-known raconteur, could no doubt provide anthropological folklore to explain the prevalence of unmarried Negro mothers.

Meanwhile, fifteen women on the City Council of Newcastle-on-Tyne have opened a campaign to bring the hungry children to England, and money is being raised by public appeal throughout England to help the Louisiana private agencies with their grotesque burden. The story is being carried widely in the British press (we do not know when *Pravda* will pick it up). It makes a nice change of reading for Englishmen, who have been filled with a sense of helpless guilt by accounts of horrors committed in the color-mad Union of South Africa.

Titan II

Everyone says that business is going to be bad, but for the Martin Company, generous dispenser of top-quality entertainment to the top brass, prosperity lies ahead. *Missiles and Rockets* (September 5, 1960) reveals in the lead article by James Baer, "SAC Getting ICBM 'Crusher'," that Martin's second-generation Titan is scheduled to be launched from Cape Canaveral in late 1961, and that the first of eight Titan II squadrons is to be operational by early 1963. The total production run of Titan I and Titan II now planned is about 230, exclusive of Titan production for space work, and the cost will be close to $5 billion. Both Martin and the Air Force seem greatly elated, and with reason, for Titan II will carry a ten-megaton warhead and, assuming a circular error of 1.5 miles, only two of these lovely missiles will be required for a 90 per cent probability of destroying a Soviet missile base hardened to withstand over-pressures of 100 pounds to the square inch. Detonated on the surface, such a warhead will dig a crater 250 feet deep and a half-mile across, and produce a fireball more than two miles wide.

Now, what will Khrushchev do, as the Air Force prepares this 2,300-megaton billet-doux for him? There is no question of "deterrence" here; the word has quite gone out of fashion in the upper echelons. If the Russians launched first, there would be no point in plastering their empty bases with 2,300 megatons. This is "first strike" materiel — it is Khrushchev, now, who must look for something to deter the USAF, if such a feat is conceivable. He may up his own megaton wattage by 2,300 tons, or 4,600. And if he has not been thinking in terms of a first strike, he certainly will from now on. It may also occur to a good many hitherto loyal Khrushchevites in the Soviet Union that perhaps the Chinese Red experts on the inevitability of nuclear attack by the "capitalist imperialists" may be realists, while Comrade Khrushchev is a dreamer.

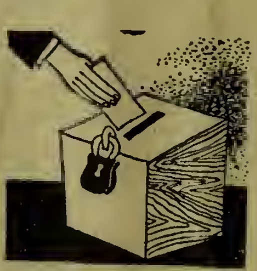
I'LL SIT THIS ONE OUT . . *by Kenneth Rexroth*

A YEAR AGO, like everybody else with any sense, I would have said that Democrats could beat Richard Nixon with anybody, and that the worst potential Democratic candidate could defeat the best the Republicans could possibly muster. Now, like everybody else with any sense, I am not so sure. I should make clear that I am not disappointed or disillusioned. I am non-political, even anti-political, and the American two-party system is all one to me.

This does not mean that I am not interested — on the contrary, I am usually fascinated — but my fascination is literary and scientific, hardly personal. This year, responding to a call from *The Nation* to write a political analysis, I am hard put. I am not alone in this predicament. The most partisan of my journalistic colleagues seem hard put. Mr. Luce and Mr. Hearst have assumed postures of something close to benevolent neutrality. Even Mr. Pulitzer does not seem unduly disturbed at the prospect of the Other Side winning.

MY worthy and mordant colleague, Mr. Alsop, writing a special article for the French weekly, *L'Express*, leads off with the remark that this is the third most important Presidential election in the twentieth century, comparable only to those that put the two Roosevelts into office. The reasons, or rather reason, he gives for this judgment is excellent. I certainly agree with him, and I will return to that in a minute. But the significant thing is that in a long, detailed, careful analysis, he finds himself quite unable to make any significant distinction between the two candidates. The election is of vital importance, but it doesn't matter very much one way or another who gets elected. This is a strange and new state of affairs. Oh, I know the old radical attitude that all politicians who stand a chance of getting elected in America are rascals and tools of the Bosses. Granted, this has often been true, but the contenders have represented different schools of rascality and different groups of "Bosses." A blanket dismissal of this sort is sentimental and beside the point. If you are going to talk about an American Presidential election at all, you should pay attention to the actual forces operating and not project into the Electoral College the politics of the Jacobin Club, Smolney Institute, or the Fabian Society.

MR. KENNEDY and Mr. Nixon are both, judged by the values of our society, exemplary young men. They are very far from being rascals. Not a drop of mud from, to use *Time's* phrase, the Bad Old World of corrupt politics of the sort described by Lincoln Steffens has ever touched them. Critics of Mr. Nixon may not like the way he was launched on his career, but there is a difference between a committee of conservative, even reactionary, businessmen and a smoke-filled back room of brothel keepers, numbers operators and ward heelers. Except in cultural backwaters like Manhattan and Georgia, "the shame of the cities" is no longer a determinative factor in a political career on the national scene.



Do Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Nixon represent contending power blocs of American capitalists? Which ones? Yet even the two Roosevelts came into office as spokesmen for the older, conservative wealth of the established fortunes — civilized club men who could afford to be liberal. The Populists and Bryan, the elder LaFollette, even Henry Wallace, all represented distinguishable forces, economic groups contending within American society. They were the end products of selective procedures designed to manifest *representatives*, individuals who embodied the delegated authority of their constituents.

Democratic procedures still exist, but in fact they have become rituals. Not "empty rituals," for they are full of symbolic meaning; but they are no longer political actions, they are public manifestations of actions that have taken place elsewhere — pageants and plebiscites. The Electoral College does not "really" elect the President, we all know that, but it is most important today to realize that the party conventions did not "really" nominate Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Nixon either. Both are the results of quite different methods by which public personalities are produced in America. Produced by a production, they are products — like David Sarnoff or Miss Sophia Loren. A product shades off imperceptibly into a commodity. Public Personalities are very close to being self-conscious commodities, like a rational Corvette, or a Revlon lipstick with free will.

Is there anything seriously wrong with this? I don't know. I am not at all prepared to say that Madison Avenue is less to be trusted than a nation-wide, old-style town meeting electorate. I am inclined to think that the populace is more easily inflamed to deeds of folly than a committee of market analysts, pollsters and advertising executives. The point is that it behooves us to recognize what our procedures of governing ourselves have become if we intend to do anything about them.

THE Liberal-Radical Establishment, that well-known bastion of orthodoxy, has been accused often enough of thinking of social change in terms of the barricades of 1848, Thaddeus Stevens assaulted in the Senate, or Debs leading the Pullman strike. Lives, blood, sweat and tears, or even just valuable time, have been wasted by thousands of "the best minds of my generation" trying to force upon the public return engagements of symbolic dramas that have ceased to be relevant. Where are the sources and channels of power

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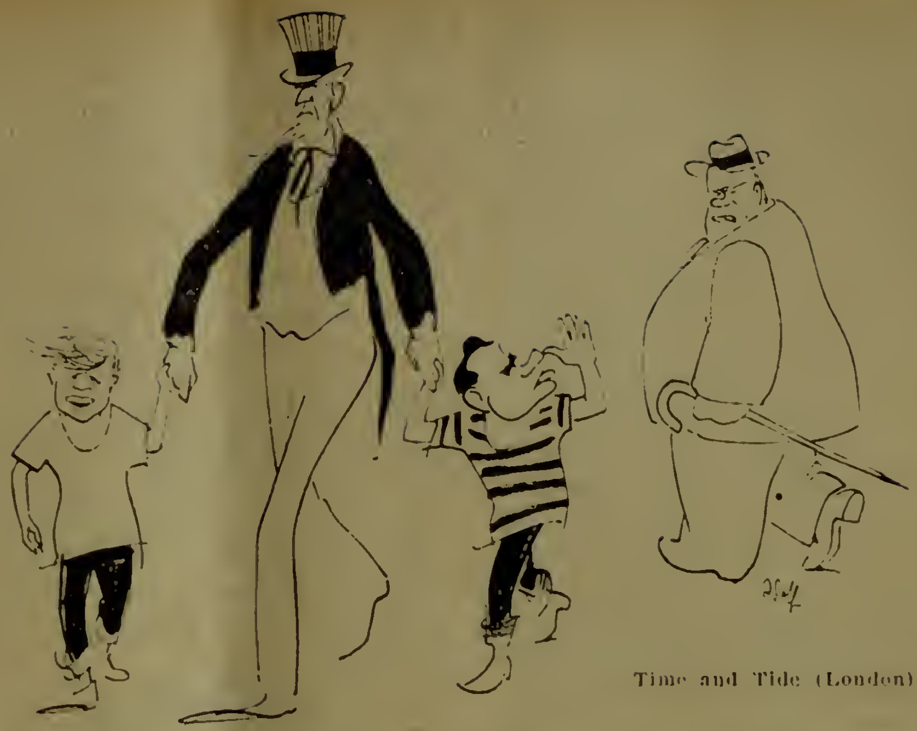
KENNETH REXROTH is a frequent NATION *contributor.*

today in American society? What are the effective mechanisms of social change?

We all know that the Russians have a symbolic constitution and a ritual parliament. The country is run by administrative bureaus which are staffed by an elite corps of specialists and technicians. Clandestine power blocs, known as *apparats*, whose existence is not admitted except in deepest privacy, struggle for position and policy. After the hidden conflicts have been resolved, political appointees and sometimes even policies are submitted to the vote of the people in a plebiscite—one slate of candidates and only a "yes" vote. What do we have in America? Well, we have two parties and nobody gets killed or exiled to North Dakota.

LONG, LONG ago I came back from an all-night party in Georgetown on the Staten Island Ferry, and got off and started to walk up through the deserted city to Greenwich Village. I was with Mike Gold and Joe Freeman and three hilarious girls. "Look at that!" said I, as the dawn penetrated into Wall Street, "How do you propose to take all that over and run it, any time in the foreseeable future? Why, you couldn't even run the janitor service in one building." "Nothing to it," said Mike, "we'll just elect Workers' Committees in each office." (It was a very long time ago.) The girls were all for dynamiting the whole lower end of the island and turning it into a Park of Culture and Rest. Joe said nothing, but winked a heavy-lidded eye.

How many programs of social change, including "Land, Bread and Peace" and "All Power to the Soviets" of 1918, have any relation to reality? How many documents, including the American Constitution, describe actually operating social mechanisms? My own caste of writers suffers from the hallucination of programs and the delusion of documents, an often fatal belief in words. After all, why shouldn't they? They make them up, and it's a poor workman who despises his own work.


Time and Tide (London)

Real programs are effective in another way, and operate in a vastly different world. What are the programs and organizational forms that can be effective in Oak Ridge, Tudor Village, the RAND Corporation, Puerto Rican Harlem, Exurbia, the United Auto Workers? More people work in the Pentagon than inhabit some sovereign nations. This is a nexus of power. How does it operate? Through public channels sanctioned by public documents? For years, the United States has been in the grip of an apparently incurable agricultural crisis of exactly the opposite kind from that afflicting most of the rest of the world, including the Soviet Union. We seem to be able to take it in stride, in fact we grow fat on it. But what is it? What are the deadlocked power blocs here, actually?

The essence of Democratic Centralism is that the masses are permitted to approve accomplished fact. How much of our political life today, due not to malice of the Bosses, but as a necessary consequence of the economic and social structure, has moved over into the realm occupied by the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the intervention in Korea and Guatemala, or Mr. Powers' airplane ride? Somebody sanctions these acts, they don't happen by themselves, but how is the power focused that sanctions them in the first place?

What we need is a new theory of the State. When Mr. Khrushchev finished his exposé of Stalin's terror, it is not true that he could not answer the question, "What were you and your colleagues doing all this time?" He answered it. He said, "We were afraid." But there is one question he could not even begin to answer: where did the power come from? Having roused every organized body in the society except his own personal secretariat against him, how did Stalin get away with it? If you decapitate all the power blocs, all the *apparats*, where does your power come from? We have an exact mirror image of this dilemma here at home. For eight years this country has been to all practical intents and purposes without a Chief Executive and without a "national policy," internally or externally. Brinks or no, it kept out of war and internally it has never been better off. It ran itself, but how?

MR. ALSOP is correct in being able to find no crucial difference between the two Presidential candidates, but he is also right in believing this election to be of decisive importance, and right in comparing it to the elections of the two Roosevelts. Each of those elections marked a profound qualitative change in the structure of our society, and each successive change was more profound, more thoroughgoing, than the preceding one. Mr. Alsop says that the most significant factor this time is the heavy weight of the

Soviet Union thrown into the balance of international affairs. But the emergence of the Soviet Union as the second, and in some instances the first, World Power, politically and economically, is not an autonomous development, like the rise of Parthia or Han China over against Rome; it is a far more closely interlinked development in one economic world than the rise of Germany under Bismarck over against England and France. Imagine yourself an intelligent crustacean from Mars to whom political boundaries and the words of the Declaration of Independence and the Communist Manifesto are purely epiphenomenal. Or, for that matter, just imagine yourself a defeated but intelligent Republican Presidential candidate of a few years back. It is obvious that the social and economic processes which are coming to fruition in Russia, Germany, England or the United States are essentially the same processes—they are simply man's way of living in an industrial civilization on the earth in the second half of the twentieth century. Over against this society is the rest, the majority, of the world, unable to advance by its own efforts, and doomed to demoralization, disintegration and chaos unless, acting in coordination and cooperation, the developed nations come to the rescue. "Peaceful competition" is not enough. The Bomb is not the most serious danger; if it goes off we'll all be dead and care nothing about it. What is important is the achievement of a true economy of abundance so firmly based that it can afford to underwrite the collective security of all the dozens of Castros and Lumumbas and Nassers who will come clamoring onto the stage waving lethal weapons, every year for years to come.

OUR SOCIETY is passing through a critical point. As Engels used to say, quantity is changing into quality, as water changes into steam. (I was always a little suspicious of the accuracy of that illustration, but no matter.) These changes will take place in an industrial civilization regardless. At the best, the politicians can only come along behind and coordinate the administration. Again, as Marx used to say, "Not the rule of men but the administration of things." Does that mean that what Marx called "The Revolution" has taken place? It certainly does, and a couple of revolutions past that one.

Mr. Alsop is right; a heavy weight is being thrown into the scales, but its *Russianness* is purely emotional and symbolic—the symbol of Sputnik and the circuit of the moon. What hangs over this Presidential election as the heaviest of threats and the brightest of promises is the onrushing technological revolution—the third or fourth great qualitative change in the development of industrial civilization.

Historical materialism is out of date, but you could discard the human factor altogether and make out a good case for the theory that the major wars of our time have been explosions of frustrated technology. Just as Bolshevism emerged as the only form of social organization sufficiently ruthless to drive the reluctant peasant populations of two great underdeveloped nations along the road of what Marx called "primitive capital accumulation," so it would seem that only war has been able to create the discipline and organization necessary to move industrial civilization through the successive phases of its development. Today we know how to banish labor, in any ordinary sense of the term, from the industrial process altogether. The only thing necessary to lift "complete automation" from the drawing boards is that currently fashionable journalistic cliché, "national purpose." War is no longer available as the organizer of national purpose, and so a kind of historical frustration spreads through society, a technological crisis that is reflected in economic frustration and political demoralization.

THIS ALL may sound abstract and irrelevant in a discussion of the real politics of a Presidential election. That it is very far indeed from being so is shown by the fact that it is recognized, half-consciously, even by the rhetoricians of campaign oratory, the carpenters of the party platforms. And it is this historical crisis that is concealed, not just in the two platform planks on national development and national purpose, but in most of the other major issues confronting contemporary society.

Above all others, the crucial issue is of course peace. As everyone but Chairman Mao knows, the only alternative to peace is non-existence. On this question, neither party platform and neither candidate has anything to offer except policies that lead straight to extermination. Getting tough has failed dismally, so get tougher. The balance of peacefulness probably lies with Mr. Nixon. It is always presumed that he represents the major forces, the biggest money, in the society—presumably heavy industry, finance, the major extractive industries and the large-scale fabricating industries. I think the notion that an American President "represents" such a compact oligarchy, at least in this day and age, is naive—but assuming that he does so, these are certainly not the powers that want war, or need war industry. The day of the Merchants of Death, the steel barons and captains of heavy industry plotting war and selling armaments, is done.

MODERN weapons are not produced in such a way; they are produced by relatively small, light industrial fabricating plants. A guided missile, an ICBM, an artificial satellite: these are different things from cannon and battleships. Bombers are now obsolete, but just before they became so, the electronic equipment in a big one cost more than the largest bombers had cost in the Second World War—a mess of glass, wires, plastic and cardboard put together by machines tended by girls.

The grandsons of the robber barons in Pittsburgh don't want or need war or war preparation. They have a permanent committee of specialists keeping up the plans for conversion to a peacetime economy. The trade unionists in the war plants are another matter. They and their bosses (both "their" capitalists, really petty figures as capitalists go, and their union leaders) support Mr. Kennedy. Four years ago, eight years ago, Mr.

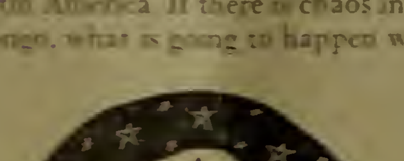
Walter Reuther bowed before the Dixiecrats. "The time was not ripe." This year was to be the year of Walter the Kingmaker. I've often thought he seriously believed he had a chance of being King himself someday. Nothing was sadder than the rout of the Reutherites at this convention. Here was an army that threw away its center before the battle and was cut to pieces on its remaining flanks by the only descendants of De Forrest and Stonewall Jackson.

On internal economic policies there is little to choose. The Democrats, following Mr. Galbraith, are committed to a Keynesian economy of what their opponents call "deficit financing," the Republicans to hard money and a balanced budget. This sounds as if expert advisers had given their respective leaders very deep and learned advice. As a matter of fact, this too is only what Wendell Willkie long ago called "campaign oratory." The economy for most of the twentieth century has been inflated at approximately the rate of amortization, in other words the cost of living goes up at about the interest rate on "safe" bonds. More rapid inflation leads to economic disorder and eventual breakdown. A slower rate of inflation leads to almost immediate stagnation. Contrary to the apothegms of the elder Rockefeller, our society functions by never paying its debts. This state of affairs is not going to be changed by anybody in the White House, short of an arrant rascal and adventurer. Mr. Nixon and Mr. Kennedy are far from such—they are both pure "organization men."

The agricultural program of both parties is pure magic. It is impossible to find a solution to this crisis in reverse within the present world context. Everybody knows what we should do with our surplus food—feed the hungry. This can only be done in a world of peace and international cooperation.

WHERE THE details of a settlement of the cold war (and don't forget, cold war means hot war in the immediate future) are mentioned by either candidate or in either platform — for instance, the acceptance of the existence of China as a sovereign nation—there is nothing to choose. Both sides are committed to policies that have been proven to fail. Childish defiance of the realities of world politics is not going to change reality.

On the question of responsibility to the "underdeveloped nations," everybody is running scared. Mr. Castro and Mr. Lumumba are, in my opinion, a pair of hysteriacs, but they have frightened the wits out of American politicians, a commendable achievement. Waiting in line behind Cuba and the Congo stand Laos, Iran, Taiwan, Spain, half of Latin America. If there is chaos in the Congo, what is going to happen when Angola and Mozambique blow up? Portugal itself is an "underdeveloped country" and an uneasy, foreign-supported dictatorship, both at once. Neither party, nor any of their specialists, has come up with a plan for systematic, coordinated world development of the starving, over-populated, under-capitalized majority of nations. Of course they cannot, because implicit in any of their solutions is the politics of the cold war, which can only lead to demoralization. The only programs which can work are those which take place in an atmosphere of genuine world peace and which involve the active cooperation of all the developed industrial nations.



Second only to the achievement of a peacetime economy and the resultant new level of rationalization of industry in the United States is, of course, the final demand of the American Negro for total racial equality. This is really only the "human relations" aspect of the former problem. As one of the present generation of steel barons said to me recently in Pittsburgh, "We found out long ago that you can't make steel with a guilty conscience." On this question the choice is obvious. It is my personal belief that a Negro who would vote for a Texas Democrat needs his head examined. But, ignoring the Vice Presidency, what is the record of Mr. Kennedy? I am afraid it can be characterized as pussyfooting in the South and demagogy in the North. Mr. Nixon, doubtless advised by the smartest publicity men in the business, heads straight off for the South and defends the sit-ins to cheering crowds of white people.

I DO NOT believe that the religious issue is of importance in a personal judgment of either candidate. Mr. Nixon is a Quaker. Mr. Kennedy is a Roman Catholic. Both sects have very pronounced ideas on the relations of Church and State. A devout Quaker or a devout Catholic in the Presidency might well revolutionize America. Both candidates have assured us time and again that the principles of their religion are not as important to them as political expediency. I believe them. If Mr. Kennedy is elected, I doubt if birth control or the Index of Forbidden Books will ever become national issues. But it should not be forgotten that behind Mr. Kennedy are ranked groups which are only incidentally Roman Catholic: the Irish, Polish, Hungarian and other populations of the big cities who are, to put it mildly, hardly the most devoted workers for peace and disarmament.

Furthermore, in what the European radical press generally calls "Vatican Europe"—West Germany, France, Italy, Belgium, Spain, Portugal—the existing regimes will be facing serious challenge in the days to come. Since this group of closely coordinated regimes came into existence with the active encouragement of three governments in America run by Protestants and men of no religion, it might well be that an American Catholic President would usher in a secular, "laique," even Social Democratic Europe. Who knows? Still, it bears thinking about.

If Mr. Kennedy were as good a

Catholic as, not Dorothy Day, but Anne Freemantle, or even Bishop Sheen, or if one of the Cadburys were running on the Republican ticket, I think it might be worth taking a chance and voting for, not against, "religion in politics." As it is, I don't see that their ambiguous religious professions are greatly to the credit of either candidate.

If ever there was an election that called for a vital liberal third party, this is it. As it is, there are only tiny sectarian groups. There is a movement for a national write-in campaign for Linus Pauling or Martin Luther King, Jr., or both. This has much to commend it, but my suggestion is, if you must vote, go to the polls and write in your own name. You're the one that is going to get it in the neck, win or lose.

A final word: don't assume that because Mr. Bowles and Mr. Stevenson are "our kind of people," intellectuals who read the liberal weeklies, they are any different from anybody else. Mr. Stevenson is NOT going to Moscow, put his feet up on the table, show the hole in his shoe, quote the "Duino Elegies" to Mr. Khrushchev, and make peace break out. Literacy is a dubious virtue in politics. M. Malraux and M. Soustelle are very highly literate men.

IRAN'S FALSE FRONT . .

by Stanley Cooperman

Teheran

LATE LAST month the Shah of Iran, reacting to widespread complaints, invalidated as "rigged" a recent parliamentary election in that country and has called for a new ballot. The development would appear to offer a bona fide of the "New Iran's" new democracy—except that the Iranian parliament, or Majlis, like most of the country's political and economic structure, is so much window dressing. It exists to maintain the illusion of constitutional democracy; the real power in the country resides in the Army — or, rather, in those detachments concentrated around Teheran, with guns trained on the city itself. The Army is loyal to the Shah, but the Shah in turn is dependent on the Army — a fact which explains why the Monarch, while deeply anxious to improve the economic and social lot of his people, is often ineffectual.

Despite its new look and new equipment, the Army is largely a business proposition. The standing joke around this city is that there are twelve officers for every ten enlisted men. The officers, who are everywhere in an amazing variety of resplendent uniforms, seem mainly occupied in saluting each other, collecting their salaries and — of course — exchanging contracts. Enlisted men, on the other hand (who until recently were actually conscripted off the streets) dress and often look like servants. Only the select outfits — meaning the Palace divisions — are fighting men.

Last spring's border "incidents" between Iran and Iraq, precisely because of the Palace-guard nature of both armies, were rhetorical tempests only. Neither Kassem nor the Shah could afford to risk his real fighting units in actual combat. For this reason Teheran, unlike the various world news agencies, remained totally unconcerned with the Iraqi "crisis." As several Persians have reminded this writer, their Western-trained and efficient Army units have never left the city since the Shah regained power. They are not likely to do so.

ECONOMICALLY, too, much of Iran's progress is little more than window dressing. In a recent interview with the Shah, for example, columnist Drew Pearson was impressed with the fact that Persian per capita income has increased from $40 to $140 per year. This figure is deceptive for two reasons: first, a severe general inflation; second, the enormous contrast between governmental efforts on behalf of rural and of urban populations.

The progressive land-reform program in Iran has received and deserved much attention. Land reform, however, is by no means the whole economic story. Reform itself, after all, was hardly the innovation of the Shahanshah; his attempts to secure a loyal and independent peasantry must be viewed as a continuation rather than the creation of a program. Equally important is the fact that in urban areas — especially in Teheran itself — no comparable program exists; Westernization, with its accompanying inflation (Bank Melli figures report a 22 per cent cost-of-living increase on basic items during 1959 alone) has served to accentuate rather than eliminate extremes of wealth and poverty.

In appearance, again, Teheran seems almost a boom town. Construction is proceeding at an enormous rate, and there is hardly a block, especially in the northern or "European" sections, that is without its new apartment building. These new buildings, however, are inhabited almost exclusively by Europeans, especially Americans; the rents are extremely high by any standard, and astronomical for an economy in which an experienced engineer earns $200 a month, or just about the cost of a decent apartment.

Investment in real estate, often supported by American aid-dollars, is going into luxury housing for foreign advisers. Persians themselves, on the other hand, find housing more difficult and more expensive — and the irony is the fact that both the difficulty and the expense have increased because of American aid. The Persian Government, in an all-too-typical "showcase" program, has developed a method of loans and

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tax-incentives which actually encourages landlords to build expensive structures without renting them. As a result, construction in Teheran goes on furiously while the city is filled with empty buildings.

The entire attention of the Iranian Government seems to be on the process rather than on the result of expenditure. American aid-funds are welcomed by contractors and administrators, who then set impossible rentals and wait for Western tenants. It is, most certainly, a typical Alice-in-Wonderland situation: American dollars are being spent on structures only Americans can afford to rent. One Persian, an office supervisor, explained it this way: "I hate the sound of foreign aid. Before American dollars started coming here, I had one job and a decent apartment. Now I have three jobs and still had to leave my apartment because the landlord wanted to rent to an American. Who is being 'improved,' anyway?"

AMONG Persians themselves, multiple jobs are a unique feature of economic life. Men and women, especially those with education who wish to maintain European standards, work sixty hours per week. Without "family," advancement is limited to "a certain point" — and that point is likely to be the ability to buy European plumbing.

There is outspoken bitterness among young professional men, no less than among young women with "good" jobs paying so little that three jobs must be held at once. And the bitterness, although without political outlet, has caused one interesting development: a middle class loyal only to the idea of getting out of the country. Emigration, indeed, rather than politics or economics or literature, is often the chief topic of conversation. The middle class is largely disenfranchised from responsible political life; cultural concerns are irrelevant when individuals must work sixty hours per week for combination salaries; and economics is a subject for cynical wit rather than serious attention.

There is, of course, far more talk than action as far as emigration is concerned. Most young people simply do not have the professional or linguistic skill necessary for relocation. Among those who do have such skills, however, emigration is a very real driving force. And this is another paradox of the "New Iran." As the Persian Government continues to educate and Westernize the middle class, without providing commensurate social or political opportunities, that group which should be the most dynamic element of the nation either sinks into apathy or leaves the country altogether.

This apathy has had one interesting development: the growth of a Persian "beatnik" group composed of young people almost completely alienated from the political and economic life of the nation. These "beatniks," however, are in no way literary. For one thing, no literature of protest is likely to exist in a nation where every press is either owned or operated by government officialdom. Artistic young people read the classics and play with Persian mozaics; contemporary work is limited almost exclusively to love poetry or popular songs.

The Persian "beatniks" themselves, at any rate, haunt the few night clubs of Teheran, listen to imitative jazz, drive cars furiously and aimlessly to suburban clubs (when they can get "rich Americans" to subsidize the evening), dance the cha-cha and exchange bed partners out of frank boredom. The girls wear high-piled "Roman" hair-dos and heavy make-up; their eyes are carefully painted into the "black almond" look; their dresses, worn far above the knees, give them the appearance of overdressed flappers. The men either cultivate a pseudo-Italianate dandyism, or re-enact the James Dean role, complete with leather (usually imitation) jackets.

Shah of Iran

THIS APATHY, however, may not be quite so permanent as either Palace officials or American advisers seem to believe. Several men in the American Embassy here, for example, admit that the middle class has become increasingly disaffected under the Shah's regime. They add, however, that these "dreamy individualists" could never take matters into their own hands. But the fact remains that these same "dreamy individualists" fought pitched battles with the Shah's troops when the Mossadegh Government was overthrown.

In retrospect, it becomes increasingly obvious that the Mossadegh Government was by no means simply a "Communist tool." Many young professional men, now in their early thirties, who by no stretch of the imagination could be called Communist, speak wistfully of the political excitement, the sense of real social and economic change, the feeling of work-to-be-done during the Mossadegh episode. Their tone is remarkably like that of the young men — now no longer very young — who took part in the American New Deal.

The prevalent cynicism may also be due to the fact that, under the façade of Westernization, the old aristocratic elements are back at the same stand. The Army, government, education, construction, communication, industry: family connections and *bakshish* are equally important to all of them. A telephone, for example, must be "bought" from the right quarters: the going price in Teheran is now 4,000 toman or $475 — about seven months' wages for a taxi-driver or a school teacher. Not even higher education is exempt from this pattern, despite the fact that great efforts are being made to educate young Persians at foreign universities. When these young men and women return to Iran, the door is closed — and closed violently — unless they have "family" in addition to their degree. One young man, for example, who earned a Ph.D. with honors in the United States, applied for a teaching job at Teheran University, and passed his examination impressively. The result: he is now working in a bank, while the wife of the bank chairman (who himself has several government jobs) is comfortably ensconced on the faculty.

Lower income groups, no less than the middle class, are chafing under the Westernization that has brought a façade of European standards to Teheran. A taxi-driver, for example, may drive a Mercedes-Benz sedan, but his monthly income remains $60 to $70 per month. Shops are filled with European or American products that are bought, for the most part, by Europeans or Americans. Throughout the city new wealth can be seen but not touched by vast numbers of the population; and increased education itself creates expectations which the government does little to fulfill.

The Shahanshah deserves credit for his land reform and his efforts to increase the per capita income of Iran. But until the Persian Government realizes that a politically disenfranchised middle class is potentially dangerous; and until the Shah himself realizes that Westernization, as it is now proceeding in Iran, has increased rather than decreased social and economic pressure, the Imperial Army must continue to train its guns upon the capital city. There is, certainly, no impending "revolution"; political apathy, for the time being, is no less marked than the cynicism voiced privately by so many Persians in all walks of life. But political apathy is a poor foundation for any government, especially in the Middle East. Given the emergence of a powerful personality at the right moment, or a shift in world power alignments, and the "dreamy individualism" of Persia may explode once again, with serious consequences.

THE CALIFORNIA FARM WORKER:

STILL IN DUBIOUS BATTLE . .

by Dick Meister

Stockton, Calif.

ALTHOUGH STILL a long way from its ultimate goal, the AFL-CIO has won the first round in one of the most rugged fights ever taken on by organized labor: unionizing the exploited and almost forgotten farm worker. For decades, the history of farm-labor organizing has been one of isolated unions struggling vainly to pierce the defenses of the unified, solidly entrenched farm interest. Now, however, the whole labor movement is behind the organizing drive, and California growers are facing what they melodramatically term "a crisis."

In terms of immediate, concrete achievement, the results of the drive so far have been modest: some 5,000 members unionized by the federation's Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee and the upping of wages (by a series of strikes or threatened strikes) in several harvests from as low as 70 cents to the AWOC's current minimum of around $1.25 an hour (or its equivalent in piece rates).

More important in the total picture is a reversal of the situation which for so many years enabled California's growers to rule their workers with an iron hand. The farm-labor organizers are no longer fighting alone, and government is no longer acting as agent for the farm employer.

The AFL-CIO's formal decision to back the organizing drive as a pilot project for a national farm union was made at its executive council meeting in San Juan, Puerto Rico, in February, 1959. The idea had been discussed many times before, and on occasion individual unions had sought to implement it. But the nation's union leadership had never been convinced that the labor movement could handle a job of such magnitude, let alone the special problems presented by the agricultural industry.

At San Juan, however, union leaders decided at long last to get moving on what some of them had long called "America's unfinished business." Clearly, the genuine idealism of some AFL-CIO leaders had much to do with the decision, as did years of agitation by isolated farm-union groups, citizens' committees, religious organizations and others.

It is also clear that as the nation's general affluence has grown, the poverty of the farm worker has come to stand out in bold relief. And the increase in strength of the liberal vote throughout the country has made it possible for many labor leaders to abandon the traditional practice of trying to extract favors for urban workers from rural-controlled legislatures by promising to ignore agriculture. Labor itself is beginning to realize that the distinction between the urban and rural worker is meaningless in this day of industrialized agriculture, and the farm drive is undoubtedly a part of the labor movement's general campaign to maintain its position as the number of non-union white-collar workers continues to grow at the expense of unionized production workers.

IF THE AFL-CIO ever was to take a stand for agricultural labor, it would have had to be in California. Here is found the country's greatest concentration of agricultural wealth, mechanization and farm workers. This state, too, is the home of the corporation farm, controlled by anti-union financial interests with a

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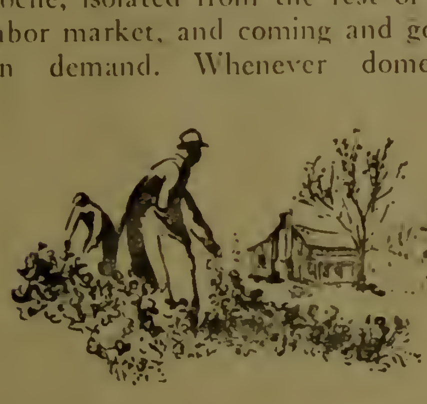
stranglehold on the state's $3 billion farm economy.

If California is the place, the election in 1958 of a liberal state administration and legislature for only the second time in sixty-four years provided the ideal opportunity. Indeed, the administration instituted by Democratic Governor Edmund G. Brown has been, perhaps, the most important factor in the progress made by the unionizing campaign up to this point.

In earlier campaigns, growers could always depend on the state to help supply them with strikebreakers—Mexican nationals, or *braceros*, who were numerous, cheap, docile, isolated from the rest of the labor market, and coming and going on demand. Whenever domestic workers balked at working conditions, the grower complained that he couldn't get domestic labor ("Americans won't do 'stoop' labor," was a standard explanation) and so faced a "crisis" endangering his vital harvest. State and federal agencies obligingly allowed him to send to Mexico for as many *braceros* as he wanted.



In the absence of orderly legal procedures in the industry, the only weapon available to organizers was the strike; and, with this sort of strikebreaking available, the growers for decades were in a position to block all unionizing efforts. When they tried it again this year, however, they found the state administration no longer in a mood to serve as their employment department. Brown's Director of Employment, backed by decisions of a new Brown majority on the State Supreme Court, ruled that farms being picketed were involved in labor disputes, and cited laws which, he said, prohibited him from certifying to the federal government that *braceros* should be sent to such farms.

Growers turned to Secretary of Labor James Mitchell, but the Secretary upheld the interpretation, which in the meantime is being challenged in a legal battle that may end up in the U.S. Supreme Court. Some growers have received temporary relief from state courts, but the rulings are not decisive.

As important to the union cause as the *bracero* rulings has been the shift in government's general attitude toward labor, particularly in this state. The violence with which California officialdom once treated the farm worker is no longer possible in a state where organized labor controls so many votes.

The powerful growers have been attempting to hold off the organizing drive by seeking to amass their own army of domestic strikebreakers, granting a few minor concessions, speeding up mechanization and shouting "labor shortage" and "danger to perishable crops" at the start of every harvest. In addition, they are echoing old anti-union arguments long since abandoned by urban industries, adding their own special pleading that agriculture has been exempt from laws governing other labor because it is somehow a unique occupation.

BUT denied the help of government, at least temporarily, the growers have lost a series of field battles to the AWOC, led by three veteran C.I.O. organizers—Norman Smith, who played a leading role in the Auto Workers campaigns of the thirties; Lou Krainock, once educational director of the Packinghouse Workers; and Franz Daniel, an AFL-CIO Assistant Director of Organization. The victories, however, must not be overestimated. Generally, they have been won over the weaker and more cooperative small farmers. The truth is that many of the state's non-migratory farm workers—so essential to union stability—have not joined the AWOC. By and large, these are the highly skilled workers who, during the height of the harvest season at least, can earn far above the committee minimum. They are not yet convinced that the AWOC can provide them the security to make their membership worth-while. (Unlike previous drives, high dues are not now a factor; thanks to subsidization by the parent AFL-CIO, the AWOC charges only $2 a month.)

To gain support of the more numerous migratory workers, however, the AWOC has had to stress wage gains and improvements of the most fundamental sort—striking to secure fresh drinking water on the job and two ten-minute breaks a day in orchards where the temperature commonly soars above 100 degrees, for example. This procedure has brought the committee a following, but has not given it the stability and strength it must have to become an actual union, with the right to represent workers on the job and to bargain collectively.

SO FAR, bargaining has been on an individual grower basis, and there have been no contracts. When a grower agrees to AWOC demands, the AWOC's job is done, at least until the next harvest season, when it may very well have to set up its picket lines again.

By way of union organization, all the committee has done is to create a climate in which collective bargaining may someday be established. This, indeed, is the immediate goal of the AWOC. Where growers refuse particular demands, but agree to bargain, no strike is called. Almost as high on the AWOC's priority list is the training of organizers from the fields, the education of workers in political action and in their basic rights, and the establishment of locals throughout the state.

The diffuse nature of agriculture is what makes the task of organizing it so difficult, especially with workers drifting from region to region and from employer to employer. It's not simply a matter of walking into a factory, organizing workers, calling for an election under the National Labor Relations Act to establish the fact of organization, and then sitting down to negotiate a contract. There just aren't enough organizers to cover the 250,000 to 500,000 farm workers scattered throughout California, and there are no walled factories where workers are massed in a situation ready-made for collective action. AWOC organizers, in fact, have been arrested for trespassing in fields. And it should be noted that agriculture is not covered by the NLRA.

The AWOC has tried to make do with the recent court rulings allowing it to picket farms that have not recognized it. Some union officials contend this is enough, that NLRA coverage will not be necessary, or that in any case NLRA election procedures are too time-consuming in a state where three-day harvests are not unknown.

But if the experience of the Packinghouse Workers is any gauge, NLRA coverage would be handy. Operating under the Insular Labor Law, with provisions similar to the NLRA, the Packinghouse Workers organized a field union in Puerto Rico. Yet here, where it has spent about a half-million dollars on organizing campaigns in the last seven years, it has been unable to establish one.

Stable unions have been established without legal protection, of course; the success of the International Longshoremen and Warehousemen in Hawaii is a good example of this. But the ILWU had something the AWOC has yet to develop: economic power, represented by its ability to tie up the island's ports. The AWOC is in no position to tie up California agriculture. It hasn't even tried. It has been content so far to concentrate on pinpoint picketing as various crops ripen, hitting growers only where surveys indicate some chance of victory.

But the AWOC hopes to take another leaf from the ILWU book: the use of hiring halls, probably the best way to establish the basic stability the committee needs to sustain a collective-bargaining relationship.

Growers, however, control the real means by which union stability could be achieved. Except for financial speculation, there's no reason why many of California's 130 major crops must be brought to maturity so quickly, or be concentrated in any particular area. By merely smoothing out the seasonal harvest curve through staggered planting and sensible crop diversification, California farmers could utilize almost the entire force of migrant workers within the state, and almost year-round.

These are AWOC goals—to end migration and to provide farm workers with something more than a few months' work a year. But, unless forced, the corporate powers who control California agriculture will provide no such help. Small farmers may want a stable and undemoralized work force, but this is precisely what those who dictate to them don't want.

A fundamental problem, clearly, is to force the corporate powers into planning with their workers in mind. There is the possibility of help, in this regard, from Congress and the State Legislature. Growers, who have been able to keep the upper hand by their ability to push through repressive legislation, finally are faced with lobbies at least equal to their own powerful groups. Liberal legislators, moreover, are pushing for legal reforms which, among other things, would bring agriculture under the NLRA and provide for compulsory arbitration in farm-labor disputes. This may be the only way to solve the AWOC's basic problems—as some labor officials contend—or there may be other solutions.

The AWOC seems no more certain of what solutions would be best than it is of what the basic structure of its agricultural union should be. No one seems to have the answers, for that matter. Whatever route the AWOC chooses, it's going to require a great deal of time and resources. But this doesn't mean that the AWOC can much longer delay consolidating its gains, giving a definite direction to its organization, and providing some measure of stability to go with the enthusiasm it has inspired in nineteen months of important, but not decisive, accomplishment.

Ph.D. FROM WHERE? . .

by Vern L. Bullough

SOME FIFTY years ago, the late Abraham Flexner took a long overdue look at medical education in the United States and Canada. The results were embodied in the famous Flexner Report, published for the Carnegie Foundation, which initiated a revolution in American medical education. Now, fifty years later, another aspect of the rapidly proliferating higher educational scene, namely the Ph.D. program, is ripe for a similar critical survey.

At the latest count there were some 197 institutions awarding the Ph.D. degree or its equivalent (Ed. D., etc.). Geographically, the schools range from the University of Florida to the University of Alaska, from the University of Maine to the University of Hawaii. Alphabetically, the University of Akron in Ohio leads the list, which ends with Yeshiva University in New York. Academically, the range is just as wide, since it includes the founders of the Association of American Universities, like the University of Chicago, as well as the unaccredited Bob Jones University in Greenville, South Carolina. Agewise, Harvard heads the list, but included is the postwar Brandeis University in Waltham, Mass. Forty-eight of the fifty states have institutions offering some kind of earned doctorate with only Nevada and Idaho not yet able to do so.

The American Ph.D. degree has come a long way from its appearance at Yale in 1861 and the reorganization of graduate education which began in 1876 with the founding of Johns Hopkins University. By 1930 there were 2,024 Ph.D. degrees awarded by some seventy-four institutions; by 1958 the number had reached 8,942 and 197 institutions.

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The most rapid proliferation of degrees and institutions has come since the Second World War. Unfortunately, neither numbers nor diversity implies quality.

There is, for example, no association nor council which has the authority to accredit graduate schools. No scheme for ranking has been generally accepted, although efforts in this direction were made both in the early thirties and middle forties. Some of the schools are not even accredited in their undergraduate programs, although almost all of them have some form of accreditation for their various professional graduate schools such as medicine, business or social work. The Association of Graduate Schools in the Association of American Universities lists some forty-one graduate schools as meeting their "high standards of graduate work at the doctoral level." This, however, leaves more than 150 schools offering the Ph.D. — some with large student bodies — not qualified to belong to the association, and hundreds more that offer a terminal master's degree.

STANDARDS vary greatly in the graduate schools. Library resources range from almost nothing to the multi-million volumes of the more famous schools. Faculty teaching loads go from a norm of six hours in the better schools to over fifteen hours in others (plus dissertation direction, committee work and numerous other academic work projects). Some schools run their graduate program almost entirely in the evening with the assistance of much part-time help, a system condemned by Flexner in his survey of medical schools as conducive neither to learning nor to scholarship. Endowments range from the hundreds of millions to an almost total lack; many schools have tremendous state appropriations behind them, while others attempt to run almost entirely on tuition. (Flexner called this type "proprietary institutions" and felt they should be eliminated. Unfortunately, some of the more prolific American graduate schools could be called proprietary in the worst sense of the word.) Faculties also vary greatly from Nobel or Pulitzer laureates to people unknown not only outside their school, but even outside their own departments.

The result has been to create as great a variation in the Ph.D. degree as Flexner found in the M.D. degree back in 1910. When Flexner made his study, there were some 150 institutions awarding the M.D. degree, many of which had poor academic standards, little endowment and a lack of research facilities. Flexner recommended that the number be cut to thirty-one schools, because the country could neither support nor did it need more. While not all of his recommendations were followed, many of them were. No such drastic revision should be done to American graduate education now, but certainly some sort of minimum standards should be adopted.

IT SEEMS obvious that graduate education to be at all adequate requires a heavy investment of both money and time, neither of which can come without large endowments or appropriations; it cannot be successful on a strictly part-time basis since the nature of most subjects requires some period of concentrated attention. Flexner argued this in 1910 and it is just as valid today. Faculties in graduate schools should have reduced loads, to allow them both to devote time to directing the work of their students and to do the necessary research which is supposed to distinguish the teacher in the graduate university from his colleagues in undergraduate institutions.

Adequate graduate education would imply large, well-equipped libraries and full laboratory facilities. Classes in graduate schools should be given over almost entirely to graduate students, so that they compete with other graduate students and not with undergraduates (as is the case in many graduate schools).

But merely saying these things does not bring any improvement to the higher educational scene. Probably most faculty and administrators know the problem, but rationalize it or explain it away by arguing that they can give more attention to a graduate student and so their particular graduate program is justified.

To complicate matters, the status symbols attached to a faculty member who has Ph.D. students, or who teaches in a graduate school, are such that faculty pressure itself often is a factor in the establishment of a graduate program. This and the empire building of college or university presidents, regional pride or other such reasons are rapidly increasing the number of schools. There is little reason to suspect that Idaho and Nevada will hold back much longer, and most cities of even medium size will demand graduate schools of their own where they do not already have them. In point of fact, some of the accrediting associations themselves tend to push schools into entering the graduate program in order better to "serve the community." The predicted but not yet realized college-teacher shortage also adds to the pressures.

In order to establish minimal standards, some sort of body should attempt to survey the field and make legitimate recommendations. What American graduate education needs right now is probably a second Abraham Flexner. Any volunteers?

(*Continued from inside cover*)

beauty and grooming; 6.5 per cent foods; 6.5 per cent home furnishings; 6 per cent amusements, and the remaining 6 per cent a variety of subjects. . . .

Aaron Cohen
Research Director, SEVENTEEN
New York City

BOOKS and the ARTS

A Conservative Therapy

WORDS AND THINGS. By Ernest Gellner. Beacon Press. 270 pp. $5.

Hans Meyerhoff and Alvin N. Main

A NEW GAME is being played in the name of philosophy — a language game. It was conceived by Ludwig Wittgenstein in a work entitled *Philosophical Investigations* (1953). The meaning of this elusive work is still very much in dispute, as is the puzzling personality of its author. Yet it is relatively safe to say that the *Philosophical Investigations* is an altogether different work from Wittgenstein's youthful masterpiece, *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus* (1922), and that it represents a new way of doing philosophy. The key to this new conception is the notion that philosophers can learn a great deal by analyzing the language we use in ordinary life as if it were a kind of game. This game theory of philosophy contributed substantially to the rise of a new movement called Linguistic Philosophy, with headquarters in Oxford. And this movement is the target of Ernest Gellner's critical analysis and attack in *Words and Things*.

Wittgenstein is the central figure in Mr. Gellner's story; and that is right in the sense that Wittgenstein was a thinker of the greatest originality among his contemporaries and that his decision to do philosophy after the manner of language games did influence the new Oxford movement. Yet, despite this influence, it is not correct to make Wittgenstein the patron saint of contemporary Oxford philosophy. He always remained an outsider in the English scene. Born in Austria, he wrote in German (in a prose style of extraordinary power), and he derived most of his philosophical inspiration from non-British sources. Moreover, he intensely disliked academic philosophy and referred to postwar Oxford as a "philosophical desert." Finally, as Mr. Gellner shows, Oxford philosophy is deeply attached to a defense of common sense, and the philosophy of Common Sense is deeply rooted in the tradition of English thought. In this century, the two outstanding representatives of this tradition were G. E. Moore at Cambridge and John Cook Wilson at Oxford. Wilson published very little and is hardly known outside the classroom, but he had as profound an influence upon contemporary Linguistic Philosophers through teaching as G. E. Moore did through his writings. It is questionable whether Wittgenstein fits into the Common Sense tradition as neatly as Mr. Gellner says he does. And it is more accurate to view the contemporary Oxford movement of Linguistic Philosophy as a kind of hybrid — an offshoot from the Common Sense branch of English thought that adapts Wittgenstein's idea of playing philosophical language games for its own purposes.

BUT WHY is language a game? And why do we play it in the name of philosophy?

There is a view of language which, at first sight, appears much more familiar and persuasive than the game theory. According to this view our words and sentences say something about the world. When we say, "The grass is green," we think that we describe a real fact in the world; when we say, "John loves Mary," we think that we are saying something about a real state of affairs. We are not playing a "game." On the contrary, we are presumably saying something that is either true or false, and which it is depends on something in the world, not on the language we use. Thus it seems reasonable to suppose that language is a kind of copy, mirror, or picture of the world, and that the general structure of our language may be a key to the general structure of reality. Philosophers since Plato have, in fact, held this view; so did Wittgenstein in his *Tractatus*.

Yet this view is also unsatisfactory. "Mermaids are green," does not describe anything in the world nor does the request, "Close the window, please." Again, there are statements such as "Communism is hell" or "The Kingdom of God is within," which serve purposes in communication other than stating the "truth" in the literal sense. Even purely descriptive sentences are often used for other purposes. "The grass is green" may also express a commendation. "John loves Mary" may also be used as a warning to an interested third party. Our daily language is full of expressions which are commands, warnings, exhortations, persuasions, metaphors, evaluations, etc., so that it is, indeed, a legitimate question to ask whether anything we say is ever used *only* to make a statement about some factual situation in the world.

Thus it is not surprising that some philosophers have come to look upon language primarily as a tool or instrument. In their view, the chief (perhaps only?) function of language — at least, of ordinary, non-technical, non-scientific language — is to get things done in the world, not to describe them. Language itself is a way of doing things, a kind of business transaction, as it were, serving definite and different purposes. This view is a familiar aspect of American Pragmatism. And while Oxford philosophers do not care to give credit to John Dewey, who expressed some such ideas a long time ago, Wittgenstein did acknowledge his indebtedness to William James.

THE NOTION of the language game emerges within this pragmatic context. For if language is an instrument, like a hammer, it becomes important, of course, to know how to *use* it. Or suppose we take a game like chess. We must, obviously, learn how to use the pieces, and we do so by learning the *name* of each piece and the *rules* according to which it is moved. The "meaning" of each move, as it were, is determined by the rules. Similarly with language: we must also learn the names of the "pieces" — the words — and how to "move" them according to the rules. The names we give to things may be quite as artificial and arbitrary as are the pieces in chess. What counts in communication is how to use them according to the rules of grammar, syntax and logic. If we don't abide by the rules, we don't make sense, i.e., we don't use the tools of our language so that we achieve the purposes we pursue in life. Hence, the oft-repeated maxim of Linguistic Philosophy: Don't ask for the meaning, ask for the *use*! In this way, language may be envisaged as a game in which we study the manifold uses of words and the complex rules that determine their meanings in different contexts.

The new game pays off in at least

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two respects. First, it gives philosophers something to do and a reason for doing it. Threatened by "technological unemployment," philosophers have a new profession and a new identity. They play with ordinary language. More precisely, they serve as umpires, or coaches, so that others may know how to play the game correctly and not say anything that is ruled out as "logically odd." This supervision may be fascinating, because our language — as the poets have always known — is rich and full of surprises. It is also quite lengthy. In fact, as Mr. Gellner says, it may be as interminable as psychoanalysis, for there is no end to the nuances and shadings in the words we use.

There is a second, rather unexpected, bonus. Playing the language game is also a kind of therapy. For why should philosophers study the use of words in ordinary language? They do so because a return to this language is also a return to sanity. And it serves as a cure for the perplexities which arise as a result of the abuse of language in traditional philosophy. The old order in philosophy, according to this view, makes a fundamental error in believing that it is the business of philosophy to say something about the nature of "things" instead of the uses of "words." Linguistic Philosophy claims that the ancient philosophical ambition — to contribute something to human *knowledge* or to discover some *truths* about man and the world — was an illusion with fatal consequences. It produced insoluble puzzles, paradoxes and perplexities which have become the professional disease of philosophy; and it induced "mental cramps" and intellectual despair in the poor people who chose this profession. Thus we need a new therapy — Linguistic Philosophy — to dissolve the theoretical complexes buried in the collective unconscious of traditional philosophy.

THESE gains — a new sense of identity and a new method of therapy — are not negligible. But they are bought at a price, and Mr. Gellner is as merciless as he is brilliant in exposing the fee charged. In brief, the price is nothing less than giving up the calling of philosophy. "A cleric who loses his faith," as Mr. Gellner remarks, "abandons his calling, a philosopher who loses *his* redefines his subject-matter." In redefining its subject-matter, Linguistic Philosophy has defined the "ordinary use" of philosophy out of existence. What was once a vocation has become a safe, academic profession.

That is a necessary consequence of playing the game. For once we sit down to it, we are stuck — caught like "the fly in the bottle," which haunted Wittgenstein as a nightmare. Other games — whether bingo or baseball, whether logic or science — we can always step back from and judge as observers. We can always state the rules by which we play in a language which is not part of the game itself. Then if necessary, we can change the rules. But we cannot do this in the game of ordinary language. We cannot set up new rules; we cannot even *justify* the rules that we have. For the new rules we propose, or the justifications we provide, must always be stated in that same ordinary language. Hence, they presuppose, and make use of, the old rules. We are then forced to the melancholy conclusion that "It is not [the] job" of a linguistic philosopher "to justify the statements of common sense. . . . [Instead] it is his job to justify the statement that they need no justification."

This is an odd conception of philosophy. It means, in effect, that philosophy is nothing but a justification of common sense as revealed in ordinary language. There is, of course, much to be said for pricking metaphysical bubbles and logical pretentiousness in the name of common sense. There is also much to be said for rethinking the function of philosophy in our time. But whatever may be said in favor of Linguistic Philosophy along these lines, its way is not the way that philosophy has ordinarily followed. It has always been used for altogether different purposes— to expose the banalities of common sense and to prick the prejudices of the linguistic market place. Indeed, it has always been used to examine critically the validity of any language, whether ordinary, scientific, political, or religious.

According to the Linguistic philosopher, "Our common stock of words embodies all the distinctions men have found worth drawing." Thus we can never learn anything that we don't know already as part of this preferred stock. It contains all the common knowledge we need to live by if we but learn to tap its hidden resources — the wisdom of common sense. One standard practice of Linguistic Philosophy, therefore — one of the "four pillars" upon which it rests, according to Mr. Gellner — is to argue from the customary use of words to the truth or the falsity of a philosophical theory. For example, it is customary to say of a man who marries a girl without external compulsion that he did so "of his own free will." Thus there is a linguistically correct use

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of "free will," and from this we may conclude that there must be free will, or that determinism must be a false (or meaningless) philosophical view. "No one can deny," Bertrand Russell observes, "that this is an easy way to solve age-old problems." Any departure from accepted usage is a violation of "linguistic conventions," and this is a "perverse, ill-mannered, and misleading" practice which Linguistic Philosophy has come to cure. It is ill-mannered because, "in matters of ordinary language rules of good manners fade into logical rules."

IN SHORT, ours is to play the game, not to reason why. If we don't play "cricket," we are not gentlemen — or philosophers. That must be a comforting thought to the powers that be. Surely, Mr. Gellner is right in the simple, basic line of his criticism: this philosophy is a "conservative ideology" and a "withering away of philosophy" in the ordinary sense.

Like any other ideological system, it has its *Weltanschauung*. Linguistic Philosophy is deceptive in pretending that it does not have a general view of the world — or a metaphysics. It rests, as Mr. Gellner points out, on the firm, tautological foundations that "things are as they are." For in taking the language we have for granted, we also take the "world" for granted, or the world-view that this language reflects. In Wittgenstein's words, "philosophy may in no way interfere with the actual use of language. . . . It leaves everything as it is."

Thus linguistic therapy means: to leave everything as it is. The reality-principle prevails — as usual. Moreover, reality is nothing but custom and common sense as expressed in the "correct" and "proper" use of language. Maladjustment, therefore, is a malfunctioning of our "linguistic habits," and philosophical therapy is a process of adjusting these habits so that they automatically conform to the requirements of the Queen's English. To call this a "revolution in philosophy" would seem to be a trick played on ordinary language. It is a counterrevolution. No wonder that Wittgenstein lived to deplore and disown his influence on Oxford Philosophy.

Mr. Gellner, described by *The Economist* as a man who "teaches philosophy to sociologists at the London School of Economics," offers a perceptive analysis of the social and cultural implications of this conservative revolution. He does not pull his punches. Linguistic Philosophy is a "travesty of thought," "an inverted vision which treats genuine thought as a disease and dead thought as a paradigm of health." Specializing in "conspicuous triviality," it has become a secular substitute for Established Religion in which the exegesis of the Bible has given way to the exegesis of Common Sense as revealed in the *Oxford English Dictionary*.

These are strong words; Mr. Gellner adopts a kind of shock therapy of criticism. It's not surprising, therefore, that he has become a center of controversy. The initial response seems to have been to meet his attack with dignified silence. Thus *Mind*, the leading philosophical journal in England, simply refused to review *Words and Things*. Then Bertrand Russell wrote an open letter to the London *Times* in which he charged Gilbert Ryle, Oxford philosopher and editor of *Mind*, with shirking his professional responsibilities. Professor Ryle replied in his own defense, and the English press fanned this tempest in the academic teapot with letters and replies, charges and countercharges.

Subsequent notices of Mr. Gellner's book, mostly in non-professional journals, still show that the reviewers don't quite know what to do with an author who refuses to play the game according to academic protocol. Thus they have complained about the exasperating manners of this angry young philosopher. They have also tried to show where he is carried away by his polemical temper and where he is vulnerable because he overshoots his mark, but they have not met him head-on. Now, philosophy has rarely been conducted according to court etiquette, and Mr. Gellner is saying something, with detailed documentation, which must deeply disturb anybody who is still concerned about what we are doing in the name of philosophy. The official reaction to his book is, in fact, a kind of footnote to Mr. Gellner's main theme. Philosophy may be in bad shape when philosophers are so worried about preserving good manners that they fail to rejoice at having a young man in their midst who believes that philosophy is a serious enough discipline to be worth getting angry about.

The Revolution Cometh

IN DEFENSE OF IGNORANCE. By Karl Shapiro. Random House. 338 pp. $4.

M. L. Rosenthal

"THE APPEARANCE of T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land*," writes William Carlos Williams in his *Autobiography*, was "the great catastrophe." The work of the new American poets "staggered under the blast of Eliot's genius which gave the poem back to the academics." Williams felt he had been left stranded:

> Critically Eliot returned us to the classroom just at the moment when I felt that we were on the point of an escape to matters much closer to the essence of a new art form itself – rooted in the locality which should give it fruit. I knew at once that in certain ways I was most defeated. . . . This is not to say that Eliot has not, indirectly, contributed much to the emergence of the next step in metrical construction, but if he had not turned away from the direct attack here, in the western dialect, we might have gone ahead much faster. . . .

It is impossible to know Williams' poetry and not sympathize with these feelings. And it is impossible to know the work of Eliot, and of Pound whose advocacy of Eliot gave Williams still further reason to despair, without resenting and resisting a certain presumption of authority and tendentiousness in them. Similarly, Yeats's particular "set" in the period of his greatest work — but earlier too — is irritating in some important ways. Robert Graves, Robert Hillyer, Conrad Aiken, and a host of other writers, the latest of them Karl Shapiro, have lashed out at the domination of the twentieth-century poetic scene by one or another or all of these writers, and sometimes have tried to show them (a mistake Williams has not made) as bad poets in the bargain.

They have not succeeded in destroying these men's stature, and I do not think they will succeed in the future. The reason is, most simply, that with all their faults Yeats, Pound and Eliot have created a body of very powerful poetry. It is often difficult and eccentric but it is magnetic, and it has compelled and shaped the modern imagination in very important ways. It is not true, as Karl Shapiro asserts, that they have been forced down the throats of students and other readers by the New Critics and that, left to themselves, the poetry-read-

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M. L. ROSENTHAL, poetry editor of The Nation, *is the author of* A Primer of Ezra Pound *(Macmillan). His* The Modern Poets *(Oxford) will be published in October.*

ing audience would turn elsewhere. "Mauberley," "Gerontion," "The Second Coming," and other work that Mr. Shapiro dismisses as poor poetry have won their place because of their intrinsic character. If I, as a teacher of modern poetry in an American university, should stop teaching these writers, my best students would stop enrolling in my courses, and properly. Of course, if Mr. Shapiro, whose work has been thoroughly influenced by them via Auden (whose influence he also deplores), chooses to break away from them now, that is his prerogative as an artist — and more power to him if he can advance his art thereby. That is another matter.

What is indeed most striking about *In Defense of Ignorance*, a collection of lectures and articles, is their author's confusion between his own perspectives as a poet and everything else under the sun. A poet has a right not to be an intellectual, but that does not mean that all true intellectuals must therefore commit suicide. Criticism may not be Mr. Shapiro's *métier*; he proclaims as much. Genuine critics will not therefore stop dead in their tracks and refuse to think henceforth about what literature means, aesthetically or culturally or analytically or in whatever other way their insight leads them. In fact, Mr. Shapiro himself, when he is carried away by his subjects, thinks in this way rather strikingly — and his more stimulating observations are of the "cultural" order he attacks most violently. For example:

> . . . Eliot's fears of being taken for a provincial . . . are part of the New England heritage — the worst part — which leads the New Englander to become the Old Englander. Eliot's early life and work follow an almost hypnotic pattern; one might call him that pseudo-American, the type which finally won New England from the immigrant and gave it back to "history."

It is a pity Mr. Shapiro does not give us more ideas of this sort. Clearly he likes talking about such matters, and the passages in which he does so are much more illuminating than the casual pronouncements (such as that "Voyages" is "one of Hart Crane's worst poems") and the incomplete readings of various poems (such as Eliot's "Rhapsody on a Windy Night" and Yeats's "Easter 1916") scattered through the book.

THE major points of his book, in fact, are all vitiated by this inherent offhandedness—what Swift, I think, called argument by "uncontrollable logic" — combined with the self-contradictory character of the enterprise itself: a critical work intended to disprove the value of criticism. The literary scene, says Mr. Shapiro in a series of half-accurate pronouncements, is dominated by a criticism that is neither scholarly nor evaluative but destructively, stupidly, anti-poetically analytical. The influence of Yeats, Pound, Eliot and Auden is largely harmful because it is inseparable from the ideology-centered character of modern criticism. We need to turn instead to Whitman, Lawrence, Williams, Dylan Thomas, Henry Miller for models of an unself-conscious art unsullied by hyperintellectuality. The case is certainly self-evident—who doubts it?—for the recurrent importance of poetry's making a "fresh start" toward an art of immediacy. (Informed intelligence is an essential element of poetic self-renewal, though, as Robert Duncan's most recent work reveals.) But the history of the generation of writers Shapiro has turned against is precisely of a search for such immediacy through the sloughing off of dead conventions and the development of techniques for presenting poetic insights, whether simple or complex, as directly as possible. Modern criticism developed largely as a result of the need to clarify the new approach, which was itself a response to crucial developments in modern history and thought. I don't think anyone would quarrel with the need, and the right — the duty — of every poet to write in his own way, out of his own motives, rather than as an exercise in the kind of thing Eliot or Ransom might approve. The rich variety of the work of our younger poets is sufficient evidence that the influence of the older poetic generation is not the stifling burden Mr. Shapiro claims it is.

IN ANY case I think he makes far too much of the difference between the position taken by Whitman, Lawrence and Williams, in contrast to that taken by the writers he attacks as too intellectually and critically orientated. Criticism as a whole has never rejected the first group. Whitman and Lawrence have been the subject of a vast amount of critical and scholarly attention, and Randall Jarrell's famous defense of the former's art is a direct outgrowth of the modern emphasis on the values of concreteness, organic form and sensitivity of language as opposed to "poetizing" rhetoric (though in Whitman the latter element constantly threatens disaster) saturated with the spirit of Lawrence.

Finally, I have always felt — perhaps mistakenly, but I am prepared to defend the feeling — that Williams and Eliot (or Pound) are two sides of the same coin, the localist and the cosmopolitan:

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the dominant motifs, and the inner sensitivities, are very similar in important ways. The critics — Mr. Shapiro's oft-repeated and ambiguous "they" — are not all agreed on any of these matters; each has his own qualities, as do the poets. For the American writers of Mr. Shapiro's generation (it is incredible, but he touches on none of their work in all these pages) all the great elders he mentions have been strong, and converging, influences.

"A fine wind," wrote Lawrence, "is blowing the new direction of Time." He was talking about something else than tendencies in American poetry, bless him, but the words are applicable nevertheless. A new generation of poets is rising, and many of them are the sons of Williams. *That* side of the coin is going to be turned up for a while now, for most of these poets want to "be themselves" both lightly and intensely — *paradoxically*, as those dreadful New Critics would say. They feel at home with Dr. Williams, and they are following him in their attempts to employ a freely modulated line and stanza, their refusal to write "well-made" poems (indeed, there is one tendency to abandon the idea of a poem as an autonomous unit with an "inevitable" structure altogether), and their insistently uninhibited diction. Who is the other master that most obviously informs their work? Pound, of course — *vide* the writing of Olson, at least, to say nothing of the social rhetoric of the San Franciscans. Mr. Shapiro's would-be anti-rationalism, confused and arbitrary as his presentation is, does reflect dimly the emergence of a renewed anarchist-revolutionary personality in the work of a large number of younger poets. But that emergence is in a direct line with the great poetry of the first third of this century, and with the "ideologists" of the depression decade to a surprising degree.

People as Commodities

THE DOUBLE VIEW. By Chandler Brossard. Dial Press. 188 pp. $3.50.

Richard Schickel

CHANDLER BROSSARD'S new novel is a beautifully compressed book without an unnecessary line or even word. The fashionable name for the sort of work he has written is "anti-novel," but he has carried that genre farther than have most of his predecessors. They have been content merely to dispense with heroes. Brossard has dispensed with characters entirely — at least in the conventional novelistic meaning of that term. We cannot depend on them to behave logically, to develop consistently, as the textbooks say characters should. This is not a result of carelessness or ineptitude; it is essential to the meaning of this artfully artless novel.

In a note on the book's jacket, Brossard says he is trying to show "what happens when people lose sight of God; when they begin to use each other, the way we use commodities. . . ." The use to which his people put one another is the work of definition. For all his people lack identity and all of them are seeking it, not within themselves but in the external world. They are changelings, defined and redefined only through their contacts with situations and — most particularly — other people. Thus, it is almost impossible to predict what they will do next and it is almost impossible to remember who is who. They are the possessors, not merely of double views but of multiple views, and life for them is a trip through an endless hall of distorting mirrors.

THERE IS no plot in the conventional meaning of that term either. In a hallucinatory world, Brossard's characters brush against one another constantly in their frantic search for their true selves, and out of these fortuitous encounters rises the string of incidents which make up the novel, including the climactic one in which several of them at last find what Brossard believes to be the only dependable reality — violence, which includes mass rape and death. As Hawkins, the Negro intellectual, lies dying of a policeman's bullet he gasps the pathetic epitaph for all these tortured people: "This isn't me," he says, "this isn't me."

It is in the memory of Hawkins that we find the theme of *The Double View* set forth nakedly. He remembers his father thundering at him: "Remember this, boy! You better be yourself in this life, 'cause it's sure you can't be nobody else!" To which he replies: "I absolutely agree with you, Poppa! But *how? Please* tell me how!"

It is the question of the age, a question each of us asks and answers in as many ways as we have identities. Mr. Brossard, being the astute fellow he is, gives no answers, implies that there are none available in our ambiguous age. Instead he gives us, in scene after scene, infinite variations on the question. He gives them in sharp, conversational style, an instrument he uses with compassion and wild humor. He does not stay us with irrelevancies. He writes no fancy descriptions, no prose poems about inanimate settings, only a fierce concentration on his Pirandelloesque question.

And since his basic point is that the world is a dream, with no reality beyond our moment-to-moment fantasies, he has rendered, with disconcerting skill, a landscape with no felt reality. Thus it is very nearly the first novel to be an artistic working out of Freud's basic dictum that the imagined exerts as much power on an individual as the actual.

BROSSARD is not concerned to make us believe that the events described in his book really took place somewhere in the real world and that he, the omnipresent novelist, jotted them down in a notebook and then transferred them to the printed page. That is the easy way for the writer to get the reader to suspend his disbelief, and it is the way most American fiction, in thrall to the realistic aesthetic, is written. It has become, in the hands of most novelists, a con game. They distract our attention from the unbelievable doings and motivations

---

RICHARD SCHICKEL'S The World of Carnegie Hall *will shortly be published by Julian Messner.*

Afternoon Funeral

Pine resin fresh on a long yellow crate,
Fresh in silence is a blind dog's whimper,
Shine of three o'clock sun seems to simmer
Asphalt ribbon to a black sticky crape.

Mustard in flower, resin in color,
Glistens erotic near manicured green;
Third stroke has rung; now only the whimper
Whistling coldly through heat frozen sheen.

Four o'clock shimmer, the mustard is limp,
Red-brown burnt clay has degraded clean green.
Fourth stroke muffled, upbraided by whimpers,
Where a blind dog circled, burnt earth is grim.

GORDON ELLIS

of their characters by overpowering us with the realism of their settings. Since he describes the interior of that apartment so perfectly, we say to ourselves, he must be doing an equally accurate job on the interiors of his characters' minds. Mostly, of course, writers are doing neither very well, which is why nine-tenths of our fiction seems to us irrelevant to our major concerns, and therefore unreal and unimportant to us.

We don't know — or care — if the happenings in *The Double View* really happened or if they merely represent projections of the attitudes of the writer's patients (pardon me, characters). What is important is that we know in our souls that the attitudes expressed are true. We know they are true because they are the attitudes of all of us who have tried to find meaning, or ourselves, in the world beyond our own psyches. Their desperation is one every modern man has felt at some time or another.

Science and Value

THE EDGE OF OBJECTIVITY. By Charles Coulston Gillispie. Princeton University Press. 562 pp. $7.50.

Robert E. Schofield

CHARLES GILLISPIE'S *Edge of Objectivity* exhibits the broadness of reference and stimulation of ideas and argument that make the history of science one of the fastest growing of academic disciplines. Not really an introduction, for it requires of the reader a degree of scientific sophistication, this book can still be read for an initial appreciation both of the history of science and of the development of scientific ideas.

The Edge of Objectivity deals primarily with the "classical" period—beginning with Copernicus and essentially ending with James Clerk Maxwell — and is the only recent book to survey nineteenth-century science with the same analytical care given earlier periods. Nevertheless, Dr. Gillispie ranges backward and forward in time to include cogent comments on the sciences of Plato, Aristotle, the medieval mechanists, and on Einstein and the early logical positivists. This is not a chronological but an analytical history of science, rather like the axiomatic science of Descartes, of which Dr. Gillispie writes with so much sympathy and charm.

The author agrees with the late George Sarton that only in science is there a genuinely progressive (accumulative) development of knowledge. This progress is achieved through the increasing objectivity with which science considers the natural world. Throughout the book there runs a second, but related, unifying theme: that the consequence of this moving "edge of objectivity" is an inevitable alienation of the scientist from the rest of society. The layman can, at most, appreciate the protean powers of applied science; he will never accept the coldly impersonal, purposeless, "morally passive" world described by pure science.

ONE does not need to accept that part of Dr. Gillispie's thesis (I do not) to find the book outstanding. The author has used the latest monographic studies to make his work thoroughly up to date. He writes with urbanity and originality of idea, in a way that challenges the interest of a thoughtful reader. His judgments, for example, of the work of Francis Bacon (unintellectual depreciation of real science) and Goethe (anti-science) have something of the air of delightful malice he finds in the dialogues of Galileo; his studies of Lavoisier, of Faraday and of Maxwell are scarcely less charming and considerably more important. Gillispie even manages to write of Darwin in a brisk, fresh way, though the past year of Darwinian ponderosities leaves little new to be said. In fact, on topic after topic, from Copernicus, Kepler, Vesalius and Harvey, through the Enlightenment, Lamarck, Cuvier and Mendel, to Mayer and Helmholtz, this book presents a succession of provocative analyses which anyone interested in the history of science should read.

Nor are significant factual errors to be found in the work (except for those noted by an accompanying errata sheet). If one is to seek a quarrel with the book, it must lie in Gillispie's excessively broad definition of "objectivity," which is only implicitly stated and which permits the support of his thesis. That science, by its rigor, lack of passion and discipline of proof by external verities, differs fundamentally from other intellectual activities is not a new idea. Dr. Gillispie, however, supports that claim with an almost self-conscious ingenuity that frequently seems denied by his own material. Though he exercises his right to select topics for discussion, Gillispie tries to present a complete and honest picture of the selected materials. Consequently his work provides frequent justification for interpretations that differ from his own. Again and again, he writes of sources of scientific imagination which are anything but concrete. They may be aesthetic, religious, or some all-embracing world picture held with passionate stubbornness against that most objective of disproofs — the observation of material circumstance. He presents Galileo almost as the architect of objectivity in science and at the same time describes Galileo's science as one "in which the real is described by the ideal, the concrete by the abstract, matter by mind."

Science may be "inhuman" after it has been created, but the creative processes have inevitably been human as, of course, were the defenses of controverted results. The pictures scientists drew were, perhaps, non-moral and purposeless, but they were conceived in thought and written in a species of logic, neither of which has standing in the definition of objectivity.

Still, this is a superbly interesting work, well written, informative and well produced. The views expressed are too individual for the book to become a standard text, but it is almost necessary reading, all the same, for those who wish to know why scientists describe the world as they do and how they came to do so.

ROBERT E. SCHOFIELD, who now teaches the History of Science at Case Institute of Technology, was once a physicist and worked at Oak Ridge. He has just completed a book on the Lunar Society of Birmingham (England), and is now projecting one on Joseph Priestley.

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THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THE 1960-61 season begins trippingly. *The Ice Capades* (Madison Square Garden) is no mere athletic event: it is a form of theatre. In it we find not only prowess manifested in grace, but a feeling for the dance. The best skaters make us forget the instrument that serves them: we think only of the line and pattern their bodies trace. The skaters seem to take pride and pleasure in their performance, as if they were as much "carried away" as they hope the audience will be. They slide, glide and coil with a certain aerial ecstasy — and we with them! The effect is smoothly sensuous with barely a trace of eroticism. It is not inappropriate in this context to speak of aesthetic appreciation. "Beauty," Nietzsche wrote, "moves on light feet."

The star is Ronnie Robertson who swirls enchantingly on one leg while, in debonair ease, he appears to lean on the ice with his arm as support. Barbara Wagner and Robert Paul float in a kind of rapturous accord, synthesis rather than unison. The "Old Smoothies" — practitioners of a certain age — bring to their simple ballroom turn a touch of old-time charm that is delightfully domestic. And there are always the comedians, whose antics are rendered exciting as well as hilarious by their terrifying tricks.

As I watched this show at the Garden it occurred to me that what gives any performance that has been brought to the point of perfection its special edge is the presence of danger masterfully overcome. Did not Goethe say that he would like the theatre's platform (he was speaking of the dramatic stage) to be as narrow in a way as the trapeze artist's path, so that those who could not manage to cross it triumphantly might fall — and trouble us no more!

MARCEL MARCEAU (City Center) is an admirable artist whose miming is true theatre. He is a Frenchman, but I would guess that there is a pinch of Russian in his background. This guess is not prompted by the fact that his version of Gogol's short story "The Overcoat" provides the climax of his program, but because there is a certain nineteenth-century romantic melancholy and glamour in his irony that is not unlike the quality found in some of Pushkin's tales, as well as in Lermontov and Goncharov. Marceau is often comic, but his comedy is chiefly that of heartbreak.

His numbers are frequently fragmentary and nearly always of fragile texture, but they are woven out of the poetry of defeat. The momentary victories of the little people who are central to Marceau's sketches are always menaced by disaster and generally end in disappointment if not in dismal failure. The poor clerk in "The Overcoat" is robbed of his single prized possession and disappears from view as naked of hope as he is of vesture. Marceau's china salesman wrecks his wares. (This sketch contains almost the only instance of rebellious outrage.) His acrobat is frightened and, though he avoids breaking his neck, his success is bought at too awful a price in trepidation. There is always the moment of childish glee in (partial) achievement followed by horrible anxiety over the difficulty of the task that he has set himself and finally the anguish of disaster. The balloon always bursts.

Marceau's mask, topped by a wild tuft of russet hair, is mad: the lips are thin, the eyes startled, the face haggard. The body — which through its control seems to be wrought of steel wire — still looks lean, emaciated. The angular movement fashions a picturesque charm through awkwardness and distortion — as in Toulouse-Lautrec and Daumier. The ultimate impression in Marceau is sharp, penetrating, small. Only occasionally does the emotion extend beyond the framework of the "picture." These are the moments which, as Stark Young would phrase it, attain the flower in drama.

THE GREAT majority of playgoers pretends to dote on Gilbert and Sullivan. Yet I have a suspicion that the thrice-familiar work of these astonishing Englishmen is not sufficiently understood. What is overlooked, for example, is that Gilbert was not only a first-class literary craftsman — his lyrics are models of compression in parody, of clarity in theatrical communicativeness, of precise vocabulary in dry joshing — but a social critic in the peculiar manner of the English satirist who strangles with an embrace and whose flattery is a sort of slaughter. *We* may take the jibes at Victorian snobbery and (upper) class consciousness on which *Pinafore* is based as rather mild fun, but we should remember that it was written in 1878 when these characteristics dominated the audiences to whom the piece was addressed. Though Gilbert's thrusts, which are always delivered with the most polite air of innocent solemnity, were a sign of the imminent dissolution of Victorian stuffiness as well as one of the implements which helped the process, the great bulwark has to this day not yet been entirely demolished. To destroy what had become traditionally English required all the cunning and craft which went into the fostering of that tradition. That is why Gilbert's work is as indestructible as Wilde's equally "frivolous" *Importance of Being Earnest.*

Gilbert raised decorum to the pitch of ridicule. Sullivan's melodies — stolen from everyone worth plagiarizing — sweetened and packaged Gilbert's pungent purgatives. Gilbert's "poison" is more invidious than Shaw's; as served up by Sullivan, it reminds one of the varicolored sweetmeats dispensed by London's Fortnum and Mason.

Tyrone Guthrie is just the man to do *H.M.S. Pinafore or The Lass That Loved a Sailor* afresh with the eager and talented Stratford Festival company from Canada (Phoenix). This Irishman has always had a penchant for reducing English pomp and circumstance to priggish nonsense. (His production of *All's Well That Ends Well* is a classic of such treatment.) He is so successful at it not only because of his prankish disposition but because he can at once realize the hoax of English form and exult in it: it makes such a grand show; and form, even when it has become slightly ga-ga, is more attractive than lumpish gray matter.

All the players of this enjoyable production — in which the kidding does not overreach itself — are delightful. My favorites were Douglas Campbell as the Boatswain, Andrew Downie (a lollypop version of John Gielgud) as the Sailor, Harry Mossfield as the Captain, Eric House as the Admiral — and the two leading ladies who sing so pleasingly.

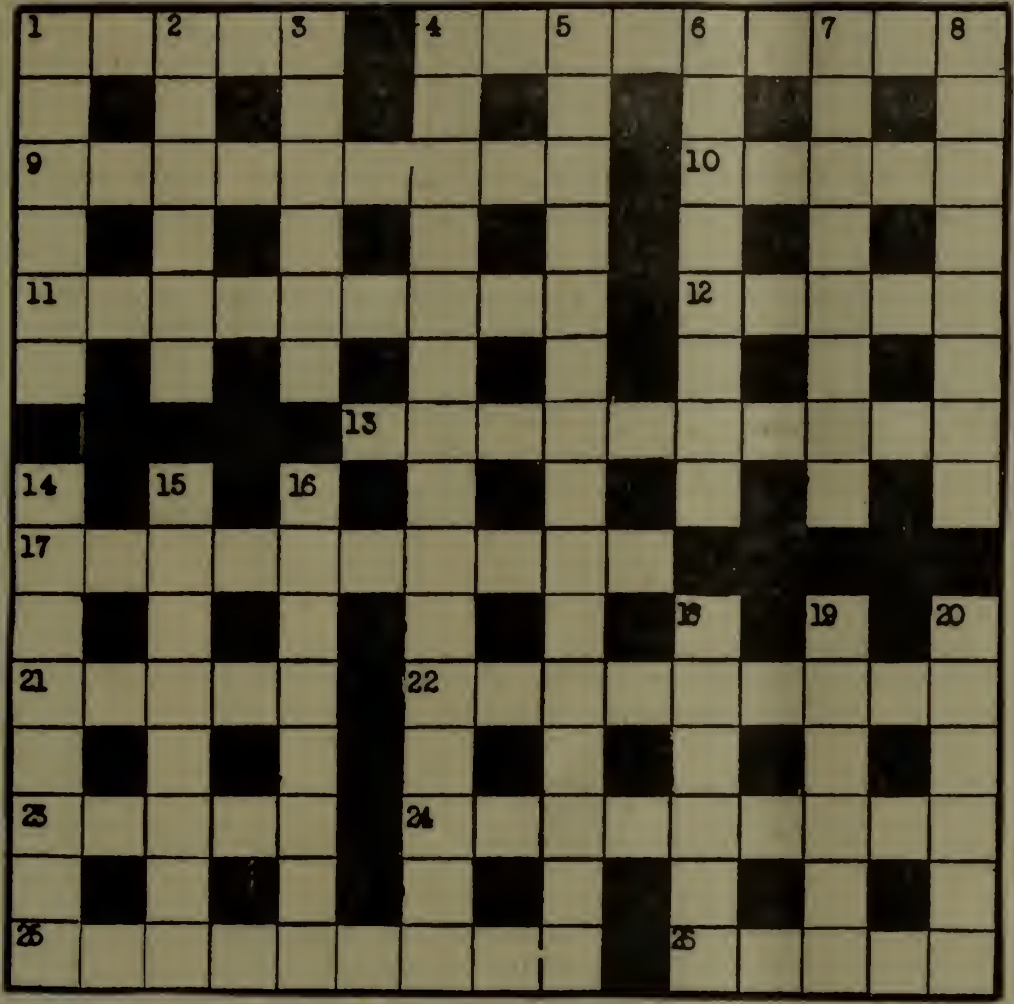
Civil Defense

No first-class war can now be fought
Till all that can be sold is bought.
So do get going helter-skelter
And sell each citizen a shelter
Wherein, while being bombed and strafed, he
Can reek and retch and rot in safety.

KENNETH BURKE

Crossword Puzzle No. 882

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 and 10 Evidently the stream has been stacked up against a stronger force. (10)
4 Being present when the card is buried could be a highly frustrating experience! (2, 4, 3)
9 One might find it Carmen's bad character. (9)
10 See 1 across
11 The way Pierre says down with change around it? (Evidently such cities gleam in America.) (9)
12 Love poetry personified in "Forever at Odds." (5)
13 Jack elevated himself by one of these in Navy mess speeches. (10)
17 Huxley said there is no one for talent. (10)
21 See 18 down
22 So your old letters suggest a manner of fragrance? (9)
23 The third one might imply extra company will come. (5)
24 A proverbially gloomy person returns with secret source of sweetness. (9)
25 A word of 4 across, when sharp and cutting. (9)
26 If you lose your head with this, you might be powerless. (5)

DOWN:

1 A rather large number in father's case suggests plain stretching. (6)
2 No American sailor certainly is so strange as Carl! (6)
3 Was she a poor helper? (6)
4 The master's up on a construction project for city dwellers. (9, 6)
5 When stock comes down, their assets should be liquid. (8, 7)
6 Plagues. (8)
7 The half-size type capable of living in the manner to which some might aspire? (8)
8 He got potted at a famous teaparty. (8)
14 The country gets scared silly by those we occasionally trade in. (4, 4)
15 A German social worker? That's rich! (8)
16 Some flagwavers have such a narrow standard! (8)
18 and 21 across The way Romans cried on May Day, traditionally.
19 You can't take it with you! (6)
20 You might recognize me, Lucy, in school. (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 881

ACROSS: 10 and 27 Distaff side; 11 Alberta; 12 Real; 13 Broadening; 15 Cutlass; 16 Suspect; 17 Officer; 20 Punster; 22 Journeyman; 23 Trio; 25 Citadel; 26 Eyelids; 28 Gymnastics. DOWN: 1 Indirect objects; 2 Distant; 3 and 6 Sealions; 4 Unfurls; 5 Scarabs; 8 Slaughterhouses; 9 and 1 across A blessing in disguise; 14 Gasconade; 18 Fruited; 19 Royalty; 20 and 7 Peace in our time; 21 Termini; 24 Debs.

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New Doubt on the Hiss Case

THE ADDED WITNESS

George T. Altman

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Memos to Voters:

THE SOUTH DOESN'T COUNT

William G. Andrews

DON'T BANK on the POLLS

Jack Orr

LETTERS

The Party of Hope

Dear Sirs: Your hands-off attitude on the coming Presidential election is most disappointing and demonstrates an over-precious, ivory-tower outlook which I consider irresponsible in a magazine representing a large segment of intellectual America. What you seem to be saying, in the frivolous letters and neurotic articles you print, is: "Stevenson wasn't nominated, therefore why should we even bother to vote." (I find that people who are for Nixon, even for negative reasons, nevertheless will go to the polls and cast a vote.) Some very superior thinkers in this country have realized that Kennedy is good Presidential material. It is time for the kind of people who read *The Nation* to start believing in their nation and to give their full-hearted support to the only party (and this includes such people as Stevenson, Chester Bowles, Galbraith, etc.) that holds out real hope for our future development.

MARIAN KARCZMER

New York City

Advice for Sen. Kennedy

Dear Sirs: The dismaying thing about Senator Kennedy's handling of "the religious issue" is that he obviously views it on the intellectual level of a problem in "sportsmanship." . . . Since he cannot seem to comprehend that the issue is not whether he will be dominated by his church, but whether a lifetime of training by that church will influence his thinking on issues on which some of us might think differently — issues in which all of us are vitally concerned — I believe he'd better drop the subject. . . . The one way he can trim the issue down to size is to give us overriding reasons for preferring him to the other candidate — which should not be difficult, if he's fit for the job.

HELEN BUGBEE

Chicago, Ill.

A Sane Road

Dear Sirs: I was greatly impressed by Stanley Millet's article, "A Road to Peace," in your Sept. 10 issue. Mr. Millet's arguments seem eminently sane and offer, in my humble opinion, a *modus vivendi* to both contending world powers. As C. Wright Mills argued in his enlightening book, *The Causes of World War III*: "To urge that a Soviet proposal be taken seriously and acted upon, even in a tentative way, is to run the risk of being labeled 'soft on communism' and all the rest of it. But must we not ask: Were we to take such charges seriously . . . would it be possible to propose *anything* that might break us out of the military metaphysic and the paranoid trap . . . ?"

JOHN J. ANTISDEL, SR.

Dayton, O.

New Standard

Dear Sirs: Hans Meyerhoff makes some excellent points in "The Case of the Missing Purpose" [August 20 issue]. Common sense, philosophy and religion have continually emphasized that there is no necessary connection between material wealth and inward contentment. . . . Too often the only ideal that America presents to the "developing" countries is one of material wealth, and they see success in terms of our Hollywood version of American life. Yet it is utterly impossible, at least as the world's resources stand now, for every person in the world to have anything like the American standard of living. What we need is a new "standard" which is realistic in world terms and gives all people a decent life — rather than an American "standard."

Our politicians are beginning to talk about the need for us to "sacrifice" some of our material comfort in order to meet the demands of increased spending for weapons of total destruction. This can only result in total failure. The ideal of disinterested service, of giving constructive help to others so they can help themselves, is the way to both brotherhood and peace. What else is the truth of history?

ROBERT STOWELL

Cabot, Vt.

The Unknown Strike

Dear Sirs: For almost two years, the workers in Henderson, North Carolina, have been on strike against the Harriet-Henderson Mills. During that time violence has flared. The union, The National Textile Workers Union of America, has invested over $500,000 in supporting the strike. Eight men have been sentenced to hard labor for allegedly conspiring with a state-hired agent provocateur to dynamite company property.

Yet the strikers have an honest grievance. The company wants them to sign a union contract minus the arbitration clause. This would, of course, reduce the union to simple nominal status. The organized men would have no teeth to rectify their grievances. The strike comes at a time when profits are high.

Today the community of Henderson is desolate. The 1,100 workers have suffered as much as men anywhere have. But their plight is greeted by boredom. National interest was limited to a few photographs of street fighting.

This is no way for workingmen to hold on to their gains.

HARRY GOLDEN

Charlotte, N. C.

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THE
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EDITORIALS

Act First, Act Fast, Act Tough

The Nation once referred to Vice President Nixon as an opportunist who works both sides of the street. Nomination for the Presidency may have refined his techniques; it can hardly be expected to change his character. Those who agree with this evaluation would rather vote for Senator Kennedy, naturally. But, with October in the offing, Mr. Kennedy has given progressives, liberals and intelligent Americans of whatever persuasion precious little reason to vote for him.

The Senator appears to be waging a campaign based on the principles of market research and the standardized fustian which speech writers concoct for their clients every leap year. In his first speech on TV, which was said to have "laid bare the heart of his campaign," he was applauded eighteen times by the 1,300 guests who had paid $100 a plate to applaud him, but most of the outside audience must have been bored stiff. What he had to say fell into two main categories. The first, on the issues of preparation for war, constituted an acceptance of the Eisenhower-Nixon policies and a promise to intensify them. In effect, Kennedy said that the devil theory of communism is a sound one and the policies based on it are the only ones conceivable, but their implementation has been too little and too late. The next President's term must begin with a message to the Congress requesting the necessary funds and authority to make the United States first in nuclear capacity, first in conventional forces, and invulnerable to surprise attack. If Mr. Kennedy is that President, he promises to act first, act fast, and act tough. He will, that is to say, bring us to disaster all the sooner.

On the domestic front, the next President must, in the first three months of his office, send to the Congress messages "that will deal with wiping out poverty here in the United States" through effective policies of full employment, a higher minimum wage, better social security and jobless pay, more slum clearance, aid to depressed areas, more help to marginal farmers, and other resurrectional measures. But two obstacles lie athwart the promised course to the new society. One is that the coalition of Southern Bourbons and Republicans who will rule the next Congress, as they ruled the last one, have not the slightest intention of dispensing any such bounty. The other difficulty, which even more sharply points up the difference between campaign promises and performance in office, is that the system of preparation for nuclear war which Mr. Kennedy so ardently espouses leaves no money to effectuate social welfare measures, either at home or abroad. No doubt the added revenue could be raised, but increased defense spending provides Congress with a handy reason for not upping welfare appropriations.

Only one candidate can be elected. To be defeated in a good cause is no disgrace. But to be defeated without having offered an alternative program is to have campaigned in vain.

Shenanigans: Official and Unofficial

A continuation or repetition of the unofficial shenanigans that have marked the opening of this session of the United Nations is certain to lead to a demand for removal of U.N. headquarters to some less "exposed," Geneva-like spot. It is obvious that the world cannot discuss its heavy and delicate problems in an atmosphere of billingsgate and buffoonery such as prevailed in New York during the last fortnight. There is also the terrible hazard that the blowing off of bad manners, the confusion attendant upon mob defamation of character, may set the situation for a really tragic event.

The decision to seat the U.N. in New York came after long discussion; there were valid arguments on both sides, and hindsight may suggest that it could have been more happily accommodated elsewhere — though the fate of international bodies housed in the Switzerlands of the world does not indicate that tucking the U.N. away into some imperturbable corner would have been the best arrangement. But the U.N. is here and any attempt now to move it would be undesirable. It would inevitably imply that the world congress of nations, far from being an organization for peace and cooperation, is a focal point of animosity and recrimination. It would seem that one of the two most powerful nations in the U.N. was washing its hands of an organization it had been so influential in creating. The United Nations will succeed by prestige; any suggestion that housing it is a problem too "hot" for the United States to handle would be a deadly blow to that prestige.

And a move is not necessary. We do not have to accede to the spectacle of hate parades, curbside diplomacy or *entente cordiale* embraces on the sidewalks of New York. It is superficial to say that America is a free society, that crowds will therefore collect and that foreign heads of state will perform for them. Crowds of the sort that greeted Nikita Khruschchev and Fidel Castro do not gather spontaneously; they are organized to bleat their pointless slogans, to throw themselves in mock heroism against the cordons of the police. And they are organized by people who sense that the situation is "right." On this occasion, the United States Government must take the blame for setting that tone. From the first moments when Khrushchev, Castro, Tito, Nasser, Nehru, Trujillo and the other heads of state announced their intention of attending this session of the U.N., Washington has preoccupied itself with defining just what degree of "welcome" each prominent "guest" would receive, whose hand he would be privileged to shake, what limits should be placed on his freedom of movement. But these men are not guests, welcome is irrelevant; the only function of the United States, and particularly the City of New York, is to provide an impersonal facility.

President Eisenhower eventually made that clear in a statement calling upon the people to maintain their dignity, go about their business and keep their opinions to themselves. By then, however, the fools' carnival was in motion and the placard-waving, hooting and general shoving could not be called off. We provided a field day for our enemies and a source of embarrassment for our friends. If, from the start, the President and his associates had made it clear that we would send such delegates to the U.N. as seemed to us best, and that the representation sent by other countries was not a matter of our concern — except on the floor of the U.N. — the yahoos would never have been organized, and Messrs. K. and C. would never have had a chance to go into their favorite acts.

Presidential Republicans

On each occasion when their privileged status as a dissident, treacherous minority has been challenged, the Dixiecrats have loudly threatened to secede from the Democratic Party. Today, as yesterday, the threat is a hollow one (see article page 195), but in the past the Dixiecrats have used it to excellent advantage. This year, however, they dare not even threaten to bolt. For one thing, the Dixiecrats never had more at stake in the form of committee chairmanships and seniority privileges; their power has increased as the Democratic majority in Congress has grown. A bolt would endanger these privileges. On the other hand, if the Dixiecrats were to become card-carrying Republicans, a genuine two-party system would rapidly emerge at all levels in the South and this, in turn, would threaten the ancient local monopoly which the Dixiecrats enjoy in the heart of Dixie as the party of white supremacy. As part of the normal struggle for power, one party or the other—or a faction within one party—would sooner or later make a bid for the Negro vote. This, of course, would never do.

Caught in this dilemma, the Dixiecrats have opted for the one remaining alternative, that is, they have become "Presidential Republicans." President Eisenhower's popularity made it easy for the pattern to be initiated in 1952 and 1956; and, in any case, it merely represents a logical extension of the Republican-Dixiecrat coalition in Congress which dates from 1938. By voting every four years for the Republican nominees for President and Vice President, without formally repudiating the Democratic nominees, the Dixiecrats are able to enjoy the best of two worlds. Such a tactic leaves their local political monopoly intact and saves them the embarrassment of adopting the Republican label. At the same time, it permits them to retain their choice chairmanships and seniority privileges. It matters not that the Republican nominee may be a strong advocate of civil rights. He must still deal with the Dixiecrats in Congress—that is, until the Republicans can muster a majority.

The new tactic will not work indefinitely, but it may preserve the power of the Dixiecrats for some time to come; just how long will depend upon the Democratic Party itself. Last week the Texas Dixiecrats tore up the platform which the Democratic Party had adopted at Los Angeles and substituted one more to their liking. The Democratic Party cannot afford to ignore such provocation. Nowadays voters are well aware of the fact that the Republican-Dixiecrat coalition threatens to make a mockery of representative government; the late disastrous "rump" session of Congress drove the point home. But Republicans cannot be held responsible for this state of affairs; it is expected that they will exploit any weakness in the opposition. In seeking to hold a South it doesn't need, the Democratic Party has made it possible for the Dixiecrats to betray its nominees and its platforms. As the average voter sees it, the Democratic Party must be held responsible for the behavior of those elected under its auspices whether they come from the South or the North, the East or the West.

Fanning the Flames

In urging member states of the United Nations to join with us in a pledge of non-intervention in the affairs of African states, President Eisenhower was at some pains to spell out various forms of intervention such as propaganda, incitation, force, subversion, etc. On its face, the proposal will no doubt appeal to African representatives, but the plea was not reinforced by a statement issued by Senator George Smathers in Washington on the same day. Mr. Smathers is, of course, one of the Senate's chief spokesmen on Latin American issues. His statement was a plea to the Administration to "fan the flames of anti-Castro revolt within Cuba" by withdrawing our Ambassador, curbing shipments of machinery and equipment, stepping up the radio offensive against the Castro regime, and so on. Coupled with the Smathers statement was a U.P.I. news dispatch from Havana to the effect that anti-Castro guerrilla fighters have recently stepped up their shooting war against the Castro regime. "Clashes between guerrilla and governmental forces, to quote from the story, "were reported from central Las Villas Province to western Pinar del Rio."

The news dispatch will, of course, lend weight to Smathers' statement in the eyes of most Cubans. As they see it, the Senator is clearly urging adoption of a program which would buttress and supplement the campaign of guerrilla fighters to overthrow the regime. Under the President's specification, Senator Smathers is advocating policies which we stand pledged to oppose in Africa. And the Cubans may well assume that Senator Smathers reflects official policy or, at the very least, that he is testing American opinion on behalf of such a policy. Against the background of American intervention in Guatemala — recent enough in point of time to be a vivid recollection for some Latin Americans — the Cubans would be careless, indeed, if they did not take the Smathers statement as foreshadowing active, if indirect, American intervention. And also, in view of the statement, a question may well arise in the minds of many U.N. delegates as to the effect of the pledge which the President proposed in his speech. Is the pledge of non-intervention restricted to the continent of Africa? Or does it apply in this hemisphere as well? The President is not responsible for what Senator Smathers proposes, nor does the Senator articulate American policy; all the same, his statement is ill-timed, ill-advised, and should be immediately and strongly repudiated.

Personal Foul

Last week Vice President Nixon, who has been stressing his maturity, managed to sound sophomoric; he was also guilty of a personal foul — his first of the campaign. Listening to him rattle off superlatives in Fort Wayne, one might have thought that ours was a country without fault or blemish; we have "the finest economy," "the best life," "the greatest productivity," "the strongest military power," etc. In this boastful ranting, the Vice President did not praise American achievement, he demeaned it. For all the world, he managed to sound as though he were the cheer leader for Whittier High on the eve of the big game with the Anaheim eleven. But at Fort Wayne, the Vice President was guilty of more than a lapse in good sense and good taste. It was the old Nixon who pointed out that a Chinese Communist newspaper had "made hay" of Senator Kennedy's comment that "17,000,000 Americans go to bed hungry every night," and suggested that criticism of Administration policies is somehow unpatriotic as long as Mr. Khrushchev is in this country. We do not agree with Senator Kennedy's urgent plea for increased arms spending and, frankly, we do not know how he knows that 17,000,000 Americans, in round numbers, go to bed hungry every night. All the same, Senator Fulbright was right when he charged that the Vice President's methods verge on the "totalitarian." A few more blows such as this one and the image of the old Nixon will have returned — to stay.

Agreement Is Possible

When India and Pakistan won independence in 1947 from Britain and each other, the boundaries, as often happens, were political rather than functional. The line cut through 20 million acres in the arid Punjab district. Pakistan controlled 80 per cent of this acreage; India controlled the headwaters of the six rivers of the Indus watershed. Twenty-five million Pakistanis depended on the Indus water for irrigation; the system was thousands of years old and, in its modern form, the largest in the world. Both countries needed the water. In 1948, 1952 and 1958 they were on the brink of war. Now the matter is amicably settled. How was it done?

In 1951, David E. Lilienthal, drawing on his background as former chairman of the Tennessee Valley Authority, wrote an article for *Collier's* proposing a joint project by India and Pakistan to develop the river. Eugene R. Black, president of the World Bank, read the article and sent copies to the premiers of India and Pakistan. They saw possibilities in the plan. Long and difficult negotiations followed. Finally agreement was reached. The water system is divided between the two countries at a cost of $1.1 billion for construction of dams and canals which will take ten years to build. The World Bank and six member nations—the United States, Australia, Canada, West Germany, New Zealand and Britain—will supply the funds. The United States is providing the largest loans and grants—$177 million to Pakistan, $33 million to India.

The Indus watershed problem was solved by patience, forbearance and the help of the more advanced industrial nations. Kashmir is an even more difficult problem. But there may be constructive possibilities here, too. If 170 million acre-feet of water can be divided without bloodshed, President Ayub of Pakistan asks, "What is to prevent an integrated development and economic policy between Iran, Pakistan, India, Burma, Malaya, Ceylon and even Indonesia?" That remains in the remote future, but if even a part of it comes to pass, titular sovereignty over Kashmir will seem less important.

U.N. TAKES A HURDLE . . *by Jane Stolle*

United Nations, Sept. 20

THE UNITED NATIONS opened its 15th annual fall Spectacular — the General Assembly — today and beneath the pomp and circumstance lay the tension built up in the past two months by the Congo crisis. Gone, now, seems to be the fear for the very survival of the world organization as it struggled with the problem of responding to the Congo's call for help on July 12 — responding, that is, within the framework of the U.N. charter and the mounting opposition of the Soviet Union. Secretary General Dag Hammarskjold made it clear, on several occasions, that if his handling of the Congo crisis were censured by the U.N., he would go. And there was little doubt in anyone's mind that much of the prestige and usefulness of the world body would go with him.

However, in a special emergency session on the eve of the General Assembly, a resolution sponsored by the Afro-Asian members was passed which in effect reaffirmed, for the present at least, the faith of the majority of members in the U.N. and in Mr. Hammarskjold.

It was a patch-up job at best, and the real work of interpretation and implementation of the vote will now begin its crucial period. There are still deep reservations in the minds of some of the Africans who voted in favor of the resolution. Though the Soviet Union appeared to have been completely routed in its efforts to discredit the U.N.'s actions in the Congo, to brand the U.N. as a tool of an "interventionist coalition of imperialists," in fact the Russians planted some significant doubts in African soil. *Did* the U.N. go too far in the Congo? *Would* Lumumba have fallen if he had not been barred from its airfields and radio stations by U.N. troops? If my country, my government, were to "go Congolese," should it appeal to the U.N. for help? If so, would I be master in my own house?

These questions, and many others, will underlie the discussions when the Soviet-introduced agenda item, "The Question of the Threat to the Territorial Integrity and Independence of the Congo" comes up, for though the Secretariat would like to get on with the job of helping the Congolese with technical and financial assistance, the Soviet Union has no intention of letting it do so quietly.

There is an outside possibility that the item will never appear on the agenda, since its inclusion must first be voted on by the powerful twenty-one-nation General Committee. But the heightened interest in Africa, plus the admission of thirteen new members today from that area, make its inclusion likely.

The questions raised by the Congo crisis will be hard to answer; the U.N. itself has not yet reached definite conclusions. Never was it envisaged, when the world body was founded in 1945, that the maintenance of world peace and security might hinge on whether Lumumba was up, down or out. What began as a mere police action in the Congo, supported by the entire U.N., moved through a series of unforeseen actions and re-actions that all but split the organization asunder. There may be other calls for help from Africa, and many delegations other than the Africans and Russians hope that, for the good of the organization, helpful ground-rules will emerge from a full assessment of the events of the last two months.

WITH THE exception of the Russians and their satellite friends, the doubting delegations in no way question the good faith of the Secretary General or of the U.N. as a whole. But they realize that the organization is entering on a new period as its scope enlarges with its membership, and they want to have their say. Within this context, the Soviet opposition to the U.N.'s Congo actions — ugly and frustrating as it seemed at the time — has served a useful purpose. "You Americans, after all, believe in the check-and-balance function of a two-party system in domestic politics," a member of one of the neutralist Asian delegations told this correspondent. "Isn't this a two-party world?"

Sticky-fingered Belgian colonialists were pried loose from the Congo during the debate. It is doubtful whether Mr. Hammarskjold could

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have persuaded so many to go so quietly except for the hue and cry raised by the Soviet Union. For that, the Africans are grateful. Some Belgians still remain, and many of them still have their hands in African pockets through long-armed international financial interests. But their stranglehold is apparently broken.

Meanwhile the Soviet Union, hoist with her own petard, has been forced, temporarily at least, to get out, too; and if and when she goes back, it will be to a Congo swarming with U.N. civilian assistants in all branches of the government.

Perhaps most important of all to the Africans, the United States has committed herself to wide-scale financial and technical assistance to the Congo under U.N. supervision — the first real breakthrough in United States multilateral aid channeled through the world body. The Congo's financial needs in its first year of independence will run into several hundreds of millions of dollars, according to U.N. estimates; and the Secretary General, in his fourth report to the Security Council, asked for "urgent voluntary contributions" to a U.N. fund for the stricken country. The United States responded handsomely, and will continue to do so. For this, too, the Africans are grateful. They find it a hopeful symptom of a change of attitude in Washington toward their long-time plea for increased multilateral aid. The fact that this change of attitude is largely motivated by American desire to thwart Russian encroachment is of little importance to the Africans. Aid is what they need; let the motives be hanged. They must have bilateral aid, too; their needs are so great. But already, on the first day of the General Assembly, they have pleaded to be left out of the cold war: aid, yes; strings, no.

The Secretary General considers that helping the new African nations to accomplish their aims is a primary function of the U.N. In his "Introduction to the Annual Report of the Secretary General on the Work of the Organization," he says:

> In Africa the first beginnings can now be seen of those conflicts between ideologies and interests which split the world. Africa is still, in comparison with other areas, a virgin territory which many have found reason to believe can or should be won for their aims and interest. . . . The Organization must further and support policies aiming at independence, not only in the constitutional sense but in every sense of the word, protecting the possibilities of the African peoples to choose their own way without undue influences being exercised and without attempts to abuse the situation. This must be true in all fields — the political, the economic, as well as the ideological — if independence is to have a real meaning.

U.N. ACTION in the Congo was, of course, to that end. A little-publicized facet of U.N. action in the Congo was the emergency administrative aid rushed to the personnel-depleted government. Secretariat people were called back from vacations, snatched from desks in the thirty-eight-story building on the East River, borrowed from U.N. offices overseas and sent off to work twenty-hour days to keep the basic day-to-day activities going while U.N. troops tried to keep the peace. A group of eleven top experts in agriculture, communications, education, finance, foreign trade, health, national security, labor, magistrature, natural resources and industry, and public administration are on hand in Leopoldville, waiting only for the political situation to simmer down so that they can work in close cooperation with a stable Congolese cabinet. Under them are dozens of aides, surveying the needs and resources of the country in preparation for a wide-scale technical assistance program which may require thousands of U.N.-supervised operators. Helping the Congolese and all newly independent countries to help themselves to stable governments and economies is the long-range project of the Secretariat, and this General Assembly will hear much of the program.

Disarmament, Algeria, the hoary questions of apartheid and the admission of China will steal the spotlight, as usual; but lurking in the wings will be the problem of the underdeveloped countries and the basic question of U.N. jurisdiction posed by recent developments in the Congo.

Fortunately, the General Assembly will be chaired by Ireland's able diplomat, Frederick H. Boland, who, as chairman of the Trusteeship Council, has had considerable experience in dealing with the problems of emerging countries. His own country has attempted — successfully, on many occasions — to reconcile the opposing views of East and West, and prides itself on judging each issue before the U.N. on its own merits. He will have much scope for his talents.

EAST RIVER SHOWBOAT . . *by Noel E. Parmentel, Jr.*

IN A SEAGOING fiasco reminiscent of the voyages of either Terry Southern's *Magic Christian* or Henry Ford's *Oscar II*, the Hudson River Day Line's *Knickerbocker II* had its moment of glory the other day. Hired (or commandeered) by that notably intrepid band of free trade unionists, the International Longshoremen's Association, the converted LCI was scheduled to carry huge swarms of longshoremen to the Narrows, well out in New York's harbor, the better to hoot the Soviet ship *Baltika* carrying Nikita Khrushchev to its mooring. Although Captain William Bradley, the I.L.A. president, prom-

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NOEL E. PARMENTEL, JR., whose forthcoming The American Establishment *will assess some of the straw bosses in American culture, politics, industry and labor, likes to spend his spare time on the waterfront.*

ised "2,300 leather-lunged longshoremen," only a few dozen dockers showed up for this particular moment of truth. The jolly crew was composed, for the most part, of newsmen and delegates from various ethnic anti-Communist groups, most of whom were not speaking to one another.

Although Captain Bradley and his chief aide-de-camp, Teddy Gleason, had warned all hands that the boat would set forth on the dot at five A.M., it was past six-thirty when the gallant band actually shoved off from the Day Line pier. Such eminent statesmen and anti-totalitarians as Packy Connolly and Tony Anastasia were unable to be on hand for the grailing. Bradley and Gleason had hoped for a few stragglers to swell the scene, but—due to matchless organization and (in all fairness) to a torrential rain—nobody showed. Among the more notable absentees were the members of a brass band, originally scheduled to keep spirits up and to render, once the Soviet Premier was within earshot, "I'll Be Glad When You're Dead, You Rascal You." It was little wonder that Bradley was in a perfect pet when he finally ordered the skipper to set sail.

But despite both the weather and the turnout, the trip to the Narrows was fun all around. Some boys were singing Ukrainian folk songs, and about 15 per cent of the I.L.A. membership was engaged in a game of four-handed knock rummy. There were hot coffee and sandwiches—just as well, since most of the crew had been up all night. The Statue of Liberty could be seen through the fog (Bradley and Gleason had unsuccessfully petitioned the government for permission to blindfold Miss Liberty, presumably with a sign telling Mr. K. what the I.L.A. thought of him), and the ship's railing was bedecked with insulting messages to the Russians, Hungarians, Romanians, etc., in a galaxy of languages and alphabets. The chief cynosure, however, was a very handsome girl from *Life*, looking, in slicker and topsiders, like a stray from the America Cup races. She was being well cared for and, when she announced that she wanted to talk to an honest-to-God longshoreman to get *their* side of the story, no less a personage than Captain Bradley ran to fetch her one. Unfortunately, the horny-handed son of toil collared by the Cap turned out to be a Teamster who had been sleeping one off on the piers and had wandered aboard to see what was up. He also turned out to be a little less than coherent, but before the situation became too befuddled Bradley had rounded up a real docker, which was no small feat that morning on the *Knickerbocker II*. (The girl from *Life* later allowed that "The last time I was on one of these boats it was for a subscription dance and we had Lester Lanin. But today, gee, it's all sort of unreal, sort of. You know?")

AS WE awaited the *Baltika*, some of the jollity began to wear off, just about keeping pace with the buns of some of the newsmen and dockers. There were harsh words over the knock-rummy game. Captain Bradley and the Day Line skipper were having words over the police and Coast Guard regulations. It seems that the seagoing Cossacks had set up a *cordon sanitaire* of 200 yards around the Soviet ship. Bradley, looking like Bligh, acting like Queeg, was all set to make an issue of it, but the skipper wouldn't play. Gleason sulked in a corner. A Lithuanian separatist and a member of the All-Russian Monarchist Front, Inc., having cut each other dead all morning, took a break to dispute whether Khrushchev or Hitler had been more effective against the Jews. (This was as near as Mr. K. came to getting a compliment all morning.) There was a hassle over the placards. (Samples: "Crummy Khrushchev Go Home"; "ILA All the Way Hates Mr. K."; "Scat You Godless Scoundrel.") There was a hassle over the handouts, which included a puff for a book called *The Russian Advance*, by Senator Albert J. Beveridge (Harper and Bros., 1904), as well as a suggestion that Khrushchev "settle for good in the Congo under the wing of your enlightened pal, Lumumba." There was a dispute between two newspaper photographers over whether they could use pix of one particular sign which read, "Give Us Back Our Fliers, Keep Our Fags." As it turned out, the *Daily News* and the BBC did use it, while the other papers and TV outfits did not. Meanwhile, a reporter and a TV cameraman were having words over the Cleopatra from the Luce Empire. Finally the *Baltika* hove into view, just in time to avert a scuffle over a battery-powered megaphone and a pair of binoculars.

AT THE sight of the pirate ship—formerly named the *Molotov*—petty animosities were forgotten. The monarchists, separatists, nationalists, etc., began their chants, which sounded like "*Khrushchev Ubitsa*" and "*Khrushchev Svolich*"—neither sentiment, as I understand, highly complimentary to the Russian leader. Over to starboard a startling female voice emerged from a megaphone. (For an instant, I suspected Tokyo Rose, but it turned out to be an obscure Balkan dialect.) Bradley was fuming because we could not get closer than two hundred yards to the *Baltika*, surrounded as it was by a veritable flotilla of police and Coast Guard boats, plus some Moran tugs. The dypso Teamco had astutely smelled his way to the only hooch on board, something in a silver flask carried by a *Paris-Match* photographer, and prevailed upon the Frenchie to give him a shot. Thanking him with "Gawd Bless America, You're Awright, Get Outta Here," the Teamster lurched over to a docker and asked "Anybody take your pucha yet?" Another docker ran on about Mr. K. to a reporter who appeared to be taking notes on the end pages of a pocketbook copy of *Elmer Gantry*. "Jesus, that guy's gotta lotta *chutzpeh* comin' here after all he said. Watta man, though. How'd you like to have a guy like that on our side? Kennedy and Nixon. Jesus."

Following the *Baltika* into the East River (at a respectful two hundred yards abeam), most of the crew braved the driving rain to wave signs and shout insults at the Communist contingent. There was a verbal clash between certain of the valiant Hungarians aboard and a young couple of Catholic Workers in a green canoe urging an end to the arms race. Meanwhile, the rain had ruined the signs, most of which were printed in red ink which ran down the bearers' hands, making the friends of freedom look like characters in C. D. Batchelor cartoons.

Hooting K. all the way, the I.L.A. boat was joined, somewhere in the vicinity of the Fulton Fish Market, by a boatload of Cubans, apparently Batista buffs under the misapprehension that Fidel Castro was aboard the *Baltika*. (Misapprehension or no, they had had more success than our waterfront labor statesmen at filling a boat.) Meanwhile, a Mr. Philpott from the BBC (who is, a girl colleague explained, "the Chet Huntley of the BBC, actually") was conducting an interview with Bradley and Gleason, while some American reporters were making side bets on whether there were more representatives of the BBC than of the I.L.A. on board.

To the BBC, Bradley passed off the blame for the poor attendance that morning on "the President of the United States." Bradley, corpulent and practically toothless, is straight out of a Thomas Nast cartoon. Standing roughly fifteen hands high, he weighs easily twenty stone, and looks like the Beadle in a road-company *Oliver Twist*. When "King Joe" Ryan was forced to resign his presidency of the I.L.A., Bradley was his choice to succeed him. He has somehow managed to hold the union together, and to bring it back into the AFL-CIO, which had kicked it out for corruption. Gleason is another kettle of fish. Well-versed in waterfront intrigue, an "implacable foe of the Left," he remains friendly with West Coast longshore boss Harry Bridges, and usually lunches with Bridges when the latter is in town.

After the *Baltika* docked, with no help from the I.L.A., the *Knickerbocker II* limped into an East Side pier and most of the ship's company cut out. More amusing than if it had gone according to plan, the voyage was top-drawer *opera bouffe*. All in all, it was a fitting prelude to a week which, at this writing, has seen a dumb cop rough up a monsignor for holding an American flag upside down (a traditional distress signal), Fidel Castro upstage Mr. K. (the mountain went to Mohammed —and at the Hotel Theresa, at that), and Cholly Knickerbocker faithfully report that Patrice Lumumba and his lady friend have gone phfftt.

THE SOUTH DOESN'T COUNT . .

by William G. Andrews

VIGOROUS, repeated and self-righteous protestations to the contrary notwithstanding, both Presidential candidates are assiduously courting the Bourbon South. Lyndon Johnson may have been nominated for the presidency of the Senate because of his undoubted parliamentary talents. Or he may have been awarded that honor to pull his legislative fangs, as some Kennedy aides have slyly (and privately) intimated to disgruntled Northern supporters; Kennedy might be kicking him upstairs, so to speak. And Nixon might have made his enthusiastically-received recent march through Georgia, Alabama and North Carolina to look over golf courses for possible future use. All this might be true, but the evidence is not convincing.

The campaigns of both candidates create the unmistakable and decidedly unpleasant impression that they have not yet recovered from the migraine Tom Dewey woke up with on the morning of November 3, 1948. The Republicans (determined never again to be the victims of over-optimism) and the Democrats (equally determined not to let it happen to them) are taking no "sure things" for granted. As brother Bobby K. said in Denver, "We cannot afford to lose any state because we didn't try hard enough to win." While both suitors vie diligently for the liberal and minority groups in the North, both also cover their bets by wooing the South as well.

Modern political reporting being as relentless and omnipresent as it is, there are no longer many opportunities for the nominees to take contradictory stands on the same issue in different parts of the country. Consequently, their efforts to mix political oil and water can be neither as crassly hypocritical nor as effective as they might wish. Instead, they have agreed to give the South a choice between the Devil and Satan on civil rights and to pitch their appeals on other issues. *The New York Times* recently caught Lyndon Johnson in a rather crude game of sleight of hand in Barry Goldwater's Southern-oriented bailiwick. The Vice Presidential candidate issued for use in local media an advance text of a speech in which he accused the Republican Administration of deserting economic liberalism. But when he actually delivered the address — it was televised — he "departed from his prepared text" sufficiently to develop contradictory images to two different audiences.

A careful analysis of recent elec-

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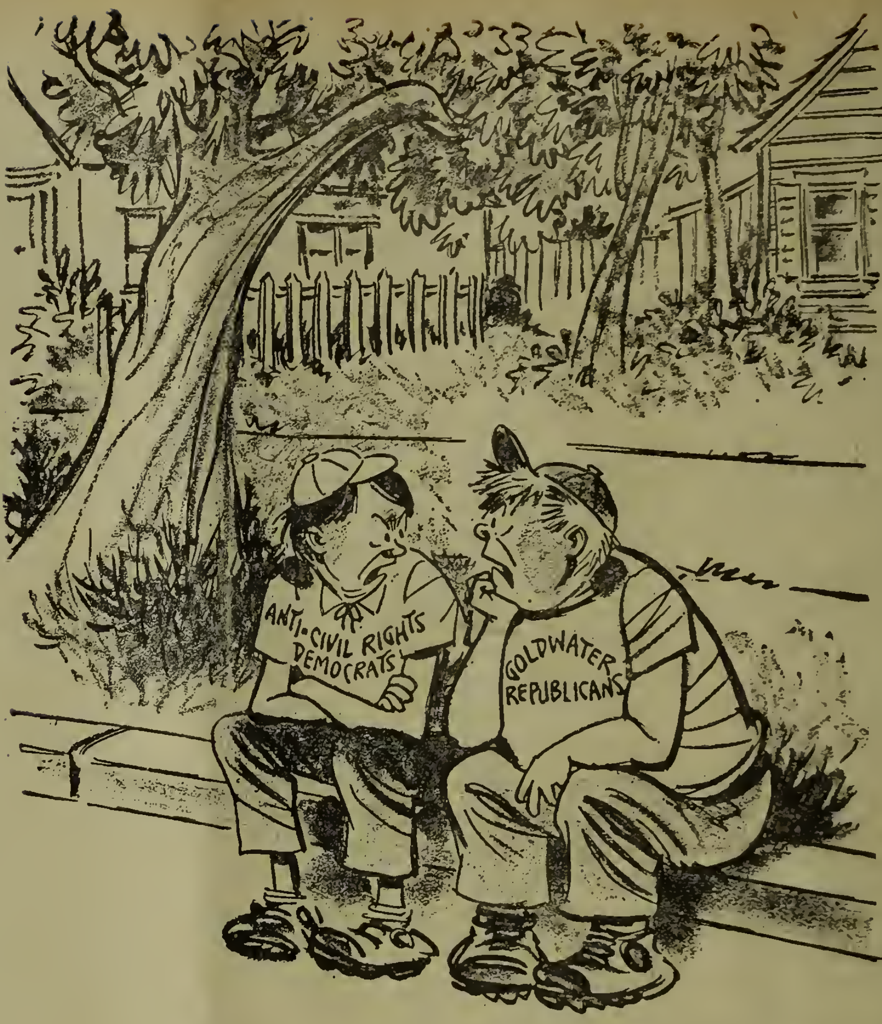
tions leads one to wonder if this cultivation of the South and its supposedly peculiar regional political proclivities is worth the effort. In the first place, as George McMillan pointed out even before the party conventions (*The Nation*, July 9), the South has "no place to bolt." Neither party offers an alternative satisfactory to traditional Southern demands and both the third-party and free-elector movements have fizzled out. Second, the importance of the electoral votes of the South is not great enough to be decisive except in the extremely rare elections when the electoral college margin in the North is close. Finally, there is evidence that "The South" as a politically cohesive region in Presidential elections has shrunk, almost without being noticed, to a mere ectoplasmic shadow of its former solid self.



Herblock, Washington Post

"I'd like to run away, too — but where?"

ON THE second point, only once since 1916 has the margin of the victor been so narrow that, had he lost the South, he would not have had a majority in the electoral college. The exception was, of course, 1948. Had the other seven Southern states followed Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi and South Carolina into the States' Rights camp, Truman's electoral vote would have fallen to 215 — a plurality over Dewey's 189, but short of the Constitutionally-required "majority of the whole number of Electors appointed." As we have been told endlessly, this would have thrown the election into the House of Representatives, where the states would have voted as equal units. Inasmuch as Truman would have been the leading candidate by any criterion, it seems rather far-fetched to believe that the representatives would have defied their constituents and the clearly-expressed will of the majority of the voters so openly as to give the nod to anyone else. (Of course, if all 126 Southern electors had voted for Governor Dewey, he would have been elected.)

The 1948 election seems to prove, above all, that it is not possible to drive the Southern electorate into the arms of a third party. The South seceded from the Union in 1860; by 1865, the impossibility of that alternative was established. It attempted to withdraw from two-party politics in 1948 and showed with equal finality, in the most favorable conditions that are ever likely to prevail, the sterility of that course.

In the other nine Presidential elections since 1916, the winner has carried the North by such a wide electoral college margin that, even if all the Southern votes had been thrown into the balance on the opposition side, the outcome would not have been different. The total electoral vote of the eleven Southern states has averaged about 126. This means that if a candidate carries the North by more than 126 votes, the South doesn't matter. In 1948, Truman carried the North by only 26 electoral votes. That year the South counted: by casting 88 votes for him, it gave him the Presidency. But in no other election since 1916 has the winner's margin in the North fallen below 200 votes. Clearly the South as a region did not count in those nine elections. With the addition of seven more Northern electoral votes as a result of the admission of Alaska and Hawaii, the relative weight of the South at the polls has been reduced still further.

The preoccupation of some political writers with the possibility of a "close" election in which the South would hold the balance reflects a misunderstanding of the way today's American electorate functions and of the role of the electoral college. In order for the South to intervene in a significant way, the electoral vote must be close. The margin in the popular vote is no more important than net yardage is in football; it looks nice, but it doesn't change the score. In every one of the elections since 1916, the winner's margin in the electoral college exceeded his popular-vote margin — usually by quite a bit. Only twice since 1916 has the successful candidate pulled more than 60 per cent of the popular vote: Harding had 64 per cent in 1920 and Roosevelt had 62.2 per cent in 1936. On the other hand, only once in that period did the winning share of the electoral vote fall below 72 per cent — Truman's 57.1 per cent in 1948. Only in 1948 did fewer than 44 percentage points separate winner from loser in the electoral college, while in none of the nine contests was the percentage of popular-vote margin greater than 28 per cent.

IN BRIEF, although the last forty years have seen several close elections in the popular-vote columns, only 1948 was at all tight in the electoral college. One fairly clear explanation for this phenomenon is that the rise of a national constituency in Presidential politics has been partially obscured by the continued existence of the electoral college. We do not yet have a uniform, homogeneous electorate — even in the North — and I hope we never do. But in the North the elements of diversity balance one another off to such an extent that the net reaction of the various state electorates is remarkably consistent. To put it another way: the shade of political opinion in the North is not a monotone, but the speckles are so evenly distributed as to blend together when viewed with national perspective. More precisely, the floating vote responds with considerable uniformity and swings states one way or another with such consistency that only very powerful local factors can stem the tide. And because these political moods sweep the dominant North so pervasively, an election in which the South can play pivot man is exceedingly rare.

Another reason for discounting the importance of the South in Presidential elections is that there are strong grounds for believing that "The South" has badly eroded in the last thirty-five years or so, although its decline has been well camouflaged. The ability of Herbert Hoover, J. Strom Thurmond and Dwight D. Eisenhower to slice off rather large chunks of the Southern electoral vote points to the possibility that major parts of the South no longer warrant the designation of "solid." If that view is accurate, such leading Southern states as Virginia, Florida, Texas, Tennessee and, perhaps, Louisiana, Arkansas and North Carolina have been absorbed into the same national constituency that embraces virtually all of the North.

This proposition is at best quite tentative at the present time (the November election will give it another test). It rests primarily on the observation that not since 1924 has the South run against the national tide in any massive way. In 1929, Hoover lost the South by only 64 to 62 electoral votes. Roosevelt never lost a Southern state. Truman pulled 88 votes to Thurmond's 39. Eisenhower was edged out in 1952, 57 to 71, but outdrew Stevenson in 1956, 67 to 61. Furthermore, in 1956 Eisenhower polled 49.4 per cent of North Carolina's vote and 56.5 per cent of Arkansas'. This recent experience contrasts sharply with the first twelve elections after Reconstruction: from 1880 through 1924, the only time a Southern state bolted the Democratic Party was Tennessee's 1920 swing to Harding. That's 99.6 per cent pure!

In the last eight elections, Florida, Texas, Virginia and Tennessee have voted Republican three times apiece. North Carolina and Louisiana have each broken ranks once and Arkansas once came very close to doing so. By the most generous accounting, only South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi can still be regarded as "sure" states. These are all that remain of the Solid South. The four states poll a total of 39 electoral votes. If we hypothesize the assimilation of the other seven Southern states into the national constituency and re-examine the 1948 election, even that maverick contest fits our pattern. The national constituency can then be said to have given Truman 280 electoral votes to 200 for his opponents and the "Solid South's" 40 wretched votes could not have changed the result.

ALL THIS would seem to indicate that the factors that sway the political judgment of voters in seven of the Southern states are much the same as those that appeal to their Northern counterparts, and that only four states are left in the Solid South. However, a word of caution is necessary. Religious prejudice may have been the determining factor in Hoover's Southern success in 1928, and personal charism may account for Eisenhower's victories. No charism was at work in 1948 and none is evident this year, although the religious bogey has again raised its battered head. It should be remembered that Teddy Roosevelt's charism did him no good in 1912. In any case, it is quite clear that most of the states in the South will vote for a Republican if they have a strong reason. If ever a Republican Presidential candidate wins with the benefit of neither charism nor religious prejudice, we may suddenly discover that the Solid South has faded away like the Cheshire cat or old soldiers — and that no one was aware of its disappearance.

THIS MAY BE disconcerting to liberal Democrats who have welcomed the contribution of a captive South to help win office for the lesser of two evils (though one victory due to such support in forty years seems a rather meager return). On the other hand, an awareness that most Southern electorates respond to the same political appeals that win support in the North should lead both parties to pitch their campaigns to a genuine national constituency. The last of the regional blocs has become so greatly reduced that its peculiar character is no longer a significant factor.

Lyndon Johnson, the chief beneficiary of Kennedy's failure to recognize the disappearance of the South, has, in effect, acknowledged the illusory nature of Southern demands for regional representation. He told a Nashville audience that "I will never speak as a Southerner to Southerners or as a Protestant to Protestants or as a white to whites. I will speak only as an American to Americans."

November's election will not offer a clear test of the South's return to the Union. If the candidate who carries the North also carries the soft outer shell of the South, this could be interpreted as confirmation of the death of the Solid South. But, if the victor is Kennedy, it will be argued that the South is remaining loyal to its Democratic tradition; and, if Nixon wins, it will be said that the vote for him was a vote against Catholicism. Juxtaposed as they are here, the transparency of these two arguments is readily apparent. One need only ask *why* the South would remain loyal to the Democrats rather than vote against a Catholic, or vice versa.

The religious - determinist argument assumes that, in the South anyway, religion is more important in politics than is politics. The voter is believed to be opposed to Kennedy *because* he is a Catholic. In fact, he may dislike him for other reasons, or simply prefer Nixon to him and rationalize his decision on religious grounds because it may still be more acceptable in the South to be anti-Catholic than pro-Republican — at least at the level of articulated motives. On the other hand, if the North goes one way and the South another it can only be concluded that the South has not yet shed its Confederate Gray, that Johnson is wrong, Kennedy is right, and the day of truly national Presidential politics is still in the future.

DON'T BANK on the POLLS . . *by Jack Orr*

Gentlemen Pollsters up in a tree
Damned from here to eternity
God, please save us from Tom
Dewey —
Baa, baa, baa. . . .

— *Old Democratic folk song (circa 1948)*

AS I FOLLOW the weekly gyrations of the Presidential pollsters these days, I am reminded of a girl I know who got out of bed on Election Day, 1948, had a prune Danish with her morning coffee, and set out for the polling booth. That year she could vote for Thomas E. Dewey or Harry S. Truman.

"When I left the house I honestly didn't know who my choice was," she since has said. "Opinion polls and newspapers, magazines, columnists and commentators said that anybody would be a nut to go for Truman. Everybody, but everybody, knew Dewey had it in the bag. They were so damned smug. As I walked down the block and got closer to the polls, I thought: 'Suppose they're wrong. Suppose it's close and *my* vote puts that little bridegroom-on-a-wedding-cake in.' I closed the curtain and voted for Truman."

A substantial number of people must have had similar reflections as they walked toward voting booths that morning in 1948. It was the most smashing political upset of the generation. Truman drew 24,000,000 votes, about nine million more than some polls had predicted. He carried twenty-eight states instead of the nine they said he'd get.

George Gallup's American Institute of Public Opinion, appearing in more than 150 newspapers, had Dewey romping in with 49½ per cent of the popular vote (he got 44 per cent). Elmo Roper solemnly announced in early September: "Dewey leads Truman by the unbeatable combination of 44 per cent to 31 per cent, an almost morbid resemblance to the Roosevelt-Landon figures in 1936" (when Landon took the worst licking in election history). On November 1, he upped his Dewey guess to 52½ per cent. Archibald Crossley, another pollster, gave Truman a scant fifty electoral votes, one-sixth of the actual total.

WHAT the polls predicted, the press trumpeted. *Editor and Publisher* said that 69 per cent of the nation's newspapers, serving four-fifths of the total readership. were plumping for Dewey. So were all the news magazines. (*Newsweek's* own survey gave Dewey 375 to 390 electoral votes; *Time* didn't believe "there would be any contest"; *U.S. News & World Report*: "Dewey offers something new for the White House. . . .") Elsewhere, to their last font of type, publications bannered the pollsters' flat-footed assertion that the challenger couldn't lose.

Even traditional New Deal papers ran out on Truman when the polls began showing the way of the wind. Three big dailies in Truman's home state of Missouri came out for Dewey. Throughout the Northern states, paper after paper which had favored Roosevelt the time before now dumped Harry. Such defections bolstered the trend. Even in the solid South, papers in Houston, Savannah and Greenville deserted the President. Copy desk men began believing the inevitable. In Norfolk, the *Virginian-Pilot* headlined a pre-election story: "Truman in Raleigh Proves, at Least, That He'll Be Popular Ex-President." *Life* had a caption under a picture of Dewey: "The Next President Travels by Ferry Boat Over the Broad Waters of San Francisco Bay."

In New York City, all eight dailies, including the influential *New York Times*, declared for Dewey. (However, there were rumblings from below. James B. Reston, now chief of the *Times's* Washington Bureau, gave his colleagues a chuckle when he soberly filed this dispatch from Dewey's campaign train: " 'Good-bye, everybody,' shouts the Governor. 'Good-bye,' and the 'Victory Special' pulls out — usually with a jerk.")

Even that present-day bastion of the Democratic Party, the New York *Post*, abandoned Truman. (One day, somebody put a pro-Truman petition up on the city room switchboard and sixty-seven members of the staff boldly signed it.)

Only a forlorn little tabloid, the New York *Star*, worked for Truman in Manhattan. It was a continuation of Marshall Field's old *PM*, an ad-less daily newspaper experiment that had cost Field $27,000,000. But few of us on that staff, looking at the circulation figures of 125,000, had much confidence. We could read the polls, too. Walt Kelly, Pogo's creator, was the vigorous editorial cartoonist. He said one day, "This is like rooting for the Giants." "Or the St.

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Louis Browns," said the late John Lardner, who did the *Star's* dramatic criticism. When the paper's columnist Jennings Perry wrote, "It'll be closer than you think," most of us marked it off as rah-rah stuff for the home team.

Meanwhile, the magazines, normally cautious about scheduling stories based on what might happen because of their far-in-advance deadlines and the fragile quality of news figures, also had thrown caution to the winds.

"What kind of President Will Dewey Make?" caroled the *Saturday Evening Post* in an article by Joseph and Stewart Alsop. The *Saturday Review of Literature* discussed "Tom and the Teachers." *Business Week* had a cover blurb: "Tom and Business." "You get the feeling," wrote *The New Yorker's* Richard Rovere "that the American people would give (Truman) anything he wants except the Presidency." In England, the *Manchester Guardian* ran an election-eve story by Alistair Cooke: "Harry S. Truman, a Study of a Failure." The Kiplinger *Washington Letter* said: "Dewey will be in for eight years."

ON THE night of November 2, a smiling Tom Dewey, accompanied by aide-de-camp Jim Hagerty, went to a suite in the Roosevelt Hotel in New York City. He pulled up an armchair in front of the television set. "I am not worried," he said as the early returns came in favoring Truman.

The TV reporters were doing their best to reassure him. "These are urban returns," said the dean, H. V. Kaltenborn, "and when upstate and downstate results are known, Gov. Dewey will shoot ahead as expected." Kaltenborn stayed with the polls longer than anybody else. (Later, Harry Truman was to do a comical take-off on Kaltenborn's reprise. "It was now four in the morning," Truman said in a speech, "and I kept hearing this voice, 'As soon as the farm vote is in . . .'" and he gave it H.V.'s crisp Teutonic edginess.)

All night long Dewey watched, growing more and more tense. At 8:30 A.M. he took a two-hour nap. Then he got up, telephoned Earl Warren in California. At 11:14 A.M. Jim Hagerty stood up in Republican headquarters and read Dewey's conceding message.

Truman was in Excelsior Springs, Mo., and had gone to bed at 6:30 P.M. He got up at midnight, switched on a radio in his room to hear Kaltenborn, then went back to sleep until 4:30 A.M. He ate a ham-and-cheese sandwich and drank a glass of buttermilk, and then drove in to Kansas City in time to accept the Dewey wire conceding him the election.

NEXT MORNING the pollsters and the press woke up with a granddaddy of a hangover. Never had anybody been so wrong in newspaper history. Even when faced by the truth, some editors refused to believe it, or report it. Hours after Dewey had conceded, the Detroit *Free Press* ran a lead editorial on "the Lame Duck President . . . a game little fellow who went down fighting." The San Francisco *Call-Bulletin* had an early-edition cartoon depicting a jubilant elephant and a sorrowful looking donkey (the art department did a fast retouch and by the next edition the elephant was startled, the donkey jolly).

Most memorable rock of all was that of Col. Bertie McCormick's Chicago *Tribune*. On the first of its eleven election-night editions, it carried a banner line: "Dewey Wins on Basis of First Tally." By 10 P.M., the *Tribune* banner was still reading: "Dewey Defeats Truman." Successive editions peeled the streamers down until the last Thursday morning edition had Truman in, but the story was played below a rape in Wisconsin.

The reddest faces, though, were those of the pollsters. They mumbled that people hadn't made up their minds when they were polled. Gallup tried to say that he was only 2.7 per cent off, a figure he got by adding up his errors on all candidates and dividing by four. (Thus, he had said Wallace would get 4 per cent of the total vote; Wallace actually got 2.4 per cent. To Gallup, this was an error of 1.6 per cent; to others, it was an error of 40 per cent.)

It was not the first time, of course, that Presidential election polling had come a cropper. In 1936, the *Literary Digest*, a weekly magazine, said that Alfred M. Landon would beat President Franklin Delano Roosevelt. When Landon got only eight electoral votes, a record that still stands, the *Digest* folded in a national gale of laughter.

But by 1948 the *Digest* debacle was forgotten. Gallup, Roper and the others said they had improved polling techniques. They used waves of interviewers to poll a representative cross-section of the population, a "well-chosen sampling" they called it ("government by sampling," said Heywood Broun). Thus, proportionate numbers of bankers, ditch-diggers, Chinese immigrants, Daughters

of the American Revolution, masochists, dentists, etc., would reflect the voting plans of the whole population. Gallup said he liked to use not more than 3,000 subjects because after that the law of diminishing returns sets in. "That is why so few people you know ever have been questioned by a pollster," he once said.

Using these methods, Gallup had built prestige. In the elections of 1940 and 1944, he had come at times to within 2 per cent of being dead right. Confidence in him and other polling groups ran high by 1948.

But when things blew up with Truman's election, editors took a second look. They frankly acknowledged their moral guilt in letting the pollsters do the journalist's job. "We did not concern ourselves, as we used to, with facts," second-guessed Arthur Krock, of *The New York Times*. "We accepted the polls unconsciously. . . . We have to go back to the old and classic lines—to the days when reporters really dug in, without any preconceptions." Said James Reston: "The polls made us wrong." The editor of the Indianapolis *Times* wrote: "I think that a good deal of our press reporting has gone to hell. . . . It has been a wonderful lesson to those newspaper men who still have enough sense left to know that they got a lesson the hard way."

Scores of papers canceled their Gallup and Roper contracts. "Never again," said the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. A *Time* correspondent admitted: "The returns made me realize how good, old-fashioned leg work—the kind I hadn't done—was still the most important part of our press structure." Alistair Cooke apologized to his English readers and said, "Your correspondent will now sell his telephone and his subscription to Mr. Roper's poll and get back to the use of his legs and other humble sense."

BUT MEMORIES are short. This year's election has seen newspapers and magazines gravely give as substantial play to the pollsters as they did the year of the big collapse. Ironically, this is twelve years later, just as the 1948 debacle came twelve years after the *Digest* smash-up.

If anything, pollsters are stronger. Today there are thirty-five private firms which furnish confidential surveys of opinion for anybody who cares to hire them. It is said that Governor Nelson Rockefeller pulled out of the race for President because a private poll advised him he didn't have a chance. Some Congressmen use polls to see which issues their constituents are really "hot" about—and they then map their speeches and campaigns accordingly. (The beauty of a private poll is that the man who buys it can make public any favorable findings and suppress the unfavorable parts.)

With politicians and publishers again accepting the word of polls, and listening to them with straight faces, it is often difficult to avoid their blinding influence. Truman was forging ahead in 1948, but the blinders created by the polls shut out the reality. The Denver *Post* arranged for a poll of its own and found that Truman would win Colorado (he did). But the pollsters got worried when their results came in and they jiggled them around to Dewey. The Chicago *Sun-Times* found a definite shift to Truman in Illinois, but didn't trust it enough to print it. A flour company in Kansas City began polling customers by giving them the choice of feed sacks marked "One Vote for Truman (or Dewey)." The firm stopped the survey after 20,000 farmers had voted because the results disagreed with national polls.

ANOTHER danger of banking on polls is that it stops the flow of political juice. Not long after Gov. Rockefeller pulled out, presumably because of bad showings in the surveys, Samuel Grafton, a veteran political commentator, observed: "If there had been polling organizations in 1858, Lincoln and Douglas might have been satisfied to take samplings rather than conduct their debates."

It is extremely unlikely, besides, that polls can catch religious bias or voting sentiment not in tune with sectional mores. Thus, when Sen. Estes Kefauver ran for re-election on a firm civil-rights platform in Tennessee not long ago (his enemies circulated a picture of him shaking hands with a Negro; Kefauver said, "I cheerfully plead guilty to shaking hands with a Negro")—newspaper polls in the state predicted his political doom. Yet Kefauver ran away with the race, beating the anti-civil-rights man, two to one, and drawing the great bulk of white votes.

Similarly, when Sen. Kennedy fought his West Virginia primary campaign, "scientific" sampling by newspapers (and other polls) showed that he didn't have a chance in that Protestant state. His victory is history.

EVEN IF a man planned to vote against Kennedy on religious grounds, it is doubtful, in this day and age, that he would own up to it to a pollster. *Business Week*'s Washington Outlook, eyeing the Presidential polls not long ago, warned: "Don't count on the pollsters to catch the religious factor. Voters will clam up, refuse to tell the pollsters what they think. The impact of religion will remain obscure until a precinct-by-precinct study is made after the election."

There is also the matter of phrasing the question and of faulty communication. Gallup once told of a poll-interview held in Cincinnati. "Do you believe in sterilization of the unfit?" the interviewer asked. "I believe *everybody* ought to use Lifebuoy," was the answer. Another time, in Georgia, a Boston-reared questioner asked a farmer: "Do you own a cah?" The man said he did. "How old is it?" "Two years," the man said. "What make?" "Jersey."

Not long ago, a Los Angeles newspaper man named Paul Coates experimented with phrasing a question. He represented himself as the Los Angeles Survey Institute and dialed 150 phone numbers at random. He asked: "Do you think the Mann Act helps the cause of organized labor and if you feel it deters would you vote for its repeal?" Everybody wanted repeal. "We're against that act in our family," one housewife said. "Why don't they leave working people alone," said another. "It certainly ought to be repealed," another offered. "That Hoffa gets away with too much as it is."

Polling, one critic has said, has a

constipating effect on the democratic process. It keeps able men from running if their prospects look dim. It reduces large political issues to mere personalities. It rushes our decisions by creating bandwagon philosophy. It prevents slow, leisurely decisions, one of the delights of our system. Why should we be told four months before an election that no matter what we do in November, Candidate Terwilliger is a shoo-in because of the results of a sampling in Tucumcari, N.M.?

This may be why most of us find it titillating when public-opinion polls cave in, as they obligingly do every so often.

Which brings us back to 1948 — and my girl of the prune Danish— when she and millions like her, bless their maverick souls, joyously thumbed their noses at the gentlemen pollsters.

New Doubts on the Hiss Case

THE ADDED WITNESS . .

by George T. Altman

> Three years ago, in a foreword to our special issue on the Alger Hiss case ("Hiss: New Perspectives on the Strangest Case of Our Time," by Fred Cook), we noted our belief that "some cases simply will not die." The following article illustrates the point. It was submitted to us, unsolicited, by the author, a distinguished West Coast attorney and one of the country's outstanding legal experts on the identification of typewritten documents. Mr. Altman had no connection with the Hiss trials; his article, based on the transcripts and post-trials readings, was inspired by his special knowledge of the field of evidence involved and by the unquenchable thirst for truth and justice which is the mark of the juridical mind.
> —EDITORS.

IT IS MORE than ten years now since Alger Hiss was convicted, and almost eight since the last legal procedure in his case came to an end. Several books have been written on the case, including one by Whittaker Chambers, the accuser and star witness for the prosecution, and another by Hiss himself. The books by others likewise have ranged on both sides. So have the many magazine articles which have appeared. The weight of all the printed matter on the case has been definitely on the side of guilt. That, of course, establishes nothing; the hate-Communist passion which committee and press have created reads accusation as guilt with the same blind fury as its Salem prototype. It is the more remarkable that voices of doubt have been raised, and some without trace of political origin.

One thing above all is clear. If Hiss was not guilty, his conviction was no innocent mistake. The very form of the case establishes that. The crime of which Hiss was formally charged and convicted was perjury, but that was not the crime which the prosecution sought to impress upon the jury. In his closing argument, in climax of its peroration, the prosecuting attorney cried: "What do they prove? Ladies and gentlemen, it proves treason, and that [pointing to Hiss] is the traitor."

The crime thus sold to the jury was espionage, not perjury. Formally, however, a conviction of espionage could not be obtained, because of the statute of limitations; the acts charged in that category were alleged to have occurred too many years before. An indictment for espionage must be obtained within three years after the offense is committed. As a result it was necessary to have a grand jury investigate the alleged espionage, call Hiss as a witness, and thereby force him to deny under oath the acts which could not otherwise ground an action against him.

Whether or not such a grand jury proceeding was valid, it was clear entrapment. Perjury, however, could stir no hatred; Chambers, without whose testimony the conviction was impossible as a matter of law, admitted in the course of his testimony that he was a perjurer, that he had lied under oath only a few months before; yet he was the prosecution's hero and it was he whom the jury believed. Clearly perjury was not the substance but only the form of the case; it was not perjury for which Hiss was actually tried. If he was not guilty, the case against him was coldly and deliberately fabricated.

It follows that what is crucial to a study of the case is the form of the trial in which Hiss was convicted. There were two trials, both in 1949, in New York. The first resulted in a hung jury, the second in conviction. What happened between those two trials? And what did the second contain which the first one did not? These are the important avenues of study.

EVER since 1939, Chambers had tried to sell to one government office or another his own salvation from communism and Hiss's active involvement in its promotion. The government offices to which he brought this story uniformly gave it no credence, until in 1948 it came to Richard Nixon, then a member of the House Un-American Activities Committee. No committee served better the cause of ambition. As a legislative committee, it could defame without fear of reprisal, and its defamation was in a field second to none in the extent of public thirst both created and satisfied by the press. Certainly there was no better setting than the political campaign of 1948.

Whether Nixon considered Chambers' story credible or not, he saw those possibilities in it, and nursed it along with hearings and investigations until Hiss, the earth of his position and prestige quaking beneath him, challenged Chambers to tell his story outside the legal shelter of the committee. Chambers accepted the challenge; obviously he also had no other choice without self-effacement. Hiss's action for libel followed, and in the course of depositions at Baltimore in that proceeding Chambers added the tale of espionage.

That tale of espionage was a lurid one. The setting was Washington, D. C. Chambers was delivering, so Chambers claimed, microfilms of confidential State Department documents to Soviet agents, and Hiss, he charged, obtained the documents for him. At first, he said, they were directly microfilmed, but later to "increase production" they were copied on Hiss's typewriter at Hiss's home by Hiss's wife and microfilms were made from these copies. The copying of each document, he indicated, took place within the week of the date shown by the document. He quit when he did, he declared, because he then "broke" with the Communist Party.

CHAMBERS opened the story of espionage by producing a group of the document copies which he alleged had been typed on the Hiss machine. These copies, subsequently called the "Baltimore documents," were dated between early January and early April, 1938. On the basis of his story and these documents, the grand jury undertook its "investigation," and Hiss under oath denied all of it, insofar as any part by him or his wife was concerned. It was that denial which grounded the indictment for perjury.

If that story of espionage was true, if Hiss was really involved in it, and if he really swallowed the transparent explanation of "increasing production" for the patently needless intermediate and laborious work of typing copies of lengthy documents, only to be microfilmed as the originals had been, then the grand jury proceeding was just one entrapment erected upon another. But Hiss was a lawyer and a brilliant one — Harvard honor man, protégé of Frankfurter and secretary to Holmes;[1] and the science of typescript identification has been covered in law treatises at least as far back as John Henry Wigmore, whose works for more than half a century have been the bible on the law of evidence. It is totally inconceivable that Hiss was not fully aware of the danger of identification by typescript.

A similar element of incredibility is present on the side of Chambers himself. When as early as 1939 he voluntarily peddled the previously untold story of his participation with Hiss in Communist activity, he was opening himself to investigation, and had he been involved in espionage the investigation could well have led to it, without any help from him, and at a time when an indictment for espionage itself could still have been obtained. Having concealed the real crime, he would have had no claim to leniency. Thus, whether one sees the story from the standpoint of Hiss, or that of Chambers, it is a crushing weight upon credulity.

WHAT was added to the first trial by the second is in character with Chambers' story. It is reminiscent of the courtroom scene in *Lightnin'*, by Winchell Smith and Frank Bacon. A witness branded as a lie the statement of another that he had driven a swarm of bees across the plains in dead of winter. The statement, of course, was not a lie but, as the play then observes, just nonsense. But in the second trial of Hiss, testimony which rises to no higher level was swallowed whole by judge and jury.

One might perhaps take a less blasphemous and more charitable view. One might perhaps treat that testimony as gilt on the lily of the prosecution. As such, however, its significance is even deeper. There was a similar situation in *Hamlet*, where statements in a play within the play were characterized: "The lady doth protest too much, methinks." The same point is more explicitly made in Ben Jonson's *Catiline's Conspiracy*: "The dignity of truth is lost with much protesting." These gems from the great minds of literature bespeak a sense not rare, but of the essence of common reason recognized down the ages of human thought. But the testimony referred to in the second trial of Hiss yields to sharper analysis. It stands condemned by accepted authority in science and in law.

Before examining that testimony and the authorities which bear upon it, it is important to observe the general structure of the evidence so that the keystone position of that testimony may be seen. The document copies allegedly typed on Hiss's machine, the Baltimore documents, were themselves necessary to proof that Hiss had lied in respect to them; for without them Chambers' testimony of Hiss's connection with them was inadequate under the applicable provisions of law. Under those provisions, it was necessary for the prosecution to furnish evidence, independent of Chambers' testimony, that Hiss was knowingly involved in the production or delivery of the Baltimore documents. It had no second witness for this purpose and therefore sought to make this proof by showing, through the documents themselves, that they were typed by Hiss or under his direction.

FOR THIS reason, and also because of Chambers' admission that he had lied in prior testimony, the documents became the *sine qua non* of the prosecution's case. Moreover, whether documents could lie or not, at least, being inanimate, they could not forget. As a result the prosecution pointed to them repeatedly as the "immutable documents."

The documents could not, however, wholly speak for themselves. In order to establish, by the documents, that they were typed by Hiss or under his direction, it was necessary for the prosecution to prove (1) that Hiss had sole control of a typewriter, (2) that the documents were typed on that machine, and (3) that such control existed at the time of the typing. Point 1 was admitted; Hiss had had a typewriter, a Woodstock pica, belonging to him in his home. Point 2 could be proved by the documents alone, by identifying the typewriting on them as typewriting done on that machine. Point 3 required evidence outside of those documents; it is the keystone issue for which the testimony added by the second trial was obtained.

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[1] Current Biography, 1947.

AS TO point 2, the prosecution put in substantial evidence, but it contains many doubtful elements — elements which emphasize the mad hunger for conviction which made the evidence put in on point 3 possible. For that reason a brief reference to the evidence on point 2 will be helpful in getting more fully the purpose and effect of that on point 3.

For point 2, an expert in typewriting identification was required. The prosecution placed on the witness stand such an expert, a Mr. Ramos C. Feehan of the FBI, and through him sought to make a comparison of the typescript on the Baltimore documents with that on four papers referred to as the "Hiss standards," being letters and other papers admitted by Hiss to be papers typed, three of them by Mrs. Hiss, on Hiss's typewriter. One was dated in 1931 and the other three in 1936 and 1937, the latest in May of 1937. Feehan made the comparison and stated it categorically as his expert opinion that the Baltimore documents and the Hiss standards had been typed on the same machine. He was an expert and that was his opinion. If he was right, of course, the Baltimore documents had been typed on the Hiss machine.

Feehan did not base his opinion merely on the general similarity of the typescript. The Woodstock pica machines with type faces off the same set of dies numbered into the many thousands. Besides, some other makes might have used the same type faces[2]. But every typewriter, as a result of use or damage, acquires defects peculiar to itself in the form, depth or position of the type faces. Moreover, the defects undergo changes as the machine is used — new ones appear and the old ones become exaggerated or modified — so that they are representative of the particular machine at the particular time.[3] What Feehan based his opinion on was the similarity of ten characteristics in the typescript of the two sets of documents which he classified as due to such defects.

Feehan did not testify, however, that there were no differences between the typescript in the two sets of documents, including differences due to defects otherwise alike, although such differences, if clear and persistent, might be sufficient to cast doubt upon the identity of the typescript.[4] Microscopic examination and measurement, moreover, are necessary to exclude such differences.[5]

Feehan also did not attempt, as far as his testimony shows, nor was the defense at either trial permitted, to make a physical or chemical examination of the Baltimore document ink or paper, as to its kind or condition, in order to determine its age, although such a determination is a recognized technique.[6]

FEEHAN also made no attempt before the jury to compare with the Baltimore documents specimens made on a typewriter located in 1949, bearing serial number 230099, although it was physically present at the trials, in good working order, and pointed to by the prosecution as the Hiss machine. Nor did he make such a comparison with papers typed in 1948 on a machine traced to Hiss but no longer in the typist's possession. Indeed, the existence of those papers, which were collected by the FBI before either trial and retained by them, was not known until long after the trials. In view of the period elapsed in each case since the dates on the Baltimore documents, and the change which type faces undergo with use, Feehan may properly have considered No. 230099 and those undisclosed papers both irrelevant, unless the Baltimore documents were closer to them in typescript appearance than to the Hiss standards.

Again, Feehan in his testimony made no mention of any peculiarities of the typewriting attributable to the typist, although both the Hiss standards and the Baltimore documents were in substantial volume. What the prosecution did was to toss that problem, without expert testimony, into the lap of the inexpert jury. It did this in its summation, by charging certain typing errors were common to both sets of documents — this without warning, after the defense was through. In view of Wigmore, Osborn and Wharton one could not say that the FBI had slighted this important factor.[7] It would not be difficult to suspect that the FBI had made findings, but concluded that they were not helpful to the prosecution.

At best, all Feehan's testimony amounted to was that, as measured by mathematical probabilities, it was *probable* that the Hiss standards and Baltimore documents were typed on the same machine. What he said was that he had "reached the conclusion" that both sets of documents were typed on the same machine. He did not say the results were positive or certain. He did not determine the percentage of probability that he was right. *He did not say there was no reasonable doubt.*

THE DEFENSE reaction to his testimony was one of avoidance. At the first trial, it did not agree that both sets of documents were typed on the same machine, but did not cross-examine on this. At the second trial, it conceded that both sets of documents were typed on the same machine. Considering Hiss's background in the law, and his extraordinary intellect, this tells only one thing — that come what may Hiss would never himself call into question, nor allow his defense to do so, the FBI's integrity or good faith, or place it in the position of a partisan, or cast doubt upon its reputed fealty to justice, its reputed purpose to seek out and reveal the truth wherever the truth might lead.

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[2] Wilson R. Harrison, **Suspect Documents, Their Scientific Examination**, 1958, p. 251.

[3] Ordway Hilton, **Scientific Examination of Questioned Documents**, 1956, p. 189, fn 1.

[4] Hilton, op. cit., pp. 181, 189; Jay Newton Baker, **Law of Disputed and Forged Documents**, 1955, p. 188..

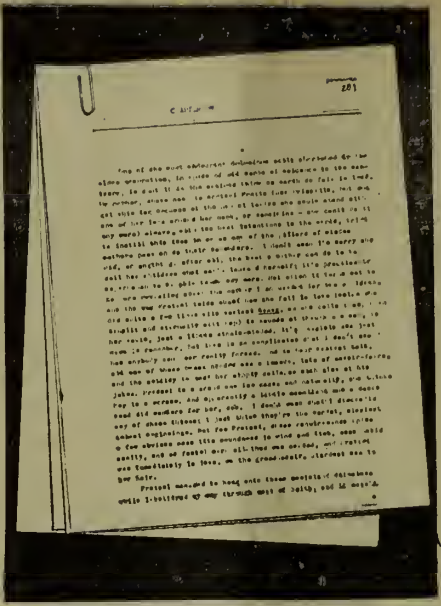
[5] Baker, op. cit., pp. 154-155; Albert S. Osborn, **Questioned Documents** (2d Ed.) 1929, pp. 15, 592 et seq.; 2 **Wharton's Criminal Evidence** (11th Ed.), 1955, pp. 1716 et seq; Hilton, op. cit., pp. 186-187; Dwight G. McCarty, **Psychology for the Lawyer**, 1929, p. 345.

[6] John Henry Wigmore, **Principles of Judicial Proof**, 2d Ed., 1931, p. 101.

[7] Osborn, op. cit., p. 584; Baker, op. cit., p. 491; Hilton, op. cit., pp. 195-6.

This unyielding deference of Hiss to the FBI accentuated the keystone position of the testimony which was added to the first trial by the second. We come thus to point 3 in the structure of the prosecution's evidence. Assume, despite the imperfections of Feehan's testimony, that the two sets of documents were typed on the same machine. Assume also, as the court apparently did, that the age of the ink and paper, and the identity of the typist, had no substantial probative value in the case. Assume further, as the court obviously did, common sense and clear law to the contrary notwithstanding, that Chambers' testimony was sufficient to establish, *as an element of the required corroboration of his own testimony,* the period within which the Baltimore documents were typed. Assuming all those things, it was still necessary for the prosecution to show that the machine was in Hiss's possession, in his sole possession, throughout that period. This was point 3, the keystone that was lacking. This was the nexus that the prosecution sought desperately to provide in the second trial. That it succeeded as far as judge and jury were concerned, the verdict of guilty is ample proof.

THAT testimony added by the second trial was the testimony of George Norman Roulhac. Its importance is such that we shall quote it in full. By way of introduction, the Hiss residence in Washington, D. C., was, until December 29, 1937, at 1245 30th Street. On that date they moved to 3415 Volta Place. However, as shown by the leases, they had possession of the 30th Street house until February 1, 1938, and probably left there things they wanted to dispose of. The electricity was not shut off there until January 4, 1938, nor the gas until January 6, 1938.



The Hisses had a part-time maid, Mrs. Claudia (Clidi) Catlett, and Mrs. Catlett had two sons, Perry (Pat) and Raymond (Mike), both of whom, at the end of 1937, were in their middle teens. About that time the Catletts also moved, from 1270 25th Street to 2728 P Street. The rental at the P Street house was $30 per month. The record is clear, as shown by the files of the power company, that the electricity was turned off at the 25th Street house on January 17, 1938, and on at the P Street house on the very same day. The Catlett boys testified that Mrs. Hiss gave them the typewriter in connection with her move from 30th Street to Volta Place. They also testified that the typewriter was brought directly to their P Street house. This could thus have occurred any time up to February 1, 1938, as far as the Hiss leases show. However, if the typewriter was given to them on the very day when the Hisses personally moved from 30th Street, the Catletts must have lived at the P Street house several weeks before the electricity was turned on there. This they testified was so, and that for several weeks before the electricity was turned on there they used kerosene for light.

OBVIOUSLY, if this testimony of the Catlett boys was true, the Hisses did not have possession of the typewriter during any part of the period from early January to early April, 1938, the period covered by the dates on the Baltimore documents. Indeed, even if the typewriter had been left by the Hisses at their 30th Street house after they personally moved out, and given to the Catlett boys some time in January instead, it would have been out of the Hisses' possession during the major part of the period of the Baltimore documents. The only testimony, however, which the prosecution had as to the who and where of the typing was that of Chambers, that the typing was done by Mrs. Hiss at the Hiss home. Thus, it was necessary to the prosecution's case that the typewriter not only be in the possession of the Hisses, but at their home, from early January to early April, 1938. It follows that in order to establish the nexus between Hiss and the Baltimore documents, it became necessary for the prosecution to nullify the testimony by the Catlett boys and to move the gift of the typewriter to them over to some time in April, 1938.

This was the purpose for which George Norman Roulhac, sergeant, was sought out in Alaska and brought to New York to testify at the second trial of Hiss. His testimony, verbatim from the record, was as follows:

Direct Examination by Mr. Murphy:

Q. Sergeant, did you in the late '30s live in Washington, D.C.?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. And did you ever live in a house on P Street?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. What number P Street was that?

A. 2728.

Q. Is that up in the Georgetown section of Washington?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. And prior to P Street where had you lived?

A. 25th Street NW; 32nd Street NW.

Q. When you were living at P Street do you remember when that was? What year?

A. '38.

Q. And did you sign a lease for that house?

A. Yes.

Q. And who lived there with you?

A. Clidi Catlett and her boys and Mr. and Mrs. Alice Brogan.

Q. What boys were those? Clidi Catlett's boys?

A. Yes.

Q. Perry and Raymond?

A. And Mike.

Q. And do you remember the day when you moved in?

A. About the middle of January.

Q. I show you this lease for 2728 P Street and ask you whether that is your name as one of the people that signed the lease?

A. Yes.

Mr. Murphy: I offer that in evidence.

The Court: The date of that lease, Mr. Murphy, is what?

Mr. Murphy: Made the 17th day of January 1938. Ladies and gentlemen, this is a lease dated January 17, 1938, between Emma W. Stevens and George Roulhac for the premises 2728 P Street to commence the 18th day of January, 1938, at $30 a month, payable in advance.

Q. Now, Mr. Roulhac, did you move in, do you remember, on the 17th or 18th of January?

A. Moved in the same day we signed that lease.

Q. Same day?

A. Yes.

Q. What did you use for lighting?

A. Candles.

Q. Candles the first day or forever?

A. Just that first night. The light was turned on next day.

Q. The electricity was turned on the next day?

A. Yes.

Q. What did you cook with?

A. There was a cook stove already in the house.

Q. What do you mean by a cook stove?

A. Coal stove.

Q. And is that the means that you or Mrs. Catlett cooked the food?

A. Yes.

Q. On the coal stove?

A. Yes.

Q. How did you heat the house?

A. Had oil heat; little oil burners into the rooms.

Q. Didn't you use gas at all?

A. No.

Q. Now where had you lived immediately prior to moving into the P Street house with Mrs. Catlett and the boys on January 17, 1938?

A. On 25th Street.

Q. And did Mrs. Catlett and the boys live ever there too on 25th Street?

A. Yes.

Q. Now, Mr. Roulhac, did there come a time at all when you saw a typewriter in the P Street house?

A. About three months after we lived there.

Q. Where did you see it?

A. Out in the hallway.

Q. What kind of a typewriter was it?

A. I don't know the make of it.

Q. There is a typewriter here in evidence. Can you tell whether that is the typewriter you saw?

A. It was the same design like, but I never noticed the exact make, whether Underwood or any other kind, but that is the same design of it.

Q. You were there about three months when you first saw the typewriter?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. And were you living there every day?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did you see anybody use it?

A. The keys were stuck on it.

Q. Did you see anybody use it at all?

A. Oh, Patty used to bang on it and his girl friend. Sometimes I would hit it myself.

Q. Where was it kept when you saw it?

A. Out in the hallway on the washing machine.

Q. And you did not see it until three months after you moved in?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. And you were there every day and night?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did you inquire of either of the boys there, or Mrs. Catlett, where it came from?

A. I asked Patty—

Q. Don't tell us what he said. Did you inquire where it came from?

A. Yes.

Q. And you inquired of the boy, Pat?

A. Yes.

Cross Examination by Mr. Cross:

Q. Sergeant, how long have you been in the Army?

A. I was drafted in '41, came out after the war, and re-enlisted in 1948.

Q. You were where in 1948? Where were you stationed?

A. 1948 I left to go into the Aleutian chain in Alaska.

Q. Alaska. How long have you been back in the States?

A. I came back September the 24th.

Q. Of what year?

A. 1949.

Q. Been here ever since?

A. I was in Seattle for about ten days, and then I came back to New York.

Q. How long have you been in New York?

A. I have been at Fort Slocum since October 26.

Q. You mean you were transferred down here?

A. I came back for reassignment.

Q. When did you first see any member of the FBI?

A. In August I think it was.

Q. August what year?

A. Of '49.

Q. Where was that?

A. In Anchorage, Alaska.

Q. How many did you see up there?

A. One fellow.

Q. When is the next time you saw an FBI man?

A. I was at Fort Slocum; when I got here.

Q. When you got here. And, then, how many times have you seen FBI representatives since you have been here?

A. About three or four times I think.

Q. How many times have you been in the court building?

A. I don't know exactly how many times I have been in the court building, but about three or four times on different occasions.

Q. I beg your pardon?

A. I have been there about three or four times on different occasions.

Q. Well, when, first?

A. The 1st of November.

Q. The 1st of November. And when next?

A. December 13th.

Q. You were here when the Catletts were here, weren't you?

A. Yes.

Q. You saw them?

A. Yes.

Q. You didn't speak to them, did you?

A. Yes, I spoke to them.

Q. You did?

A. Yes.

Q. Who were you with when you saw them?

A. Who was I with?

Q. Yes.

A. I wasn't with no one in particular.

Q. Were you reporting to an FBI man that morning?

A. No.

Q. Who did you speak to?

A. Who did I speak to?

Q. Yes. Which one of the Catlett boys?

A. I spoke to Mike. I spoke to Mrs. Catlett.

Q. Now, you signed this lease. I notice there is an X down there. Do you know how that happened to be put on there, opposite your name?

A. No, I don't.

Q. Well, do you remember where it was you signed this lease?

A. On Wisconsin Avenue, real estate office.

Q. I want to show you some pictures, Sergeant. I show you Defendant's Exhibit VVV. Do you recognize that picture?

A. Yes.

Q. What is that picture?

A. It is just 2728 P Street.

Q. The rear part of the house?

A. The rear part.

Q. Is that the rear or the front?

A. That's the front.

Q. The front. Was it in that condition in 1937, '38?

A. Flowers and weeds in the front.

Q. I show you Exhibit VVV-4 and ask you if you recognize that picture?

A. I think this is the back where the hallway—

Q. The hallway. Is that a closet there?

A. Yes, right under the steps.

Q. Closet?

A. Yes.

Q. I show you V-3. What is this picture?

A. I don't recollect this picture.

Q. I beg your pardon?

A. I don't recollect this picture. I have never seen it, to my remembrance.

Q. Let me show you V-1. What is this one?

A. This is the back.

Q. The back. Now then, I show you another one, V-2. Do you recognize that?

A. Yes, that is the back of 2728 P Street.

Q. Now where was the hallway that you say that you saw the typewriter?

A. Right here (indicating).

Q. Right where? Will you hold it up and let the jury see it?

A. This is the hallway going straight down there (indicating); the steps over to the left.

Q. Where was this den that they had?

A. The room upstairs was the den.

Q. What did they have up there?

A. Oh, all kinds of junk.

Q. What?

A. All kinds of junk.

Q. Well, for instance.

A. Baseball, gloves, bats. Pat had some old radios up there, and everything else.

Q. What did they use it for?

A. Just throw the junk in it.

Q. No, I mean the place where they held these dances.

A. The dances?

Q. Yes.

A. That wasn't in the den. That was downstairs.

Q. Oh, downstairs. Where was that with reference to the hall where you saw the typewriter?

A. That was the front room on the basement floor.

Q. And how often would they have those dances?

A. The boys would have their friends in. I don't know how often they had the dances.

Q. Well, did you attend them?

A. No.

Q. Do you know whether in Washington at the time you signed the lease the landlords were reluctant to have a woman sign a lease?

A. No, I don't know about that.

Mr. Cross: That is all.

Redirect Examination by Mr. Murphy:

Q. Sergeant, I want to ask you just about where you were at the time of the last trial. The last trial commenced on May 31st and concluded on July 8th. What part of the United States were you in at that time?

A. I left September 13, 1948, to go to Alaska. I didn't come back until September, 1949.

Q. What island were you in in the Aleutians—

A. Adak.

Q. — last June?

A. Adak, Alaska.

Q. Adak?

A. Yes.

Q. You came back here in October?

A. Yes.

Q. And you were in the war, in the Army, since 1941?

A. I got out after the war was over and re-enlisted in '48.

Q. Mr. Cross asked you about an X on the lease. Do you write?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. And back in 1938 you could write, couldn't you?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. You have been able to write since you have been to school?

A. Yes, sir.

Mr. Murphy: All right. Thank you, Sergeant.

Mr. Cross: Thank you, Sergeant.

(Witness excused.)

THE IMPORTANCE given this testimony by the prosecution is shown in their summation. After suggesting that the Catlett testimony of their using kerosene for light for several weeks was tailored to the issue, the prosecution nailed down the time of the gift of the typewriter to the Catletts as follows:

> But the sergeant says, one, we moved in there on January 17th, and here is the lease, and I didn't see the typewriter there, although I was there every day and night for about three months, later saw it in the hall.

As a summary of Roulhac's testimony this was, of course, quite accurate. Indeed, it polishes and puts in bold view the core of that testimony, the tale of three months, pulled naked out of Roulhac's memory after eleven years.

It may be well to analyze the testimony itself more closely. As an aid to that end, it should be disclosed that the Emma W. Stevens referred to in the testimony was interrogated by the writer, early in 1960, at her home, in the presence of several guests. Although in her eighties and bedridden, she revealed an extraordinary clarity of mind. She was not the owner of the properties which she leased, but the rental agent. She had only the year before, in 1959, retired from that business. She was not interrogated as to the rental to the Catletts, nor as to any other specific events, but only as to the character of the area in which the P Street house was located, the customs of her tenants, her business practices, the changes, if any, in these respects over the years, and other factors of a general nature. She stated that she rarely granted a lease, that almost always it was only a month-to-month rental agreement, and that very commonly people in the 2728 P Street class moved in without her knowledge, removed the "for rent" sign, and would be living in the house for several days or even several weeks before she obtained or received a payment of rent and a rental agreement. The date on a rental agreement meant nothing as to the date when the tenant moved in. Nor did the date when electricity was turned off at one house and on at the next, since this could hardly be done until the landlord was recognized and the rental paid. (All this in the National Capital!)

When one looks at Roulhac's testimony, one is struck almost immediately by his extraordinary memory. The testimony was given in the latter part of 1949; the events testified to occurred in early 1938, more than eleven years before. As the testimony shows, he, instead of Mrs. Catlett, had signed the "lease," a document which the record indicates was just one of those month-to-month rental agreements, on January 17, 1938. His recollection was that he had moved in on that same day; also that he used candles "just" the first night, and that the electricity was turned on the very next day, the 18th. There was a slip there, of course, since the power company's records showed that the electricity had been turned on on the 17th. But obviously Roulhac had an intruding recollection of candles, so that it was impossible for the electricity to have been turned on and him to have moved in on the same day.

Nor was is possible for Roulhac to say that he had moved in on the 16th, for then the sole basis of his recollection that he had moved in on the 17th, the "lease," would lose its convincing force.

IT IS, of course, clear that the "lease" had been shown to him before the trial, although this was not brought out before the jury; for otherwise his flat answer, before the lease was even mentioned, that he had moved in "About the middle of January," would have been a feat of memory completely out of dreamland. Had it been an answer given independently of the "lease," then even though the "lease" had been exhibited to him first in front of the jury, in order to refresh his memory, it would have been admissible.[8] But in that case the independence of his memory might have been challenged. As it was, his answer, "About the middle of January," was brought in out of the blue, as if, without reference to any document at all, or any related and more significant event, he was able to remember that, just that, after more than eleven years.

That answer of his, moreover, would not have been necessary, the "lease" could have spoken for itself, except for the candlelight that stuck in his memory, and he was a soldier and an honest man. But the prosecution needed a peg from which to place a proper time for the gift of the typewriter, and that was it. It well foreshadows what was to follow in his testimony.

First, let us examine the peg more closely. Roulhac remembers, after more than eleven years, that he used candles "Just that first night." One might remember candles, even after eleven years, but to remember, without aid from any other fact, the *time* for which they were used — that is quite another problem. The proof is, of course, that Roulhac was wrong; the electricity was not turned on "next day," which was the 18th, but on the same day, the 17th, as the "immutable documents" of the power company showed. If he and the Catletts moved in on the 17th, therefore, they had no need for candles or kerosene at all.

THE first trial ended July 8, 1949, with a hung jury. In August, the FBI sent a man all the way to Anchorage, Alaska, to see Roulhac. Roulhac was not stationed there; he was all the way out on Adak Island in the Aleutians and had to be brought in to Anchorage for the purpose. Following the meeting there with the FBI agent, he was brought in to Fort Slocum, located at New Rochelle, a suburb of New York. There the FBI visited him three or four times more. Where they took him, or he took them, what they showed him and he showed them, did they go through the P Street house together, what questions were asked either way, what answers given, and what else was said between them — none of this appears in his testimony. It was not even asked. Roulhac was also at the court building three or four times apparently before and during the second trial, which began November 17, 1949, and lasted over two months. What discussions he had at the court building with government officers he also was not asked. Full, detailed and possibly verbatim reports on all of this unquestionably still rest peacefully in the archives of the FBI and the prosecution.

Just how Roulhac came up with one night of candles when, according to his own testimony and the power company's "immutable documents," the electricity was turned on the day he moved in may not be difficult to answer. He was obviously a forthright witness. The candlelight could not be eradicated. But the *period* for which the candles were used was not, as we shall presently show, difficult to compress in Roulhac's memory, whatever its strength and his integrity might be. This was necessary to give the candlelight an insignificance in the mind of the jury, so that the peg of the "lease," another "immutable document," as showing that Roulhac and the Catletts moved in on the 17th, would be clear and strong. The prosecution in its summation even went so far as to quote the power company as saying "January 18, 1938, electricity turned on," although that company's actual statement on both direct and cross, and based on their own "immutable documents," was that it was turned on on the 17th. This flagrantly erroneous and misleading statement by the prosecution was, of course, intruded to tie Roulhac's testimony to that of the power company. The jury would hardly notice a difference between the 17th and 18th, the prosecution apparently believed—and apparently they were right.

BUT THE difference was critical, since the "lease" became the peg for another feat of memory by Roulhac, one which dwarfs that on the period of candlelight; indeed, one which dwarfs the tale in *Lightnin'* of driving a swarm of bees across the plains in dead of winter. After getting Roulhac and the Catletts moved in on the 17th, the prosecution casually asked him, as the testimony given above shows, "Did there come a time at all when you saw a typewriter in the P Street house?" A responsive answer should simply have been "Yes." But Roulhac knew what they wanted, and he shot out, "About three months after we lived there." After just four other questions about the typewriter, the prosecution asked again, "You were there about three months when you first saw the typewriter?", and the answer came back sharply, "Yes, sir." Then to make clear that Roulhac would have seen it if it had been there before, the prosecution added, "And were you living there every day?" The answer, of course, was again, "Yes, sir." After two more other questions about the typewriter, the prosecution swung back a third time, "And you did not see it until three months after you moved in?" Again the answer was a ringing "Yes, sir." Then once more to make clear it could not have been there if he did not see it, "And you were there every day and night?" Once again came the sharp and definite answer, "Yes, sir."

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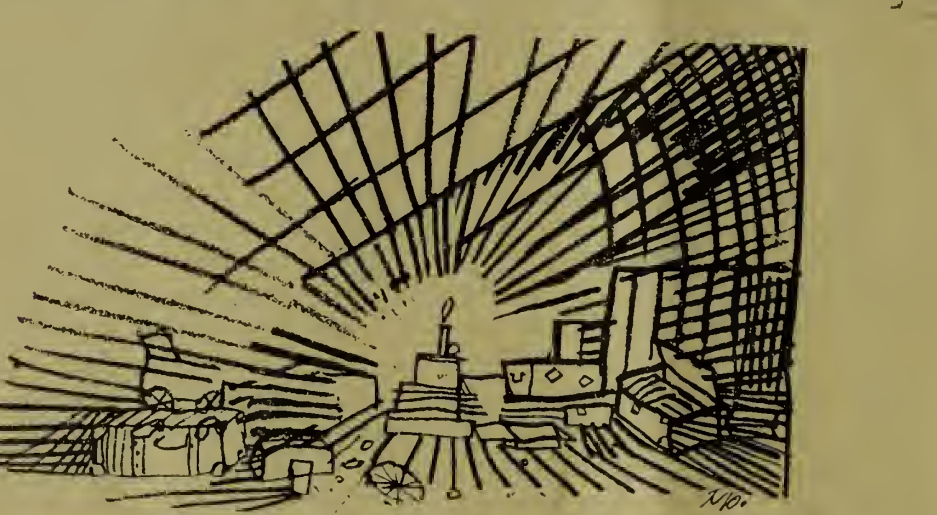
[8] Jewitt v. U. S., (C.A. 9), 15 F. 2d 955, 956.



ON cross-examination, the defense did not touch this testimony. Roulhac, judge and jury were thus told, was there every day and night for three months and at the end of that time he first saw a typewriter in the house. Whether it might have been where he could not see it is a minor point. After eleven years he could pick out a three-month interval, its beginning in a blur of candlelight and its end in no light at all, with not a single signpost of any kind. One does not need to turn to science or law to know that a sense of time, let alone recollection of it, depends upon its content. A month can seem a day, and a day can seem a month, even in the present. What then is the effect after eleven years! One but senses a general fact of life in Oscar Wilde's:

And that each day is like a year,
A year whose days are long.

Indeed, in the Hiss case itself, both prosecution and judge made light of an error of a month in Chambers' testimony involving that very three-month period. Chambers had testified that when he broke with the party, he quit taking documents from Hiss, that his break with the party occurred in the middle of April, and that he *then* took a translating job from Oxford University Press. On their motion for new trial, the defense adduced clear proof that Chambers took the translating job before March 18. The prosecution thereupon admitted "Chambers erred by approximately one month," as if that was a matter of no significance, and the trial court treated it as a harmless error. That court stated:

> The testimony Chambers gave as to the date he took the translation was an approximation of an event that had occurred some eleven years previously.

Yet if Roulhac had likewise been off just one month, if he had likewise merely overestimated the period by 50 per cent, the entire case against Hiss would have fallen!

It is pertinent, therefore, to examine the authorities, in both science and law, on the accuracy of time perception and time recollection. There are three basic principles, all now so firmly established that no challenge can be made to them. The first is that time in the abstract, without reference to content, cannot be judged at all. In this respect it is the same as distance. Look at a star and try to estimate its distance. Look at a plane far out in the sky, without knowing its size, and try to estimate its distance. Time presents the same problem. Time, naked of content, cannot be judged.

For example, a person enters a classroom, speaks certain words to the instructor and leaves. He is there for one minute. A week later the students are asked, *inter alia*, how long he was in the room. The answers may vary from two seconds to ten minutes.[9] Take a case where there is no waiting time. There is a period of three seconds, and immediate estimates are sought. The answers may vary between half a second and fifteen.[10] Numerous tests of this type have been made by scientists in the field and the results are uniform to a point of monotony. Thus it is stated by Bose:

> Space and time, entirely free from sensible content, never enter the experience of actual perception. . . . Consciousness of time cannot be separated from consciousness of change; both go together. Pure empty time cannot be actually perceived and the differences between greater time and less time can be felt only by reference to sensible content.[11]

Again, it is stated by Gross, freely cited by Wigmore:

> The only thing that experience definitely shows is that the certainty of such estimates [of time intervals in the past] depends on their being fixed by distinct events.[12]

The same fact is shown by Stevens.[13] Indeed, without reference to content, time can even be turned around. As a result, without logical relation, or some other device, the order of events cannot be remembered.[14] Thus an estimate of time, either of its length or of its direction, cannot be made without reference to content. This has been so completely established that it is basic principle in both science and law.

A second principle firmly established is that recollection of an event, or date of an event, or order of events or time relation between events, depends inversely upon the time elapsed since the event or events occurred.[15] For events removed by more than two years, accuracy has been found to average less than 20 per cent.[16]

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[9] Charles Stillman Morgan, "Psychology of Memory," 8 American Journal of Criminal Law and Criminology, 222, 225 (1917).

[10] Hugo Munsterberg, On the Witness Stand, 1908, pp. 22-23.

[11] Prabodh Chandra Bose, Introduction to Juristic Psychology, 1917, p. 219.

[12] Hans Gross, Criminal Psychology (Trans.), 1911, p. 384. See the comment on Gross in Wigmore, op. cit., p. 385.

[13] S. S. Stevens, Ed., Handbook of Experimental Psychology, 1951, pp. 1229, 1231, 1235.

[14] F. C. Bartlett, Remembering, 1932, p. 30

Directly related to this point is the third basic principle, that no accuracy of recollection of a date is possible at all without the aid of some device, some factor, in the event to be remembered or an event related to it, which is meaningful and important to the particular witness.[17] Thus it is stated by Wigmore, dean of all writers on evidence:

> . . . it is safer to believe a witness when he can demonstrate some intensely influential event which was contemporaneous with the situation under discussion, and which reminds him of that situation. . . .[18]

Moreover, if the date of an event recalled is in question, and that date is to be established by reference to another event, the date of that other event must be one which can be clearly proved. The point is stated in *Corpus Juris Secundum* as follows:

> The date of a transaction may and should be fixed by associating it with other circumstances of public and unquestioned notoriety, or with credible written documents, or with other facts occurring at a time clearly proved.[19]

Thus recollection of a date requires some aid, some device, which by characterization or relation can pin it down. Without that it is not entitled to credence.

WHAT have we then to support Roulhac's statement, hammered out of him and drummed into the minds of the jury by tense and ominous repetition, that three months after he moved in—and he was there, he said, every day and every night of those *three* months—that after that precise period, carved as by a torch out of the empty dark of more than eleven years before, he saw for the *first* time, a typewriter in the house? There is just nothing to support it. It is naked fantasy. Yet the prosecution in its summation fondled it before the jury as something real. A soldier said it and judge and jury swallowed it whole.

This was all that the second trial added to the first. This is what changed the result from a jury in disagreement to a jury of a single mind, guilt. A period of three months, the beginning compressed into a single night, a night which the evidence clearly established could not exist, and an ending with no signpost at all, not even one built for the occasion. Had there been a signpost at the end the prosecution would unquestionably have brought it out. They worked so hard on the one at the beginning, against the candlelight which clung stubbornly to Roulhac's memory, that they compressed it out of existence.

The principles shown in relation to memory have an added element of significance in the Hiss case because the statute of limitations on the real charge, espionage, was evaded by staging a hearing on the alleged acts and then charging perjury when they were denied. The object of statutes of limitation is to prevent "claims from springing up at great distances of time and surprising the parties or their representatives when . . . the facts have become obscure from the lapse of time. . . ."[20] Thus the evasion of the statute of limitations in the Hiss case emphasizes the deliberate and comprehensive character of the plan in the course of which the story of one night and three months was evolved.

Just how that story was formed in Roulhac's mind is quite another matter. Perhaps the prosecution knew. Perhaps, on the other hand, it did not. The task of the prosecution is to convict, of course; only the naive would say it is to seek and apply the truth. Still the prosecution is not often given to the manufacture of fairy tales, although in its eagerness for victory it might seize upon one already told. But somewhere in the government vaults there are reports on all of the meetings with Roulhac before the trial, showing how the fairy tale grew in his memory, retroactively by suggestion, as every good attorney well knows and science has established it can be done.[21]

HAD THE *Jencks* case[22] been decided as it was before, instead of eight years after, the Hiss case, defense counsel might well have demanded those reports. That case, decided by the Supreme Court in 1957, held that the accused had a right to compare the government witness' testimony with his prior statements shown in government intra-office reports. The Court then, however, was the so-called "Warren" Court. Had the *Jencks* case come up for decision in 1949, when the Supreme Court was differently composed, it might well have been decided the other way and the Hiss defense might have called for the intra-office reports on Roulhac in vain.

Moreover, such reports might not be limited to the executive department of the government. It was the legislative branch which was most interested in the case, for its own purposes, and truth and justice are not always an aid to ambition. Every myth has its genesis. Somewhere a record is gathering dust, and someone was ambitious.

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[15] Alfred Kuraner, **The Consistency of Testimonial Accuracy**, 1931, pp. 408-409; Elon H. Moore, **29 Ore. Law Rev.** 161, 170 (1950); Robert A. Redmount, "The Psychological Basis of Evidence Practices: Memory", **50 Journal of Criminal Law, Criminology and Political Science** 249 (1959); Robert Hutchins and Donald Schlesinger, **41 Harv. Law Review** 860; Harold Ernest Burtt, **Legal Psychology**, 1931, p. 83; M. Ralph Brown, **Legal Psychology**, pp. 88-89; Wigmore, op. cit., p. 153; Dillard S. Gardner, "The Perception and Memory of Witnesses", **18 Cornell Law Review** 391; **Pierce-Smith Converter Co. v. United Verde Copper Co.**; 298 F. 763, 764 (D.C., Del. 1924); 98 C.J.S. 330, sec. 462; Arthur Jersild, "Primacy, Recency, Frequency, Vividness", **12 Journal of Experimental Psychology** 58 (1929); D. Ewen Cameron, **Remembering**, p. 99 (1947).

[16] Moore, op. cit., p. 170.

[17] Gross, op. cit., p. 384; Redmount, op. cit., p. 260; Waters and Leeper, "The Relation of Affective Tone to the Retention of Experiences of Daily Life", **18 Journal of Experimental Psychology** 203 (1936). **15 Encyclopedia Britannica**, 1959, pp. 233-235.

[18] John Henry Wigmore, **The Science of Judicial Proof**, 3d Ed., 1937, p. 595, sec. 238. See also Garry C. Myers, "A Study in Incidental Memory", **26 Archives of Psychology** 98 (1913).

[19] 32 C.J.S. 1067-1068, sec. 1029, citing cases.

[20] 53 C.J.S. 902-3, citing a long string of cases.

[21] Brown, op. cit., pp. 90-91. It is not suggested that those reports covered only the meetings with Roulhac. They might well show how other prosecution witnesses in the case, such as those who identified Chambers as a person known to them under other names, were enabled to bridge the wide gulf of eleven years. See Wigmore, op. cit., sec. 250, p. 532 et seq., and 25 Ill. Law Review (1931) 550; also Edwin M. Borchard, **Convicting the Innocent** (1932).

[22] **Jencks v. United States**, 353 U.S. 657, 77 S. Ct. 1007.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Native Talent and Trade Practice

THE DENATURED NOVEL. By Albert Van Nostrand. Bobbs-Merrill Co. 224 pp. $3.50.

Emile Capouya

ART is important. The novel is an important branch of art. These are Albert Van Nostrand's basic assumptions, and the class of readers most likely to be attracted to his book will almost certainly agree with them. It is to an initially friendly audience, then, that the author addresses his interesting and irritating observations.

Mr. Van Nostrand contends that the commercial conditions of the book trade have shaped the content and style of American fiction from early times to the present. Now, there needs no ghost, come from the grave, to tell us that the market has had *some* influence in *some* direction. But the assertion gains point when the author goes on to say that the influence has been uniformly pernicious, and that it has been decisive. In short, American novels are as bad as they are because of the way in which publishers acquire books, manufacture them physically and offer them for sale. And Mr. Van Nostrand reminds us that there can be no mistake about the quality of most commercially successful novels. He is engaged in a kind of literary muckraking, and he knows that such an enterprise is useful in proportion as it is painful. Accordingly, he does not spare our feelings, but analyzes and comments on a great many recent best-sellers that it would normally be uncharitable even to name.

AT this point, the author is in a strategic position. As he himself says roundly in a preliminary note, "The idea of the denatured novel encompasses both literary theory and economic cause." If there is in fact a genuine connection between our economics and our literary practice, if the degradation of our literature has come about for the reasons he offers, his book must be significant. And if his theory should fall short of the truth, it must be interesting to see wherein and why.

His first chapter argues that American novels have always been on trial for their lives, the issue being whether they improved or debauched public morals. Mr. Van Nostrand cites a long list of apologetic prefaces to nineteenth-century novels — the apologists include Cooper, Hawthorne and Bellamy — and he interprets those essays as attempts to provide fiction with a safe-conduct through hostile country. Even in the twentieth century, he tells us, when only censors, police chiefs and like vermin see any connection between literature and salvation, the novel is still examined for signs of heterodoxy. The result has been the progressive denaturing of the popular novel, that is, the simplifying of complex moral issues as presented in our fiction to the point where (I translate freely) every novel is a humorless allegory of the struggle between the forces of atheism and the forces of Rotary.

The argument is extended and refined in Chapter II, "How to Denature a Novel." Here the author attempts a definition that is basic to his position aud to which he recurs throughout the book: ". . . The substance of all narrative fiction is the metaphor of conflict. The novel's particularity is its appraisal of character by a various repetition of conflict." And he adds a careful codicil to the effect that the manner in which conflict is resolved makes the difference between good fiction and bad. A merciful easing of tensions by the easiest road is the method of the pot-boiler; in the work of art, the pattern of conflict develops into "a resonant system of analogies." Finally, we are told that "The book trade has always encouraged the stylization of the novel, the thinning out of analogous conflicts to get on with the story." The full charge, then, is that in this country the popular novel has always had to masquerade as something edifying, that the conflicts it embodies do not generally elect to resound, and that it is encouraged to soar with leaden wing by the open and tacit pressures of the market.

THUS FAR the true bill, and now to make the case. Chapter III gives an ingenious account of the operations of a mythical trade publisher, no less essentially accurate for being slanderous. Indeed, the head of a great publishing house has been reported as saying that Chapter III "made him shudder" — whether with disgust or contrition deponent sayeth not. Mr. Van Nostrand has really done remarkably well in catching the flavor of the publisher's dilemma, trying to turn an honest penny under the minatory gaze of the gods of the copybook maxims. The proof of his grasp of the workings of a trade house is that an insider finds his account only very slightly wrong. He sufficiently establishes that bad books drive out good — at least during periods of time of the order that is measurable in fiscal years. His contention that publishers are not in contact with readers but only with booksellers, or at best with book-buyers, is valid. His conclusion, that public taste cannot influence the publisher, may be less so.

Mr. Van Nostrand's next three chapters deal with the effect on the novel of magazines, movies and cheap paperback reprints. His discussion of the short stories, novelettes and serialized novels that fill the popular magazines demonstrates that denatured fiction is the mainstay of the business. The movie versions of novels carry the denaturing process still further because of the limitations of the medium and the presumed innocence of the mass audience. Then the cheap paperback reprints contribute to the confusion of standards by advertising each novel to be a duplicate of some well-known predecessor. The author's documentation of all this is extensive, and depressing beyond words.

Since, in the twentieth century, business and war are the great American specialties, we have two large classes of novels that undertake to inform us about our favorite pursuits. In two successive chapters, Mr. Van Nostrand discusses the flood of business and war novels that has followed John P. Marquand's *Point of No Return* and Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead*. For Marquand's book he has a certain limited respect, and he damns Mailer's by implication only. Nevertheless, we are told that both novelists are caught in a tradition deriving from literary naturalism, a school whose working hypothesis was "that the individual man was a small and limited creature, determined by heredity or by the social or economic forces of his environment." Thus, the novels inspired by *Point of No Return* accept the helplessness of the individual in the business world, but demonstrate that the business world is ultimately benevolent in its workings. The war novels that followed *The Naked and the Dead*, on the other hand, merely docu-

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ment the irrelevance of the individual will in the clash of armies and empires. Such prepossessions make bad fiction; what is worse, successive novels of business or of war caricature the leading principles of their predecessors and eliminate all saving complication because authors and publishers are after easy brand-image recognition.

In a final chapter, Mr. Van Nostrand argues that Hemingway's aesthetic principles are mistaken, and that if pursued to their logical conclusion they resolve themselves into the pretensions of John O'Hara and the fatuities of Paul Bowles. This is a state of affairs much to the liking of publishers, he adds, because moral pretense serves to justify fiction in the eyes of Mrs. Grundy, while airy nothing offends no one. In the face of this contumacy on the part of publishers, the author nevertheless recommends a course of action to them, in these terms:

> Although the publisher has become a frightened man, he still has a few vestiges of editorial authority. . . . Now, as ever, his individual decision of whether to publish a given book, or how to publish it, many times repeated, defines the quality of the literature. Literature may be no concern of the publisher, but it *is* his business. It so happens that the individuality of a book serves both literature and business. If the publisher can convince his marketers that the peculiar difference of every book is its most salable quality, there might yet be a revolution in the book trade which would give the reader his just deserts.

I have tried to present the salient arguments and conclusions of a book that is bound to be significant, win or lose, for its utterly convincing picture of a depressed popular art. What are those arguments and conclusions worth in themselves? It seems to me that the basis of Mr. Van Nostrand's reasoning is unsound at every major point, while his ultimate prescription is, on his own showing, pathetic.

Mr. Van Nostrand has been incautious. He has allowed the fate of his book to hang upon the validity of a number of doubtful assertions that would have done well enough as by-blows of exposition, but which he has seen fit to insist upon as first principles and from which he derives his conclusions. One such is his definition of the novel as incarnating a metaphor of conflict. The use of such a definition is that we may apply it with elegance and precision to a given case, and draw an appropriate conclusion. Suppose we were to Nostrandize more in the fashion of the day, and assert that the novel embodies a metaphor of *adjustment*. Would we spoil the case presented in *The Denatured Novel* by singing falsetto to the author's bass? Not a bit of it. The same conclusions could be drawn, with equal justice, and the same ingenious amplifications added — moral resonances and all. After all this, one suspects that Occam's razor would give Mr. Van Nostrand's theory a close shave, if it did not flay it alive.

Again, the author makes a particular point of the fact that the novel labors under an imputation of vanity and idleness in this country — or did during the nineteenth century. But surely he is aware that the novel in Britain, France, Italy and Germany was the object of exactly the same suspicion during the period when it competed for attention with works of piety, and that the progressive secularization of European thought at last relieved fiction of that onus, exactly as it has done in our own country, and with the very same lingering traces of the old prejudice still discernible. On these grounds, how explain the fact that British novels show a lower proportion of tripe, or that contemporary French novels almost without exception show a seriousness of conception and a finish of execution to which one turns in relief from Mr. Van Nostrand's catalogue of our own misbegotten creations?

If Mr. Van Nostrand's aesthetics is inadequate, his metaphysics is shallow. Just what is his quarrel with naturalism and determinism? Does he really believe that Zola wrote bad novels, on a false theory? Whatever the status of that theory (and we may recall that Zola derived it in part from his study of a literary masterpiece, the Goncourts' *Germinie Lacerteux*), the plain truth is that he wrote magnificent novels, full of life and passion, and not to be named in the same day with the pitiful simulacra Mr. Van Nostrand justly deplores. The great literary archetype of determinism is the Book of Job, in which man's complete subjection to universal forces is at once literary theory, theme and demonstration. "Call now, if there be any that will answer thee; and to which of the saints wilt thou turn?" It does not appear that the author of Job was hampered by the failings of his literary theory. But then, he had genius.

So, in his own measure, has Mr. Hemingway. The fact that his hero is "the man to whom things happen" may well be a legacy of literary naturalism. But to make him on that account the source and head of John O'Hara's later foolishness (for, say what you will, *Appointment in Samarra* is a small but very creditable work), let alone Paul Bowles's vacuousness, is to make Abraham Lincoln responsible for the latest Republican hack who takes his name in vain.

The suggestion that the nature of the novel's intimate structure—compromised by American hypocrisy, misled by false

Lament for an Anger Unexpressed

The American flag
was whipping suddenly
outside the school window—
and it started me up
from my laborious
grade-averaging:
there in the office
I sat—surrounded
by the various fools:
all were there,
on my last day:
inanities of secretaries,
officious oily teachers,
overweening parents,
the figurehead principal,
all of them busy and senseless,
oh, to whom I'd not bowed
nor scraped, but to whom
I'd not spoken
one harsh word either—
but like the smiler
of Blake's poison tree
walked around smiling,
smiling modestly.

RICHARD I. MAYES

metaphysical and aesthetic notions, turned into a mass-produced article by publishers, and traduced by paperback reprinters — renders it peculiarly likely to proliferate the literary garbage consumed by American readers, simply does not get down to basic issues. Two things are obvious: The public is willing to buy bad books, and very few good ones are being written — this in a nation of 180,000,000. By simple statistical deduction, innate talent is probably as common among us as it has ever been among any people in any age — and the potential educability of the mass audience is the same as it was in ancient Athens, where the entire population, including women and slaves, made holiday at a performance of Aeschylus. If, in our time, popular taste is debased, if genius is conspicuous by its absence, it can only be because we make no effort to cultivate either. As a nation we are simply not interested in art. That amounts to saying that as a nation we have been badly educated, and need to be sent to school again.

A genuine literary culture requires three terms — a good audience, good artists and, in a commercial system, a set of intelligent middlemen. In the absence of the first two elements, publishers have certainly not made themselves the heroes of the occasion. Still, one scarcely copes with the problem by attributing our sterility to the inadequacies of our procurement and marketing methods.

The fact that we are preoccupied exclusively with commerce, technology and war reduces the artist to two alternative roles. First, he can be society's paid entertainer. If he elects that role, he comes to look upon society as a tired-businessman-at-large, requiring to be amused and distracted so that he may return with renewed vigor to his real interests. Or, if the artist happens not to be good at parlor tricks, or is not in sympathy with tired businessmen, he can retreat into solipsism, write unintelligibly, paint nightmares and otherwise wear a badge of disaffection. There is almost no middle ground between these two choices; it is hardly conceivable that a man of authentic genius in our own day can find himself fully in accord with the purposes of our society, and dedicate his art to articulating and celebrating those purposes — the formula for Greek drama, or great art anywhere. In order to have great novels rather than denatured ones, we should have to transform ourselves into a society capable of evoking assent from its brightest spirits. Calling on publishers to puff the idiosyncracies rather than the uniformities of their shoddy wares will not accomplish that transformation. Is it possible that so sensitive and intelligent a man as the author of *The Denatured Novel* does not understand this point? The likelihood is that Mr. Van Nostrand understands it very well, but is too modest to set up for a revolutionary.

Architect of American Thought

LOUIS SULLIVAN AS HE LIVED: The Shaping of American Architecture. By Willard Connely. Horizon Press. 322 pp. $6.50.

Sherman Paul

LOUIS SULLIVAN was not only a great architect, one of the triumvirate that includes H. H. Richardson and Frank Lloyd Wright, he was also a penman for modern building and an architect of American thought. For him architecture was "not an art, but a religion, and that religion but a part of democracy." In his writing he did not speak primarily to architects, but, as he said, to the "laity." And all of his writing — *Kindergarten Chats*, "Natural Thinking," *Democracy: A Man Search, The Autobiography of An Idea* and *A System of Architectural Ornament According with a Philosophy of Man's Powers* — fulfills the claim he first made for *Kindergarten Chats*: it tests architecture by human nature and democracy.

In *Genius and the Mobocracy*, that Sullivanesque book on Sullivan (and Frank Lloyd Wright), Wright said of architects: "Expect [of them] a system of philosophy and ethics. . . ." More than any other American architect, Sullivan worked on such a system and cogently developed it; for the very forces in American life that led to his solution of the tall office building prompted him to become a social critic and educator. In his hands his famous architectural maxim — Form Follows Function — became a tool of social analysis; and if he placed too much blame for the betrayal of an indigenous architecture on the World's Columbian Exposition, we can now see that it was because he saw in the imperial façade social forces it could neither glorify nor hide. The most eminent architect of the nineteenth-century Chicago School, he was also a critic who deserves a place in the galaxy of Debs, Darrow, Jane Addams, Dewey, H. D. Lloyd and Veblen. Inspired by Whitman and a student of history, psychology and sociology, Sullivan brought forward the "organic" tradition. No one in our literature more thoroughly assimilated the "organic" idea — the "supremacy of interior order," as Wright put it — to democracy. No one, not even Whitman, was a more determined enemy of "Feudalism."

WHEN Sullivan wrote Claude Bragdon that "what my heart yearns for now is justice, and a sympathetic interpretation of that which I have loved, and for which I have lived," he had in mind what we must now consider his total achievement. Sullivan scholarship is slim, and the most notable work, that of Hugh Morrison, is almost entirely devoted to his architecture. The clue to further study, however, was provided by Ray Ginger in *Altgeld's America*, where Sullivan was first properly placed as a social thinker. One expected, accordingly, that Mr. Connely's book on how Sullivan lived would probe more deeply into the heady intellectual milieu of the Chicago Renaissance. The materials are abundant, and even Sullivan, who often overlooked his intellectual debts in his writings, left ample evidence of his development.

Unfortunately, Mr. Connely's book is popular biography. It does not do justice to the architecture, the writings, or the man. It is valuable for new disclosures, but their significance is often missed. It is ill-proportioned and theatrical; bravura effects add a questionable color to Sullivan's life. One's total impression of a book so close to vulgarization and superficiality is one of distrust.

And yet everything Mr. Connely tells us is true — if not quite right. We are grateful to him, for example, for revising the Sullivan chronology. He has established the length of Sullivan's stay in Paris, a brief term at the Beaux Arts. But he has not seen its meaning for the *Autobiography*, where Sullivan extended his stay and lengthened the narrative of his brilliant achievement, probably to match or surpass Mrs. van Rensselaer's glowing account of Richardson's apprenticeship there. Nor has he used this new material, in connection with the healthy masculine camaraderie at

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SHERMAN PAUL is the author of Emerson's Angle of Vision *and* The Shores of America: Thoreau's Inward Exploration; *he is now at work on a study of Louis Sullivan. Mr. Paul is Professor of American Literature at the University of Illinois.*

Lotus Place on the Calumet River, to discredit Wright's repeated slur concerning the bad habits "Lieber Meister" acquired in Paris. In fact, he prefers to follow Wright's lead. His account of Sullivan's unhappy marriage is insensitive; he merely alludes to a relationship with the wife of a professor at the University of Chicago; and, in describing the years of decline, he overworks Wright's reference to the little henna-haired milliner who offered companionship, if not color, to the sick and lonely man in the shabby Warner Hotel.

Mr. Connely's most welcome discovery is the notebook Sullivan kept from the time he entered M.I.T. in 1872, until 1881, when he became the partner of Dankmar Adler. This notebook is valuable not so much for the athletic records of the young men at Lotus Place, which Mr. Connely exploits, as it is for the record of Sullivan's reading and intellectual apprenticeship to the architect, John Edelmann. Sullivan paid tribute to Edelmann in the *Autobiography*, but he was irritatingly vague about the people whose influence had been formative. We now learn that the ebullient Edelmann set out courses of reading, answered questions on ornament and native art, and first employed Sullivan as the decorator of the Moody Tabernacle and the Sinai Temple. And this relationship, repeated with Sullivan as the teacher when young Frank Lloyd Wright began to work for him, was probably the inspiration for the educational situation Sullivan used so effectively in *Kindergarten Chats*. Here, moreover, was the seed which Wright, perhaps with a backward glance at Richardson's *atelier*, developed into an institution at Taliesin.

MR. CONNELY has not been as fortunate in finding materials for other portions of Sullivan's life. He overdoes Sullivan's artistic debt to his mother (did he have in mind a parallel with Wright?), missing the fact that Sullivan impugned the notion of heredity. He carries beyond fruitfulness the broken relationship of Sullivan and his brother Albert, who might have been more interesting as a typical railroad executive of the time than as an athlete. When he lacks information he relies on the *Autobiography*; when he has information (much of it, in Northrup Frye's phrase, the "history of rumor") he repudiates Sullivan's record and what might be read between the lines.

Heedless of Sullivan's dictum that every problem provides its own solution, Mr. Connely misconstrues the problem and fails the solution. For the problem was not one of retelling Sullivan's life with such slender means, but of re-creating Sullivan in the arduous task of re-creating his age. Then the Sullivan who related in the *Autobiography* that "Daniel Burnham [his rival] was obsessed by the feudal idea of power [and] Louis Sullivan was equally obsessed with the beneficent idea of Democratic power" would stand forth in his largest significance. And we would know something more of how he lived from the line Sullivan added: "Daniel chose the easier way, Louis the harder."

Evidence and Justice

EVIDENCE OF GUILT. By John McArthur Maguire. Little, Brown & Co. 295 pp. $12.50.

David L. Bazelon

IN THE trial of a criminal case in the federal courts and, to a lesser extent, in the courts of the various states, there are several recurring evidentiary problems:

¶ To what extent may the accused be compelled to incriminate himself?

¶ To what extent may his involuntary admissions, once he is in the toils of the law, be used against him?

¶ If, after his arrest, there is undue delay in bringing him before a committing magistrate, to what extent may the prosecution use against him evidence obtained from him, directly or indirectly, during that period of undue delay?

¶ To what extent may the prosecution use against the accused evidence that has been obtained illegally?

¶ As a subdivision of the last question, to what extent may the prosecution use against the accused intercepted communications?

Too long, in the law, these questions have been treated by many commentators and, alas, many judges, merely as problems in the validity of evidence. The basic principle in the law of evidence is that matters casting substantial light on the proposition being tried are to be received in evidence, while those that are insufficiently reliable are to be rejected. Under that principle, confessions extracted by torture are uniformly rejected on the theory that the accused, being motivated by a desire to avoid pain rather than by a free desire to unburden the soul, may not have told the truth. But, if the confession was made voluntarily, there is no reason to discredit it, even though the accused may have been in illegal detention when he made it. Under evidence principles, therefore, voluntary confessions made during illegal detention should be received; and, despite the effect of the Supreme Court's decisions in the *McNabb* case in 1943 and the *Mallory* case in 1957, they have been and, too often, still are being received.

Similarly, evidence seized in an illegal police raid, when it bears all the earmarks of reliability, should not, under evidence principles, be excluded. The exclusion of such evidence in federal trials is frankly based, not upon the law of evidence, but rather upon a policy of deterring police illegality. In the last half century since this salutary policy has prevailed in the federal courts, many, but not most, of the state courts have begun to follow it.

THUS, lumping these various questions into the law of evidence often makes for faulty analysis. The criticism of the Supreme Court's *McNabb-Mallory* rule usually takes the form of a charge that the rule bars from evidence confessions which, being voluntary, are reliable and that it therefore unjustifiably impairs police efficiency. In the book here under review, Professor Maguire replies to such criticism:

> Police efficiency is not everything; individual dignity must be weighed against it; and besides a habit of detention at unauthorized pleasure of the police may encourage dilatory, slovenly performance of duty.

The classicists of evidence law would find this observation irrelevant. To them the important thing would be that the confession tends reliably to prove the accused's guilt. That the police had been guilty of misconduct would be left out of consideration as having no bearing on the reliability of the proof. For example, Dean Wigmore, the giant of American evidence law, never ceased to quarrel with the Supreme Court's 1914 *Weeks* decision that evidence obtained in violation of the search and seizure clause of the Fourth Amendment to the Constitution may not be received. He found it the acme of illogic that, when two individuals have committed offenses — the accused against a criminal statute and the policeman against the Fourth Amendment, they should both go free. The illegally seized evidence, he thought, should be used to convict the accused;

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whether the policeman should suffer any consequences from his offense against the Constitution should be left, according to Wigmore, to a separate proceeding. That convictions of policemen for such offenses would be rarer than the dodo bird seems not to have concerned him.

The impressive scholarship compressed into Professor Maguire's short book is too obvious to require comment. The chief merit of the book, in the opinion of this reviewer, is that, by presenting the five questions listed above as a separate subject, freed from the matrix of the law of evidence where they have long been embedded, he has opened them to examination in the light of all the socio-psychological factors, not only the one cold factor of logical relevance. He treats the questions as what they are: protective rules shielding the individual against oppression generated by the power of government.

Festivals in Europe

Martin Bernheimer

A GERMAN cartoon sums up the trend. An operatic flunky is depicted revealing his brainstorm to the impresario: "If we only extend the season, double the prices, and put a few potted plants in front of the box office, we could have a festival!"

There was a time when a music festival was something special, a series of unusual performances of unusual works in an unusual atmosphere and setting. But the idea has spread and the ideals have been obscured. As the festivals have risen in number, they have sunk in standard. Commercialism, the jet-age, and the artistic compromises have taken their toll.

It was once considered a singular honor to participate in a major festival. The supposed standard was so high that only the musical elite appeared in Salzburg or Bayreuth. This has changed, for while the number of festivals has grown, there has been no parallel increase of great singers and instrumentalists. Therefore, either the same artists commute between numerous festival cities, or second-raters are employed. The former solution overtaxes the artist and robs the festivals of their individuality; the latter is no solution at all.

YET positive features remain, especially for the American music lover who has few comparable offerings in the United States. The varying purposes and characters of the major festivals indicate the advantages. The relatively new (three years old) Festival of Two Worlds in Spoleto, for instance, takes over a tiny hilltop town outside Rome each summer to present new works and dust off old ones with fresh talent from both continents. Darmstadt's Vacation Courses for New Music (they purposely avoid the label "festival") attract the most *avant-garde* of the ultra-modern composers and their cliques. The works of Richard Wagner are reproduced by his grandsons at the composer's own theatre in Bayreuth. The Munich Festival relies upon its regular opera repertory with the accent on favorite sons, and engages guests to glamorize the cast lists. The Salzburg Festival performs a similar service for the Vienna Opera and Mozart. Music, drama and art are given equal representation in Edinburgh, the festival with the most variety. A music-hungry American who knows what he wants to hear and who will take the trouble to investigate in advance can avoid most of the perils of festival trotting. For the European, however, the justification is more obscure, because many festivals are merely elaborate condensations of the fare that is available to him all year round.

New and unfamiliar works give the festivals their primary artistic distinction. While conservative organizations like the Metropolitan Opera and the New York Philharmonic limit themselves to a meager sampling of novelties, the European centers give a number of premières every summer. The quality may fluctuate, but this is less important than the fact that contemporaries are given a chance. This summer saw Hans Werner Henze's new *Prince of Homburg* at Spoleto (the première had taken place the preceding month in Hamburg), the first stage performance of Frank Martin's scenic oratorio *The Mystery of the Nativity* in Salzburg, and several dozen new pieces at the festivals devoted exclusively to musical experiments — Cologne and Darmstadt.

The list of revivals is equally impressive. Strauss' delightful autobiographical opera *Intermezzo* and Orff's erotic trilogy *Trionfi*, for instance, were given at this year's Munich Festival. Neither work has ever been staged in the United States. Edinburgh offered Busoni's *Arlecchino*, Wolf-Ferrari's *Secret of Susanne*, Poulenc's *La Voix Humaine* and Bellini's *Puritani*, all works of either historic importance, or aesthetic value, or both. We may use the Metropolitan to measure the significance of such offerings: *Arlecchino* and *La Voix* have never been performed there; Susanne's secret (she smokes) was last divulged at the Met thirty-eight years ago, and the last *Puritani* was staged four years earlier.

Almost as novel as the European repertory is the European style of production. American opera companies seem approximately a quarter-century behind the times in stage technique. While even the newest productions at the Met retain flat, literally painted scenery and outmoded theatrical realism, the Germans have perfected abstract staging. Desiring to evoke an atmosphere rather than a specific locale, producers reduce props and decorations to a minimum and rely more upon slide projection and simple symbolism for impact. Leading the field in revolutionary *mise en scène* are the Wagner grandsons in Bayreuth. Wieland Wagner's *Parsifal* and *Flying Dutchman* are particularly successful.

Even the Bayreuth experiments, however, are not invariably definitive. This year's new *Ring*, the product of Wolfgang Wagner, suffered from mechanical breakdowns, indifferent music-making, and visual concepts that compromised between Wieland's ideas, Wolfgang's modifications and tradition. But, successful or not, Wagner in Bayreuth is seldom boring. Would that the same could be said for Wagner in New York, where the actual quality of the music is often higher.

The standard repertory too is often re-evaluated at the summer festivals. At Spoleto, for instance, Gian Carlo Menotti stripped *La Bohème* of most of the clichés and misconceptions tacked on to it by tradition. Although the production was thoroughly conventional in style, there were enough innovations in characterization and motivation to make one reluctant to return to the sloppy *Bohèmes* customary in the States.

Similar revitalization is done to much of the German repertory in Munich, but one must not assume that all festival performances are restudied produc-

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tions. Some of the Munich offerings fail to rise above the everyday routine. The Munich *Falstaff* imported an international star (Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau) but surrounded him with a mediocre cast and physical production. The same company's *Don Giovanni* was even less impressive. Performed in a German translation by a decidedly non-international cast, it had little festival justification.

No American opera house has sightlines and acoustics as ideal as those of the Bayreuth Festspielhaus. An ugly exterior and uncomfortable seats are a small price to pay for these advantages. And for small-scale works, the Europeans have intimate theatres that also are without American equal. Munich visitors can hear Strauss' *Ariadne auf Naxos* or Mozart's *Abduction from the Seraglio* in the rebuilt Baroque Residenz Theater which seats a scant 400; the less atmospheric Landestheater in Salzburg seats fewer than 800 and makes a suitable home for Mozart's *Cosi fan Tutte*.

Such a scheme is valuable when the city in question has a larger house for grander works. The Prinzregententheater in Munich and the sprawling new Festspielhaus in Salzburg exist for this purpose. But festival housing of opera is not always logical. This summer four works were done at Salzburg's old Festspielhaus, a medium-size theatre with notoriously bad auditorium conditions; Edinburgh makes use of small, ugly, ill-equipped houses that are seldom appropriate to the work presented, and never appropriate to the festive atmosphere. Although the three-week Edinburgh Festival is an enormous catalyst for tourist trade, the city is reluctant to finance the much-needed new theatre.

THE festivals are a boon to hotel owners, taxi drivers, travel agents, ticket scalpers and merchants of all kinds — especially those dealing in local specialties. The greatest amount of culture hawking takes place in Salzburg and Bayreuth, relatively small towns given temporary eminence by the festival. Spoleto, of comparable size, has so far not followed suit. The larger cities, Edinburgh and Munich, still manage to maintain a non-festive character in some quarters.

The tourists who flock to any city advertising a festival are not necessarily musical connoisseurs. There is a good deal of snobbism attached to festival going, and the ill-timed, misjudged applause is often as indicative of musical ignorance, as are the intermission comments. Only those festivals that have a limited purpose attract a specific audience. Bayreuth devotees are usually knowledgeable about Wagner, although the opening night always attracts Germany's political and industrial bigwigs, both on cultural good behavior.

The international audience that listens to and participates in the experiments of Darmstadt is also well informed. Visitors there are not interested in glamour or vacation comforts; instead they enjoy the eccentricities — perhaps "cultism" is a better word — attached to the assorted squeaks, gurgles and electronic buzzes that comprise the new music. Here one finds mostly young people: students and would-be students, beats and would-be beats.

Festival sampling is an expensive diversion — with the fringe industries profiting perhaps more than the festival producers themselves — but the values are still real for the tourist who remembers to beware the blandishments of that curious language known as brochure English.

ART

Fairfield Porter

FOR ITS second "Young America" exhibition, the Whitney Museum has chosen thirty painters under thirty-six. It is meant to encourage promising artists who have already achieved something, but whose work is on the whole unfamiliar to the general public; therefore the collection excludes some well-known artists who qualify by their age. The exhibition continues in New York until October 30; then it goes to the Baltimore Museum (Nov. 16 to Jan. 1), to the Contemporary Arts Center in Cincinnati (Jan. 16 to Feb. 22), to the City Art Museum of St. Louis (March 8 to April 15), and finally to the Columbus Gallery of Fine Arts (May 1 to June 5).

These painters, according to their published statements in the catalogue, are concerned with sincerity, reality and essence. The "magic realists," who combine recognizable detail into an imaginary assembly such as exists in dreams, put sincerity ahead. The non-objective painters, who are in the majority, usually paint as they do because they find realism an evasion of the deepest reality. They make a coherence out of almost chaotic variety, the unity being in the consistency of texture, as for Sonia Gechtoff. But it is so also for Wolf Kahn, who considers himself a kind of Impressionist, for whom the impression is

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as it were generalized, the common impression of all subjects.

BECAUSE it is not possible to describe the work of so many painters in a short review. I will limit myself to a few who are not typical.

In the present favorable atmosphere toward art it is possible for painters to mature early. A painter in his twenties may have known only encouragement. In this exhibition, the two youngest, Joan Brown and William Thomas Wiley, are twenty-one and twenty-two. Both non-objective, they have an uninhibitedly fluent stroke and more than enough energy to cover areas five feet square or larger. Even good older artists do not always meet the challenge of so much space. Brown and Wiley use their vigor to present emotional images that one vaguely remembers having seen before.

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Two non-objective painters concerned with mystery are Ron Gorchov and George Ortman. The shapes of Gorchov's paintings look like altar furnishings symbolic of Old Testament ritual, used for magical suggestions. The color refers to general things like blood, wine, plaster, velvet, paint; and at first sight there is something musty and unfree about the deliberation evident in his calculated looseness of edge and texture. But at second sight one sees a form underlying the surface form of a loose hand and quick apperception of some current style. George Ortman's magic is mathematical. The difference shows in the titles: Gorchov's *Fifth Vision of Queen Vaidehi* or *Chaldean Instruments*; Ortman's *Games of Chance* or *Moving Target*. Ortman's red, blue and green circular, triangular and square shapes are cut out and symmetrically arranged like the pattern of colored blocks before they are unpacked. *Moving Target* is like a pre-school child's first jig-saw puzzle. Gorchov sentimentalizes discarded beliefs and the mystery of what is in fact unknowable — someone else's vision. Ortman's magic inheres in ordinary experience on a shared level. Gorchov leaves the everyday world for the world of mystery; Ortman takes for granted that mystery lies everywhere outside of geometry. Since his symbols attach to a world where belief has no necessary place, it has not been discarded. Gorchov's mystery is for thrills, Ortman's outside the nature of things. As a scientific explanation tells the how of things, and makes no attempt to come to terms with the why, so Ortman leaves the why beyond knowledge, a mystery all the more absolute for being denied. What is denied is very close, right beyond the clear and immediate limits of materiality. Gorchov blurs material and immaterial, which makes his mystery only entertaining. By separation, Ortman idealizes the material, and the immaterial either does not exist, or exists where we can never approach it, though we know exactly where it begins. Gorchov is like a spiritualist who believes in ghosts that knock on tables; Ortman could only believe in a spiritual world so magnificently strange that for practical purposes it does not exist at all.

ALEX KATZ is a "realist," meaning that you recognize every detail in his paintings, and the whole too, though the whole takes precedence and the detail may be only an area of color, in short, abstract. *Ten O'clock* is an interior toward the morning sun streaming through the tall window beside which sits a tiny figure on a couch. The other furniture of the room is displaced a little in the sunbeam. But the light is not light for light's sake, but for color's sake, and even more for the painting's sake. The parallelogram of sun on the floor, for all its brightness, hardly darkens the shadowy quadrilateral of wall, sofa and abstract whatever. Though the woman is recognizable by her features, the details of her features are part of the construction, and contribute, like all the details, to the whole, and all this without distortion or any other affectation. The colors and shapes which are necessary expressions of each other, make, without losing any part of their individuality, even in the flattest simplification, an integral space, the manifestation of an integral spiritual whole. And so the artist in no way requires any of the usual explanations that reality is to be found here or there. He does not need to say that the deepest reality is in visual experience, or in the paint medium as the medium for nature, or in communication, or emotion, or the image, or in art as aesthetics — the ivory tower. Katz uses all of these things, and he uses nothing too much — appearance, colors of pigments, geometry, anything you can name. He leaves out nothing that pertains to the nature of painting in favor of emphasis on one part. He includes a better understanding of what color and color-plus-tone do than any of his contemporaries, and just as good a knowledge of how paint goes across the canvas, and just as sensitive a feeling for nature as the most ambitious Californian non-objectivist. He is not overwhelmed by nature but stands outside it; it is outside him and includes his subjectivity. His vocabulary of colors is one in which between one color and another there is just enough space, or interval, because they are accurately chosen. This is like the space in an accurate sentence between nouns and verbs, between words and their modifiers. His opaque colors point like prepositions, definitely; or if there is ambiguity, it is the ambiguity of alternatives, a fixed and usable paradox.

With One Launched Look

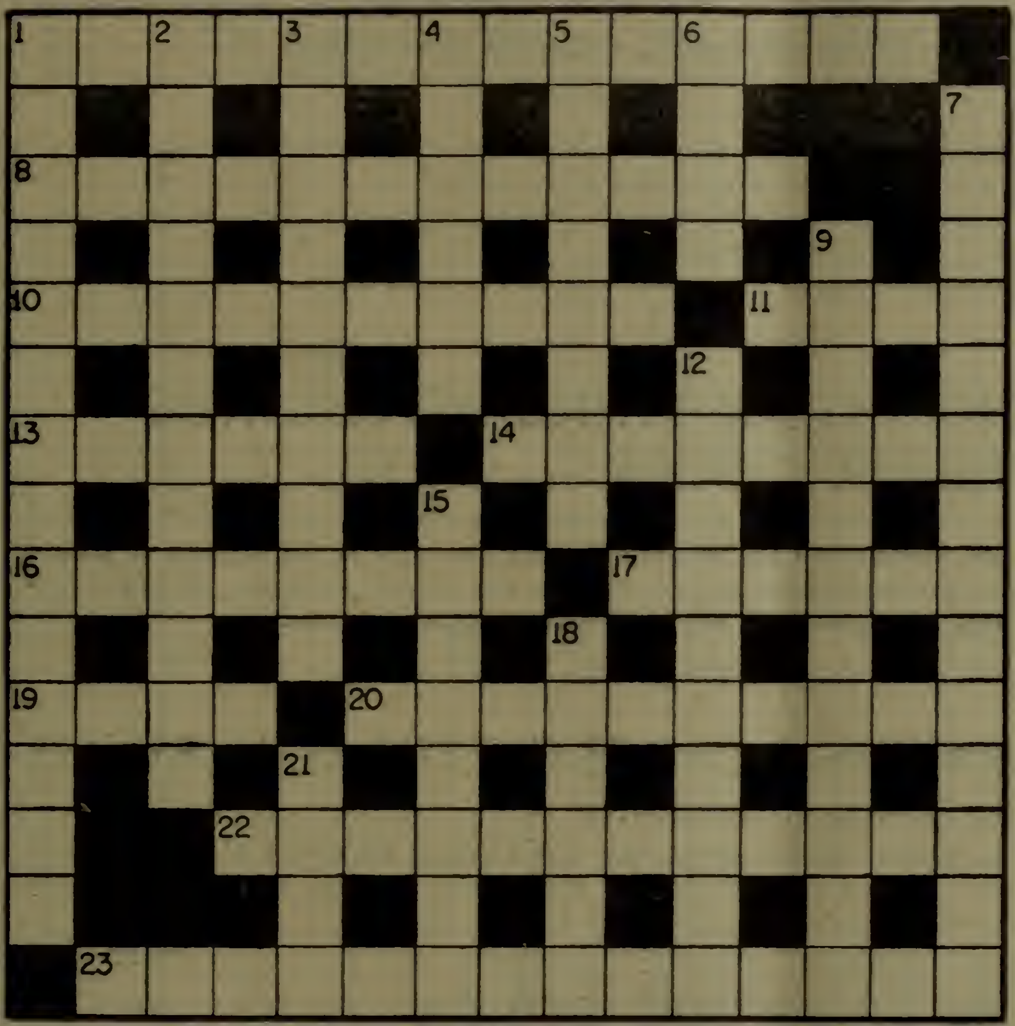
The cheetah levels at one far deer
rejecting all others in his charge,
connecting toward the chosen throat
—a dedicated follower.

It is that choice that quells the deer,
such a fateful diagram,
bisecting all the irrelevant world
—one launched look and its afterward.

William Stafford

Crossword Puzzle No. 883

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 and 16 The corn-borer's progress is easily forgotten. (2, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 5)
8 Can't one comic at least make a better accompaniment? (12)
10 Like a cream-filled pastry? (10)
11 Is well adapted to old divisions of a poem. (4)
13 One of them comes in old style on the stage. (6)
14 More like three villains in the silent days. (8)
16 See 1 across
17 Star, if found silent? (6)
19 It goes on a string, to criticize the sound of it. (4)
20 Not where the big-shots sit when incapacitated. (5, 5)
22 Certainly not a short-cut. (4, 8)
23 You too, by the sound of it, might have been engaged in this. (14)

DOWN:

1 Certainly not in the manner of a proverbial jewel. (14)
2 It makes a bad prince seem on all-around terms. (12)
3 An untamed lion lets me get these to soothe me, perhaps. (10)
4 If Antony had a Latin-American address, it might have started thus. (6)
5 They learn almost all of it with lightning speed, according to Prof. Higgins. (8)
6 Cut weed. (4)
7 Talking about St. Andrew's, perhaps? (5-9)
9 Depreciation of the 6:50, if I and Tom get a charge out of it. (12)
12 Legal medium of exchange containing a sly reference to England and Sweden, for example. (10)
15 His profession is taken as a matter of course. (3, 5)
18 These twins seem rather bright. (6)
21 An explorer for game? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 882

ACROSS: 1 and 10 Piledriver; 4 At wit's end; 9 Miscreant; 11 Alabaster; 12 Erato; 13 Beanstalks; 17 Substitute; 22 Odorously; 23 Alarm; 24 Sugarcane; 25 Satirists; 26 Steam. DOWN: 1 Pampas; 2 Lascar; 3 Dorcas; 4 Apartment houses; 5 Watering troughs; 6 Torments; 7 Enviable; 8 Dormouse; 14 Used cars; 15 Abundant; 16 Streamer; 18 and 21 Morris dance; 19 Estate; 20 Lyceum.

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THE NATION

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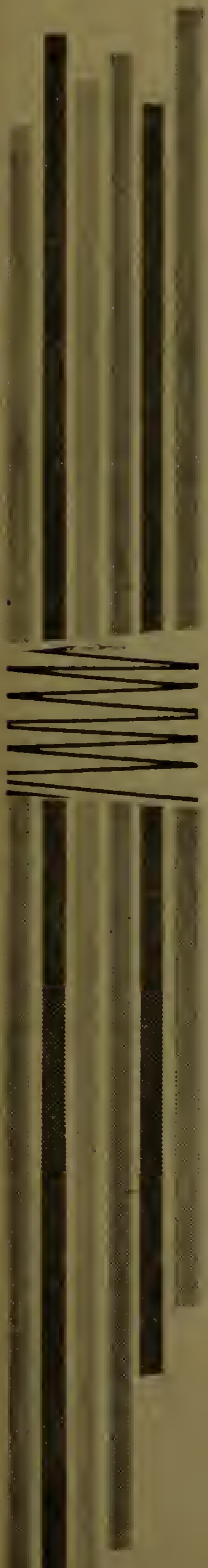

The Campaign Warms Up

NEW YORK: THE BIG PRIZE

James Desmond

IT'S UP TO KENNEDY

Robert G. Spivack

GORE VIDAL: the BEST MAN

Dan Wakefield

WHAT IS LABOR DOING?

Dick Bruner

LETTERS

Peace Can't Win

Dear Sirs: You say "Peace is the Issue," and you are sure it will draw response; but, as one of your contributors pointed out, there is precious little indication that the issue could elect anybody, even if firmly drawn. I suspect that the practical politicians are right: the majority may indeed want peace, but it must be wrapped in plenty of cold-war dressing to garner enough votes to win. Look now for the astute Nixon, who is the more practical of the two candidates, to give out like a peace candidate in the waning days of the campaign, assured that he has enough cold-and-hot warrior votes safely tucked away. Many people have forgotten that Eisenhower used much the same strategy. If Kennedy remains bent only on the search for cold and hot warriors, as appears likely, he will miss the cue and really get walloped. But the point is that if he were an outright peace candidate, he would get walloped just as surely.

T. A. Tenor

Beaver Falls, Pa.

'Murder One'

Dear Sirs: "Murder One" by Richard Harris [Sept. 17] is a 1960 blend of Kafka's *The Trial* and Camus' *The Stranger.* The alienation of both defendants, as portrayed by Noble's pathetic perambulations through life and Ella's uncertain, confused and masochistic pattern, created a gap, a lack of closeness and an inability to identify with them.

This Blue Ribbon jury became a party to a display of pyrotechnics, during which the police investigation appeared as shabby, the psychiatric testimony as confusing and Noble's behavior as hostility-provoking. It was at the end of a two-week exposure to this fare that the judge's lenient charge added to the air of uncertainty and reinforced upon the jury the onus of coming up with a solution. The jury did react the only way it knew how to the shoddiness, speciousness and superficiality which the principals at the trial showed. Faced with a farcical game, a make-believe almost to the point of its being a travesty of values, these true and tried twelve jurymen signified by their verdict that they would have no part of it.

They not merely found two people guilty of Murder One. They also rejected the spectacle to which they were forced spectators, they denied the alienation and lack of guilt shown by the main actors; they vented their frustrations and denied their own ambivalent, insecure and non-sharing reaction by resorting to this narrow, condemnatory gesture which was actually felt by both sets of lawyers as well as the judge as including them.

Even Noble's poem at the end of the article still stresses the spectacle and denies the relatedness, the tragic dilemma about which no one had a meaningful word to say.

N. Blackman, M.D.

St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sirs: "Murder One" describes well much justice in actual practice: take a plea or take a jury; take a jury and take a chance. Masochism, expediency, ignorance—these are major ingredients in the Noble and Barber trial and in thousands of others. One solution: behavioral-science education across the land. When? Countless trials of expediency from now.

Stuart Palmer
University of N.H.

Durham, N.H.

Kennedy's Edge

Dear Sirs: Granted that the process of king-making has become transparent to the merest babe, and granted that it exhales a strong whiff of the circus, are we really obliged to be as glum and detached as Kenneth Rexroth ["I'll Sit This One Out," *The Nation,* Sept. 24] would have us? (Seldom has glumness been recommended with so much verve.)

Can Mr. Rexroth cite any Republicans, with the possible exception of Rockefeller, who have so consistently embodied his notion of responsible liberal internationalism as Stevenson and Bowles? Are we really to believe that because Kennedy is supposedly favored by the supposedly belligerent minorities (Irish, Hungarians, Poles, etc.), his election would mean a greater risk of war? This is just absurd. . . . We are told that French big business is against the Algerian war, but what difference has that really made? Big business is too much a reflection of popular opinion and popular whim to have a political will of its own, except in the negative realm of standpatism.

Both parties are staging a rehearsal of the early New Deal; the difference being that the Democrats have more cause to recognize and go beyond the mere histrionics of it. Boredom with the familiarity of it all, if nothing else, will give them a momentum lacking to Mr. Nixon, who is entirely too pleased with himself in his new Boy Scout outfit. Kennedy may seem at this stage more lost and groping than the pliable Nixon, but this is precisely because he is more aware of difference between himself and Roosevelt at the moment when he is obliged by the collective national memory to invoke the drama of the First Ninety Days.

The world has grown more academically self-conscious since the New Deal. Kennedy is best equipped to use this political academicism for what it is worth.

R. W. Flint

Cambridge Mass.

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THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

The Score at the U.N.

Mr. Khrushchev's proposal to supplant Secretary General Dag Hammarskjold with a three-man executive board is not taken very seriously at the United Nations. No one outside of the Communist camp considers it a workable administrative setup and not even the neutrals, who would be equally represented with the Communist and Western blocs, have shown any enthusiasm for the idea. Mr. Wadsworth countered it astutely and, as expected, will probably be a considerable improvement over Mr. Lodge in presenting the American case. So Mr. Khrushchev lost the first round. He deserved to lose it.

But it is only the first, and the Soviet Premier is not a one-round fighter. Nor does he usually persist in his errors. It is possible, as some observers at the U.N. think, that the triumvirate idea was put forward — aside from a desire to flatter the increasingly powerful neutral bloc — mainly as a forcible protest against Mr. Hammarskjold's conduct in the Congo, and as a warning that there must be some modification. And in this respect, despite the 70 to 0 vote in the Secretary General's favor, the Soviets can find considerable support among the uncommitted nations. Everyone is aware that the Belgians remain in control in Katanga, and if Lumumba was objectionable to many of his fellow-Africans, the fact remains that no one else has tried to run the Congo on a unified national basis, rather than as a federation of hostile tribes.

Everyone is also aware that the Russians have it in their power to make Hammarskjold's position — or that of any other Secretary General — untenable. If the Soviets want his scalp, they can have it — if not now, then in 1962, when his term expires. And in the meantime they can quite effectively bring all his efforts to nought. So could the United States, if it cared to. It is in the nature of the U.N. setup (and it was so intended at the U.N.'s formation) that the Secretary General must remain on livable terms with both the United States and the Soviet Union, and if he mortally offends either of these giants, he must go. Nor, if he is the proximate though innocent cause of a paralyzing stalemate, would a figure like Mr. Hammarskjold care to stay.

But Mr. Khrushchev has still another string to his bow. The idea of an administrative triumvirate may be bad, but in another application it may be acceptable to both the great and small powers and it might work very well indeed. The disarmament negotiations within the U.N. have failed twice — the last time with equal representation of the Soviet and Western blocs on the commission. Under these conditions, the negotiations deserved to fail — no one really believes that disarmament and peace concern only these two groups of semi-belligerents. Suppose, now, that the commission were reconstituted to include equal representation of the Soviet bloc, the Western bloc and the neutrals? This is exactly what the Soviets, after the failure of Khrushchev's initial blast, have proposed: that the ten-nation disarmament committee be enlarged by the addition of India, Indonesia, Mexico, Ghana and the United Arab Republic. There may be some argument about which neutrals to include, but the basic idea is one which will prove extremely awkward to oppose outright. All the neutrals, not only those on the commission, would be flattered, and this is desirable from a Western standpoint — we have for too long looked down our noses at anyone who was not vehemently on our side. Second, a component of relative objectivity would be added to weigh against the partisanship of the opponents who, in the usual fashion of fanatics, have long been redoubling their efforts in behalf of aims which have lost their validity. Third, if Mr. Khrushchev still has any hopes for his idea of trifurcating the Secretariat, he could not afford to sabotage the work of a disarmament commission so constituted.

None of this may interest those who think only in terms of ephemeral victory for their side, but there are U.N. members with other aims and motives, and Mr. Khrushchev may find it expedient to join them, since he cannot beat them.

Those Pesty Neutrals

"The trouble with the neutrals is that they're neutral against us," a State Department official is quoted as saying. One could put it in another way: the trouble with the State Department is that the only neutrals acceptable to it are those willing to unite with us in an anti-Communist crusade which, unhappily, becomes less attractive in nice proportion as ICBMs increase in range, accuracy and numbers. The idea that neutralism is *ipso facto* immoral persists in current State Department thinking but, where it formerly made little sense, now it makes none at all. The sums Mr. Eisenhower proposes to spend in Africa and Asia will be wasted if we regard them as advance payment for services to be rendered in the cold war.

It looks, moreover, as if we shall have to become tolerant of the political idiosyncrasies of those who, if they are not for us, are at least not against us. We shall have to tolerate varying doses of socialism (even of communism!), for the neutral bloc includes Yugoslavia, and many of the other neutrals are committed to socialism to some extent. If we are to bar all who have lost confidence in free markets and private investment, we shall find ourselves with few friends anywhere. Nor are the applicants for Western assistance at all humble in stating their needs and our obligations as they see them. The delegate from Lebanon, a country which was saved only a few years ago by the U. S. Marines, puts it rather forcefully: "The economic power of Western Europe and North America owes its superiority to the intense exploitation of the natural resources of Africa and Asia at prices and salaries far below the standard. And let us all remember that Afro-Asian peoples are suffering because of the mad expenditures devoted to the preparation for war — the brunt borne by these very people, supplying cheap raw materials or cheap labor. The wealth accumulated by the rulers through centuries imposes duties to provide technical and economic assistance . . . free from any political strings" (*Wall Street Journal*, September 26). It is indeed true that times change.

Nixon with Golden Gloves

Of course it was not Lincoln-Douglas in quality, but then only Civil War history buffs ever thought it would be. When candidates for the highest elective office in the Western world are asked to sum up their views on major domestic issues in precisely three minutes and twenty seconds, it should be apparent that it is not their views, but the candidates themselves, who are on parade. Even so, the great Jack-Dick TV spectacular had its points. The questioning was several cuts above the distressingly low level of most TV interviewing; the staging, while a bit austere, was not offensive; and the debate itself was good entertainment, although it failed to produce any new policy stands or to sharpen issues — if issues there be.

As between the candidates, major responsibility for the failure of the debate to enlighten the electorate must be attributed to the Vice President. Throughout the evening, Mr. Nixon struggled to stay in Senator Kennedy's corner, while the Senator kept trying, in a well-mannered way, to drive his opponent back to his own side of the ring. Again and again the Vice President insisted — Senator Kennedy did not concur — that the two of them were in basic agreement on the goals of domestic policy; it was only over means that their views diverged. All evening the Vice President kept voicing the hopeful assurance that the Senator would vouch for his sincerity; the Senator preferred to talk about other matters. At times there was an element of low comedy in Mr. Nixon's performance. Like a prize fighter stalling for the bell, he kept trying to clinch his opponent the better to exchange gentle shoulder taps. Slight wonder that the bellicose New York *Daily News*, in high dudgeon, should have dismissed the debate as a "powderpuff performance" and called on both candidates to "do their damndest to cut each other's political hearts out" in the next exchange.

The sight of gore does not excite us as it does the *Daily News*, but we concede that the debate would have been livelier if Mr. Nixon had been less insistently amiable. And he would have done better. For the fact is that he caricatures his own style when he attempts to be mild and ingratiating. It is as though a brawler of the Jack Dempsey type, with scowl and snarl and knockout punch, were to attempt an imitation of Gene Tunney demonstrating the art of gentlemanly fisticuffs at a YMCA boxing tournament. At the next exchange, Mr. Nixon might just as well come out of his corner breathing fire and swinging wild; he is least offensive when he is most himself.

Taiwan's Syngman Rhee

The United States has scored another diplomatic triumph in the United Nations and every newspaper, every radio and TV station broadcast the glad tidings to the citizenry. The General Assembly's steering committee, by a vote of twelve in favor, seven opposed and one abstaining, recommended rejection of the Soviet Union's request for debate on the question of seating Red China in the U.N. This yearly event did not, however, set the citizens to dancing in the streets, perhaps because they are so used to it; among experts and businessmen, also, it was received without enthusiasm. On the preceding day the Chinese Nationalist Government had indicted Lei Chen, the publisher of the anti-Government, anti-Communist *Free China* magazine, and three of his associates. Charged with sedition, they will be court-martialed. Lei is a mainland Chinese, the others are Formosans. It is no longer patriotic for Americans to remember it, but the fact is that Chiang Kai-shek shot his way into Taiwan, massacred some 40,000 of the natives, and continues to govern them by force and the resources lavished on his regime by the United States. In *The New York Times* of September 21, Robert A. Scalapino, professor of political science at the University of California and an expert on the Far East, expressed some gloomy forebodings about this situation. Lei's subversion, he pointed out, consists purely and simply in wishing to form an opposition party to the Kuomintang dictatorship and to secure a voice for the eight million Taiwanese who now have nothing to say about the government of the island. "Chiang," says Mr. Scalapino, "has many powerful friends in the United States who will defend him no matter what occurs. The same was true of Syngman Rhee. Those who dared to criticize the Rhee regime were savagely attacked here—until the Koreans themselves exposed its decadence and corruption. Must we wait for revolution in Taiwan? . . . The time to prevent a Cuba in the Pacific is now."

Arthur K. Watson, president of IBM World Trade Corporation and son of the founder of IBM, also has his doubts about our present policy of complacent drift in Asia. At the Nineteenth Stanford Business Conference, he made what the San Francisco *Chronicle* called a "daring suggestion." He proposed that Red China be admitted to the United Nations on compliance with certain conditions, such as its withdrawal from Tibet and an agreement to stop subversion and infiltration in India and Southeast Asia—conditions which the Reds are not likely to accept. In five or ten years, the Taiwanese would vote on whether to join the mainland or remain independent. Mr. Watson found little comfort in the fact that the Soviet Union, as well as the United States, would be annihilated in a nuclear war, nor in "enslavement" by the Communists: the only course that makes sense to him is "getting along with our Communist enemies while at the same time preserving and perfecting our own system of government and the reality of freedom under law." He called for a "complete overhauling of our foreign policy in regard to Red China."

It is certainly strange that with so much good advice floating around, neither of the Presidential candidates can think of anything to say about Red China that was not said earlier, and oftener, by John Foster Dulles.

. . . Nor Iron Bars a Cage

There may be some advantage, politically speaking, to executing distinguished artists who hold obnoxious social views, but no profit at all can be derived from throwing them in jail. They instantly become embarrassments to their jailers. Thoreau spent one night in the hoosegow and his admirers have been chuckling about it ever since; Ezra Pound was an awkward anomoly in St. Elizabeth's Hospital during the long years we held him under "observation." He gleefully observed us and it was a relief when he was finally permitted to return to his beloved Italy.

The most eminent artist now behind bars is the muralist Siqueiros, seized last August by the business-minded Mexican government during an outburst of leftist rioting. Siqueiros is the head of Mexico's Communist Party; at the time of his arrest for "social dissolution" he was painting a mural for the government at Chapultepec Castle. He is seventy years old and his personal ability to charge the militia must therefore be limited; as a symbol for others to rip up the streets he serves at least as well in jail as out.

A few weeks ago a group of artists from four Latin American countries and the United States, in Mexico City for an inter-American exhibit, petitioned the authorities for permission to visit Siqueiros; they were refused. It is obviously unwise to allow a prisoner to hold newsworthy levees (that was the ludicrous mistake we made with Pound); at the same time it looks very much like persecution when a renowned old painter is deprived of the pleasure of embracing a small group of international admirers. No country can look self-confident or dignified when it locks up one of its eminent creative spirits; the act will always be interpreted as Philistine, if not panicky. So, if Mexico does not intend to shoot Siqueiros (and we don't for a moment suppose it has any such intention), it had better let him free. He will probably yell from his mural scaffold, but he is yelling now—however silently—in jail.

Business Loyalty

Business Week (September 24) reports considerable perturbation among business executives in the matter of that sterling ethical trait called loyalty. The brand of loyalty in question is not to country—so far, in the upper echelons, only Cyrus Eaton's conviviality with the Soviet devils has aroused concern, and since Mr. Eaton is a formidable polemicist, and on top of that has more money than most of his fellow-magnates, none has ventured to call him publicly to account. The matter is rather *en famille:* in question is the loyalty of executives to the corporations they are paid to be loyal to. Of course, each executive is as confident of his own eternal fidelity as of the chastity of his wife, but he is not always sure that other executives share his own high standards. The painful case of William C. Newberg, former president of the Chrysler Corporation, has added to the solicitude of the administrators, some of whom have called on their lawyers and spiritual advisers for counsel. Mr. Newberg, it will be recalled, had an interest in one of Chrysler's suppliers, and after some acrimonious sessions of the Chrysler board, settled the matter by resigning and turning back into the Chrysler treasury $400,000 he had garnered—legitimately, he insists. Subsequently, a New York stockholder group, United Shareholders of America, with a membership of 800, sent a questionnaire about purchasing and conflict-of-interest to all of the approximately 1,500 companies listed on the New York and American stock exchanges. They had touched a raw nerve. Within three weeks they had more than 500 answers, most of them from presidents and board chairmen. These executives, to a man, assured United Shareholders that they had no conflict-of-interest problems in their companies, but a number of them added that they were rechecking anyway, just to be on the safe side.

The survey disclosed, however, a wide variation in company policies. Some forbid any large interest in other companies which are customers of or suppliers to the company to which the executive owes allegiance; others allow interest in a supplier "acquired as part of a normal investment program," and many are reviewing their procedures and tightening up on their loyalty requirements. Some even were considering demanding a loyalty oath from their servants, both high and low. Apparently they were impressed by the splendid success of loyalty oaths in government. Many executives remained skeptical, however. As Lyle L. Shepard, president of Columbian Carbon Company, put it: " . . . Our cost controls and the loyalty of our employees are such that to ask for a detailed statement would create a morale situation that would be detrimental to our shareholders for a long time to come." There is, quite apparently, a difference between executives and schoolteachers.

IT'S UP TO KENNEDY . . *by Robert G. Spivack*

In "I'll Sit This One Out," by Kenneth Rexroth (issue of September 24) The Nation *presented the views of an independent-minded voter who, like most of us, makes no pretense at being expert in political affairs. In contrast, the following article is by a journalist — equally independent-minded — whose chosen field is politics. Mr. Spivack is a political columnist and Washington correspondent for the New York* Post.

WHO WOULD have thought that in 1960, after all these years of urging the public to "register and vote," Presidential politics would become a spectator sport? Yet the prospects are that a smaller percentage of voters may go to the polls this year than at any time since the twenties. For both the Democrats and the Republicans the biggest problem is how to get anyone out to work for the candidates. Next is the problem of raising money: Sitting on the sidelines has suddenly become the great national pastime.

It is possible that there could be a sudden spurt of interest in the campaign, although the first joint television appearance of Dick and Jack probably did no more than to reaffirm previously held opinions. Kennedy was surprisingly aggressive and Nixon was more retiring than many observers expected; nevertheless, I suspect that many independent voters are still reserving judgment.

It has been said that we have two men splendidly qualified to run for Vice President who, instead, are seeking the Presidency. Except for the bobby-soxers who run after Kennedy and the die-hards on Wall Street who favor Nixon, neither candidate has managed to evoke the sort of enthusiasm that even Alf Landon brought out in 1936. Neither acts like a President, nor looks like a President, nor succeeds in convincing many voters that he is motivated by anything except intense personal ambition.

Any foreigner who concluded, however, after observing the current campaign, that the American public had lost interest in public affairs or had grown—to use that horrible word—"complacent," would be grossly misinterpreting public feeling. Probably not since Hitler has the average American been more concerned about the course of world affairs. There are any number of indicators to bear this out, not the least of them the number of people who took time off to watch the first Nixon-Kennedy "debate." The most conservative estimates put this figure at well over 50,000,000. What we do not know is how many stayed for the whole program or went out to have a beer. We will get the answer to that question on Election Day.

Gallup and other poll-takers tell us that there are possibly as many as 6 or 7 per cent of voters who classify themselves as "undecided." But even the pollsters indicate this figure may be conservative because they list those who state a preference merely as "leaning to" Kennedy or Nixon. There is a possibility that many voters will switch at the last moment, as they did in 1948 during the last fifteen days of that campaign.

At both national headquarters there are shrewd observers who insist that Gallup's figures are way off—that as many as 30 per cent of the electorate still have no firm choice. How many will finally choose sides and how many will "sit this one out" is anybody's guess. A handful of samplings from different sections of the country, taken somewhat haphazardly, shows that many voters are inclined to skip the "top of the ticket" but then go on to vote Democratic at the local level and for Congressional candidates.

WHY ARE so many voters in doubt? When it comes to Nixon, the answers are almost self-evident. Hardly anyone, not even the Barry Goldwater adherents, knows where he stands. One year he is a "white-collar McCarthy"; this year he wears a more or less liberal look.

With Kennedy it's different. He tells where he stands but is quite capable, without advance notice, of shifting his position. He does not look mercurial. Yet his record, even during this campaign, finds him responding to all sorts of conservative pressures. The illusion he gives is one of firmness. But there seems to be an underlying weakness both on issues and in his relations with people. Thus he knuckles under to the big-city bosses and to what he thinks is the sentiment of the South. Result: Lyndon B. Johnson is his running mate. Johnson has come to be known as the Old Guard on the New Frontier.

When it comes to pressure from liberals, which has also been intense, Kennedy's response is somewhat different. In rhetoric, he meets all liberal demands. In action, there is much left to be desired.

There are also those who feel that he is condescending. There was a notable lack of grace in the first post-convention relations with Adlai Stevenson and with Hubert Humphrey. The attitude among many Kennedyites was that since the two men had missed the boat, nothing was due them. One of the draft-Stevenson aides was given an assignment as "advance man" for Kennedy in Lubbock, Texas. Then it dawned on the Kennedyites that if the Democrats were to raise any money in New York, or iron out their difficulties in California, Stevenson had better be pressed into service. Stevenson managed to raise $160,000 in Manhattan alone. Humphrey, after forgiving a verbal assault from Bobby Kennedy, agreed to act as chairman of a Democratic civil-rights conference in New York.

Stevenson and Humphrey are being "good helpers," as the Minnesota Senator puts it. But what many other liberals want to know is where these men will fit into a new Administration. The decision to put Johnson on the ticket has so shaken their faith they are raising unorthodox questions in the midst of a campaign. But they probably will not be reassured until Kennedy says in unmistakable language whether Stevenson will be his Secretary of State and whether Humphrey is his choice for Senate Democratic leader to succeed Johnson.

UNTIL the campaign actually comes to life—if it ever does—the threat to "stay at home" is the real phenomenon of this year's election contest. It is, of course, a form of protest and it could cut many ways. This is not the first time in which a sizable portion of the electorate has been so disappointed by the choices of the national conventions that it decided to occupy itself with other matters. What makes it unusual this year is that it is the most politically conscious sector of the electorate—the liberal voter—who is most outspoken in expressing his dismay with what has been foisted upon him.

Although the Kennedy supporters argue otherwise, this stay-at--home sentiment is not simply negative in its character. Nor is it mere brooding and sulking over the failure of Adlai Stevenson to be nominated in the first race in which he had a half-way decent chance to be elected. It goes deeper than that.

If I interpret the sentiment correctly, the liberal voter is giving notice to the professional Democratic politicians, especially in New York and California, that he is no longer to be taken for granted. Throughout the primaries the attitude among many of Kennedy's advisers was that the liberal would wind up in his camp because of the time-tested argument that "he has no place else to go." The argument still carries some weight; very few liberals will end up voting for Nixon.

But now that it seems evident that the stay-at-home threat could become quite serious, the Kennedyites seek to counter it further by saying that a no-vote is actually a vote "for" Nixon. This argument does not scare as many people as it might. Many still think there is no essential difference on foreign or domestic policy between the two men.

The burden of proof that there is a genuine difference rests with Kennedy. For the first time in many years, the articulate liberal is not bothering to explain away inconsistencies of the candidate he wants to support. Instead, he seems to be saying, "My vote is my most precious possession this year. You have to sell yourself to me if you want it."

Nixon's problem is the same with many conservatives, but perhaps not quite as difficult to handle. He openly favors continuing the oil-depletion allowance; Kennedy informs the Scripps-Howard papers that he wants a "study" of the nation's resources requirements as determined by a materials policy. Sandwiched in this call for a study as a "first order of national business" is a word of reassurance to Texas oilmen. The depletion allowance should be considered first as a matter of resources policy and secondarily as a tax issue, Kennedy says. The purpose of the allowance is to provide a rate of exploration, development and production adequate to the nation's security. "The oil depletion allowance has served us well by this test," according to Kennedy.

Will this reassure the Texas oilman? Does it reassure the liberal? Or are both inclined to entertain new doubts?

Kennedy has had three opportunities to persuade the liberal voter that he means business, wants his support and is able to do more than line up delegates to a national convention. The first test was the selection of a running-mate; the second, in fighting for meaningful civil-rights revisions in the bob-tail session of Congress — or explaining in clear language why he was postponing action; the third, in demonstrating to the country that he could break up the conservative coalition of Dixiecrats and Republicans on health care for the aged or the minimum-wage revisions.

In the judgment of many liberals, he failed all three tests.

Yet even at this late date no one wants to shut the door on the eager young man from Massachusetts. The threat to stay at home would disappear overnight if Kennedy demonstrated beyond any shadow of a doubt his devotion to the liberal position. But the time is growing short, and how Kennedy chooses to demonstrate the depths of his convictions is up to him. To many liberals, the test will be how he deals with the Stevenson "problem." To others it will be an unmistakable pledge to whittle down the power and authority of the GOP-Dixiecrat Congressional coalition. Still others may be less demanding. But there must be more than words this time.

GORE VIDAL: THE BEST MAN . .

by Dan Wakefield

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

THE CITIZENS of New York's 29th Congressional District, which fans out from both banks of the Hudson River just south of Albany, are among the few voters in the country this season who are getting to hear a political campaign that differs much in style and content from a 4-H Club election at the local junior high. The incumbent Republican Congressman in this traditionally conservative stronghold is being challenged by Gore Vidal, who has put aside his writing for the past year to campaign as Democratic candidate for Congress. Mr. Vidal often tells his audiences that "The American failure today is that we're all bored to death," and he proceeds to do his best to remedy the situation.

The thirty-four-year-old Vidal has already proved himself an effective foe of creeping ennui with his eight novels, two Broadway plays, essays, movies and television scripts that have won him both financial and critical success. Norman Mailer once said, in appraising Vidal as a writer, that ". . . He often brings a brave and cultured wit to the pomades of the national suet," and the same could be said of him as a political candidate. But he is trying to stir up support with ideas as well as wit, and he has stumped the surrounding countryside calling for policies looked upon as darkest heresy here, ranging from federal aid to education to the recognition of Communist China.

One morning last week Vidal had breakfast in his spacious home on the Hudson with movie stars Paul Newman and his wife Joan Woodward (they are staying as house guests and speaking for Vidal at local rallies), and prepared to set out for a day of campaigning. He glanced at a typed schedule that included six coffee hours and an evening speech at the Beth-El Temple in Poughkeepsie, tucked the schedule in the coat pocket of his dark blue business suit, put on his horn-rimmed glasses, and walked briskly out to his station wagon with the air and appearance of a studious young executive setting off for work at the Poughkeepsie IBM office.

DRIVING to the first of his coffee rendezvous, Vidal explained his irritation over charges that he wasn't a "serious candidate." Because he was a writer, Vidal said, his campaign had sometimes been misrepresented along the lines of "Noel Coward runs for Congress as a lark."

"But I have campaigned much more in these five counties [that compose the 29th District] than any candidate in fifty years," he said. "I started these coffee-hour discussions that no one had ever held in this district, I've given over 400 speeches, and I've stumped or shaken hands in all 600 townships in the district. I've been at this every day for a year now, and that's no 'lark.' "

Such an all-out effort is the only hope—if there is any hope at all—for a Democrat here, where incumbent Republican Congressman J. Ernest Wharton won his fifth term in 1958 by almost a 2-1 majority. Wharton is a sixty-one-year-old lawyer whose principal mission in Washington has been to hold back the federal tide, and he has hardly had to set the Hudson aflame to retain the favor of his largely old-guard conservative district.

"A Democrat running here is like a Republican running in Mississippi," Vidal said. "You're not just running against a man, but a habit. And its worse now because every Presidential year 15,000 more Republicans come out to pledge their troth to William McKinley."

VIDAL'S hopes for changing the voting habits of the district are helped somewhat by the fact that the area itself is changing, with the farm population giving way to growing suburban development. The district's four cities—Poughkeepsie, Kingston, Beacon and Hudson—are Democratic, and the growth of outside industry has brought in many transplanted citizens who have further distilled the area's heavy Republicanism. Vidal said that IBM, which has branches in Kingston and Poughkeepsie, "brings in a lot of bright young people from all over the country, and they're the nucleus of my hard-working independent organization."

The hostess of Vidal's first coffee hour of the day was an IBM wife who had gathered a dozen neighbors in her living room to meet the candidate, and the candidate went around the room shaking each hand and pronouncing each name of the

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assembled ladies before sitting down to give them his views on public education. Vidal brings a confident, urbane style to these discussions, and delivers his quips and criticisms in the manner of a college professor sent to impress an alumni meeting rather than an entertainer at the Blue Angel. He explained with friendly persuasion that there was nothing to fear about federal aid to education, and indeed much danger if we didn't have it.

"We have one of the worst public education systems in the world," he said. "I'm not only in favor of federal aid to education, I'm in favor of the government setting minimum scholastic standards."

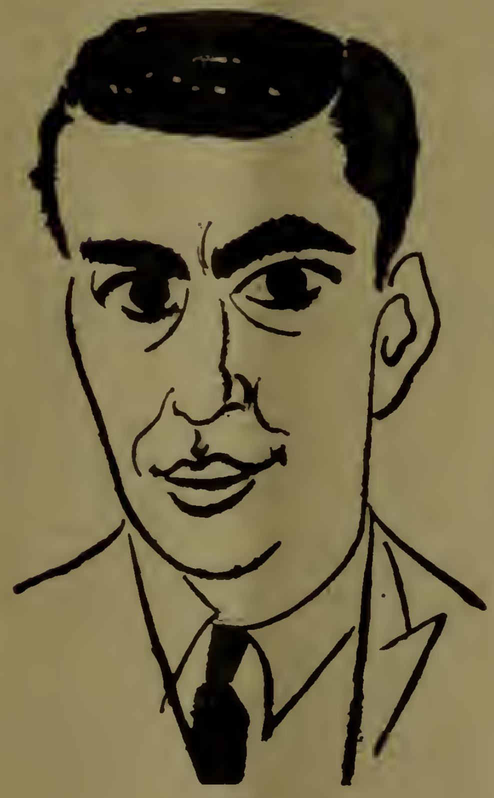
There was general silence among the ladies—most of whom were Republicans—and finally one asked rather timidly if Mr. Vidal didn't think his proposal would lead to "bureaucratism." The candidate didn't think it had to, and said: "The trouble is, 'planning' is a dirty word in this country. The American way is to do nothing until a crisis is on top of you—and then you have to spend more money and get worse results than if you'd planned in the first place."

ADVANCING from the home front to foreign affairs, Vidal told the housewives that "The politicians and the press tell us that if anything goes wrong in the world it's the Communists' fault. But that isn't so. A lot of things are *our* fault. All over Latin America, we're in contact with the dictators, and never with the liberal democratic elements. There's a saying in Latin America that the American ambassador is the 'Minister without Portfolio in the Dictator's cabinet.' That's the way it was in Venezuela—we were on the side of the dictator.

"When Mr. Nixon was stoned it wasn't because of the Communists—though of course they exploited it—it was because of American foreign policy. It's so easy to blame things on the Communists that we lose sight of the whole picture. There's a small new country in Africa that wanted American aid, but we wouldn't give them any because they didn't have any Communists in the country. So now they're going around trying to dig up some Communists to 'menace' their government so they can get American aid."

The brew was getting strong for an early morning coffee hour, and one lady ventured to ask if Mr. Vidal didn't get tired of saying what was wrong with America; wasn't there anything good?

Mr. Vidal said there certainly was, but that "We're in too tough a spot to sit around and contemplate our virtues. We forget, you see, that we're a minority form of government in the world, our religions are minority religions, and the white race is a minority race with many enemies—many of them well-deserved."



Gore Vidal

The ladies were down to their coffee dregs now, and after assuring one housewife that a volume of Karl Marx on a family bookshelf was not necessarily an indication of communism, the candidate thanked them all and walked back out to his station wagon. Driving to his headquarters in downtown Poughkeepsie, Vidal said that "What you run into most in this campaign, though not as much here as in the rural areas, is terror—terror of the federal government, terror of ideas, terror of neighbors, terror of everything. But at least as far as issues go, it's different now than it was two or three months ago. There was a *violent* reaction then to federal aid to education, and now the reaction is not so bad."

In the courthouse downtown, Vidal talked with Dutchess County Democratic chairman Joe Hawkins, who took the cigar from his mouth for a moment to call from the next room a red-sweatered Vassar girl who had volunteered to work on Vidal's campaign. She said she was a Republican, but it turned out she was also an English major, and literature had managed to triumph over partisan politics.

FOR VIDAL himself, the pursuit of politics has triumphed over literature, at least for the present. He is probably the only writer in America who can say that "I haven't written a line in the last year" with a certain tinge of pride. Before his campaign for Congress, his only political experience was writing speeches for candidates, an activity which usually defines the meaning of *engagé* for American intellectuals. There are, of course, many who, as Norman Mailer confessed in *Advertisements for Myself*, ". . . have been running for the Presidency these last ten years" in the privacy of their own minds, but Vidal is the only one to put his candidacy before the public.

"I've wanted to run for office all my life," Vidal said. "I was brought up in Washington by my grandfather, Senator Thomas Gore of Oklahoma, and he raised me to be a Senator."

Vidal began seriously to consider making the race for Congress about a year and a half ago, and was encouraged to try by a favorable public response to his appearances on a number of television programs. The mail to the networks "showed that I was getting across to the public, and that helped me decide," Vidal explained. "Like most writers, I had always thought that if people saw me they'd probably stone me."

In the light of his year's experience, Vidal said he felt that more writers ought to get into politics—not on the national level, advising and writing speeches—but out on the stump, where they could "see how removed the writer is, and how unimportant he is to the public." Vidal said that in his hundreds of coffee-hour discussions, almost the only books that people expressed an interest in were *The Ugly American* and *Atlas Shrugged.* Later that afternoon, at a pre-dinner coffee hour, Vidal got his only "literary" question of the day:

"What do you think of Ayn Rand?" a young housewife asked.

"I don't like anything about her," Vidal said.

That wrapped up the literature issue, and the candidate moved on to more popular subjects.

After three more coffee hours and a brief time out for dinner, Vidal addressed the Sisterhood of the Poughkeepsie Beth-El Temple that night and presented one of his favorite proposals: a plan for one out of every ten draftees to be taught a foreign language and sent for two years to work for the United States Government in a foreign country.

"This is not the Norman Rockwell America of 1890 with four generations sitting around the Thanksgiving table," Vidal told the several hundred ladies in the audience. "Whether we like it or not, we've got to get out in the world and compete with the Russians. We've got to know our enemy, and stop thinking that if we teach students how to speak Russian they'll turn into Communists. There just isn't time for that kind of childishness any more."

The ladies gave Vidal a nice ovation when he finished, and before the meeting ended he answered some questions from the audience. Somebody asked: "Do you really think we ought to recognize Communist China?" "I think we should have done it ten years ago," Vidal said.

A lady in the front row who identified herself as a "follower of Bonnie Pruden" wondered if Vidal didn't think we ought to step up our physical education program. "Our children are getting soft and flabby," she said.

The candidate considered the question a moment, then answered, "I think with Metrecal, we'll probably do all right."

Unlike the novelist or playwright, the candidate must have an answer for everything. Even if Vidal doesn't win his seat in Congress, he ought to have enough material now to last him the rest of his life.

NEW YORK: THE BIG PRIZE . . *James Desmond*

New York

AS THE election campaign enters the last five weeks, there are multiplying signs that the winner will be decided in New York State, with New York City providing the key to the outcome. The reason is obvious: For the first time since 1944, there is an emotional issue of substantial importance involved in the voting and the issues could roll up one of the old-fashioned Democratic pluralities that the Republicans would be unable to overcome north of the city line.

The issue, of course, is Catholicism. But it goes much deeper than that. Behind it lies the whole question of bigotry, with its tremendous implications for this city that has no majority group but only minorities—some of them strong enough to exercise an electoral veto, but none strong enough to win an election alone.

If these minority groups, particularly the Jews and the Catholics, the two largest blocs, react to the anti-Catholic charges against Senator Kennedy—charges that the Senator himself brilliantly exploited in his address to the Texas ministers in Houston—the tide now seen running to the Democratic ticket could swell to produce a really good Democratic year. And in 1957, their last "really good" year, New York Democrats piled up a 921,000 plurality for Mayor Wagner on about half the vote that is expected to be cast next month.

Although Tammany leader Carmine De Sapio, who first detected the Kennedy-Johnson tide early in September, hasn't made a claim of any such proportions, the Kennedy people are claiming the state by around 700,000—an impossible figure without a New York City plurality of huge dimensions.

And that could happen. The New York City electorate has gone Democratic regularly in every Presidential election since the Warren Harding sweep of 1920, although it has demonstrated in recent years a surprising volatility. For example, in 1956, the year before Wagner's sweep, Eisenhower came within an eyelash of repeating the Harding feat, losing by only 78,000. In 1958, Rockefeller cut into the Democratic vote of '57 to limit Averell Harriman's city plurality to 310,000. But a switch back to the Democratic line, given this volatility, is clearly possible.

KENNEDY HAS a number of things going for him in the contest with Vice President Nixon aside from the emotional value of a campaign against bigotry. For one thing, for reasons never positively identified, Nixon has never aroused any public fervor in this city. The fact was publicly acknowledged by the Republicans in 1958 when Nixon was snubbed by Rockefeller in the election campaign. The Vice President was all but told to stay out of the state and not impair GOP chances.

Still another factor that may develop significantly before Nov. 8 is the economic unease which exists in the midst of a fairly general prosperity. Unemployment is not a serious problem, but the welfare outlays are increasing and short work weeks are hitting the industrial workers who traditionally look to the

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Democrats to bail them out when the going gets tough.

Working Republicans recognize these factors and are seriously worried. Despite the Madison Avenue optimism of special campaign headquarters set up to put on crash programs in the city, all Republicans seeking local office are running scared. This has been highlighted most dramatically in Manhattan's 17th Congressional District—"safe" country for the GOP by virtue of legislative gerrymander — which is now being treated as a battleground. The Republican incumbent, John V. Lindsay, a rising star in his party, is facing a strong challenge from William vanden Heuvel, the Democratic-Liberal nominee, who has the same kind of appeal that enabled Lindsay to win a primary and election in his first try for Congress. The situation is now recognized as critical enough to engage the campaigning talents of Governor Rockefeller on Lindsay's behalf and experienced politicians believe that the size of Kennedy's run may determine the outcome.

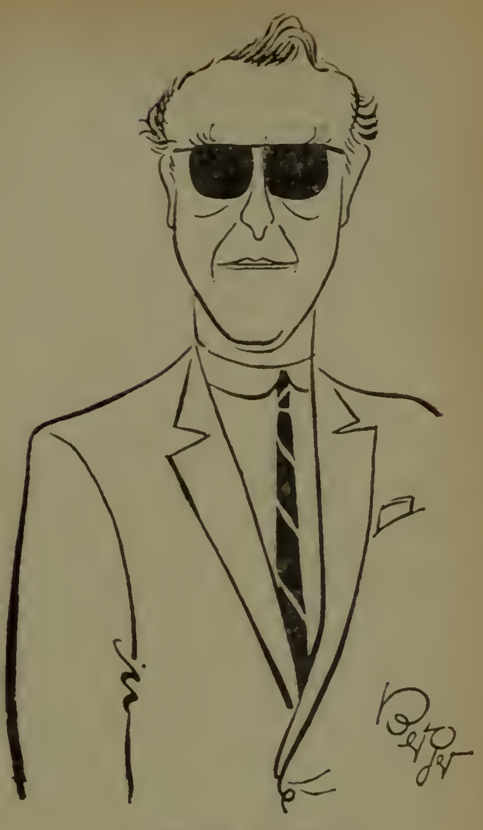
On lower political levels, the Republican locals face even greater problems. The Republicans are in direct danger of losing state senate seats in the Bronx, Staten Island and Brooklyn, with the added possibility that the only GOP state senator in Manhattan, in the 20th District, could go down if Lindsay loses. Furthermore, while all state assembly seats held by the Democrats are rated "safe," the Republicans are going to have to fight to hold theirs. And the odds are against their holding their present strength.

IN THESE circumstances, the Democrats are looking forward to carrying four of the city's five boroughs — Manhattan, the Bronx, Staten Island and Brooklyn — with only Queens, which has voted Republican in every Presidential election since 1936, in doubt. But because Queens, like the other boroughs, has its large Catholic and Jewish groups, the Democrats aren't ready to give up on it in 1960. They see all the factors that affect the other boroughs operating in Queens and they are counting, additionally, on resentment against Rockefeller's state income-tax program, which seemed to stir up particularly bitter feeling in Queens, as another plus factor for Kennedy-Johnson.

Additionally, the Democrats, of course, have an incomparably more effective organization in the city than the Republicans. And while the split between De Sapio's "regulars" and the reform group around Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and Herbert H. Lehman is still wide open, there has been no evidence that this local feud is going to be allowed to spread into the Presidential election. This is, of course, a matter of practical politics. At the same time, this working agreement has had the effect of strengthening morale and proved of great importance when the Catholic issue gave an emotional spark to the campaign and provided a rallying point for the two factions. For it must be remembered that the reform group's fight to the death for Adlai Stevenson until all hope was quenched at Los Angeles was one of the things that dropped Democratic hopes for the national ticket to a low in mid-August.

Another factor that deserves mention was De Sapio's own lukewarmness to Kennedy and his reluctant swing to the Senator's camp only when he saw that his colleagues were determined to go that way. This reluctance on De Sapio's part had led some people who don't know the man to fear that he might drag his heels in the election. That was never a possibility. De Sapio, for all his talk of reforming Tammany Hall from within, is a professional to his finger tips and he clearly recognizes that the meat and potatoes of politics come from the city and the state, with only the dessert from the Presidency. So he couldn't do any less than go all the way for the national ticket.

BECAUSE of the way the election shapes up, the Democrats are almost certain to improve their position in the state legislature and probably in Congress on a state-wide basis. Furthermore, the professional politicians aren't forgetting for a moment that, in terms of club-house politics, the Presidential election is only a curtain-raiser to the mayoralty campaign next year. And they want to test out their machinery for that one because they remember, all too bitterly, the dreary drought of the twelve years of the La Guardia administration in City Hall.



Carmine De Sapio

But the city represents only about 40 per cent of the state vote on the basis of registration, and while a big plurality is in prospect, overcoming the Nixon-Lodge ticket would call for a Franklin D. Roosevelt or an Eisenhower if that was all that was going for Kennedy.

There is, however, another big factor that is too often overlooked: the suburbs. Since the population explosion began just after World War II, the four suburban counties around New York—Nassau and Suffolk on Long Island and Westchester and Rockland to the north—have doubled their voting power.

On the basis of the 1960 census, these four counties will turn in about 20 per cent of the vote this year in contrast to 10 per cent in 1944. But the large assumption by the Republicans that this vote of displaced Democrats, who have fallen into the habit of community pattern voting since moving to the suburbs, will stay in line appears about to be rudely upset.

Again the reason is emotional. The

population explosion didn't really get rolling until after the 1948 election—the suburbs represented just over 11 per cent of the state vote that year—and since then there hasn't been a Presidential election over which anybody could get really steamed up. Consequently the big suburban pluralities for Eisenhower, whatever the reason for his popularity, are not valid comparison points in 1960.

On the other hand, the new suburbanites have come largely from the Catholics and Jews—with new community centers and parochial schools opening all over the four-county area—and they have, as the city voters have, deep reasons to get excited about the Catholic issue.

Also, there has been a certain amount of erosion of the Republican vote on the local level, notably in Suffolk County, where GOP corruption led to a Democratic sweep in the last county election, and this has given the Democrats a nucleus of job holders with personal reasons for improving their party's organization.

It is unlikely that these factors will bulk large enough to tip any of the four counties into the Democratic column. But fears for Republican Congressional seats in Suffolk and Nassau, particularly, indicate that the recent Republican pluralities will be cut sharply.

This, of course, will throw the Republican burden back on the fifty-three counties of the upstate area which represent 40 per cent of the state's total vote. To give Nixon a fighting chance, assuming the indicated partial neutralization of the suburban areas, these fifty-three counties will have to produce a plurality of 600,000 to 800,000. And the odds against that are tremendous.

The reason is that the large upstate industrial cities are heavily Catholic and increasingly Democratic. There are prospects that Erie County, now split 27-27 in its Board of Supervisors, will go into the Democratic column because unemployment is a pressing burden in Buffalo and steel production is down to around 50 per cent of capacity, putting more thousands of workers on a short work week.

Rochester and Syracuse likewise are ripe to turn in strong Democratic pluralities and there is labor unrest in a number of other industrial areas.

The cards therefore seem stacked for New York City again leading the state into the Democratic column. And since New York casts more than 10 per cent of the national vote and, with the exception of 1948, has voted for the winner in every Presidential election going back to Harding, the pointer for the national outcome is apparent.

And in 1948, it should be remembered, Tom Dewey carried New York only because Henry Wallace siphoned off 500,000 Democratic votes. Nixon hasn't any Wallace going for him. In fact, he hasn't even a Dixiecrat.

WHAT IS LABOR DOING? . . *by Dick Bruner*

THE TEAMSTER official's talk was marbled with obscenities, profanities and allusions to radical intellectualism and jugular-vein politics, and frosted with a heavy layer of statistics. "When I get an election district captain lined up," he told me, "I sometimes tell him: 'Buddy-boy, if you march into a Democratic club house and tell 'em you control the votes of forty Teamsters and their wives, they'll give you some cushy job where you earn fifty bucks a week, but you're still trucking.' "

We were standing in front of a map of New York's Queens Borough in what had once been the conference room of the Executive Board of Teamsters Joint Council 16. The official had just finished explaining the council's DRIVE program (initials in labor's political programs have become status symbols; these stand for Democratic Republican Independent Voter Education). Basically, it consists of an elaborately methodical breakdown of the council's 165,000 members by residence and a survey of their voter registration (only 40 per cent of union members living in the city are registered; in the suburbs, the figure is 70 per cent).

DRIVE tries to get a Teamster to act as captain in each election district. It also sends out lists of Teamsters who are not registered to vote, and local union officers are supposed to hound them into registering. However, motivation is a problem. "I tell them, 'This ain't only for our members. This is for you, too.' "

In terms of political motivation, the Teamsters Union is still pretty low on the evolutionary scale. I left the Joint Council official to his preoccupations and headed uptown to a more complex environment, the antiseptic office building of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. Gus Tyler, director of the ILGWU political and education departments, welcomed me to his office and handed me a book on politics to which he had contributed a chapter on "The Labor Vote." I read the first sentence of his contribution. "Labor political action is — mostly and foremostly — the education of workers on *why* they should vote." Tyler explained that the ILGWU invests a lot of energy in leadership training. He was going to Chicago the next day to help give Midwest ILGWU "secondary leaders" a thorough three-day grounding in political issues, along with other information the international's officers think they should acquire. For the first time in ILGWU history, "This year we went into every factory and took a shop census." The member-by-member cen-

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sus of voter registration was followed by postcards urging non-registered ILGWU members to register, speeches by international officers in every factory, and some pressure on shop stewards to get their constituents registered.

THE ILGWU and the New York Teamsters Joint Council are doing what the rest of the American labor movement *could* be doing. There is nothing sophisticated about the lowest-denominator attitude of the Teamster official with whom I talked. Yet his union provokes admiration with its no-nonsense approach ("It's apparent workers do not register and vote. Our goal is a Teamster election captain in every one of New York's 4,638 districts") and its candor ("If we realize our goal by 1968 we'll be doing well"). The Teamsters are in the habit of demonstrating that theirs is the most dynamic union in the American labor movement. Obviously, they are out to show they can match their organizing *élan* with political ability. With typical Teamster pragmatism, they are pointing their energies toward what they think is the heart of the matter.

On the other hand, the ILGWU prides itself on an old political tradition. Critics say sentimentality about tradition blinds its officers to practical realities; one observer estimated some New York ILGWU locals had less than 20 per cent of their members registered to vote. Apparently, however, the ILGWU is genuinely aroused this year. "Landrum-Griffin made a number of unions quite desperate," Tyler told me. I thought it was interesting that he never once mentioned the name of the Democratic Presidential candidate during our conversation, which lasted more than an hour.

By virtue of their distinctive traditions, neither the ILGWU nor the Teamsters is typical of American labor's mainstream. Therefore, their approaches to politics are not samples of the larger group. "I'll tell you what motivates AFL-CIO staff men in politics," a staff employee at the AFL-CIO Washington headquarters said to me, after shutting the door to his office. "They want to be thoroughly integrated into their communities. That applies to the top brass as much as to the rank and file. These guys have big incomes and they want the status that goes with it. They want to join clubs and stuff like that. But it means they have to be respectable, and that means they have to have respectable political ideas."

With the exceptions of the ILGWU, the Teamsters and the United Automobile Workers, most unions measure the effectiveness of their political programs by the numbers of full-time persons they employ for political activity. However, the political-program departments of most unions have become patronage pantries. Union leaders with political debts to pay off within their own constituencies find jobs which will take their rank-and-file creditors away from the boredom of the shops for the duration of a campaign. Most of the time, a big political staff simply means the multiplication of political ineptness rather than increased effectiveness. Political staff members burn up thousands of man-hours simulating earth-shattering decisions and significant work ("I'll buy you a drink and we can talk this whole thing over").

The unglamorous work of political campaigning hardly ever gets done. A survey taken among Park Avenue residents, none of whom paid less than $250 per month for their apartments, showed more than 94 per cent registered to vote in 1958; in the same Congressional district, a survey of cold-water tenement residents indicated a 24 per cent registration.

In 1956, the AFL-CIO Committee on Political Education (COPE) director, James McDevitt, estimated that only 40 per cent of the country's union members were registered. There is no indication that unions have done anything to change this percentage significantly in the last four years. The problem is further complicated every year by the tendency of workers to live farther and farther away from their jobs, making it increasingly difficult for unions to get them to registration centers.

Money is hard to come by. In 1956, seventeen trade-union political groups spent a net of only $941,271 on campaigns. This was less than $1 out of every $33 reported as spent. Although the figures are closely guarded, the best estimates are that COPE collects an average of $1 annually from only 6 or 7 per cent of its 12 to 13 million members. One medium-sized union, with more than 100,000 members and 267 local unions in 1956, collected only $11,204. Only fifty-four local unions made contributions of any kind. Rather than set unrealistic goals, COPE usually asks its affiliates for $1 a year for every five members.

Cooperation among AFL-CIO affiliates is still an illusion. Early this year, for example, in Rochester, N. Y., a Bricklayers' Union leader resigned as president of the local AFL-CIO council. He and four other resigning officials accused former C.I.O. leaders of trying to run the council according to Democratic Party blueprints. (Before the merger, the A. F. of L. in Rochester, as in numerous other areas, was traditionally Republican in its alignment.)

OF COURSE, not all of labor's failures in politics can be converted into successes through increased efficiency. Union workers suffer the same malaise as the rest of us — an absence of inspiration. The concept of class struggle no longer has the power to move labor as it once did. Tyler, himself once a Socialist and still a sophisticated political theoretician, contends it is mathematically impossible for class parties to survive since the number of industrial workers throughout the country is diminishing.

Once a source of unremitting third-party agitation, the labor movement barely listens to such suggestions any more. The decision of the Canadian Labor Congress to help organize a new party with a farmers' group and members of the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation attracted hardly any attention in the American labor press. At its convention early in June, the United Packinghouse Workers of America adopted a resolution on "independent political action" which declared it is "increasingly evident" that labor can't get proper consideration from the existing parties, but stopped short of calling for a third party. Packinghouse president Ralph Helstein made it plain he opposes formation of a third party at this time. About the same time, President Max Greenberg of the Retail, Wholesale and Department Store Union said organized labor ought to form its own political party. In response, the Hatters' Union president, Alex Rose, invited him to serve on the policy committee of New York's Liberal Party. This summer, both Greenberg and Rose attended the Democratic National Convention.

THE ONLY other third-party suggestion came from the tiny Mechanics Educational Society of America. The union's newspaper, *Educator,* contended in its May issue: "The time is ripe for the creation of a third political party supported solely by organized labor to drive a wedge into the cohesion of the Democratic and Republican coalition, and to perform the necessary function of a separator between the two political parties." However, most labor leaders have never heard of MESA.

Instead of moving closer to an ideological base, American labor has become a kind of consumers' champion in legislative halls. The president of the Machinists' Union, Al Hayes, lists low-cost housing, slum clearance, public health, gas and electricity price regulation and higher benefits for injured workers as a basic political platform for labor. "In each of these areas of government policy," Hayes wrote in his union's newspaper, "organized labor has been the champion of the public interest, seeking the greatest good for the greatest number."

Actually, Hayes must have chosen his issues with extreme care, because labor today presents many faces on issues of deep political significance. While it pays lip service to the civil-rights issue, it has largely failed to enforce anti-segregation policies in its own ranks; once forthrightly in favor of free trade, it moves closer to an outright protectionist position (the legislative conference of the Liberal Party's Trade Union Council this year appealed for "action on the problems faced by American labor because of competition created by the growing import of cheap foreign goods"); and, of course, there is the issue of America's relations with the Communist bloc.

PROBABLY no other issue has created such deep divisions in the American labor movement, even though it hardly ever gets debated. Early this year, Emil Mazey, secretary of the U.A.W., spoke of a pre-merger incident: "In February of 1955, during the Matsu and Quemoy disputes, I raised the subject matter at a closed meeting of the C.I.O. Executive Board, and expressed my deep concern for policies that I thought were improper on the part of our government that could lead to World War III. I did not ask the C.I.O. on this occasion to take a position, but urged them to re-evaluate our attitude towards the entire China crisis. I was shocked when a motion was made to expunge my remarks from the record and was even more shocked when a majority of the board members supported this action."

This year the AFL-CIO sponsored for its top brass a "conference on world affairs." At it, Walter Reuther, U.A.W. president, who has been occasionally voicing his concern for the state of the world to rallies of the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, came close to challenging the myopic view of George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO, on the East-West conflict, but didn't quite do it. (The conference, by the way, automatically applauded a collection of right-wing speakers who heaped abuse on those to whom "the answers of social and political stability . . . are to be found in economic improvement," and spoke disdainfully of "our naive desire to make cause with those [countries] who seek independence.") When one of the conference delegates suggested the AFL-CIO accept an invitation to exchange labor leaders' visits with the Soviet Union, George Meany replied, "Let them talk to representatives of our government if they want to talk. They're not going to talk to me." A dozen second-stringers accepted the invitation and went to Russia anyway.

DESPITE the divisions and despite the apathy generated by the absence of social idealism, COPE continues to make a brave show of activity. Early this year it held a series of political institutes around the country, attracting 6,500 labor staff members. COPE staffers used gimmicks like films produced by U.A.W.'s radio commentator, Guy Nunn, to stir up their juices. However, only the names — Forand, Landrum-Griffin, etc. — are different. Everything else is the same.

Will labor have much effect on the elections? The Teamsters — with their chip-on-the-shoulder confidence and their monumental hatred of the Democratic Presidential candidate (some Teamster officials plan to vote for Farrell Dobbs, the Socialist Workers Party candidate) — will display the kind of energy the AFL-CIO needs. They'll do a reasonably good job of getting out their members' votes for the first time in their history. So will the U.A.W. and the ILGWU, which are now paying more attention to the mechanics of politics and giving the subject top priority.

Nevertheless, in most of the rest of the AFL-CIO, the petty local squabbles, the ineptitude, the staffs' unwillingness to take on grubby, unglamorous, clerical chores, and the absence of inspiration will take their toll, as they have all through the 1950s. At the very top of its pyramid, American labor will contribute a lot of sound and fury to the election, but its full strength will not be felt.

LETTER FROM ENGLAND . . *by Andrew Roth*

Scarborough, Oct. 1

ON THE EVE of the annual conference of the Labour Party at this Yorkshire seacoast resort, tension is running as high as it did six years ago, when the leadership narrowly defeated the left-wing forces on the issue of German disarmament. This time the question is whether Hugh Gaitskell, representing the moderates, can cling to his leadership.

The prestige of the Gaitskellites received severe setbacks at the recent Trades Union Congress on two fronts: on a resolution rededicating the Labour Party to socialism, and on another resolution which put the party on record as opposing the West's present nuclear policy and favoring the admission of Red China to the U.N. Mr. Gaitskell opposed both resolutions, and the key to their approval was the growing influence of Frank Cousins, left-wing chief of the Transport Workers Union.

What is feared here at Scarborough is aggravation of the party division which the Trades Union Congress so dramatically demonstrated. If an outright split does occur, the blame would rest upon the narrow shoulders of Mr. Gaitskell.

The leader of the Labour Party is an intelligent, honorable, hard-working, upper-middle-class bureaucrat who would make a first-rate Treasury official, but who is too unbending to guide his party in the only direction it can be led successfully—just Left of Center.

The basic difficulties of the party, as the debates of the last year have made clear, is that there are within it two completely different conceptions of socialism and two divergent views of how to attain it. Mr. Gaitskell, instead of trying to bridge these differences, has committed himself wholly to one of the two schools of thought—the school of liberal social reform whose most articulate members, Anthony Crosland, Douglas Jay and Woodrow Wyatt, all middle-class intellectuals, are his most intimate friends. All of them would feel at home ideologically in the A.D.A. wing of the Democratic Party in the United States. They are anti-Communist and pro-NATO; their definition of "socialism" is really a socially controlled, liberal capitalism.

The basic theory of the Gaitskellite is set forth in *The Future of Socialism*, by Mr. Gaitskell's protégé, Anthony Crosland, M.P. This book, basically an attack on the Marxist approach to socialism, insists that capitalism (defined as the industrial capitalism of 1850) is already dead, that economic control of industries is largely irrelevant in view of the dominant role of government. The logical deduction from this theory is that all you have to do to carry out all of the reforms you need is to get the support of a majority of British electors and then reform your society by legislation and civil servants' instructions, without nationalizing the great private industries.

It was this basic approach which led Messrs. Crosland and Jay to urge, after the shock of losing the October, 1959, election, that the name of the Labour Party be changed and that plans to nationalize further industries be dropped because they antagonized the needed marginal voter. It was when Mr. Gaitskell, stung by his failure to get into 10 Downing Street, appeared to be supporting these revisionists by attacking Clause Four of the party constitution, which calls for public ownership of the means of production and distribution, that he laid himself wide open to a series of defeats at the hands of the Left and the traditionalists.

IT IS ONE of the peculiarities of a large liberal-Left movement manned by volunteers and low-paid bureaucrats that, during a period of comparative affluence, when the fully-employed mass of Labour goes Right, the militants and the trades unions may well go Left. In a predominantly Conservative constituency like Hampstead (where Mr. Gaitskell and I both live), some 15,000 people vote Labour, but the party work is carried on by a few dozens of unpaid volunteers who tend to be militant believers in social change. This helps to explain why, last June, his own ward voted that Mr. Gaitskell's resignation was "essential to the unity and progress of the party."

What is true of unpaid party volunteers is also true of unpaid shop stewards in factories or underpaid trades-union officials. There is a high proportion of Communists or militant Socialists among those who do these time-consuming, ill-paid jobs instead of seeking better-paid jobs; you have to have a serious belief in the importance of changing society to spend your evenings in dreary union halls instead of watching TV or drinking beer with the boys.

Therefore you have the curious situation that, while Mr. Gaitskell's moderate reforms may well have more support now among the mass of Labour partisans, who are more worried about keeping up their TV payments than about the basic failings of capitalism, he will be beaten here at Scarborough by the militants, for whom Cousins is the spokesman. Gaitskell will reproach the militants with scaring away voters. The militants will retort that they do not want Labour to win if it just means running capitalism more humanely for the industrialists and being tied to the Pentagon. Mr. Gaitskell and the pro-American, anti-Communist moderates feel it is all the more important to be tied to the Pentagon.

With such a conflict of views, a split is always possible unless a deft Center-Left figure like Harold Wilson, or a deft Center figure like James Callaghan replaces the clumsy and unbending Mr. Gaitskell in the Parliamentary Labour Party's election of a leader in November. But when Labour will be voted back into office depends on how long this comparatively affluent society and its full employment lasts. The moderates, who think capitalism has cured its ills, believe that prosperity will last thirty or more years; the militants, conditioned by the thirties, think a depression may well be just around the corner.

ANDREW ROTH is a veteran American observer of the British political scene.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Cuba: Revolution and Diplomacy

CUBA: Anatomy of a Revolution. By Leo Huberman and Paul M. Sweezy. Monthly Review Press. 176 pp. $3.50.

James O'Connor

TOWARD the end of *Cuba: Anatomy of a Revolution* the authors make two wrong predictions and hedge on a third. The perplexing question of possible United States military intervention in Cuba is rightly put off; the prophets of our time are the Henry Luces, not working Marxists. The forecasts they do make have turned out badly; the sugar quota *was* cut and the oil monopolies *did* boycott Castro. I set this failure down to a curious self-betrayal. Somewhere, the authors lost faith in their own logic, although subsequent events may have restored it.

Nearly half the book is devoted to the background and the making of the military revolution against the Batista police-state. This is ordinary stuff at best; there are better Cuban histories and more dramatic narratives of Castro's rise to power. The heart of the study lies in a resourceful analysis of the nature of the *social* revolution which redeemed Cuba from half a century of chaos and exploitation; its spontaneous modes of operation, Castro's radical-nationalistic idealogy, the government's program of economic reconstruction and development, together with its inspiring experiments in education and social welfare — and finally Cuba's danger to U.S. hegemony in the hemisphere. Cuba is, after all, socialism's first envoy to the New World.

Cuba's socialism is fundamental to any real understanding of her relations with the United States, and inspires the expected warning: The alliance of U.S. big business and the Latin American oligarchies, the authors caution, will stop at nothing to destroy Castro. They drive this point home with a painstaking and cogent discussion of the diplomatic and propaganda offensives we have waged to isolate Castro from the West.

Yet at this point the Marxian logic stalls. We dare not tamper with the sugar quota, they assert, since it "would be instantly and overwhelmingly denounced throughout Latin America as a case of naked economic aggression." Nor will the oil cartel cut off supplies to Cuba, since the Soviet Union would immediately step into the vacuum. Sweezy and Huberman intimate that only the grossest stupidity on our part could prompt economic aggression along these lines. Sweet historical irony — the notion that we fall stupidly into diplomatic blunders is, of course, the current liberal view, at which Sweezy has aimed so many barbs in the past.

Had the authors carried their logic one more step, their conclusions might have been reversed. Slashing the quota and depriving Cuba of Western oil have indirectly augmented our diplomatic gains by driving Castro closer to the Soviets. It is clear now (admittedly, hindsight helps) that *we view economic sanctions and diplomatic warfare as complementary, not substitute, policies.* To label our policy-makers stupid is to miss the whole point. If we compel Cuba to turn to the East, the rest of Latin America will more likely look north. Anti-communism is still our most powerful diplomatic weapon, and the Castro-Khrushchev alliance has sharpened it to a fine edge. Its success in the case of Cuba has been awe-inspiring. We have succeeded in creating hostilities between Cuba and her neighbors where few existed. We have saved ourselves from the charge that we oppose radical social change.

SWEEZY and Huberman's remarkable little book is the latest in a tradition beginning with Marx's own *Class Struggle in France.* It fails in what it sets out to do, but it is not a failure. A manifesto, a document, a personal commitment, a marvelous piece of propaganda, it does not successfully "combine the methods of scholarship and journalism." Too much conjecture and too ready a willingness to slight crucial facts prevent it from being either. These limitations are self-imposed by its uncompromising Marxism (only its predictions are timid). Here are a few instances:

The share of the Cuban middle classes in Castro's victory is consistently underestimated. Nearly all the revolutionaries I've spoken with agree that without the harassment of Batista by the Havana bourgeoisie, without their financial aid and willingness to face danger, the war could not have been won.

Related to this is the impression the authors leave that the urban working class took a significant part in the revolution. Explaining the tragedy of the general strike of May, 1959, they

Ennui and Regret

Here come a gaunt man astride a burro,
a woman behind tapping with a twig;
it seems fitting to roll the streets up
like carpets and to veil every monument.

We are sitting with heads bent low,
hands like pendulums between the knees;
our sentiments withdraw themselves like nuns,
and the mind dismisses its own charity.

Soon they will have passed, and be
again kindred of the indifferent hills,
but we'll keep being fevered with resentments
from the guilt that spiralled behind them.

And remember a mother who patiently faded,
a father sentenced to ills and sorrows,
freckled cousins frozen stiff to ambitions,
and no abiding scenes of achievements.

The tallying dreams keep riding burros
with tired parents tapping behind them,
and denying them only engenders a sly
and constantly covert intolerance.

DAVID CORNEL DEJONG

JAMES O'CONNOR, who is currently at work on an interpretation of the Cuban revolution, teaches economics at Barnard College.

say: "For a variety of reasons, some due to poor planning, others unavoidable, the general strike was a failure." In fact, the strike simply did not have the support of the majority of urban workers.

A final example: " . . . among honest revolutionaries there is . . . no demand for conformity to a dogmatically defined and interpreted line or ideology." Who is an honest revolutionary? This question is begged. Here the authors confuse Castro's "line" (or lack of it) with that of some elements who support him. To take an instance, a number of pro-Castro students have been purged from Havana University's student governing body, not by the government, rather by the rabidly Fidelista F.E.U. Moreover, while I have no doubt that it will re-emerge, a free press has unquestionably been sacrificed to Castro's yearning for national unity.

ENOUGH carping. The economic analysis is first rate. Huberman and Sweezy effectively dispel the notion that social revolution is synonymous with crisis and starving peasants. They offer convincing evidence of the large increases in agricultural output and the rationalization of domestic industry. They explode the myth that a planned economy with direct control over the allocation of resources has problems of a "financial" nature.

The book describes with feeling and accuracy the individual revolutions in education, social welfare and agricultural organization. For the first time, to my knowledge, the individualistic basis of the revolution (a family-oriented social philosophy manifested, for example, in individual home ownership, even on the cooperatives) is rightly stressed. Perhaps the most original contribution is a careful analysis of the transition from the January, 1959, liberal-democratic cabinet to the radical cabinet fully realized in March, 1960, with the resignation of the moderate Minister of Finance.

The authors are not blind to the problems Castro must eventually face. What will be the eventual relationship between the rich and the poor cooperatives? (A differential rent is suggested to make the distribution of income more equitable.) And what relationship is to prevail between the *cooperativistas* themselves and the rural day workers who remain outside the cooperatives? (The authors seem to me too optimistic when they assert that the latter will be absorbed by either the cooperatives or the industrial labor force "in a few years"; they fail to state that less than half of Cuba's agricultural workers are actually in cooperatives now.) A final question they refrain from asking: How can a central planning authority be structured so that it will retain the local flavor of the revolution?

Often uneven, with values sometimes masquerading as facts, this Marxist history of a unique revolution nevertheless contains a great deal of original and incisive analysis.

The Brain Market

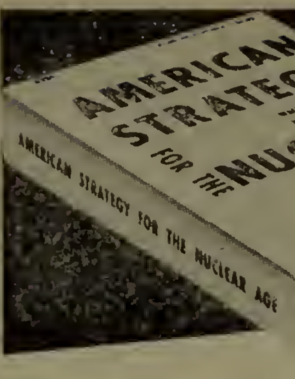
THE CHILD BUYER. By John Hersey. Alfred A. Knopf. 258 pp. $4.

Robert Hatch

IT HAS been John Hersey's shortcoming that he is a most stylish technician. His books are always the most polished facsimiles of their particular forms — even his novels are brilliant imitations of novels — and the impression thus given is that the author has sensed this or that trend and cannily launched himself into it. Whereas, in fact, Mr. Hersey, the child of missionaries, is himself moved by the impulse to improve his readers. He writes to edify; yet a natural gift for mimicry, strengthened by training in the self-conscious school of news-magazine journalism, has given him an air of manipulating fashionable machinery.

In *The Child Buyer*, however, Mr. Hersey may have hit on the device that turns his talents into virtues. He is embarked on satire, and there the gift for imitation serves him well. It can be objected that aspects of this lampoon are too broad to cut very sharply, but the author hopes to net an audience so large that it cannot be relied upon to catch quick winks. Satire need not necessarily use a rapier; a broadsword will do for gross cutting. More seriously, I think Mr. Hersey falters at times by letting his feelings show through his grin. He cannot tolerate that anyone should think him heartlessly sardonic, and therefore he occasionally reaches out a warm exurban hand. It makes you realize that he is not the man to chastise his generation with scorpions. Still, the whip he uses has a sting to it; I like the book the more, perhaps, because the backsides he chooses to address seem to me apt for the attention.

The book contains a set of three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satiric notions nested one within another. In over-all form (Hersey likes editorial devices of this sort), it is the verbatim minutes of hearings before the Senate Standing Committee on Education, Welfare and Public Morality of a state that is probably Connecticut. The members of this committee — Senators Mansfield, Skypack and Voyolko, and committee counsel Broadbent — are wicked cartoons of the legislator bent on investigation. Mansfield, the chairman, is a weak good man paralyzed by the desire to be mistaken for a statesman; Skypack is a bully wrapped in patriotism; Voyolko is a fool (a little too much a fool to serve Hersey's purpose), and Broadbent is a climber using the committee's shoulders as a perch. They are all ignorant, puffed by office and indifferent to any welfare but their own. But they are genuinely inquisitive, like old gossips; as busybodies they are honest. Hersey gets the legislative lingo brilliantly: Broadbent describes one of the principal witnesses, Wissey Jones, as "a very unusual type of individual."

This Wissey Jones, who is quite simply the devil, is an agent for Hersey's second target, the United Lymphomilloid Company (a name intended to suggest the varied and arcane interests of the corporation it designates — like, for example, General Dynamics). Wissey Jones, a cocky devil wearing a pork pie hat and plus fours and riding a collapsible European motorcycle, has come to the small manufacturing town of Pequot to buy a child. United Lymphomilloid is engaged, under government contract, on a fifty-year research project which is of course secret, but which probably has to do with the exploitation of space; it certainly requires computations of almost dreamlike complexity. The corporation's engineers have discovered that very bright children, suitably altered by psychiatry and surgery, can be made into more productive computers than even the largest electronic models. Therefore, Mr. Jones travels the country, seeking out and securing outstanding specimens.

YOU might think that buying children for conversion of this sort was a hopeless enterprise, but Jones has money, brains, the reverence for science, the threat of patriotism and the general confusion as to what constitutes a really fruitful life in our society, all working on his side. Barry Rudd, ten years of age and a resident of Pequot, really has no chance to escape him.

Barry is as rare and impressive a natural phenomenon as Niagara Falls, but to the adult population of Pequot he is a burr under the blanket. As Hersey describes Barry (and the portrait is convincing within the frame of fantasy), the boy is a rather unprepossessing physical specimen, fat, pasty, ill-coordinated and afflicted with a fishy stare. His mind is not only brilliant but charming, encyclopedic but questing, pedantic but witty. The educational systems of Pequot and of the state (Hersey has devoted a considerable part of his time in recent years to issues of public education) are well aware of what they have in the person of Barry — and they wonder why the lord so persecutes them. Barry's teachers, supervisors and technical observers, appearing as witnesses before the Mansfield committee, argue furiously the merits of enrichment vs. acceleration; experts offer opinions as to whether or not a brilliant child should be classified as abnormal, whether extra facilities should be provided for the gifted, who can use them best, or the retarded, who need them most. The morose evidence that piles up presents American education as an egalitarian process so bemused by norms that it can cope with an aristocrat of the mind only by developing a jargon that masks its determination never to compromise equality for talent.

Thus, through his satiric transcripts of the committee hearings, Hersey spins his satires of big business as an end of life and education as a gang press for citizenship. As the devil knows, all of

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Unveiling a Statue to a One-Time Poet

According to Lactantius, neither Apollo's flute,
Hermes' lyre, nor the song of the dying swan
can compare with the Phoenix' song.

In plaster effigy here stands the gawking
hero who grabbed the Phoenix with bare hands
(Skoal, slante, to his glory growing dim!)

Clutched by its shanks, flapping, squawking,
it battered him with wings. Its beak
jabbed out his eyes. Anus bespattered him
with noisome mutings. To the surprise
of all our clique, he held it for an instant — thus! —
quite as unmarvelous in its disarray
as bald-necked turkey or a moulting owl —
before it broke his grip and soared away.

Through years, aging
sightless, savaged, numb—unmanned, said some,
by the ignominious, emerald-shimmering fowl,
we used to see him groping down the street,
slavering in bistros, cadging beers
boasting in varying versions of his feat,
claimed he had caged it, learned of it to sing
in modes too sublimate for mortal ears;
on one puke-sodden bender he even told
of roasting it: the breast, he said, was tender,
the drumstick acrid, tough,
the gizzard flecked with gold.

There came a night when we had had enough
and heaved him out. He landed on his head,
the night was cold, at closing time we found him dead.

So less in admiration than relief
and with no more remorse than is expected
of *Moira*'s agents, no pretense of grief,
we passed the hat and had this form erected.

Dismissing bronze or marble, we chose plaster
as easier to work, less costly, crumbling faster.
For interest — since the fellow had no face
except the havoc that the Phoenix wrought,
lingam and yoni ornament the base:
they bulked so largely in his latter thought.

RAMON GUTHRIE

us are corruptible, and before the hearings are over everyone — parents, teachers, legislators, worthy citizens — is on the side of Wissey Jones. In a way, the means by which Jones makes converts is the most chilling side of Hersey's fantasy. United Lymphomilloid is not quite with us yet, and I.Q.s of 189 are not so common as to seem an intimate problem. But the prevalence of corruption breathes on your neck as you read Hersey's relentless catalogue of temptations. He has managed, in this brisk, stylish performance of a book, to poke his finger into a good many of the overseeing eyes of our time — our masters and our guardians — and into the eyes of an uncountable host of private men and women who have begun to ask themselves the question that should never need to be asked: "How do I know I'm honest?"

Purity Through the Will

MEMORIES AND COMMENTARIES. By Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft. Doubleday & Co. 167 pp. $3.95.

Lincoln Kirstein

THIS little black book, like two others (*The Poetics of Music; Conversations with Igor Stravinsky*), resembles the neat leather kits that surgeons and diagnosticians sometimes carry: efficient; no nonsense; elegant. Surgeons are not necessarily kind men. Their benevolence is questionable, and when they save lives it is secondary. Certainly, if they are great surgeons, they love to cut. If Stravinsky gives pleasure by his music, it is to him a by-product — no more his aim than self-expression. His work over six decades has been the manipulation of given elements — style and temporal measure — through methods of analysis determined by his endowment. As Paul Valéry wrote him, in praise of his (not Gide's) part of *Persephone*: "The point is, to attain purity through the will." That is a classic or moral, rather than a romantic or selfish, attitude; it has driven, and is driving, many of Stravinsky's first-listeners to fury. The nineteenth century dies hard; he was born in it, but many of his successors seem to hold on to its main philosophical tenets harder than he. We have substituted new names for "inspiration" and "genius," concepts which Stravinsky goes to much pain to redefine in the light of past and present composers. There can be no doubt that, in many cases, his judgments will cause pain.

Apart from musical matters, which naturally predominate, these conversations are Socratic disquisitions on the nature of identity: the author's, his colleagues', his collaborators'. Who (really) am I? What am I; i.e., what is my method? Who are you? What have I done? What have you done? What are we *doing*? These are ferocious questions, sometimes too impolite to be asked. The answers, accordingly, must be fierce. Ultimate answers convey an authority from which there is slight appeal, for they are based on superior gifts and unique experience. All he wanted to do, Stravinsky says, was to tell everyone to go to hell. While this is no unique ambition, we gain an indication of an artist's quality and capacity by knowing whether he actually managed it, and how early in his career.

IDENTITY is illuminated in a variety of ways. Describing many famous figures of his epoch, whom he has known intimately, Stravinsky always distinguishes between official portraits, legendary accumulations of gossip and the individual with whom he came in contact. In the case of Nijinsky, for example, there is The Great Dancer (Romola's); Diaghilev's protégé; the performer with whom Stravinsky was allied almost daily for four years; the tragic *dramatic* actor (Stravinsky's addition); and a touching, vulnerable human being. Only in Nijinsky's own emasculated diary does he seem so alive. Similarly, Rimsky-Korsakov is Stravinsky's master; a Russian composer of a certain period; a talent placed in the general history of music and a dear friend. Not all such views are of the same value, and some apparently lesser categories take on heightened dimensions. Stravinsky's orientations, or triangulations, are based on such granitic points that the subject, whether attractive or not (and several are not), lives in these questions and answers — working, thinking, writing (letters to Stravinsky). His pages on Gide, Scriabin, Prokoviev and Auden, while lightly incised, are miniature monuments; of the same caliber as those by Corneille de Lyon or Nicholas Hilliard.

And, of course, the book is an autobiography, containing snapshots of *all* the Igor Stravinskys: the son of a fam-

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LINCOLN KIRSTEIN is General Director of the New York City Ballet.

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ily, the student, the author of *Sacre*, the composer of ballets, the Russian, the European, the American. He knows these Stravinskys better than anybody (except his wife and Robert Craft); he is entirely free of them all; they don't dazzle him, nor does he hate or love them. Examining all these Stravinskys without nostalgia or any proprietary sentiments (except when he has been done in by lack of copyrights), he deals with the work in blocks, and treats his person as the peer of composers who belong to the dominant line of musical development in whatever epoch. If you read carefully, there are quite a few shocks waiting for the *cher maître* type of ladies and gentlemen who are ever eager to tell us that Stravinsky first heard Wagner two years ago; that he despises Beethoven. (Which Beethoven? Ludwig's or Arturo's?) "Despise" is a word not included in Stravinsky's vocabulary. He does not despise, or even derogate anyone he mentions — neither crowned heads, famous names, nor obscure performers, long forgotten, but here accurately and respectfully recalled. It is his respect that is so devastating. The people he mentions should not mind his *mots*, but what comfort can we offer those contemporaries who fail to elicit one word of interest? Their absence is deafening in his encyclopedic and orderly *aide-memoire.*

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WHY are the clever critics so irritated by Stravinsky? Is it because he can't be laughed off, or that he makes poor journalism? That he can't, even now, be relegated to a respectable main-corps or rear-guard? Or is it because he tends to monopolize generalities, like Winston Churchill or Picasso? Has he just lived too long and done too much? He remains the platinum grasshopper, scooting ahead of the pack. It's hard to make a father figure of an insect, particularly when it has such a strong family resemblance to that charming cannibal, the praying mantis.

Reasons of talent and temperament aside, Stravinsky's piquancy stems from an electric analytical intelligence and the pleasure he takes in intellectual games. His work and method are accusations against the slothful and the academic. The critics jump on his later compositions because their shocking brevity (or compactness) betrays a preposterous avarice (of time, not money). But at the base of the attack is their fuzzy, self-complacent notion that he lacks "heart." Stravinsky is anti-enthusiastic, if faultlessly polite; or rather, his opinion shrinks its object, not by expressed sentiment, but by tone. One of the most crushing things one can hear, when someone brings to his attention a novel manifestation, tacitly believed to wipe out all preceding competitive innovation in the last century, is Stravinsky's smiling: *How Interestingk.* People with warm hearts can be forgiven every lack, including mastery and a clear idea of their own gifts. But a cold eye need not preclude a warm heart. To many people, music means melody rather than measure. The analysis of time by manipulating accents and divisions of vibration comes second —and it requires a developed ear. When the ear is developed, however, the sensuous excitement of penetrating temporal dimensions and separating sonorities becomes more lasting than the hot full-orchestra bath or the deep tone-poem massage. Stravinsky is saved from purely Cartesian ratiocination by the passion of his amusements, perhaps by his love of theatre, or at least of performance. His remarks on Valéry's self-exhausting intellection throw his own enormously assertive productivity into a new light.

The tone of these conversations is racy, domestic and didactic, the intimate exchange of practitioners; it resembles the cloakroom post-mortems of chess masters or engineers. Still, laymen are not excluded; on the contrary, a courteous domesticity invites us to eavesdrop on equal standing. Robert Craft's subtle cross-examination has the bright sharpness of a clean corkscrew; he pulls the stopper from tight old bottles and decants a strong, tangy liquor. It seems smooth enough, but leaves an after-bouquet of tar and iodine. Auden's extensive libretto-chart of *The Rake's Progress*, and his accompanying letters, make an absorbing exploratory operation in the trickiest of Caesarean sections — the collaboration on an opera. One has but to compare Auden's ideas on metric, words and music with Gide's pretensions for *Persephone* to understand what is involved in such mature and serious fun.

Finally, this book asks only to be read. And it will be read, again and again. For, in an era when convenience is almost the sole criterion, and an accumulation of documents almost the only criticism of use, this is a working intelligence: ceaselessly productive, not mechanically or compulsively, but with virtuoso efficiency; a diamond-cutter's drill. How reassuring to think of Stravinsky at his nearly eighty years, having survived even his own reputation, still listening to old and new noises — of cities, machines, men and music. Still hearing first, for us.

Second Impressions

Review of Paperbacks

Robert M. Wallace

Language

Linguistics and Your Language (originally *Leave Your Language Alone*) by Robert A. Hall, Jr. (Anchor, $1.45) undertakes the awkward job of arguing that its subject is a respectable science which should supersede current folklore. It could be over-simplified, crotchety and evangelical; and it is. Still it is an important and useful exposition of descriptive linguistics as it has developed since the twenties.

After the First World War the public quickly accepted new approaches to semantics and communication. The work was substantial and varied and retains great value: *Public Opinion* by Walter Lippmann (Macmillan, $2.25) in 1922, *The Meaning of Meaning* by C. K. Ogden and I. A. Richards (Harvest, $2.25) in 1923, *Science and Sanity* by Alfred Korzybski in 1933, *The Tyranny of Words* by Stuart Chase (Harvest, $1.95) in 1938. *Language and Ethics* by Charles L. Stevenson (Yale, $1.75) in 1944 applied the principles of pragmatism and semantic precision to ethics in a broadly significant and influential study. The methods and objectives of science were acceptable to the public in these areas, but scientific structural linguistics, based most directly on Leonard Bloomfield's *Language* of 1933, is yet to be popularly received. Bloomfield's application of phonemic principles to the teaching of reading was a great success in one parochial school a quarter century ago, but it has been successfully disregarded, to our great cost. Much of Bloomfield reappears in Rudolph Flesch's roundly berated *Why Johnny Can't Read*. College and university language teachers generally have been about as slow as grade school teachers to change despite the success of the new knowledge and methods during and after the Second World War.

SOME opponents of structural linguistics mistake it for a revolution in language. A revolution in language *study* is the point. This one is beginning to get under way. The descriptive linguists still must popularize a new terminology, much of which is necessary to avoid distortions of facts. They must teach a new set of basic attitudes: language is speech, and writing is derivative and secondary. As a social construction, they hold, language is determined by usage, and since usage determines language, there is no good or bad in language. All languages and dialects are of equal though perhaps varied merit. Mr. Hall explores these premises and the rapidly increasing body of scholarship on which he bases suggestions expected to aid mutual understanding and ease many daily problems. His claims are exaggerated, it seems, but in principle they are sound.

Mr. Hall's interest is descriptive and his emphasis is on speech. Even in that context he sometimes overplays the doctrine of usage. He exhibits no substantial concern for the artistic manipulations of language, but literary scholars and critics can use scientific linguistic analysis and alert students of language already feel obliged to do so. This is a good introduction to the science both groups will apply.

One caveat: *Linguistics and Your Language* is labeled Second Revised Edition. That is, *linguistic analyst* replaces *linguistician*, doubtless because of *morticians* and *beauticians*, and "Don't Meddle Ignorantly" replaces "Leave Your Language Alone" in the text. M. Hall dislikes value judgments regarding language. That may apply to speech, but in regard to writing I venture that his changes in terminology show good taste but that the edition label violates correctness, usage of some publishers notwithstanding.

Letters

The A B C of Reading by Ezra Pound (New Directions, $1.35). Brilliant aphoristic explanation and exhibit of image, melody and structure in poetry; sensitive and learned.

The Decipherment of Linear B by John Chadwick (Modern Library, 95c). An absorbing account of the apparently successful attack on pre-Homeric Minoan-Mycenaean inscriptions by cryptographic as well as conventional means.

The Rise of the Greek Epic by Gilbert Murray (Galaxy, $1.75). Though superseded in some important respects, this humanely learned study remains an excellent introduction. Foreword by Moses Hadas.

The Iliad by Homer (Bantam Classics, 50c). Alston Hurd Chase and William G. Perry, Jr.'s forceful and sensitive prose translation of 1950.

Journey to the End of the Night by Louis-Ferdinand Celine, John H. P. Marks translator (New Directions, $1.65). Intense, sensitive, violent autobiographical novel beginning in the First World War, to which *Death on the Installment Plan* is a sequel.

The Expedition of Humphry Clinker by Tobias Smollett (Signet Classics, 50c). His most amusing satire of eighteenth-century English manners and men, especially in Bath and London.

Lives

My Childhood by Maxim Gorky (Evergreen, $1.75). The vivid beginning of his three-part autobiography in Schneider's colloquial translation.

The Life of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu by Robert Halsband (Galaxy, $2.25). A lively and learned re-creation of the brilliant English letter writer who knew literary and courtly circles in Pope's England, popularized vaccination for smallpox and spent her last two decades in France and Italy. Useful addenda to hardback.

Adventures in Spain by Alexandre

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Dumas, Alma Elizabeth Murch, translator (Anchor, 95c). Letters of great verve and charm written during 1846 on a trip to the Infanta's wedding.

Miscellaneous

Sigmund Freud: His Exploration of the Mind of Man by Gregory Zilboorg (Evergreen, $1.45). A noteworthy psychiatrist's exposition and defense of Freud's chief ideas with a glance at the growth of psychoanalysis.

The God of the Witches by Margaret Murray (Anchor, $1.45). An anthropologist's argument, based on ancient worship and court testimony, that witches from medieval times through the seventeenth century were worshipers of the ancient horned god.

Small Town in Mass Society: Class, Power and Religion in a Rural Community by Arthur J. Vidich and Joseph Bensman (Anchor, $1.45). "Springdale," in upstate New York, with about three thousand people, vividly illustrates "rural surrender" to more urbanized neighbors and its results.

Rome by M. Rostovtzeff (Galaxy, $2.25). The full text of the lavish and brilliant second volume of *A History of the Ancient World,* including twenty-three of the original ninety-six plates and a new bibliography by Elias J. Bickerman.

AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S: *Brave New World Revisited* by Aldous Huxley (Bantam, 50c). *Looking Backward* by Edward Bellamy (Signet Classics, 50c). *The Reprieve* by Jean-Paul Sartre (Bantam Classics, 75c). *The Bridge on the River Drina* by Ivo Andric (Signet, 75c). *Yama, the Pit* by Alexandre Kuprin (Pyramid, 50c). *Esther Waters* by George Moore (Premier, 50c). *Nostromo* by Joseph Conrad (Signet Classics, 75c). *The Quiet American* by Graham Greene (Bantam, 50c).

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THE HOSTAGE (Cort) is an improvisation in beat time. Some may see in it a comedy in a semi-Brechtian manner: songs interrupt the dramatic action, actors address the audience and comment on the proceedings. It has already been called a vaudeville, a jig, a romp and a Rabelaisian prank. The audience which is not offended by its "bad taste" (a minority, I would judge) find it grand fun. I myself enjoyed it.

In its exuberance—its blarney—*The Hostage* smacks a little of certain characteristics we find in O'Casey—or in almost any raffishly bright Irishman. It is a product of that state of mind which makes for beatniks the world over. One might say that just as America speaks through plays like *The Connection* or *The Zoo Story,* England through Harold Pinter and John Osborne, France through Ionesco, Beckett and Genet, Ireland now jibes and jokes through Brendan Behan. That is why *The Hostage* strikes a responsive chord in London, Paris and New York.

What is at bottom of nearly all this work—of different artistic nature and merit—is a sense that society today (menaced by annihilation) has no firm values, that though we may despair we actually take very little seriously. Affirmatively the motto of this "school" might well be "Be kind to little animals."

You, I and our neighbors are the little animals—some friendly and pleasant, others mischievous and noisome. There is compassion—for all these writers are good fellows—but there is little belief in man: he stands for nothing. What he claims to stand for is mostly the bunk. Hep folk know it and find great satisfaction in saying or braying it.

This in itself is not without value. In a time of confusion, double talk, hypocrisy, thickheadness, it may be useful to cry havoc—to laugh at ourselves, to curse, to give ourselves and the world at large the razzberry. The self-mockery does not hide the hurt and disarray. *The Hostage* in its oblique, cock-eyed, drunken eloquence—"Don't muck about, don't muck about, don't muck about with the moon"—is finally a social play in the dizzy mode of 1960. It is the peeling that is coming off the walls of our decaying fortress.

Behan is a talented writer—his *Quare Fellow* (not to mention *Borstal Boy*) in the realistic vein certainly gives evidence of this. But *The Hostage* is a special kind of work. It represents the collaboration of a playwright who furnished a thin thread of plot, some dialogue, a sense of milieu (locally Irish on the one hand and "universal" spirit of the times on the other) with an acting company whose determined and gifted leader Joan Littlewood believes that "theatre should be crude, vulgar, simple, pathetic ... but not genteel, not poetical"—in other words *popular.* Most of us are now spiritually dispossessed—out on the streets—so that we must be harangued from the gutter in the voice of a brashly shrewd hawker. This is not Behan's play alone, nor has Littlewood "directed" it in the ordinary sense; they have made it together. It is specifically a theatre creation.

Joan Littlewood's London Theatre Workshop troupe was born for this play, as the play was born for it. The actors make an important contribution: improvisation and the "realism" of the music hall and the hustings are successfully combined. This is true ensemble. Everyone is right: outstanding are Maxwell Shaw, Avis Bunnage, Glynn Edwards, Aubrey Morris, Patience Collier, Alfred Lynch.

YOU may spend a pleasant evening—as I did—in *The World of Carl Sandburg* (Henry Miller's) with Bette Davis, Leif Erickson, Clark Allen. There is not much acting, the reading is intelligently forthright rather than brilliant (Bette Davis expresses contempt best) but Sandburg's words are all there and they have character.

The character is not that of the industrialized Whitman of Sandburg's early days. It is the homely common sense and geniality or careful indignation of a decent midwesterner. His simple sophistication of diction embodies the old-fashioned virtues of the cracker-box sage whose sound homilies harm no one and yield a few benefits.

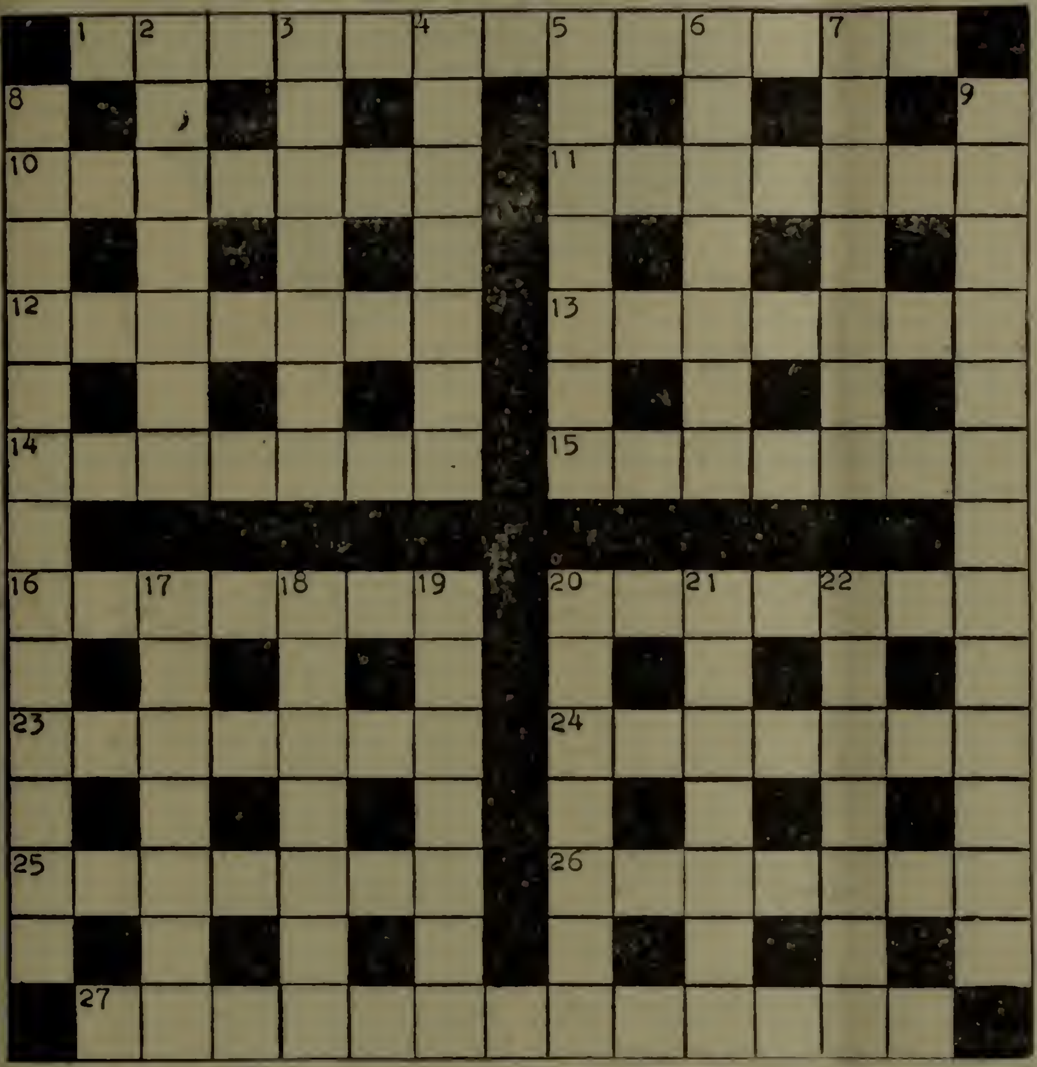
If you want to know what a nice American thinks and sounds like, listen to Sandburg. To the "ultras" of whatever sort Sandburg must seem a trifle corny—the "ultras" are always on the verge of joining the herd of the ultra-stupid—but to the rest of us there is some comfort in Sandburg's poise or placidity.

THE ROYAL BALLET company (formerly the Sadler's Wells) has brought its admirable group to the Metropolitan Opera House once more—shining bright. At this point I have seen only Ferdinand Herold's *La Fille Mal Gardée* (1828), a full evening ballet of youthful gaiety and charm. Nadia Nerina, David Blair, Alexander Grant, Stanley Holden dance beautifully with a carefreeness which is modestly inspiring.

ALL THE new offerings this season provide protection from the Presidential campaign and the *hoo-ha* at the United Nations.

Crossword Puzzle No. 884

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 It might make you dead set against the motion. (13)
10 Drink where the policeman might hang out. (7)
11 Wanted, perhaps. (2, 5)
12 Pelted, if the victim is found in winter. (7)
13 The sides aren't even part of the act around the American League.
14 Offers nurses things to carry the coal in, perhaps. (7)
15 The point of his death might be recognized by climbers. (7)
16 A self-proclaimed practical lesson might be unprincipled. (7)
20 Boiling egg, or the character of it? (7)
23 Call in question a downfall, by the sound of it. (7)
24 Hoops shouldn't be skirted in this. (7)
25 Without power in the varnish industry? (7)
26 You might find him past offering to show the application of color. (7)
27 Are mine in Milwaukee likely to be using romances poorly? (7-6)

DOWN:

2 A bad way to sign the division of the body! (7)
3 To aggravate what might be burned? (7)
4 Wears a beard, as in disguise. (7)
5 Start in to make a pass with Venus? (7)
6 Even a well-known one might make a bad ante. (7)
7 A sailor becomes shot at, occasionally. (7)
8 Such things can be determined to be equally sure and talented. (13)
9 Stop talking when I separate them, getting worse. (13)
17 One might find it binding to make 1,000 or nothing, before 200 get nothing more. (7)
18 One of these in the sun on Broadway? (7)
19 Studs might be put in a long ways, giving it character. (7)
20 Duffers and cabbies might be found doing it. (7)
21 One of the cast seems to be giving out pure rot! (7)
22 Hurried to the field in Marmion, and snatch'd the spear. (7)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 883

ACROSS: I and 16 In one ear and out the other; 8 Concomitance; 10 Napoleonic; 11 Fits; 13 Icemen; 14 Unholier; 17 Tariff; 19 Nock; 20 Wheel chair; 22 Long division; 23 Reconnaissance. DOWN: 1 Inconsistently; 2 Omnipresence; 3 Emollients; 4 Amigos; 5 Arabians; 6 Dock; 7 Cross-reference; 9 Vilification; 12 Monarchies; 15 Ben Hogan; 18 Gemini; 21 Polo.

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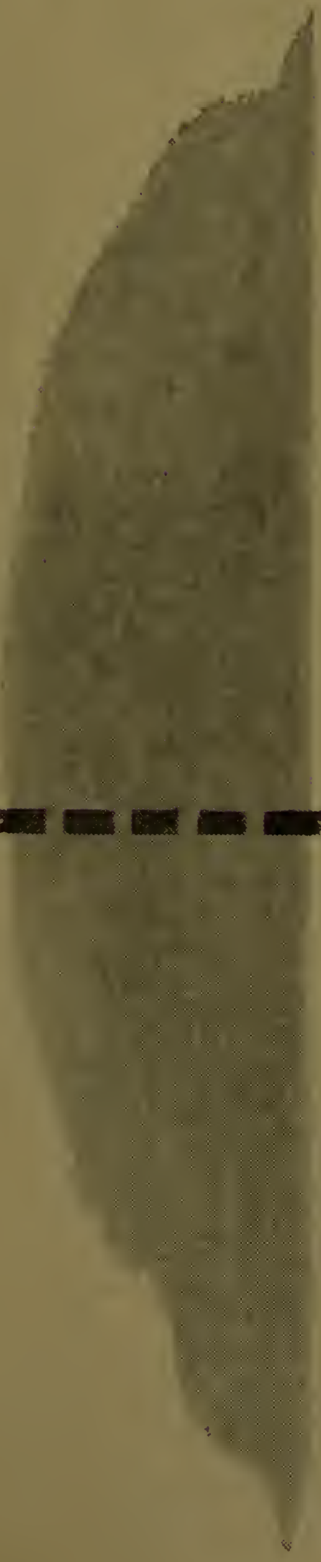

TWO CHEERS FOR KENNEDY

An Editorial

CONGO AND EMERGENT AFRICA

Henry L. Bretton

MONEY IN POLITICS

Review by Earl Latham

THE CANDIDATES and FOREIGN POLICY

J. David Singer

LETTERS

And Now What?

Dear Sirs: In his article, "The Added Witness," in your Oct. 1 issue, George T. Altman raises far more than new doubts on the Hiss case. . . . In the celebrated Dreyfus case, justice was eventually done. But what is to be done in the Hiss case if the analysis presented in the article is sound? If the second trial of Alger Hiss was unfair—and what other conclusion is possible in the light of Mr. Altman's monograph?—a virtual empire of ambition is revealed to rest upon dishonest proceedings, unethical actions by many highly placed individuals in the Government of the United States, and a cynical and dangerous playing upon public fears of Communist subversion.

When men in positions of public trust appear to have abused their power to serve personal ambition, the "rottenness" in Denmark is both wide and deep. The charge of "twenty years of treason," heard in the land seven years ago, is, by this article, made into a two-edged sword. . . .

David P. Leonard

South Hadley, Mass.

Steve Allen Fights Back

Dear Sirs: Having read your editorial [Sept. 17 issue] on the Warner and Swasey advertisement which appeared in the Sept. 12 *Newsweek*, I thought you might be interested in the following letter which I addressed to Walter K. Bailey, president of the company:

" . . . Permit me to outline my objections [to the advertisement]:

"1. Statements such as 'Yes, there is something worse than an atom bomb; the abject fear of it' are not the sort, unfortunately, that are meaningful enough to be either proved or disproved. . . .

"2. You say 'Fear of Russia's nuclear bombs and missiles has turned too many Americans into cowards and appeasers.' . . . For the past couple of years I have devoted a great deal of my time and energy to trying to rally popular support for the official U. S. nuclear policy (as contrasted with the Teller-Dodd policy) [and] I am in a position to [state] that my co-workers in this cause are neither cowards nor appeasers. Robert Ryan, my co-chairman in the Hollywood branch of the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, is an Irishman, an ex-Marine and an ex-boxer; I do not advise your copy chief to repeat the accusation of cowardice or appeasement in his presence. Nor, frankly, in my own. . . .

"3. 'Give me liberty or give me death,' you quote. Beautiful words, indeed. . . . But the basic question today is: Has a man the moral right to commit to his own funeral pyre hundreds of millions of people all over the world who were not consulted about his choice and who want to go on living?

"4. You say, 'The courage of character can make us safer than all the shelters in the world. . . . ' I agree fully. But I do not see that our self-respect can be enhanced by a dependence on weapons that would subject millions of innocent civilians all over the world to incineration.

"Then what way out, you ask? The way that our negotiators at Geneva have sought. The way to some form of international control of nuclear weapons . . . guaranteed by mutual inspection every step of the way. . . ."

Steve Allen

Hollywood, Calif.

The Nation on FM

Readers in the New York area may hear the next installment of *The Nation Commentary on* Oct. 11 at 7 P.M. over WBAI-FM (99.5). Milton R. Wessel, former chief of a U.S. Department of Justice special task force on organized crime, will discuss Fred J. Cook's "Gambling, Inc.," to which the entire *Nation* issue of Oct. 22 will be devoted.

No Right to Criticize?

Dear Sirs: I would like to draw your attention to an interesting aspect of the review of Albert Van Nostrand's book, *The Denatured Novel*, by Mr. Emile Capouya [issue of Oct. 1]. In it, Mr. Capouya expresses views about the forces influencing and shaping modern fiction which are only a little less absolute than those held by Mr. Van Nostrand. It is remarkable, at least I find it so, that neither party to the argument should have published a novel. Mr. Capouya seems to me to be insolent when he speaks of the vacuousness of the work of Mr. Paul Bowles. Whatever the defects of Mr. Bowles's work may be, it at least exists; Mr. Capouya's does not. I also find it very disagreeable to see Mr. Capouya writing patronizingly of Mr. John O'Hara's first novel and with contempt of the remainder of his work. Mr. O'Hara has been involved in a long and honorable struggle, the nature of which is immediately apparent to anyone who understands the nature of the creative process. I believe . . . that one of the more disgusting aspects of the literary scene at the moment is that so many wholly uncreative and unproductive persons have usurped a place upon it.

Anthony West

New York City

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Two Cheers for Kennedy

SELDOM HAS *The Nation* been confronted with less satisfactory alternatives than in this year's election. In advance of the primaries and the conventions, we formulated a statement in terms of which we proposed to test candidates and parties ("The Candidates and a Politics of Peace," February 6, 1960). The paramount concern, we said, was peace; the key issues, we suggested, were those related to "a politics of peace." Three specific issues were added — China, civil rights, civil liberties — more or less as a test of the courage, candor and intellectual integrity of the candidates. Copies were sent to the candidates before the conventions and comments were invited; responses were received from all except Vice President Richard Nixon and Senator John F. Kennedy. As the campaign has unfolded, we have used the statement as a guide to editorial comment.

It turns out that neither candidate, neither party, advocates a politics of peace. Both Mr. Nixon and Senator Kennedy are dedicated to the continued pursuit of the cold-war policies of the postwar period. Neither has suggested that there is anything wrong with the general direction of American foreign policy; neither has suggested that it might be desirable to work out a modus vivendi with the USSR or stated the way this might be done. Vice President Nixon defends the record of the Administration in implementing cold-war policies and says he would do better; Senator Kennedy says he could do a lot, lot better. Both presumably would continue fighting the cold war to total victory; neither has defined "victory" nor indicated what sort of settlement other than unconditional surrender would be acceptable. Both would increase arms spending while seeking arms control; not only are these goals regarded as compatible, but both candidates feel that disarmament agreements can come only as a by-product of continued American military supremacy. Both adhere to the "negotiate-from-position-of-strength" dogma which, as interpreted by the Pentagon, assures an acceleration of the arms race.

Nor is there much difference between the candidates on the issues which we suggested might be used as a test of courage, candor and integrity. Both are opposed to the recognition of China or its admission to the U.N. Despite such damaging blows to American prestige as recent incidents involving Kenneth Tynan and Dr. Linus Pauling, neither the Vice President nor Senator Kennedy has suggested that the Congressional inquisitorial committees should be curbed or abolished; neither acknowledges the existence of civil liberties as an issue. On civil rights — the third of the "test" issues — the Democratic platform and the position of the Democratic nominee enjoy a margin of preference.

THE NATION'S yardstick was designed not to detect nuances but to ferret out genuine differences, if any, between the candidates on the necessity for a politics of peace. We did not believe that this election should be fought on the basis of whether another dam should be built on the Snake River or whether federal aid should be extended to teachers' salaries as well as school construction, or which of two inadequate plans offered the best hope of providing a measure of medical assistance for the aged. But even on issues other than those we selected, there is very little difference in the positions of the candidates. We are not impressed by the proposition that the main issue in the campaign is which of the candidates is "more sincere." Nor are we impressed by the proposition that a key difference between them is that one has "taste" and "style" while the other does not. Or that one is — or purports to be — less complacent than the other. Doubtless our own yardstick was less than perfect, but we prefer it to these.

Still the dilemma remains. New Nixon or old, the Vice President throughout his career has shown an almost compulsive propensity to throttle free debate and discussion whenever circumstances have made it possible and whenever it has served his interest and advantage. He has not, of course, advocated the suppression of free speech, but his methods have encouraged suppression. One does not need to ransack the files for examples; the current campaign will suffice. To imply that criticism of American foreign policy in the course of a Presidential election is to be avoided because it will "encourage

Chairman Khrushchev and his fellow-dictators" is to exhibit the same contempt for the democratic process and the intelligence and good sense of American voters that has characterized the Vice President's political career from the outset. His consistent policy has been: never meet debate if you can stifle it. The Vice President's predilection for this ruthless method has been, perhaps, the most consistent aspect of his career; he has used it in the past, he has used it in this campaign, he will use it again. In the past, his adherence to this method has not resulted in irreparable damage; in the future, it might. For this reason if for no other, we would not want to see Mr. Nixon invested with the awesome powers of the Presidency. As President, his powers to foreclose debate (and therefore dissent) not merely in domestic affairs but also in international dealings — even with our Allies — would be very great indeed, and his record indicates he would not hesitate to use them.

In the circumstances, there is only one way to cast an effective protest vote against Nixon and that is to mark a ballot for Senator Kennedy. Not to vote would be tantamount to casting half-a-vote for the Vice President. We would like to register a protest at the polls against the demeaning character of the current campaign (see J. David Singer's comments in this issue, p. 245), but there is no way this can be done that would not redound to Mr. Nixon's advantage. If circumstances permitted, we would have registered a further protest by marking a separate ballot for Henry Cabot Lodge for Vice President. But this, of course, is not possible.

It is an unhappy position in which we find ourselves, but we have no intention of sulking about it or of "sitting this one out." The ballot is there to be used and we intend to use it, and to urge others to use it, to record a vote against Richard Nixon.

The source of our unhappiness with Senator Kennedy, incidentally, is not that Mr. Stevenson was passed over. The editors respect Mr. Stevenson — *The Nation* endorsed his candidacy in 1952 and again in 1956 — but we are not "disgruntled Stevensonians." Mr. Kennedy could brighten our spirits if between now and November 8 he would convince us that he is not just another cold warrior, if he would firm up his position on civil liberties and civil rights and, finally, if he would give unqualified endorsement to the foreign-policy views of Mr. Bowles and Mr. Stevenson.

But until then, two cheers for Kennedy.

Collective Bargaining, G.E.-Style

In the current strike of the International Union of Electrical Workers against the General Electric Company, the attitude of the company presents some novel features — novel, at least, in the context of recent decades. For the most part, corporation policy has been to rake in the profits at government and public expense and to divide the swag with organized labor, the actual proportions to be determined by tough, but real, collective bargaining. For reasons of its own, G. E. has adopted a fresh approach, explained at length in full-page advertisements which appeared in many newspapers on October 4. G. E. does not have a closed mind, says G. E., but *"there comes a point beyond which General Electric cannot go if it is to fulfill its responsibilities to customers, share owners, suppliers, vendors and other members of the public, as well as to employees."* (Italics in original.) And: "While General Electric deplores this strike, we cannot and will not be forced by strike action to raise our offer past the point where the facts indicate that it must rest." The sole judge of the facts is, of course, G. E. itself. It will consult the balance sheet and its conscience (and perhaps one of its digital computers), make its offer and then stand fast. Furthermore, G. E., not any union, is the best judge of what is beneficial and what is detrimental to its work force: "General Electric and its employees would be damaged more by *yielding* to the union's irresponsible demands than by absorbing a long and unwanted strike." (Italics in original.) Although G. E. does an annual business of more than $4 billion, a sizable part of it in "defense," and employs 240,000 persons in 166 plants in 29 states, it insists that it can remain closed for a year, if necessary, without impairing the national economy; and it clearly implies that it is prepared to do just that.

G. E. makes it clear, also, that outside interference of any kind will not be tolerated. It has laid down its terms; federal or state mediation would only raise "false hopes" that it will relent. The only governmental interference G. E. welcomes — and this it not only welcomes but demands — is local police protection for those employees who choose to cross picket lines. "It has hinted," writes A. H. Raskin, the labor editor of *The New York Times*, "that any failure on the part of . . . communities to supply adequate protection to non-strikers will affect G.E.'s thinking on whether the company will move to other areas after the walkout." With an operation so far-flung, this is no idle threat.

The Nation does not pass any judgment on the merits of the dispute between General Electric and the union. But it does seem, on the basis of General Electric's own words, that its officers are confusing their functions with those of government. Toughness and megalomania may pay off in this case, for the I.U.E. represents only 70,000 of the company's workers and some of the locals appear seriously divided in their counsels. Even so, G. E. and the country might live to rue the day, if a G. E. victory inaugurated a period of get-tough-with-labor in which a domestic cold war would be superimposed on the existing foreign one.

The Politics of Opposition

As often before, France today gives the world an example of dissidence in action. The lesson is that some must move too far before the mass of apolitical or apathetic citizens can be moved at all. The "dirty war" in Algeria, a kind of compulsive military operation, led to the trial by a military tribunal of twenty-six Frenchmen and Moslems accused of helping the Algerian rebel network in France. They are charged with distributing propaganda material and funds, and giving "shelter" to the rebels. In at least some instances, the charge is true: the accused proclaim their guilt and assert that they are fighting "Fascist" tendencies in France — they point to concentration-camp practices and torture by the French army in Algeria as a normal feature of its operations. In the eyes of the ordinary citizen, the defendants no doubt went "too far" in their opposition. But they showed they meant business, and so dissidence spread from them to 150 "intellectuals" who have already signed a manifesto — more are signing almost daily — upholding the right of Frenchmen to refuse to fight against the Moslem rebels as a matter of individual conscience.

The 150 include authors, artists and teachers, among them Jean-Paul Sartre; the movie actress Simone Signoret; Florence Malraux, the daughter of de Gaulle's Minister of Culture; Simone de Beauvoir and other internationally known figures. The government banned all the signatories from French radio and television programs (which in some cases means deprivation of livelihood), forbade quotation from their works in these media, forbade reviewing their books and suspended some of the teachers. In short, the French government made an international spectacle of itself — which, of course, was exactly what the original twenty-six wanted. But the end is not yet. The French Socialists have been increasingly restive under the de Gaulle regime, not only because of the General's inability to end the Algerian war, but over questions of wages and prices, government aid to Catholic schools and other perennial topics of contention. Now the rebellion of the Socialists will be intensified by the example of the 150, and may spread to some of the hitherto complacent French burghers. To be ineffectual is the worst sin in politics. Whatever happens to the twenty-six, whatever their failings, that reproach cannot be leveled against them.

Something to Think About

No solution of the Berlin question, or for that matter of the German question, is in sight. But West Berlin is both the crux and symbol of the conflict. Neither side can impose its will on the other. Either can precipitate a nuclear war over the city, but if one or the other resorts to this "solution" nothing will be left of Berlin and precious little of either East or West Germany.

Recognizing this impasse, Leonard Beaton, writing in the September 22 *Manchester Guardian Weekly*, has come forward with a plan which at first blush seems bizarre. He proposes *moving* West Berlin to West Germany, i.e., making geographical facts conform to political facts. The territory of West Berlin would be merged with Pankow and taken over by East Germany. East Germany would give in return a piece of Anhalt or Thuringia as a site for the new Berlin, and this territory would be merged with West Germany. The exchange would be one of land only. "Everything of value in West Berlin," Beaton writes, "would be moved into this new city, which would be the subject of an immense effort in money, engineering, and architecture by the whole Western World." Much of Berlin, like much of any great metropolis, would not be worth moving; the slums, for instance, would be razed, and the East Germans could replace them with a Stalinallé or whatever they pleased. The West Berliners would be more than compensated for their losses with modern buildings in their new city. As a part of the plan, free access would be guaranteed from either Germany to the other and, God willing, having accomplished this much, they might in time find it possible to merge into a reunified, peaceful Germany.

The more one thinks about it, the more rational it seems. Of course it is only a paper scheme; the chances are it will never be realized. But this only shows how insane the present menaces and maneuverings are. The plan has a clarifying quality, like the action of the 150 French intellectuals. It gives one some idea of the cost, in terms of property, of a nuclear war. The cost of moving Berlin would be immense — up in the billions of dollars. But ten minutes of nuclear war would do thousands of times as much property damage, and no one might be left alive to assess it. Compared with such prodigies of destruction, the transplantation of a city of 2.2 million is child's play, waste on a trifling scale, and not without its constructive aspect.

Not Guatemala Again

Newsweek (October 10) believes that with recent events "a final showdown between Cuba and the U.S. came a long step nearer." Washington was waiting for Cuba to break off diplomatic relations. Many Cubans are trying to get out while they can, and 25,000 visa applications are said to be currently on file at the U.S. Embassy. From other sources come reports of increasing discontent: *The Wall Street Journal* says the rumblings strike "a revolutionary note." There are now some 800 anti-Castro guerrillas operating in the Escambray mountains of central Cuba. Only about two-thirds are armed, and the leaders say they must get arms from the United States. The United States has warned its citizens to stay away from Cuba: the trickle of left-wing tourism will stop. American residents in Cuba have been warned to send their wives and children back to the United States. U.S. exports to Cuba have been cut to a trickle and a full-fledged boycott is in prospect. Senator Barry Goldwater says that the time may be "pretty close at hand" when the United States will have to use force to depose Castro. And a Cuban Roman Catholic archbishop, in a new pastoral letter, has assailed what he calls the advance of communism in that country.

What an opportunity for the Central Intelligence Agency! Castro's foes agree on only one thing: he cannot be overthrown without help from Uncle Sam, the good gray guardian of the hemisphere. ". . . . Little can be done," as *The Wall Street Journal* says, "unless the U.S., at the very least, assists quietly with arms and perhaps money — or looks the other way and lets anti-Castro groups in the U.S. ship these things to the opposition forces in Cuba." Unfortunately for the interventionists, however, the Cuban situation is far different from that which existed in Guatemala in 1954, when, with American aid and planning, a few thousand invaders were able to overthrow the Arbenz regime, which looked so red to John Foster Dulles and, in retrospect, is not even a washed-out pink. Castro has a 25,000-man army and a 200,000-man-and-woman militia. He has reserves of about $200 million in gold and dollars, mostly in European banks. And he not only has Soviet support, but popular sentiment in Latin America is behind him. He cannot be overthrown without a long period of resistance and anguished outcries against "Yankee imperialism" which will reverberate throughout South America. If he is finally overthrown, it will still be impossible to restore the Cuba of Batista, which, again in retrospect, looks so peaceful and cozy—at least to the State Department.

Undaunted by these facts of life in the Caribbean, the CIA may try its hand, but it would be wiser for the Administration to restrain it, do everything possible to avoid a complete break in relations, and let the next President start off with a situation which will be bad enough in any event, but not quite hopeless.

Everybody Pays the Gambler

Next week *The Nation* will publish a special 64-page issue — "Gambling, Inc.: Treasure Chest of the Underworld" — by Fred J. Cook.

Gambling is exciting, gambling can be a vice, gambling is almost always illegal; is gambling also a matter for concern to the public at large? You can lay odds on that.

Betting may be fun or folly to the man who makes a bet; to the man who takes it, however, betting is great big business. In his review of Alexander Heard's *The Costs of Democracy* (see p. 250), Earl Latham notes that the cash outlay for all campaigning in the Presidential year of 1952 was $140 million. He compares that figure with the estimated annual take of the slot machines in California — $200 million. That's in just one state, and a piker form of gambling at that. A few paragraphs later, Mr. Latham reports Professor Heard as estimating that in 1952 the underworld contributed 15 per cent of the political expenditures at state and local levels. The total sum was about $16 million, and was undoubtedly supplied from the gambling treasure chest.

Gambling is so commonplace in our society that it is camouflaged by its ubiquity. Recent gambling news may not seem particularly heavy, but see what a haphazard and incomplete scanning of the press for a few days can turn up:

¶ The fall college football season was scarcely a week old before two attempts at player-bribery were uncovered. One was at the University of Florida, the other an attempt to "buy" a University of Oregon player before the Michigan game at Ann Arbor. New Yorkers were involved in both attempts, one a teacher in that city's public school system.

¶ On September 28, Internal Revenue agents raided sixty-five gambling rooms in twenty-two states because the operators had not bought their $50 Federal Occupation Use stamps. Gambling is not a federal offense, and the government is in the bizarre position of taxing businesses that are illegal in the states where they operate. Anyone who buys a stamp is instantly reported to local authorities.

¶ At Belmont Park, on October 3, sixty-three winners of an unusually fat daily double refused to cash their tickets because of the federal law that the track must report by name and address all winners of bets exceeding $600. The players preferred to forfeit large sums of money to having their *perfectly legal* activities called to the attention of the government. Most of them are now busy working up false identities with a view to cashing their tickets before January 1.

¶ The *Daily Northwestern*, a college paper, reports a late-summer raid on a policy setup in Evanston, Ill. It was staged by the state attorney's office with minimal assistance from the city police. The local absence of zeal could have been connected with the facts that the head of the policy operation was a former policeman and that the city's chief of detectives resigned in the backwash of the raid.

If you don't drink, you suffer no hangover. But whether or not you ever place a bet, you pay the gamblers. See Fred J. Cook's special report next week for details on how the game is rigged against all of us.

CONGO and EMERGENT AFRICA . .

Henry L. Bretton

In "Straight Thinking on Africa," which appeared in The Nation *of March 5, 1960, Mr. Bretton suggested that the new African states be viewed "with the restraints provided by a sense of fairness and by sympathy." Time has proved the wisdom of this advice, which the author herewith elaborates with special reference to the Congo.*

Mr. Bretton, who has conducted field studies in Ghana and Nigeria, teaches political science at the University of Michigan. — Ed.

EVENTS IN THE Belgian Congo dramatize certain social and political problems attending the birth of new states in Africa: absence of a social structure which could in turn support a stable political system; absence of an elite which could fill positions of leadership; absence of technicians and administrators who could back up the rulers with reasonable efficiency and skill; absence of an economic structure designed to serve the demands and expectations of the indigenous population; refusal of tribalism to give way to modernity. To a greater or lesser extent these problems plague all new states in underdeveloped areas. However, it must not be overlooked that in the case of the Congo, the Belgian colonial administrators had been singularly negligent with regard to their self-proclaimed tutorial responsibilities. Not only had they failed to prepare the territory for independence, they had not even undertaken *realistic* and *significant* steps to facilitate self-government by Africans. Even more serious, they had promoted tribal disunity, created a police force not to serve Africans but to maintain European rule, and had maneuvered the colony toward financial collapse.

The crux of the political problem facing the Congo has been the conflict between Belgians intent on return to control via the economic back door and African nationalists intent on assuming power completely, totally. Under the peculiar conditions prevailing, such a clash of wills was bound to produce chaos. In a sense, the clash parallels the conflict of interests between the West and the East. The West seeks to retain some degree of control over the new African states, while the East favors total separation of the African chicks from the Western hen. In this struggle, African nationalists will tend toward the East, not necessarily because of any fundamental ideological orientation on their part, but because of an identity of policy goals, political and temporary. With the West stand those African leaders who depend for their very political existence upon the continued presence of European or United States interests in their respective countries.

This writer happens to believe that the African masses, as soon as they become aware of the implications of the struggle, will go with the nationalists.

UNDERLYING the Congo drama are several basic problems, applicable to Africa generally, which warrant closer examination:

1. *The sharply accelerating social revolution.* It is entirely unrealistic to approach the problems of reconstruction and development in Africa without facing up to the fact that removal of colonial restraints in the atomic age, under conditions of a gigantic international struggle — the cold war — must of necessity stimulate the African masses to a higher degree of social agitation than has ever been encountered anywhere else in the West. The resulting social revolution, to be controlled, must be dealt with in revolutionary terms, with revolutionary concepts and methods. The time is gone when relations between the more advanced countries of the world and the less developed ones (such as those in Latin America) could be restricted to relations between the Western governments and business interests on the one hand, and small, corrupt civilian or military cliques on the other. If the West is to retain any appreciable influence on the African continent, it must look beyond the transitory, European-trained and influenced leaders to the illiterate, poverty-stricken masses. The West must demonstrate real value to the African masses or they will force their leaders to turn elsewhere. Specifically, if the United States is to retain any influence on that continent, it must become synonymous with hope and with progress. It is now in danger of becoming a symbol of affluence unreachable by the majority of the world's peoples, of conservatism in terms of values not appreciated in underdeveloped areas, of the defense of a hated *status quo.* Western leaders would be well advised to recognize that behind every Nkrumah, Balewa, Senghor, Houphouët-Boigny, etc., are battalions of impatient Africanists, less responsible, less able, more likely to open the gates to anarchy and chaos.

In Cuba, the United States bet on leaders who did not have the support of the masses. We must not repeat that mistake. Even if a leader of caliber should have arisen in, let us say, the Congo, chances are that the exigencies of politics would have compelled him to act very much as Lumumba did. If the business of establishing relations with the new African states will at times prove frustrating, it must be remembered that the West had several centuries to prepare the people there. We may not be able to avoid dealing with Lumumbas, but we must always keep in mind that the Lumumbas are the creatures of the West. They also are the responsibility of the West. Whomever the West favors, it should support; if it does not, the newly established U. S. immigration quotas for Africa will be filled primarily by applicants for exile status in this country.

Out of Africa's social revolution arises, too, the need for coping with the prevalent poverty, disease, illiteracy. In that respect, the West, if it wishes to prevent the situation from getting out of hand, must advance from puny, piecemeal and political measures to massive developmental programs of true war-effort proportions.

2. *The artificiality of the new states and the danger of Balkanization.* The principle so long ad-

vanced by this country, that all peoples have the right of self-determination, needs to be qualified. In Africa, the term "people" usually means occupants of a territory arbitrarily carved out of a geographic, ethnic or cultural complex, or occupants of a country which represents no more than an accident of colonial diplomacy. To insist that these people, within the limits of absurdly drawn boundaries, *must* "enjoy" the rights and privileges of self-determination is to invite the notorious troubles of the Balkans. To clothe Mauritania, Chad, Niger, Centrafricain, Somalia, even French Cameroun and Togoland in the garments of nationhood, without at the same time providing the means of subsistence, constitutes an act for which the African masses cannot be grateful. Given truly peaceful competition between East and West, joint Russo-American-European aid programs, and an enlightened attitude toward Africans on the part of the white races generally, a plethora of small African states could be manageable. Under the realities of international politics, fragmentation of Africa into feuding and competing political structures, with an extremely high instability potential, is to court disaster. Thus "self-determination" must be conceived of in terms of viability, i.e., confined to states able to give at least a minimum of economic security to their subjects. Where even this much cannot be provided out of the state's own resources, "self-determination" should be regarded neither as a right nor a privilege; it may well prove a curse.

CLOSELY linked to the problems of state formation and viability are those derived from the impact of tribalism on contemporary politics. Most of Africa's tribes are too small, too barren of social value to their members, too tradition-bound, to be worth preserving. In most cases, considering its adverse impact on the development of modern economic and political systems, tribalism might well be regarded as a form of subversion. It is within this context that African governments taking drastic measures to reduce the impact of tribalism on their development programs and on the security and stability of their states must be understood. During the colonial regime, the European powers, to a greater or lesser extent, deliberately encouraged tribalism on the principle of divide and rule.

The West must guard against false sentimentality in this respect. Insistence on legal safeguards to protect the rights of so-called minorities is suspect by African nationalist leaders, who are well aware of how the colonial powers, in the past, fostered tribal rivalries to advance their own interests. The preservation of tribes makes sense only where their survival is in the best interest of the people in a poly-tribal area, e.g., Nigeria. There, the major tribes or tribal clusters are relatively viable, while a true Nigerian nationality has not yet been established. But in most of Africa — the former Belgian Congo included — preservation of tribal structures through constitutional provisions, bills of rights, complex federal arrangements, etc. means hanging millstones around the necks of already harassed leaders.

IN ANY case, most of Africa's tribes will fail to survive the emergence of statehood, except perhaps as tourist attractions. The introduction of national symbols, institutions and practices, with economic power concentrated in the hands of centralized agencies; the increase of social mobility, the introduction of a cash economy, land reform, education, etc. — all the phenomena which flow from the establishment of national sovereignty — render the tribe socially valueless to all but the old.

Thus, with few exceptions, African governments should be encouraged rather than criticized for taking legal, political, economic and socials steps to weaken and ultimately to destroy their tribal societies. It appears — again with some notable exceptions — that certain non-African interests see a greater value in the survival of African tribalism and parochialism than is good for their reputation among the rising people of the underdeveloped world.

A realignment of state boundaries, with some but not primary attention paid to the interests of certain tribal groups, certainly appears to be desirable. But by no means should the alterations be determined by non-African commercial, mining or trading interests. Nor should non-African military interests be permitted to determine the shape of the new states. Nor, further, is there much value in the proposals that have been advanced for fixing boundaries by plebiscite; few of the people involved would understand what they were voting on. It would seem, under the circumstances, that the African political leaders should be granted the right to reach solutions by negotiation among themselves. For the United Nations to enter into the debate with armed forces, and to freeze conditions created by the departing European powers, such as was the case in the Congo, is not only a dubious practice in terms of the U.N. Charter, but will certainly lead to more unrest.

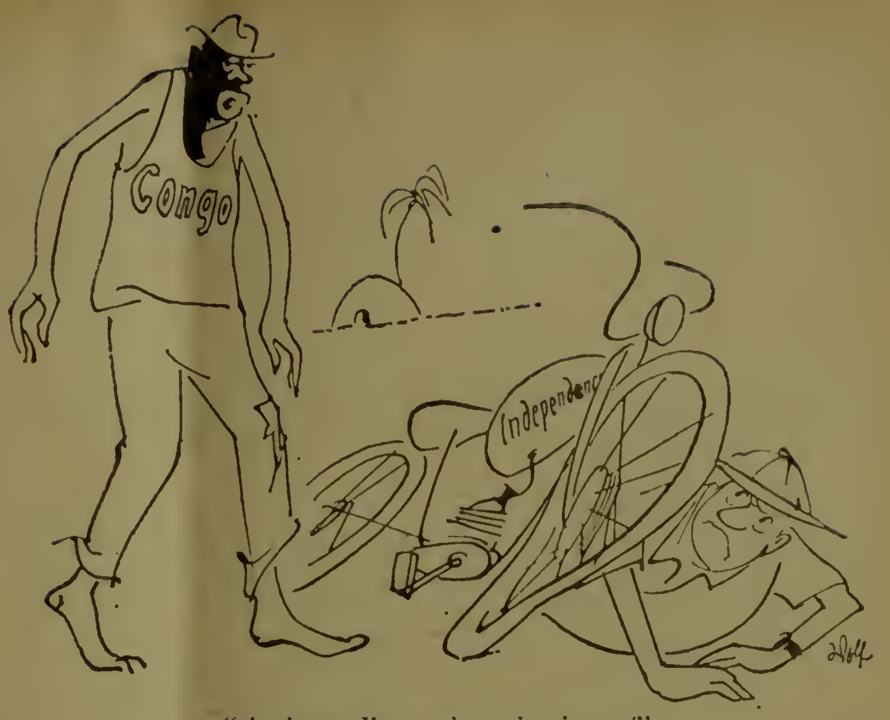
It is a safe prediction that none of the African states seated in the United Nations in September, 1960, with the possible exception of the Malagasy Republic, will survive the next five years in their present shape and form. Any attempt to preserve the pattern developed by the colonial powers for their purposes will redound to the disadvantage of Europe and the United States.

3. *The incompatibility of popular, Western democracy and the developmental requirements of the new states.* The new states of Africa, even where — as in the former British colonies — some pre-independence schooling in democratic behavior took place, have really never been exposed to Western democracy. What the people there experienced before the independence movement got under way was an authoritarian system operating under a hierarchy of alien rulers or white settlers, as in Kenya, the Rhodesias and the Congo. Subsequently, even where formal aspects of Western democracy were introduced, exceedingly small minorities of indigenous Africans participated in government and politics. Thus, at best, only a few could be counted on anywhere in Africa to provide leadership material when independence came.

Western democracy, to be operative in a meaningful sense, requires among other things a social structure sufficiently integrated to provide common perspectives on fundamental aspects of state and society. None of the new states were so favored at the time they attained independence. Even where structural aspects were potentially favorable, the impact of the social revolution quickly rendered them ineffectual. Open democracy, under conditions prevailing in Africa today, means in most instances the organization of the country into warring camps. This is assuming that it is possible to hold elections producing reasonably accurate indexes of the public will. In most of Africa today, elections are a farce, and Western democracies, when they pretend otherwise, do not increase African appreciation of Western ways.

THE leaders in the new states, confronted by a staggering backlog of developmental tasks left to them by the departing colonial powers, thrust into the maelstrom of post-1945 cold-war politics, simply cannot afford even to go through the motions of practicing Western democracy, let alone to apply its principles in earnest.

4. *The need for the realization of the "African personality."* The African uprising of the mid-twentieth century has the support of a majority of mankind. More than that, with the strongly organized Soviet and Chinese empires willing and able to lend material assistance to the colored peoples in their struggle for self-assertion, their position vis-à-vis those with a vested interest in the *status quo* is considerably stronger than that of any other group with similar objectives in history. There is resistance, of course — most strongly from the white supremacists of the Union of South Africa, the Rhodesias, Kenya and Algeria, who in turn are cheered on by their likes in the United States, and in Europe. Next among the resisters are those who profit by maintenance of the *status quo* in Africa; to them, racial inequality means cheap labor costs and uncontested control of Africa's resources, production and transportation facilities. Of help to both these groups are those who argue that granting independence to savages — noble as some of them may be — has been a tragic error. People with this view tend to equate the consequences of centuries of Western neglect and oppression with the African personality. Rampaging soldiery in the Congo is held up as an illustration not of European failure, but of African savagery. Nobody asks how the British managed to produce the exemplary, well-disciplined troops of Ghana and Nigeria.



"At least I'm only a beginner!"

The African personality wants to be recognized as such and recognition by the West is long overdue. But the West shows signs of failing here, too. Any African assertion of independence through independent thought and action is interpreted by the West as a move towards communism. Africans will reject the notion that in order to "stay out of the Soviet camp" they must assume a Western identity. For the United States to insist on conformity in this respect, or in others, is to discard one of the last remaining opportunities of keeping Africa out of Soviet control.

IDEALLY, the orderly and peaceful transition in Africa from colonial rule to independence, from primitivity to modernity, would best be achieved in a setting of general agreement and cooperation among the great powers of the world. This being impossible under prevailing conditions, the next best approach is the selective use of the United Nations (I say "selective" because there are some aspects of the problem best handled outside the world body). But whatever the approach, the West must counter effectively the Soviet and Chinese charges that colonialism is still the underlying theme of Western policy. Events in the Belgian Congo did not dispel this suspicion, fanned as it was by Communist propaganda.

The weakest link in Western argumentation is the Western record. Any actions by the West in Africa which, while conferring formal political privileges, are yet designed to withhold economic power, will instantly arouse the gravest suspicions of the emergent African countries.

It is no reply to Soviet charges to remind Khrushchev of Soviet colonialism. In fact, such argumentation serves only to confirm Soviet allegations. Rather, the West must demonstrate a willingness to support the new African leaders against the radicals who stand behind them. This means ceding to the leaders *all* the elements of power, including access to the sources of national wealth and control over the distribution of this wealth. To make reasonably certain that these powers not be used to the detriment of the West, all-out efforts at creating effective cadres of technicians, administrators and leaders must be undertaken.

Setbacks will occur; if the objectives are deemed worth while, what do passing phenomena matter? Historically, the West — including the United States — has shown a willingness to work with some of the most peculiar allies to achieve its over-all goals. African leaders are entitled to be evaluated by the same standards which governed United States relations with, let us say, Stalin, Franco, Trujillo and others of that ilk for so many years. Given greater sincerity on the part of the United States and the West generally, even the Lumumbas may not turn out to be so bad.

VOICE OF THE NEUTRALS . . *by Jane Stolle*

United Nations, October 5

AT THE MOMENT, there is comparative quiet on the East River. Mr. Khrushchev has pounded his fists on the table only once in three days — and then not at the Secretary General. Indeed, at yesterday's Soviet reception, he extended a friendly hand to Mr. Hammarskjold and then gave him a warm hug. Apparently the Soviet Premier is following Mr. Macmillan's advice to "let the dust settle" after one of the stormiest fortnights in U.N.'s history.

No one expects the lull to last, inasmuch as Mr. Khrushchev has intimated that he will be around for another ten days at least. During that time many controversial items will come up again on the General Assembly agenda, and there will be more table-pounding. But it is expected that the active participation in coming debates of strong, neutralist voices will have a muffling effect on the Premier.

Never before has it been so apparent that the neutrals have a vital role to play in the Assembly and are determined to play it with all their hearts and skills. It is their conviction that — in Nehru's words — the world cannot go on "drifting toward disaster" as a result of the antagonisms among the great powers. No one nation, no two nations, no single group of nations have the right to the power of life and death over millions of innocent bystanders. This is the neutralists' philosophy, and they are determined to get the "international dialogue" going again so that the problem of disarmament, which they see as a major key to peace, will ultimately be solved.

Nor do neutral nations intend to take a back seat in any of the other controversial issues on the agenda. And this year, of course, they will be speaking with the added strength of most of the newly independent countries of Africa who, with troubles enough of their own, see no profit in sharing the troubles of the East-West blocs.

THE POTENTIAL of neutralist action has been best exemplified so far by the so-called Five Power Resolution, sponsored by India, Indonesia, the United Arab Republic, Yugoslavia and Ghana, asking the President of the United States and the Chairman of the Council of Ministers of the USSR to "renew their contacts interrupted recently" (how genteel is the voice of diplomacy!). Mr. Nehru pointed out that nowhere in the resolution was the word "Summit" or "conference" mentioned, nor — in view of the American election coming up — was the President of the United States identified by name. The document, emphasized the Indian Prime Minister, was neither for nor against one side or the other; it simply advocated another attempt at getting the two sides together at a time when their relations are dangerously strained.

Mr. Nehru stressed that the call for a meeting between the two heads of state, coming as it would from the United Nations, implied a truth that was too often overlooked: the whole world, and not the great powers alone, had a stake in a U.S.-USSR *détente*. That is why he expressed himself as bitterly opposed to an amendment, offered by Australia, calling for an early Summit meeting of the Big Four. This, he said, was a "cold-war" approach, an attempt to settle problems affecting the world by a closed quartet. "Where do we, who happen to be in the outer darkness, come in?" he asked.

The Assembly roundly defeated the Australian amendment, which gained only five votes. But then, in the debate on the original resolution, the West managed to force so many truncations of text as to reduce the document to an absurdity; and the sponsors, rather than press for something they now considered meaningless, withdrew their resolution entirely. But even though beaten in their first show of united force, the neutralists revealed impressive strength in both leadership and in numbers; they showed both East and West that they had the majority of small nations solidly behind them.

THE NEUTRALISTS will have further chances for leadership in the course of this Assembly. During the general debate, they have already made concrete suggestions for U.N. action in several areas no less delicate than that of an East-West *détente*. These suggestions will undoubtedly strongly influence debate where it counts the most — in the committees that finally shape the end results of General Assembly sessions.

Take, for instance, the Congo question — the thorny problem that has all but split the U.N. wide open, and shows every sign of continuing to be troublesome for a long time to come. Three governments now claim

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authority in the Congo, and U.N.'s troops there, and the technical assistance people in Leopoldville, must soon know with which they must deal. The alternative is chaos and inevitable removal of the U.N. presence. Yet removal would mean the failure of one of the most important U.N. missions to date — and would, in all probability, also mean the resignation of the Secretary General. For though Mr. Hammarskjold has refused to resign under Soviet pressure, it is felt that his tenure in office is largely dependent upon developments in the Congo.

The Secretary General intimated as much in the brief but significant address he made to the Assembly on October 3 in which he refused Mr. Khrushchev's invitation to step down. It was up to the newly independent, uncommitted powers, not the Russians, to pass on his handling of the Congolese situation, he said in effect. "Let the countries who have liberated themselves in the past fifteen years speak for themselves," Mr. Hammarskjold stated bluntly, and Mr. Khrushchev began pounding on the table.

The new African states will have opportunity to speak for themselves when the Congo question comes up in committee. Many of them are attending their first U.N. session. Bewildered by much that goes on, they are nevertheless certain of two things: that the U.N. is their friend, and that the East-West struggle is their enemy.

Even so, they are critical of some of the aspects of the U.N. operation in the Congo. And so is Mr. Khrushchev — violently. Now Mr. Hammarskjold tells them that he depends upon them to back his Congo policy. How can the African states criticize that policy, where they feel it needs criticizing, without seeming to fall into the Eastern camp? And if, through lack of their support, Mr. Hammarskjold eventually finds it necessary to resign, will the U.N. then go through structural changes which will weaken it?

This is the dilemma faced by the African states. Mr. Nehru, the neutralist, suggests a way out: "The General Assembly might well consider sending a delegation to the Congo to find out what foreign troops or other personnel, apart from those sent on behalf of the United Nations, are still there, and how far they are interfering in local affairs." That would take care of the Africans' fear that the U.N. has not been sufficiently diligent in clearing out the hated colonial power, Belgium. Further, said Mr. Nehru:

> There is at present an elected Parliament in the Congo, although it does not appear to be functioning. I think that it should be the function of the United Nations to help this Parliament to meet and function so that, out of its deliberations, the problems of the Congo may be dealt with by the people themselves. . . . The functioning of Parliament may itself lead to the ironing out of internal differences.

WHETHER MR. NEHRU'S suggestions are entirely workable is not as important as that they envisage a positive, new approach to the Congo problem which yet leaves the matter in the hands of the U.N. Mr. Nehru, unlike Mr. Khrushchev, does not propose to throw out the baby with the bath. Even though he implies a degree of censure of actions already taken, he does not ask for the Secretary General's head in retribution. In fact, the Indian Prime Minister took pains to make clear his opposition to the Russian proposal of replacing Mr. Hammarskjold with a three-member executive composed of one representative each of the Eastern, Western and neutral blocs. What Mr. Nehru did suggest was that the Secretary General himself consider what organizational steps might be taken to "modernize" the world body.

Though the distinguished Indian leader was the foremost spokesman of the neutrals in this first, tense period of the current Assembly session, President Tito of Yugoslavia and President Nasser of the United Arab Republic played important behind-the-scenes roles, and are expected to continue to wield influence from their respective capitals. And then, of course, there was the greatest undeclared neutralist of them all, the remarkable Mr. Macmillan. The British Prime Minister denied sternly that he was a "broker" between East and West; but, then, why did he spend so much time with President Eisenhower in private conclave, and with Mr. Khrushchev in equally private converse, if he were not intent on doing a bit of "honest brokering"?

The Candidates and Foreign Policy . .

by J. David Singer

MANY THINGS occurring in the political life of America cast doubt on our ability to cope with the demands of our international environment, but none shakes the confidence of this observer as much as the quadrennial popularity contest known as the Presidential campaign. Elections in general, and Presidential ones in particular, seem to bring forth exactly those national attributes which are least likely to be effective in the formulation and execution of foreign policy: the exaggeration of differences, the attribution of all virtue to one protagonist and all vice to the other, the sacrifice of long-range considerations to the passions of the present, vigorous appeals to the aggressive, the competitive and the parochial in us (and, what is worse, a remarkable response to these appeals).

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This is the recurrent moment of the half-truth, the slogan, the inference and the evasion; one wonders not only whether we *can* survive and prosper as a nation, but whether we even *should.* And if this combination clambake, side show and soap opera distresses the domestic observer, it absolutely appalls the friendly foreigner. The current campaign prompts me to ask two relevant and important questions: First, what are—or should be—the major purposes of a Presidential campaign in a democratic nation? Second, to what extent is this particular campaign fulfilling these purposes?

One answer to the first is found in the widely (and often passionately) held view that the purpose is to win. This very direct position may understandably be held by those deeply involved in the fight for office; victory is the *raison d'etre.* A more objective position might be that the campaign serves to decide who is to fill the office or group of offices—that in such a fashion a democratic society selects those by whom it shall be governed. But whether the winning of elections or the selection of office-holders is the interpretation used—and the difference may be semantic—we still have a markedly incomplete picture of the function of our political campaign.

TO THIS observer, at least, the selection of a candidate must be relegated to an inferior role in the competitive political process. One question that must continue to arise in the mind of a thoughtful and farsighted observer, as campaigns come and go, is precisely how much difference it makes whether Mr. Black or Mr. White, Party Blue or Party Red, emerges victorious. This may sound like heresy to the passionate devotees of one or the other candidate or party, but a moment of reflection should suggest that it may well be a relevant concern. From the detached and longer-range point of view, it becomes apparent that political, economic and social events develop in response to such a vast complexity of psychic and material forces that the single individual, or the single political party, is only partially capable of either changing their impact or responding to them in any but a rather uniform and more or less predetermined fashion.

This is not to suggest that the political future is completely predictable, or that it makes *no* difference to us or any other nation who wins a particular election. The point is that we have too often sharply exaggerated the difference that it *does* make, have assumed that all is lost if X wins, whereas a victory for Y will open the doors to political Utopia. Clearly the truth is in between, and when a major network advertises its campaign coverage by alleging that "during the next forty-four days the American people will make the crucial decision that will *determine the nation's course* over the next four years," it engages in an extraordinary exaggeration of one man's capacity to shape events. This belief in crisis may help in getting people to exercise their franchise, but it also is a message that has been so often repeated and so seldom borne out that one cannot blame the citizenry for some of its cynicism.

A second answer to the question of a campaign's purpose emphasizes the educational function of a national election, and focuses on the potentialities which a campaign offers in terms of raising and discussing significant national and international issues confronting the society. Two important considerations lie behind such an emphasis. In more immediate terms, a campaign which produces an intelligent and honest discussion of (a) what the relevant issues *are,* and (b) how they might best be dealt with, is more likely to elect the more competent candidate and party. One cannot repeat too frequently the obvious fact that popularity contests are not designed to bring to office those most capable of fulfilling the job. Our national history is filled with illustrations of this fact, some in the very recent past.

But there may be an even more compelling, if more indirect, case to be made for the campaign which defines and seeks to clarify the crucial issues of the time. We are all familiar with the argument that the electorate is lazy, uninterested and unresponsive in the periods between elections. That being so—and it is hardly open to question—those involved in the campaigns contend that the only way to arouse the electorate is to rely upon short-run appeals. Because the citizen is cynical, appeal to his selfish interests, not to his idealism. Because he is lazy, appeal to his passions, not to his intellect. Because he is indifferent, appeal to his sense of the dramatic, not to his sense of the rational. Because he is parochial, appeal to his chauvinism, not to his patriotism. And so on.

In other words, the major justification for the sort of campaign we usually get is the ignorance and indifference of the voter, and this justification comes not only from partisans and those most immediately involved in the pursuit of office, but from others who might be expected to take a more sophisticated, objective and future-oriented view. Thus, many of my colleagues of the political science profession can be found, in their scholarly as well as their more public utterances, defending the general thesis that one must be "realistic" in the appraisal as well as the practice of domestic politics. After all, one is always reminded, politics is the "art of the possible."

It is remarkable that so few of us have commented on an obvious aspect of this political "realism"—its lethal circularity. Why is the citizen cynical? Is it because of some fatal trait in our national character? Why is he mentally lazy? Because of the inadequacies of our schooling? Is his indifference solely a function of other and less worthy preoccupations? Is his apathy attributable only to his lack of political influence? It would seem that these are but partial explanations for the shortcomings we constantly assign to the American citizen—or to any other democratic citizenry, for that matter. But clearly there are other variables, and I would contend that one of the most significant is to be found in the election campaign itself. Is it not logical to expect that demagoguery will contribute to cynicism, that diatribe will contribute to indifference? Does it not follow that chauvinism and short-sightedness on the part of the office-seeker will encourage similar tendencies in the populace? In a sense, much of what passes for political campaigning provides psychological rewards to those in the electorate (liberal or conservative) who are most lazy, bigoted and indifferent, while it imposes annoyance, chagrin and intellectual indignities upon those who might be otherwise disposed. I suggest that the candidates, their advisers and their apologists must accept a major portion of the responsibility for the vicious circle which we have generated in American politics, and must be recognized as playing a crucial role in the gradual erosion of one of the most important strands in our social fabric.

ANOTHER argument that we often hear from the "realists" is that one cannot accomplish anything until elected. What is the use of a good man's going down to defeat solely because he refused to meet the unscrupulous adversary on the latter's terms? First of all, this strikes me as a stand of unparalleled arrogance: I am so much nobler and better qualified for the office than my opponent that I am duty bound to save the office from his corruption and incompetence even if I must cut ethical corners in the process. What justifies one man, or his party, to claim such mental and moral superiority that they may resort to any means in order to assure victory? And this gross arrogance is often misplaced: either it turns out that no amount of demagoguery or connivance is sufficient to win against the evil forces of the opposition, or he who does win in such a campaign turns out to be less competent or vigorous in office than he and his supporters had predicted. Habit also has considerable impact on the human animal; can we assume that the truth-bender, the opportunist and the corner-cutter will automatically revert to clean-cut, wholesome idealism once he is safely ensconced in office? If these techniques worked so well in achieving office, perhaps they will work just as well in retaining and exploiting office.

Before turning to a discussion of this current campaign, one other aspect of the "realist's" position on the purposes of campaigns needs to be mentioned, and that is the counsel that, while all of the above criticism may well be true, there is really nothing to be done about it. Our election system may be attracting the more mediocre, electing the less responsible, and destroying the public's interest and faith in the democratic process, but that is the nature of political reality. It does seem odd, though, that often those who justify all manner of evasion, half-truth and demagoguery on the ground that their candidate's victory will produce far-reaching and benign changes in our domestic or international situation are the same ones who contend that nothing can be done to change the atmosphere under which elections take place. Such inconsistency is not only depressing, but certain to help insure that such changes will, in fact, *not* take place. Despite the persistence of most social and political forces, it would seem that there is nothing immutable about our domestic political environment. With a respectable amount of courage and honesty on the part of even a handful of political figures, much might be done to reverse the downward spiral of American politics.

Let us now take a hard look at the current Presidential campaign and compare it to the model discussed above. What will it do besides decide who will be the next occupant of the White House? How does it stack up so far in terms of articulating the crucial issues and possible approaches to them? Is it any improvement over previous Presidential elections in educating the public and permitting an intelligent evaluation of the candidates? Because of the relative absence of invective, many commentators feel that the campaign so far has been conducted satisfactorily, and on a level suitable to our national dignity.

But I am not at all sure that this sort of gentility is a healthy sign; one is almost tempted to describe it as a conspiracy between the two candidates to avoid those specifics which might embarrass one or the other without promising any compensating popularity.

Each candidate seems to be adhering to the orthodox strategy which holds that the more general you are in articulating a position, the less vulnerable you are to attack or criticism. Generalities and platitudes always offer plenty of room for maneuver when talking about the future. On the other hand, the candidates become somewhat more specific in discussing the past, and each has not only laid the sins of the past at the other party's doorstep but has occasionally named names and pinpointed events.

WE HAVE been watching this depressing pattern emerge from the moment that Frank Church and Walter Judd began to deliver their convention perorations. The former previewed Kennedy's strategy when he identified Republican complacency and economy-mindedness ("Is it possible . . . that this, the richest nation in history, can no longer afford to be the strongest?") as the major cause of our loss of prestige and power vis-à-vis the USSR. The Democrats are specific enough in blaming the past on their opponents, but as for the future, all they say is that America must get "on the move." How we will get on the move is not made clear; and where the money will come from, and into what specific programs it will go, are not spelled out. We will be stronger and more powerful, but the planned dimensions are unstated. We will assume the "initiative" with the Soviets; but whether in terms of military threat, diplomatic retaliation, or something more mature, nobody says.

On the Republican side, Judd's keynote was so misleading that even *The New York Times* had to call it "divisive." Again, the multitude was advised that the Soviet Premier "would prefer not to negotiate with a Republican President who . . . will not be taken in or intimidated or tricked into any concessions," and that the Democrats gave the Russians a "free hand in the Balkans," "agreed to the Communist take-over of a hundred million people in Eastern Europe," and "turned back when victory was in sight" in Korea.

WHAT THE foreign-policy debate boils down to, then, is who can best stand up to Khrushchev. While I believe that the USSR does represent the most immediate and serious threat to our security, and that a profoundly important dimension of that threat is military capability, this is only *one* of the many foreign-policy problems facing us now and in the next decade or so. First of all, it should be perfectly obvious that no all-out program in weapons development and production is likely to enhance our security. The Soviets can readily match us, qualitatively and quantitatively, in any arms race. Is so pointless and dangerous a competition, combined with diplomatic belligerence, the best that we can offer in the way of policy? Is that elusive posture of strength the American Holy Grail? I don't believe that it is, and I doubt whether Nixon or Kennedy believes it is either. But if we go on what the candidates are saying, that impression clearly emerges. Again, they seem to have succumbed to the temptation to say things which they think make their listeners feel good. There's something very satisfying in waving the flag, standing up to the adversary, and generally talking tough. But do these things enhance American security—or increase the probability of world peace?

What both candidates *should* be doing is addressing themselves in concrete detail to two particular problems arising out of the power struggle with the Soviet Union. One of these is how to move into a military relationship with the Soviets which is considerably more stable than today's delicate balance of terror. The second is how to exploit that stability, once achieved, by moving beyond it in such a way that we and they can safely get out of the armament competition business.

In their future TV debates, Nixon and Kennedy might well perform a vital service to the nation and to the world if they were to debate and discuss such questions as the following:

¶Can we afford to develop a strategy solely on the basis of what we believe to be *the* Kremlin strategy, or might it not be better—given the difficulty of such predictions — to search for an operational code which could deal with *several* possible alternative strategies? After all, it is no more certain that the USSR will *never* resort to force than that they have never *abandoned* plans to resort to force. If we are, therefore, not sure of their plans—and it is most likely that *they're* not sure, either—what kinds of weapons systems and quantities and disposition are most likely to dissuade them from force?

¶Does the airborne alert, or civil defense, or soft and vulnerable missile sites, or espionage flights, or German nuclear armament, serve to deter or to provoke the Russians? Admittedly, we cannot paralyze ourselves simply because anything we do the Kremlin might interpret as provocative. But couldn't we attempt to balance the risks? Couldn't our candidates, in public debate, try to assay the provocation effect of certain weapons and strategies against the need for both the deterrent effect and a win-the-war capability if deterrence fails?

¶What cooperative arrangements could we and the Soviets work out, either explicitly or implicitly, to enhance the military stability of the coming years? For example, where do Nixon and Kennedy stand on President Eisenhower's very promising proposal that we try to negotiate a monitoring arrangement for all missile, rocket and satellite launchings? And do they agree with his call for a renunciation of lunar and other celestial claims?

Without debate on issues such as these, the electorate has little rational basis for choosing between the national-security policies of the two parties. Moreover, neither the Presidential candidates nor their Congressional colleagues have any idea of where the public might stand on these issues if they were ever raised.

A debate along these lines might be valuable abroad as well as to the U.S. electorate. Difficult as it may be for Americans to understand, many of the world's leaders and their publics — including those of the USSR — are not at all sure that we arm only for defensive and deterrent purposes. It is not inconceivable that, as far as armaments go, at least, the Kremlin's behavior is purely defensive and deterrent, too. Why not do what we can to reassure the adversary, as well as the neutrals, that we seek competition only in the non-military realms.

THE SAME arguments apply to the second major problem arising out of our military relations with the Soviets: Once we have established some sort of trend toward stability, how can we move through that phase as rapidly and safely as possible into the beginnings of a serious reciprocal arms-reduction arrangement? On this problem, too, we have heard precious little from the office-seekers. Each has paid lip service to "disarmament," but neither seems to have questioned seriously — privately or publicly — the accepted view that Soviet intransigence on inspection is solely to blame for the failures to date. This may be a large part of it, but is it not possible that the inspection demands which we have made go beyond what the Kremlin can safely accept at the moment? Not that there can really be too *much* inspection, but perhaps our own security requirements call for something less than we have been demanding. And since we seem willing to settle for a weapons combination that may perhaps have a 50 per cent probability of deterring Soviet attack, is it reasonable to press for an inspection agreement with a 100 per cent probability of deterring evasion?

In connection with disarmament, have the candidates thought about the relative priority of conventional versus nuclear weapons, warheads versus delivery systems, production versus existing stockpiles, etc.? Which of these would they concentrate on first and which would they insist must be negotiated simultaneously? And on the most immediate of the arms-control issues, do they believe that the continued development and improvement of tactical nuclear weapons are more important than getting a test ban and preventing the further spread of these mass-destruction weapons? Furthermore, where would Nixon and Kennedy stand on some of the fundamental side issues related to arms reduction, such as the creation of a U.N. force?

As with defense, there is a large area of the disarmament issue which Nixon and Kennedy could debate usefully without revealing important secrets, weakening our bargaining position or otherwise jeopardizing our security. On the contrary, an honest debate on these issues would help clarify some crucial problems for ourselves, and present a far more favorable image to the rest of the world. In this vein, let me emphasize that it would be extremely dangerous to inject defense or disarmament issues into the campaign in a hasty, ill-considered fashion. In 1956, Adlai Stevenson raised the test-ban question during the closing days of the campaign in what appeared to be a desperate effort to find a new issue and stave off defeat. Not only did this exercise fail to win the Democrats the election, but (along with Eisenhower's response) it so muddied the arms-control waters that any serious consideration of the issue after Election Day became almost impossible. Another caveat is in order here. Just as it seems irresponsible to engage in a "who-can-be-tougher-on-Khrushchev" contest, it would be equally irresponsible to make demagogic appeals to the voters' desire for peace. (Who can forget the Eisenhower promise to "go to Korea" in order to terminate "Truman's war" during the 1952 election campaign?) Whether we have peace or war will depend a great deal on what the USSR and other states do; nevertheless, the matter is not completely beyond our own control. We cannot by ourselves *determine* the course of events, but certainly we can influence them.

THE NATURE of a Presidential campaign is not solely up to the national parties and their top candidates and advisers. The general public—or at least that part of it which is, despite our political legacy, reasonably astute, critical and open-minded—must refuse to be fobbed off by clichés, platitudes, slogans and evasions. If we will continue to press the office-seekers for more detail and less equivocation, those who want to conduct honest campaigns will have a greater incentive to do so and will be less disadvantaged than they now are by the combination of slick opponents and gullible or ill-informed voters.

An equally important role also exists for the men and women of the public media. Despite a responsible minority, the bulk of our reporters and commentators have done much to degrade all of our political life, including election campaigns. With a preference for the dramatic and the over-simplified, they have not only pandered to the sloganeering and evasive office-seekers, but have often coined the very slogans which the politician uses to confuse, mislead, obfuscate and prevaricate. Then there is the reporter or interviewer who thinks that the way to avoid this pitfall is to play the role of cross-examiner and public prosecutor; the style, which has been in vogue since the inception of television particularly, turns out to be more ill-mannered than probing. Why cannot more newspaper and TV interviewers do their homework more carefully, ask questions that are intelligent and germane, and refuse to be put off by the evasion or half-truth? If the media people had a good grasp of the facts and insisted on fuller responses, the evasive or ill-informed office-seeker might have to do some reforming himself.

With these last comments in mind, let me suggest that the current campaign offers an unprecedented opportunity for a sharp break with those of the past. It has not yet fully degenerated into mud-slinging and vilification; both candidates are exceptionally intelligent and articulate, each has a relatively competent group of substantive (as well as tactical) advisers, and the real problems of the moment are intrinsically of great import and interest to the electorate. Moreover, the television networks have provided an opportunity for the candidates to confront each other face to face. The first of these confrontations was novel, interesting and partially useful in terms of the functions outlined earlier. But it had too much of the formal quality of a high-school debate, and each was preoccupied with making "points." Moreover, the rigid time schedule did not allow any of the issues to get as thorough an airing as needed—perhaps to our contenders' relief. What is needed is the opportunity to pursue these questions to greater depth, beyond the recitation of facts and counter-facts, allegations and counter-allegations. I should like to see more "thinking on one's feet" and less regurgitation of pre-digested (and pre-tested) stock utterances.

As the face-to-face confrontations continue, I would like to propose that the sorts of issues suggested here be included in the agenda. They have the virtue not only of being critical to our future and exciting to the electorate, but are such as could easily lose votes—or win them—for either side in the debate. On the other hand, with candidates as intelligent and articulate as Nixon and Kennedy, it need not present imposing risks.

There is much to be said for the traditional, safe, orthodox type of campaign strategy, but there is more to be said for a rather radical departure. Isn't it just possible that there is more at stake on November 8 than the simple question of who will ride down Pennsylvania Avenue on January 20?

BOOKS and the ARTS

Money in Politics

THE COSTS OF DEMOCRACY. By Alexander Heard. University of North Carolina Press. 493 pp. $6.
MONEY, POLITICS, AND PUBLIC REPORTING. By Herbert E. Alexander. Citizens' Research Foundation. 87 pp. $.50.

Earl Latham

WILL ROGERS, the prairie sage of a generation ago, made a remark which Alexander Heard uses in his excellent book, *The Costs of Democracy.* "Politics," said Rogers in 1931, "has got so expensive that it takes lots of money to even get beat with." A recent advertisement in New York solicited funds for Kennedy and Johnson with the notice that a contribution of $5 would buy four seconds of television time in a city of more than 145,000 people, or fourteen seconds of local radio in a key area, or one-tenth of a large billboard, or one column inch of newspaper space in a city with more than 600,000 residents. A contributor who sneezed while watching his candidate on television could easily miss the $5 worth of words his contribution bought.

Some perspective, however, is needed on the whole subject, and Professor Heard's book supplies it. *The Costs of Democracy* is the most extensive work on the subject in three decades; it analyzes in careful detail the results of a broad cooperative project begun in 1953. One of its best qualities is the sense of political context in which the discussion of campaign financing is set, and the attention given to companion and comparable evidence. Thus the author estimates that the total cash outlay for all campaigning in the United States in 1952 was $140 million. Frankly, this disappointed me, as Churchill is said to have been disappointed when told that all the brandy he could consume in a lifetime probably would not exceed a tank car in volume. Considering the high costs of campaigning ($5 for four seconds of television time), it would seem that we ought to have spent more. And the amount certainly dwindles in significance when compared with other expenditures that Professor Heard reports. Slot machines in California have an estimated annual take of $200 million, and in 1952 one advertising company alone handled billings exceeding the $140 million for all campaigns. The 1955 campaign in Israel is thought to have cost $5 per capita, while the 1952 campaign in America cost about 90 cents.

THERE are many myths about money in politics that the evidence does not fully support. One of these is that the man who spends the most is the man who wins. If this were so, the Republicans would be in office much more than they are. In the 1958 election, the Massachusetts Republican State Committee reported expenditures seven times greater than those of the Democratic State Committee and wound up losing the entire state administration and control of both houses of the legislature for the first time in the history of the Commonwealth. Professor Heard believes that the effect of money in politics "is probably more certain in determining who the candidates will be than in determining the outcome of elections." This restriction is not necessarily invidious, however. A man whose prospects of victory are poor may find it hard to get financial support, while many may want to back a likely winner. In fact some careful spenders are known to withhold their contributions until after the race is decided.

Another dubious popular fancy is that campaigns are financed by a few fat cats who thereby buy influence. There are fat cats, of course, and they do buy influence — although the pay-off may turn out to be appointment to an embassy where the expenses far exceed the salary and allowances that go with the job. In some figures on known contributions in 1952 by ninety-two directors of the hundred largest corporations, Professor Heard reports a net total of $1,014,900 given to the two major parties; and for similar figures for 199 officers and directors of 225 corporations in 1956, the total was $1,936,847. In each instance the amounts given to the Republicans were approximately ten times those given to the Democrats—evidence supporting the general opinion that fat cats liked the Republicans better than the Democrats in 1952 and 1956, and doubtless in 1960. But it took 8 million people to contribute the millions of dollars that were reported as campaign expenditures in 1952 and 1956.

As there is a marked difference in the availability of funds to Democrats and Republicans, so is there a marked difference in the techniques used by both

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The Incomparable Light

The light beyond compare is the light I saw.
I saw it on the mountain tops, the light
Beyond compare. I saw it in childhood too.
I glimpsed it in the turbulence of growing.
I saw it in the meshes of meaning of women.
I saw it in political action, and I beheld
The light beyond compare in sundry deaths.

Elusive element, final mystery,
The light beyond compare has been my visitant,
Some sort of angel sometimes at my shoulder,
A beckoning guide, elusive nevertheless,
Under the mind where currents of being are running,
It is this strange light I come back to,
Agent of truth, protean, a radical of time.

The light beyond compare is my meaning,
It is the secret source of my beginning,
Issuance of uniqueness, signal upon suffering,
It is the wordless bond of all endings,
It is the subtle flash that tells our song,
Inescapable brotherhood of the living.
Our mystery of time, the only hopeful light.

RICHARD EBERHART

for getting them. As befits a party with a sensitive interest in money, the Republicans have a superior procedure for gathering it in, one that dates from 1937 and the pioneer work of a dedicated Republican businessman from Pittsburgh by the name of Carlton G. Ketchum. After the Republican disaster of 1936, the main lines of financial procedure were laid down. The central financial organ of the party is the national finance committee which enforces five basic rules: all Republican solicitations are made in a unified campaign like a United Fund Drive; fund-raising activities are centralized in a state finance committee with which county committees enter contractual agreements for quotas and refunds; fund-raising is organized separately from "political activities" (the money men think that politicians are inefficient); fund-raising is a year-round activity; and technical skills are borrowed from professional fund-raisers. There are departures from this fiscal model but, until recently at least, about two-thirds of the states and territories used it.

The Democrats, on the other hand, are always up in a balloon without astrolabe or ballast. The Democratic practice resembles that prevailing among the Republicans in states they regard as "unorganized." Except in the small-sum campaigns, the Democrats have not combined soliciting for the national committees with soliciting for state and local needs. They have not "exhibited the concern for planned diligent fund-raising that their financial disadvantage in most quarters would seem to impel." Another great contrast between the fiscal practices of the two parties is the difference in social prestige and position between the money men for the Republicans and those for the Democrats. The Republicans care enough to send the very best, and Republican finance committee chairmen give it tone. In 1952, for example, Sinclair Weeks headed the Republican finance committee and became Secretary of Commerce.

The Democratic Party cannot count upon general support from the business community but it has constituencies of its own. Among these are the labor unions. They are forbidden by law to make contributions to political parties or candidates out of union treasuries, but they can provide funds through separate organizations. As 1936 was a hinge year in Republican political financial practice, so it was a turning point for political financing by organized labor. In that year, reported political expenditures by interstate labor organizations ran to more than $750,000, or eight times more than the A.F. of L. had spent in the previous thirty years for the same purpose. The reported expenditures have been even more substantial in recent years, falling somewhere between $1,500,000 and $1,750,000 in each of the elections of 1952, 1954, 1956 and 1958. In addition to this reported money, unreported but probably "politically relevant" sums were obtained from the national unions. They were not reported because the law on the subject is confused, i.e., expenditures for education need not be reported. The perennial debate over labor money in politics is less an abstract concern over right and wrong than a practical campaign struggle for control of the government and the public policies it enforces.

THERE is an area, however, where political financing does raise questions of morality, namely, in the busy activity of the underworld. Indeed there is a theory about politics that places the underworld at the very base of the American political system. Professor Heard does not accept this view, but agrees that from time to time there are revelations so startling that they are often too quickly dismissed as being not typical. Syndicated crime which supplies illegal goods and services on a vast scale cannot run without protection and the need for protection invites a friendly interest in politics. The connections between the underworld and politics are to be found in the wards and the precincts where politicians and mobsters have a mutual interest in campaign funds. Professor Heard estimates that 15 per cent of the political expenditures at state and local levels in 1952 was contributed by underworld sources, or a probable total of about $16 million.

Professor Heard thinks that three principles should guide the development of an adequate system of campaign finance in a democracy. First, there must be enough money to allow at least the main contestants to present themselves and their ideas to the electorate. Second, this money should be collected in such a way that it does not "inordinately weight the processes of government in favor of special political interests." And third, the system should command the confidence of the citizenry. Many reforms have been proposed to achieve these principles, one of the most persistent being outright government subsidy of political campaigns, which was suggested by Theodore Roosevelt in 1907, and since supported by many others, including Harry Truman. No country has assumed complete campaign costs, but several provide subsidies of one kind or another. In the United States, many of the costs of campaigning formerly borne by the parties are now the responsibility of the government; for example, the printing of ballots and the conduct of primaries. Senator Neuberger's effort in 1956 to provide direct payments to the national committees of each party from public funds failed to muster much support, but the precedent for governmental subsidies is well established, and the further assumption of campaign costs by government is probable.

A variation of the suggestion for outright subsidies to candidates is the proposal that government at least help them to communicate with the electorate —for example, by providing free postage, bearing the cost of campaign pamphlets, and underwriting advertisements of a certain number and kind. Income tax concessions have often been urged in the last ten years—a proposal that would raise political contributions to the level of the tax-deductible entertainment that businessmen may provide customers. Minnesota in 1955 and California in 1957 permitted such deductions and the principle of a federal tax concession gained at least formal political support when the Senate Committee on Rules and Administration in 1957 favorably reported a bill to allow limited deductions.

IF PUBLIC confidence in campaign finance were higher, the impulse to give might be stimulated more successfully. Although citizens of the United States have greater information on political finance than those of any other nation, the reporting system is nevertheless defective. There is no reliable way to find out the amounts actually received and spent: the information available for the campaigns for which federal reports have to be made is incomplete, and not all the campaigns are covered. Herbert Alexander has recently studied the problem for the Citizens' Research Foundation, and his first-rate pamphlet, *Money, Politics, and Public Reporting,* provides in detail the case for better political financial reports. It is difficult enough to find out what candidates for the Congress get and spend in their campaigns; it is almost impossible to do so for candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency. According to Mr. Alexander, the definition of a "candidate" in the federal statutes excludes those who run for these offices, and there is, therefore, no way of knowing for certain how much is spent for the most important election in the entire political system.

There are other gaps in the system. State and local committees with intrastate jurisdiction and the state and local committees of the national parties are not required to report to the Congress; nor is anyone required to file federal reports on the vast pre-election activity which is sometimes decisive in the final result—the caucuses, conventions and primaries.

Although the state of campaign financing is unsatisfactory, it once was worse. Matthew Josephson in *The Politicos* mentions the Belshazzar's Feast at Delmonico's in 1884 when Blaine "was given an ovation by two hundred of New York's Money Kings" and made a speech after which the "orator and his hosts retired to the back rooms of the restaurant, with the doors closed to the press, and took up a collection of emergency funds." The secrecy of this operation is in contrast with the $100-plate dinners, with a closed-circuit television speech to a score of cities, that characterizes the efforts of candidates today to collect the necessary. And they may do it more successfully, for Josephson reports that the Delmonico dinner was a financial failure, since the massed millionaires were much less generous than had been expected.

The Prodigal Rebel

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF THOMAS ERNEST HULME. By Alun R. Jones. Beacon Press. 233 pp. $4.50.

Leo Hamalian

APART from the academic *cognoscenti* and a handful of common readers who may have stumbled across a volume called *Speculations*, few Americans know the name of T. E. Hulme. Yet before he was blown up by a German shell in 1917 at the age of thirty-four, he had profoundly influenced such contemporaries as Yeats, Pound, Eliot (who imitated his habit of using initials), Wyndham Lewis and Jacob Epstein. Though he published little during his lifetime, more than any other writer he is responsible for "modernism" in the temper and thought of our literary age; had he survived, he might have been its Samuel Johnson or Coleridge. In fact, his name by 1939 had become in England part of a myth: a fabrication of revolutionary poet, religious reactionary, Fascist philosopher, amateur militarist, gentleman lecher.

It is this myth that Alun Jones, a lecturer at Hull University, sets out to explore, and by the end of 143 pages of crisp prose, quiet wit and beautifully compressed research (which make one forget the occasional repetition and Namesmanship), he not only emerges with a fascinating and probably definitive biography, but also succeeds in separating the man from the myth. In doing so, he reverses the usual direction of such "debunking": in the naked light of fact, the man looms larger than the myth.

HULME started his career as a powerful and highly intelligent son reacting against family and background (middle class, conservative, authoritarian) and ended it more firmly a part of the very world against which he reacted. At Cambridge, he would cat-call in the theatre, hold rowdy parties in his rooms and break shop windows. He was sent down for hitting a policeman and left town astride a coffin in a memorable mock funeral. Indifferent to the respectable careers open to him (the family pottery business, science, or civil service), he resided in London before exiling himself to Canada. There, "haunted by the vast images of space," he suffered "the fright of the mind before the unknown and accepted the insignificance of man and the strength of God." This faith and his consequent belief in Original Sin, he insisted, was rooted not in bigotry but in this experience. Later, he asserted that man was born with an instinct for religion and that if the instinct were thwarted, it would find a less vital outlet.

For Hulme, that outlet at first was poetry. After returning to London in 1908, he organized the Poets' Club in a Soho restaurant and founded the movement later called imagism. Through the image he revolutionized a craft that had become soggy and discursive. What he did was not, naturally, to invent the poetic image, but to raise it to the level of principle and thus to emphasize the power of sharp, concrete visual analogies devoid of abstract emotive language. If he did not die to make verse free, he did invent one that was spare and economical to the point of being cryptic ("Above the quiet dock in midnight, / Tangled in the tall mast's corded height, / Hangs the moon. What seemed so far away / Is but a child's balloon, forgotten after play").

When Hulme tired of his own tenets, Ezra Pound took them over, publicizing and practicing them with enough gusto and genius to make himself known as the leader of the movement. As always, he freely acknowledged his indebtedness by printing five poems by Hulme in *Ripostes*. But Hulme's theory gains its most coherent expression, not in the imagists, but in the early poetry of Eliot. Of Eliot's many tokens of gratitude the most moving comes in the great *Four Quartets*: the "dead master" buried on a "distant shore," who materializes after the air raid, is not Pound or Mallarmé, as critics have suggested, but Hulme himself. If Mr. Jones does not point this out, it may be because he prefers fact to speculation of this sort.

NEXT, Hulme turned to philosophy. His picture of the world was "fragmentary, unsystematic, and in the final analysis, incoherent" (he tried to integrate into one complete system a number of incompatible elements), but it proved attractive since it preached revolution based upon reaction at a time when intellectuals ambivalently hungered for both. The advance of civilized man, according to Hulme, was due to traditions and institutions that control him so that he is decent and law-abiding, not by nature but by lack of opportunity to be otherwise. He was convinced of the sameness of man's nature as the only permanent factor in a world of flux, and he called for a constraining society (as opposed to a developing, liberal, progressive one) that suited man's constant nature, "his unchanging intellectual, moral, and egotistical qualities which placed him forever outside the Socialist goal of a perfect man in a perfect society."

Hulme's reaction to progressive liberalism had its influence: Eliot's idea of a Christian society owes much to him; his friend Ramiro de Maetzu, once Spain's ambassador to Argentina, died fighting for Franco; Pound's support of Mussolini is well known; Yeats flirted with fascism and Lewis admired Hitler. Yet one feels, perhaps irrationally, that Hulme himself would have opposed modern fascism with his last breath.

A trip to Ravenna, where he was impressed by the Byzantine geometri-

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cal art, drew his interest from philosophy to aesthetics, especially painting and sculpture, and in that area Mr. Jones thinks he did his most satisfying and influential writing. Certainly Epstein embodies much of Hulme's ideal and the cubists to come took the direction he predicted for art. These theories, ranging from poetry to politics, he expounded and explained before a "collection of journalists, artists, Irish yaps, American bums, and labor leaders" who gathered every Tuesday night at the home of his mistress (whose daughter he once promised to marry because she made such "lovely suet puddings").

EVEN in love and war, Hulme was the rebel returning to his roots. He took his pleasure from women coldly and casually and liked to engage his friends with highly imagistic, *avant-garde* reports on "the moral, political and metaphysical implications of the sex act," even when performed on the staircase of the Picadilly Tube. (When he died, says a friend, half the women of London went into mourning, such had been his free-wheeling virility.) Yet later Hulme upheld the Kinder, Küche, Kirche theory and, when he became engaged to marry, apparently remained as continent as a bourgeois swain through months of action in France. During these months, writing under the name of "North Staffs," he contended, like many other Englishmen, that a victory for German military power would spell disaster for Europe; on the other hand, he became an enthusiastic militarist and opponent of pacificism in the *enfant terrible* manner of Charles Maurras.

The volume includes a scholarly edition of the poems, two previously uncollected essays and two letters.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

EVERYTHING about *Irma La Douce* (Plymouth) is admirably efficient and pleasantly clever: it suffers only from a malady at its core.

I saw it first in the city of its origin, Paris. It had been running for several years and few, if any, of the first company remained. That may be why I was disappointed (everyone had assured me that it was utterly captivating). I saw it again in London in the Peter Brook production which is now here and wrote about it in *The Nation* (Spring of 1958) only to convey the same paradoxical reaction: that while I thought it most deftly directed by Mr. Brook, fetchingly designed by Rolf Gérard, nicely adapted by Julian More, David Heneker and Monty Norman (from the original by Alexandre Breffort and Marguerite Monnot), with a group of notably energetic, versatile and engaging performers headed by Elizabeth Seal, Keith Michell and Clive Revill, I forgot the whole thing almost immediately upon leaving the theatre. The event had evaporated.

"Sweet Irma" (for that, in case you didn't know, is one way of translating the title) might be likened to the pink cotton candy I used to see little girls eating when I was a boy. It was pretty and delicately sugary, but the taste lingered only for an instant.

The malady which besets this Anglo-French concoction is an essential non-existence. It is a sentimental fairy tale which depends on your not for a moment believing in any of it. To illustrate what I mean I should inform you that it is about a *fille de joie*—I cannot in this context use any blunter term—whose *mec*—"guy" or euphemistically "male protector"—is a law student unhappy over his girl's profession. She cannot afford to give it up for lack of what the French call a "serious lover," a man with sufficient funds to support her completely. The law student disguised as a bearded bourgeois undertakes to impersonate the serious lover. He goes to work at a menial job in order to give Irma money enough to turn it over to her protector and "true lover"—himself. The law student is finally not only exhausted by the routine of his masquerade but also becomes "jealous" of his counterpart. The law student murders himself as the bourgeois. He is arrested, etc., etc.

There is an element of fancy in all this which promises the titillation of a frothy dish. But there is no substance anywhere, even if you like the (to me) innocuous music or are taken with the breathless dance numbers or charmed by Elizabeth Seal as Irma. Even in fantasy something must be real. There is nothing sensuous in "Irma," nothing really naughty (though some may find the line-up outside Irma's professional quarters distasteful), nothing wickedly alluring, nothing genuinely witty, nothing authentically Parisian. It is a make-

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believe of a make-believe, a decorated vacuum. A musical comedy of the venereal underworld has been made as anodyne as a tourist poster advertising the enticements of exotic places and people.

A GREAT DEAL of modern English art tends to an ineffable sweetness that often fades to blandness or a vaporous pleasantness. There is a certain solace in it and one can easily become attached to it. Some of the better Old Vic productions of Shakespeare are like this. And the Royal Ballet (Metropolitan Opera House), on a generally much higher level of craftsmanship, sometimes takes on a similar quality. As Stravinsky said of Tschaikowsky's work (apropos of his ballet *Le Baiser de la Fée*) that it was marked by the mysterious imprint of the fatal "fairy's kiss," so the Royal Ballet seldom evokes anything except feminine loveliness, even when it treats of violence or tragedy. One almost yearns for the harsh, the stark, the strenuous, the jagged.

It is nevertheless a pleasure to see *Ondine,* a new ballet in three acts by Frederick Ashton based on the German story of the prince who falls in love with a water sprite and cannot live with or without her.

Beginning with its subject, which is a symbolic drama of the idealist unable to achieve purity while he endeavors to cling to the worldly, all the elements of this opera — except for the score by Hans Henze — are exquisite. With Ashton's finely wrought choreography and Lila de Nobili's enchanting costumes, lighting and remarkably expressive and ingenious scenery, the ballet rises to a climax of aerial delightfulness through the presence of Margot Fonteyn.

She does not dance so much as she wafts across the stage. She does not seem to have a bone in her body, being all spirit. There is no strain or effort, no pyrotechnics, no single virtuoso effect: she radiates a faintly anguished purity — too otherworldly to be named suffering. She floats in a supernal grace which traces no lines clear or sharp enough to be described as curves, arabesques, or anything in the least geometric. She is a weightlessly regal music dimly embodied in frail dance form.

The result of this combination of elements is not so much a great tragic ballet as a most elegant example of *theatre,* a nobly romantic spectacle offering marvelous yet discreet scenic effects — including a storm at sea — with Margot Fonteyn as the supreme vision.

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MUSIC

Lester Trimble

THE New York City Opera Company opened its season with a double bill which, without quite reaching the sublimity it aimed for, was arresting and distinguished. Leopold Stokowski conducted. The two works presented were Monteverdi's *Orfeo* (1607), and *The Prisoner,* a work completed in 1948 by the Italian, Luigi Dallapiccola. The historical and stylistic gap between the two works was about as wide as it could be, but the company's reasons for choosing these particular operas for opening night seemed identical: their intellectual quality and the nobility of their artistic impulse.

To stage an opera by Monteverdi so as to please a modern audience is no easy feat. We are so accustomed to a realistic musical theatre that even Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande* languishes in our repertory because it is dramatically static and, to many people, boring. But *Orfeo* is not only static; it is archaic, and abounds in recitatives, the bane of modern audiences. Only Monteverdi's genius for harmonic coloring, for the rhythmic animation of verbal phrases, and for pure melody, stand as buffers against the narrative dullness.

Facing these problems straight on, the New York City Opera made sensible and aesthetically sound decisions. To begin with, the producers shortened the work, bringing it down to ninety minutes. That, to my mind, is a sufficient length for so old a work on a modern stage. Critics who hold that an opera company should restore all the omitted material and give *Orfeo* in its entirety are unassailable as purists, but I doubt they are right in terms of audience response. Their powers of endurance must also be greater than mine. For, despite the beauty of the music in *Orfeo,* I caught myself drifting off more than once in the Underworld scene. If a work is in danger of putting people to sleep, it hardly seems wise to want it longer.

Another excellent decision was made by the debutant stage director, Christopher West, who staged the piece with a good amount of integrated choreography. When this dancing, created by Robert Joffrey, was functioning at its best, it added immensely to the stylish ornateness of the production, and kept the stage picture alive even when the principal singers had little reason to move. In the opening scene, for example, where various groups of singers and dancers spring into life at different moments from a relatively fixed tableau, the dancing functioned extremely well. It was not fussy, nor did it detract from the dignified poignancy of Orfeo's *cantabile* passages.

In the Underworld scene, however, the choreography was unimaginative and repetitive. Donald Oenslager's costumes for the denizens were unattractive, and the stage was poorly lit. Orfeo's long recitatives were thus placed under the increased burden of fighting against the dullness of the visual scene. They naturally lost the battle.

The really glorious spots in *Orfeo* come in its arias, the best of which are entrusted to the title character. Without recourse to visual drama, and with only the element of pure melody to transmit the message, they touch one's heart in a way that no other music quite manages to achieve. There is a peculiar combination of Olympian restraint and humanism in this music which works with tremendous force upon one's feelings. The aria sung by Orfeo after he is informed of Euridice's death would dissolve a stone.

Gerard Souzay, the young French baritone who made his debut in this role, was in every way admirable. His voice was handsome: supple, and of not too dark a color. And he used it aristocratically, molding phrases and melodies with refinement; achieving the effect of passion not by bleating or wailing, but by simply intensifying the lines laid down by Monteverdi. He is a musician of the finest kind, and ideally suited for the role.

Doris Yarick, who made her debut with the company in the part of La Musica, was similarly appealing: bright to look at and to hear; full of spirit. Judith Raskin (Euridice), Regina Sarfaty (Messaggera), and Frank Porretta (Apollo) also contributed to the evening's distinction.

DALLAPICCOLA'S *The Prisoner* was also having its first performance at the City Center. It was not entirely new to New York, however, having been given previously at the Juilliard School of Music. It is a considerable work, but not great. Though Dallapiccola's craft is enormous, he does not in this opera so much create a dramatic entity as weave a tapestry in which one can admire many individual threads.

The Prisoner is to all intents and purposes a one-character opera, with the protagonist, a tormented, writhing figure, on stage at every moment. Subsidiary characters (the Mother; the Jailer-Inquisitor; two Priests) enter the action only briefly. And with the exception of an instant when the Priests confront the Prisoner, they contribute no element of dramatic energy. *The Prisoner*, therefore, remains a monologue, concerning itself with ideas of dictatorial oppression, religious domination and the deprivation of personal and spiritual liberty. It is adroitly and luxuriously composed, especially for the orchestra. Its idiom, though quite "advanced," is essentially colorful and sweet. But the spectacle of a single character agonizing for the entire length of an opera finally becomes enervating. One loses sympathy and interest.

Dallapiccola has a strange tendency to insert a little bit of jazziness at moments which seem to me quite random and inappropriate. I had the feeling that the composer's pen sometimes raced ahead of his sober thoughts, putting down notes with little consideration of the dramatic situation at hand. I was also bothered by a sentimental little leitmotiv first carefully linked with the words "My Brother!" which was so

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much belabored that it assumed undue importance. Its effect was to cheapen the over-all impression of the piece by letting the listener see all too clearly some of the schematic planning involved.

At the same time, the seriousness of Dallapiccola's subject matter, and the general fastidiousness of his writing (my criticism notwithstanding), made *The Prisoner* worth mounting and hearing. I doubt that it will become part of the basic repertory, but it is a respectable work by a respectable composer.

ART

Fairfield Porter

SO CLOSELY do art and rubbish approach each other in the new exhibition at the Martha Jackson Gallery, and so convincing is the appropriately crowded presentation, like an inventory of the possessions of the Collier brothers, that one wonders where the difference lies. This show, closing October 22, is a tribute to the genius of Marcel Duchamp. Cornell is another ancestor of this movement in which art resembles homemade toys, and in which formal distinctions between painting, sculpture, illustration, satire and the amuseemnt park tend to disappear. The artists use the ordinary materials of this steel, plastic, paper, plaster civilization. Also newspapers, typography, found objects: the jetsam of the city. And paint, in all its forms, from fresh, through peeling, to removed; and dirt, the smear of life. Behind the glass of Cornell's box are loose white cubes in square white holes. No one has improved on his ability to suggest more than is there, as though each of his boxes were a one-act abstract chamber drama.

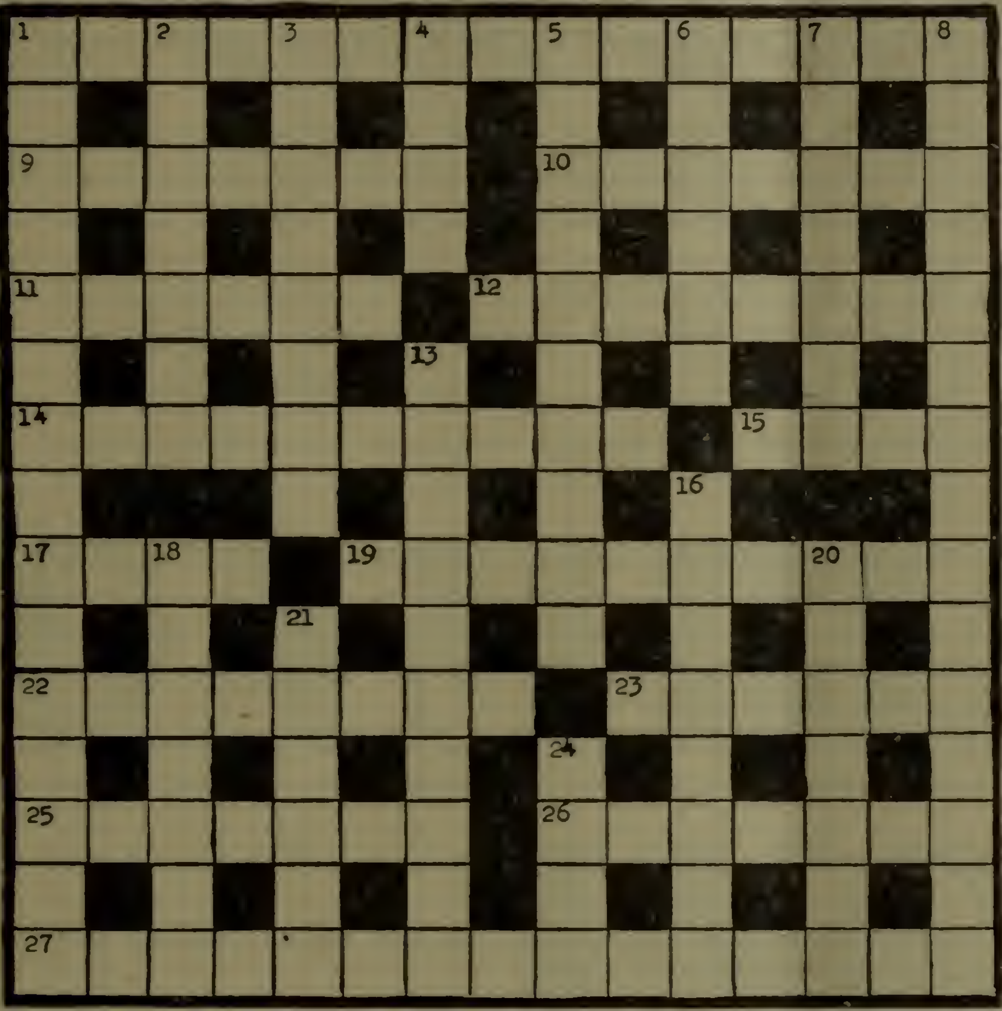
Brecht's *Play Incident* allows you to drop a ping-pong ball into a choice of holes at the top, when it falls, playing a tune, to come out at any one of five holes at the bottom or sides. Tapies' *Painting on Unfolded Carton* has this artist's gray elegance. Takis uses the entertainment possibilities inherent in magnetism. Kaprow creates part of an environment out of materials of a Japanese flimsiness; and his and Whitman's object, made, as I remember, of a worn-out rope door mat and rag of terry cloth hanging over a pile of crumpled, soiled newspaper, do to space something analogous to what Castro's four-hour speeches do to time. Some artists use their materials pictorially, as Vanderbeek, who bends a bentwood chair into the likeness of a *Seated Figure;* and Jean Follett, whose little figure assembled from switches, springs and castors on a cinder bed is poetically entitled *My Creature Washed up all over the World.* There is the satire of Falkenstein's *Party Line,* with its charred wood and melted insulators; the dadaistic ferocity of Latham's relief of partly burned books opened like flowering pastries from a creamy plaster; and the nightmare of Levinson's lighted sinus operation.

The artists seem to make a visual appeal to ideas too serious for words, even though the meaning derives less from the materials in a sensuous way than through their names. They seem more influenced by the poetry of journalism and of the movies than by what, in this context, I can only claim as the "so-called" plastic arts. The participation of the spectator that Brecht wants makes me think of a host nervous if some parlor game has not been planned for after dinner. He channels the spectator's energy, so that he won't break the furniture. These artists break it first. By their rubbishy, nihilistic look of being against meaning, they concentrate attention all the more narrowly on just this question of what it means.

However, there are several artists in this show who do have plastic concerns; one of them, Indiana, presents a thick, erect plank with stenciled circles and letters, like a signal post considered aesthetically. Another is Paul Harris, shown here, and, much more interestingly, in realistic and abstract examples at the Poindexter Gallery. His realistic sculpture is talented and entertaining like most of the objects at the Jackson Gallery, but his abstract sculptures are very original. Though he has given them titles like *Chandelier of Love, Winter Gladiolas* and *Wishing Well,* which give a dadaistic reference, what counts more is the use he has made of modern plastics as containers for plaster castings. Like many contemporary American sculptors, he is able to make plaster come alive. The sculpture, like broken upholstery, has partly the sensuosity that gives promise of rather uncertain pneumatic bliss, and partly a sick person's sensitivity about the sheets. As in a description of the beauty and intricacy of detail revealed under mescaline, every wrinkle counts. His sculpture doesn't mean anything, but is directly tactile and utterly useless. Through the detail of wrinkle and round object, he goes back to a beginning of sculpture, much as Kline goes back, through the stroke, to a beginning of painting. It seems to me that in his abstractions he has made an insanely inspired jump into significance.

Crossword Puzzle No. 885

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Its receiver certainly wouldn't consider it free advice. (7, 8)
9 As agent of the spear side, relatively speaking. (7)
10 By rights, shouldn't be a holder. (7)
11 A Manx cat shouldn't be followed. (6)
12 Evidently poor leavings for a hypnotist! (8)
14 Get completely on an even keel, as 10 doesn't hold. (10)
15 Wozzeck was his. (4)
17 Bills might be a jocular title with his. (4)
19 Its members might appear in court frequently. (6, 4)
22 Is an equivalent charge with this not being fixed? (8)
23 Carried along a ring of the island. (6)
25 True marine creature used is pyrotechnics. (7)
26 Period with certain results of rubber application. (7)
27 The final results of cross-checking? (8, 6)

DOWN:

1 Lodge's organization in part, with lines attached for elaborate detail. (7, 3, 5)
2 and 24 down Gaff and net? One shouldn't take off without it! (7, 4)
3 Asks to get out of it when tents are folded. (8)
4 How to examine 3 without getting near. (4)
5 Johnson said knowledge is more than this to force. (10)
6 Are most of the centaurs? (6)
7 Send in a substitute. (7)
8 Do they propose proposals? (8, 7)
13 Does it take very high octane to make one? (10)
16 Sounding like a young male insect? (8)
18 Used to weigh sacks of personal accoutrement? (7)
20 The kind of syne that precedes our troubled weakness. (7)
21 Grubby get-up to dress a marine school! (6)
24 See 2 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 884

ACROSS: 1 Radioactivity; 10 Sidecar; 11 At large; 12 Ermined; 13 Scalene; 14 Tenders; 15 Trotski; 16 Immoral; 20 Hotspur; 23 Arraign; 24 Croquet; 25 Lacking; 26 Impasto; 27 Cousins-german. DOWN: 2 Abdomen; 3 Incense; 4 Abrades; 5 Transit; 6 Volcano; 7 Targets; 8 Ascertainable; 9 Deterioration; 17 Morocco; 18 Raisins; 19 Lonigan; 20 Hacking; 21 Trouper; 22 Prussia.

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- AN INDEPENDENT RESEARCH LABORATORY—our gadfly in the advertising culture's ointment works far into the night, actually shaving sandpaper and counting coffee beans.
- NEGATIVE THINKING—miscellaneous heresies ranging from the poetry of Ezra Pound to the semantics of the soul.
- THE SECOND COMING—a fable for our time, wherein the Messiah must swim the TV channels, from What's My Line to The Ed Sullivan Show.
- AN IMPOLITE INTERVIEW WITH JEAN SHEPHERD—the iconoclastic radio humorist delves into such unlikely areas as the thought processes of unhousebroken dogs, the story behind the rent-a-beatnik ads, and the essential immorality of "Tea and Sympathy."
- CORE AND SURFACE—ranging from a three-way debate on Wilhelm Reich to a survey of dynamic neutralism.
- MODEST PROPOSALS—a column of Swiftian satire, taking such forms as a travel folder for the Dominican dictatorship or a handbook for employees of an oil company with operations in Saudi Arabia.

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THE NATION

SPECIAL ISSUE: 50c

OCTOBER 22, 1960

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TREASURE CHEST OF THE UNDERWORLD

BY FRED J. COOK

LETTERS

Good Reason

Dear Sirs: We are getting closer and closer to November and the Presidential election and I find it harder and harder to choose between Adlai Stevenson and Nelson Rockefeller.

Harry Cimring

Hollywood, Calif.

The 'Critical Fog' . . .

Dear Sirs: Mr. M. L. Rosenthal's treatment of Karl Shapiro's *In Defense of Ignorance* [Sept. 24 issue], like most reviews of the book appearing lately, completely misses the point in its haste to protect the sanctity of the poets Mr. Shapiro contends with. . . . Contrary to Mr. Rosenthal's contention, Shapiro is not desirous of eliminating critics. What he does want is for them to judge poems and poets individually, not to dismiss or accept them according to predefined canons, not to correct taste, as the New Critics do. [He] insists on judging poetry by content as well as by style, the criteria for such being the poet's humanity and *personal emotion* in the poem, a not very dogmatic conception. . . .

A recent anthology compiled by Donald Hall and his associates would seem to show that the "rich variety of the work of our younger poets" is in fact non-existent, there being a rather abject conformity in technique and subject matter instead. The San Francisco group Mr. Rosenthal holds up to evidence the new influence of Williams is not a very well-taken point either. Their talents are small for the most part, and their poems are buttressed up more by a socially critical nature than by literary excellence. Hence, that Pound is the Master of the Beats as well as Williams in no way rebuts Shapiro. Mr. Rosenthal's review is valuable, however, since it displays exactly that critical fogginess Shapiro rejects.

Lewis Meyers

Silver Spring, Md.

. . . Lifts

(1) Mr. Shapiro, with much qualification and inconsistency, does attack criticism. He calls instead for "judgment" — which sometimes seems to mean critical evaluation as ordinarily understood, but usually means something almost instinctive, a response based on right feeling. I agree that this primary act of sensibility is crucial, but not with the rest of his argument.

(2) The observation about Dr. Williams' influence is Mr. Shapiro's, not mine —though I very much agree. My point was that the younger writers are also profoundly influenced, and to good purpose, by Pound, Eliot, and the whole tendency which Mr. Shapiro attacks. (Part of his attack consists in the argument that the influence on the more original younger writers is weaker than usually supposed and in any case detrimental.) The new poets to whom I was referring are not only the San Franciscans and those represented in the Hall-Simpson-Pack anthology, but the whole range discussed in my *Nation* article of November 1, 1958.

M. L. Rosenthal

London

Committee of One

Dear Sirs: Once again *The Nation* is to be commended for bringing to light new evidence on the Hiss case ["The Added Witness," by George T. Altman, Oct. 1 issue]. My interest in Alger Hiss began as a result of the article "Hiss: New Perspectives on the Strangest Case of Our Time," by Fred J. Cook, published three years ago in your magazine.

In June of this year, I appointed myself chairman of a committee of one to try to inform the people of the United States of the injustice done to Alger Hiss. I've written letters to editors and government officials; spoken to friends; talked to anyone who would listen; sold fifty-some copies of *The Honorable Mr. Nixon* by William Reuben (a book which describes in detail Richard Nixon's role in the case) . . . .

Mr. Hiss has been a condemned man for one decade. I feel sure there are many people who share my concern about this miscarriage of justice.

Betty Sue Lentz

Bergenfield, N.J.

'Mr. Black Earth'

Dear Sirs: Your readers may be interested in a letter which I have just addressed to President Charles de Gaulle of France:

"I am an American writer, now living in Denmark, who is well acquainted with France and with Algeria. I was troubled to read in *Politiken*, the Copenhagen daily, that the French Government, under your leadership, has departed from the traditional principles of French democracy to crack down on the writers, teachers and artists who, in agony at what has been happening in Algeria, have put their names to a protest manifesto.

"*Politiken* states that the Minister of Information, M. Terrenoir, has prohibited all the signers of the manifesto from appearing on French radio or television. Is this France? He is well named, the Minister of Information: Mr. Black Earth!

"Is it possible that France now proposes to emulate the 'black era' which my own country, the United States, passed through in the time of McCarthy?"

John Hyde Preston

Mariager, Denmark

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by FRED J. COOK

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Carey McWilliams, Editor
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts

Harold Clurman, Theatre
Maurice Grosser, Art
M. L. Rosenthal, Poetry
Lester Trimble, Music

Alexander Werth, European Correspondent

Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

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Treasure Chest of the Underworld:

GAMBLING, Inc.

by Fred J. Cook

INTRODUCTION BY THE EDITORS

PROFESSIONAL gambling today is the most lucrative, most destructive and withal most widely tolerated form of crime in the country. For in point of fact the public knows almost nothing about contemporary gambling; what it knows is a series of myths handed down from the days when gamblers sported waxed mustaches and traveled the river boats with derringers hidden in their lace-cuffed sleeves. And this outdated sophistication is the principal asset of Gambling, Inc. As long as the public persists in its ignorance, the success of the enterprise is assured — with consequences that are dramatically documented in the following pages.

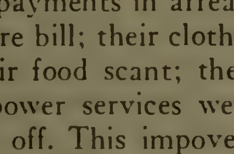
Succinctly, then, the purpose of this special issue is to put gambling in its new, and true, perspective as the treasure chest of the underworld and as the most corruptive single influence on our society. Each year the revenues that pour into the coffers of Gambling, Inc., are used to bribe elected officials, to oil political machines and to corrupt police and other law-enforcement agencies on a scale so staggering it has not yet been truly measured.

Fred J. Cook's intimate knowledge of the twin problems of crime and law enforcement is derived from many years' experience as the top crime reporter for a New York metropolitan daily. Two of his earlier special articles for *The Nation* have won the New York Newspaper Guild's Page One Award: "The FBI," in our issue of Oct. 18, 1958, and "The Shame of New York" (written in collaboration with Gene Gleason), in our issue of Oct. 31, 1959.

In this remarkable exposé, Mr. Cook does more than put the evil of gambling into new perspectives. He makes certain concrete suggestions for overcoming the evil; and the soundness of his suggestions may well be measurable by the amount of resistance they are bound to arouse among politicians and policemen who, for reasons of their own, are dedicated to the *status quo*.

THE EDITORS.

CHAPTER



RULE OF THE LAWLESS

THE WIFE of a wage earner in Syracuse, N.Y., was desperate. Her husband earned some $7,000 a year, but his family was nearly destitute. They were three payments in arrears on a large furniture bill; their clothes were shabby, their food scant; their light, heat and power services were about to be shut off. This impoverishment in the midst of adequate income was caused by just one factor: the husband was a victim of a psychological disease worse in some ways than the affliction of the alcoholic—he was possessed by the insatiable urge to gamble.

Within the past year and a half, he had gone back time and again to the gambling game being run wide open in Syracuse by "big-shot" gamblers. The game was no secret. The boss gambler had been doing business at the same spot for twenty-five years. For a full quarter of a century, tapped on the wrist just four times by minor fines, he had conducted a lawless business in full view of the law, almost as openly as a businessman runs a department store. The $7,000-a-year wage earner was simply one of the latest of innumerable victims.

This fact did not, of course, mitigate the personal tragedy. Hooked by losses, the wage earner kept going back to get even. With the blind, unreasoning, total commitment of the addict, he kept seeking the big killing that would wipe out all his debts, that would leave him pillowed on a downy financial cushion — that would give him his moment of triumph, that would turn an inadequate man into a big shot. Inevitably, he always wound up fleeced of his last available dollar and owing the house. In terror — for he was playing with gamblers whom one did not continue to owe with impunity—he scrabbled for money. He borrowed his working wife's last cent; he got loans from the banks, from a credit union. In eighteen months the $7,000-a-year wage earner lost $8,000.

"I called the police on one occasion about my husband's gambling, and a detective told me it was difficult to make gambling arrests and apparently there was little they could do," the distraught wife wrote in a letter, read last spring into the records of the New York State Commission of Investigation.

This futile appeal to the law was followed by one last desperate fling on the husband's part. He managed to scrape together $1,000. He left home, headed for the crap game. This time, he vowed, he was really going to hit the jackpot. His wife knew better. She followed him to the street; she grabbed his arm and tugged at him, crying and imploring him to come back home with the money his family so desperately needed. While this domestic dispute was taking place on the sidewalk, a Syracuse patrolman, impressive in the uniform that should be a symbol of public respect, drove up to the curb in a patrol car. The wife turned and appealed to him.

> I told the policeman that my husband had $1,000 on his person and that he was headed for a gambling place [*the wife wrote later*]. He had just lost $450 a few days before, gambling; I was determined to stop him from going any further.
>
> The policeman took my husband aside and talked to him a short time privately, and then the policeman came to me and asked if it would be all right if my husband took $100 — would it be all right if I let him go then.
>
> As it turned out, I let him go, but instead of $100, he took $250. My husband told me later, the policeman drove him to the gambling establishment in the police car right after I left. My husband said he gave the policeman $10 for driving him to the gambling place.

Capsuled in this anecdote is one of the great, overriding issues of our time — the domination of the law by the forces of the lawless. For the shocking impact of this modern triangle of the professional gambler, the sucker victim and the grafting cop lies in the fact, not that it is unique, but that it is a commonplace. It is part of the face of America from coast to coast; and the wife in Syracuse, N.Y., who turned to the law for help and who found the law a shill for mobsters, is a human symbol whose experience has a recognizable universality. The illicit partnership of the law and the lawless, which makes of the public a helpless victim, has been exposed from Massachusetts to Florida, from Florida to California, and at innumerable way stations between. It is a conspiracy that exists as surely in towns of 5,000 as it does in the teeming cities, and it expresses in action a plain fact that must now be plainly stated — that bribery and corruption have become one of America's greatest industries.

The Illicit Partnership

Anyone who is inclined to boggle at the truth of that brutal statement needs only to turn to the ample records of recent years documenting beyond all shadow of doubt what has happened to American society. The partnership of the underworld and the overworld, first forged on a national scale in the Niagara of illicit wealth that flowed from Prohibition, has grown stronger and more menacing with time. It is a partnership that has been watered by another Niagara of dirty dollars — the colossal take of a nation-wide gambling industry whose bankroll today dwarfs the bankroll that Prohibition put into the hands of the mob. This bankroll operates on the brash and brazen assumption that every man has his price, that it is possible to buy protection for every deed on the criminal calendar from making book to committing murder. It is a bankroll that is used to influence the cop on the beat, the police chief at headquarters — and the politicians who control both. The partnership of the underworld and the overworld is based on the only coin that today in America has meaning — money; and the tie that binds is politics.

The magnitude of the underworld gambling industry, a colossus that dwarfs many entire lines of legitimate business, has been emphasized in every official study of the problem. One of the best of these studies was the little-noted report issued in 1957 by the Massachusetts Crime Commission. The commission devoted four years to its task; it questioned bookmakers, gamblers, mobsters of every stripe; it examined the problems of law enforcement and politics; and in the end it came to conclusions, usually understated and expressed with legalistic restraint, that are truly shocking in their implications. Its "basic finding," the commission wrote, was this: *"Organized crime has evolved into a state of society that amounts to lawlessness."*

Bigger Than Food Business

The commission, leaning over backwards to be conservative, tried to estimate the total underworld gambling revenue in Massachusetts and came up with a figure so huge it seems incredible — but a figure, the commission was convinced, that was nevertheless so understated it did not really convey the full truth. This understated figure pegged the total flow of cash into illegal gambling rackets at *$2 billion a year.* On this gross play, profits in the various rackets ranged from 5 to 50 per cent, with a net take to the underworld of hundreds of millions of dollars a year. The commission, emphasizing the enormity of a $2 billion annual illegal gambling business, wrote: "For the year 1954, retail sales here by every establishment having a payroll of any kind totaled $5,202,282,000. The Commission believes that the unlawful revenues of organized gambling reach at least two-fifths of this figure for legitimate, essential business."

Another, similar comparison gave graphic emphasis to the issue. The commission pointed out that the gross revenue of the retail food business, the largest single trade in the state, amounted to only $1,280,-372,000. Reduced to the simplest and most understandable terms, what these figures meant was simply this: the public of Massachusetts was gambling nearly $2 with the underworld for every $1 it spent for food.

Even this 2-1 ratio of gambling over food is not the full story. For it must be borne in mind that the Massachusetts commission was *not* trying to estimate the total resources of the underworld; it was *not* attempting to assess the take from narcotics, prostitution, illegal liquor sales, labor rackets. It was simply discussing gambling — a $2 billion-a-year illegal business.

The Necessary Foundation

How could such a business, virtually twice the size of the retail food business in Massachusetts, run undisturbed, in open defiance of the law? Common sense dictates an inevitable answer, and the Massachusetts commission, recognizing common sense, stated it in these explicit terms:

> It seems to have been a universal finding by crime survey commissions that organized illegal gambling could not exist within a community without the knowledge and the protection of the local police. For all practical purposes that is a fair statement. . . . The existence of an illegal gambling operation is as apparent as any other type of retail business. The place to which customers come, such as a horse room, the location of a card or dice game or of pinball machines, is more than apparent; it is obvious. The idea that games float to hide from police is more fiction than fact. Gaming-operators have told the commission that they move to avoid complaint, not arrest. . . .
>
> Protection is a state that occurs as frequently by the demand of the police as by the offer of the racketeer. . . . The universal complaint among gaming operators is that the demands have been becoming increasingly exorbitant. Some have told the Commission that the price of protection has reached the stage where illegal gambling is *police business instead of bookie business*. . . .

Behind the venality of police, the commission found, lies the true source of corruption — the unholy alliance of the underworld and politics. A net annual gambling take running into hundreds of millions of dollars buys a lot of votes and influence, and even if a policeman wants to be honest, he frequently does not dare because the elected officials who outrank him are obligated.

Guide to Gambling

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> Politics creates and encourages more conditions adverse to law enforcement than any other single cause [*the commission wrote*]. Politics interferes with law enforcement at the state, county and local levels. . . . The most important connection between the racketeer and the politician is in the matter of campaign expenses. . . . The task of running for public office is an expensive one. This is particularly true since the advent of television. . . .

The Massachusetts commission cited one vivid and fairly typical example of the link that weds crime and politics:

> In addition to the matter of campaign expenses . . . there is also the important element of the need for workers in a campaign. Bookmakers and leaders in the rackets have a great many hangers-on who can be made available along with automobiles for such activities. One investigator with the Commission witnessed a well-known gambling operator, who served time in State Prison on a murder charge, paying workers $20 apiece in a barroom for services rendered in behalf of one seeking the nomination for District Attorney.

The Incredible Tally Sheet

Such is the magnitude of the gambling evil, such the links of crime to the law and to politics that were exposed by an honest and thorough crime commission in Massachusetts. The findings are highly typical of conditions that exist across the nation. Time and again, in city after city and in state after state, one finds the same system, the same pattern, the same lame alibis for official inaction. To anyone who studies the scene and tries to face its implications unflinchingly, it becomes obvious that here is a national malaise gnawing at the very vitals of democratic government. For when the lawless can bribe and dominate the law, the worst elements of a society, not the best, are the ones that are truly influential. And when one projects the $2 billion-a-year gambling racket in Massachusetts on a national scale, the colossal American investment in corruption becomes apparent in an underworld balance sheet so huge it reads like the federal budget.

For the magnitude of this tally of dishonesty (though officials do not phrase the issue precisely this way), one can cite some impressive sources. Attorney General William G. Rogers has estimated the total gross take of the rackets in America at about $20 billion a year, of which half is represented by gambling. J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, puts the racket toll at about $22 billion, a figure that would mean the underworld is reaping an $11 billion annual bonanza from gambling. Against the background of such eminent official estimates, the analysis that is probably the most authoritative of all is readily seen to be also the most conservative.

This final figure comes from Milton R. Wessel, the energetic young New York corporation lawyer who headed the short-lived U.S. Attorney General's Special Group on Organized Crime. As the head of a unit whose task (until the rug was abruptly pulled out from under it) was to break up the big-time rackets, Wessel naturally devoted a lot of attention to developing an estimate of just how big the rackets were. His approach, it must be emphasized, was essentially conservative. For example, in attempting to evaluate the revenue that horse-race bookmaking pours into the coffers of the underworld, he used a ratio that virtually every authoritative source considers too low. He assumed that, for every dollar bet in the pari-mutuel machines at the nation's tracks, three will be bet with bookies. The Massachusetts Crime Commission, which used the same conservative ratio in compiling its figures, pointed out that the lowest estimate it obtained from the gambling fraternity itself was 4 to 1 and that 5 to 1 was generally considered to err on the side of caution.

With such a preface, one may be prepared to accept the validity of Wessel's final figures — and their shocking import. Baldly, his analysis showed that the American public spends *$47 billion a year* on all forms of illegal gambling — a figure bigger than the national defense budget! This is the total turnover, the total "handle." Out of this huge flow of cash, Wessel and the experts on his organized crime task force estimated that the underworld keeps about *$9 billion.* But, Wessel points out, this is not all clear profit. "Fully half of the syndicates' income from gambling is earmarked for protection money paid to police and politicians," he says flatly and unequivocally.

Just what does a gross underworld gambling profit of $9 billion a year actually mean? Just what does fully half of this, or $4.5 billion a year invested in the payoff, actually mean? In dealing with figures so grandiose that they escape the grasp of the normal human imagination, one needs some solid basis for comparison. For instance: In its peak year of 1955, the automobile industry — one of the nation's greatest — turned out a flood of new cars on which Detroit put a wholesale value of $12.4 billion. In more average years, its output has borne a wholesale price tag of $8-$9 billion. Putting Wessel's figures into perspective against this background — and it must be emphasized again that his figures are more conservative than those of Rogers or of Hoover — the picture that emerges is simply this: the underworld's gross annual gambling *profit* is roughly comparable to *the entire wholesale value* of American automobile production in an average year. And when one considers that "fully half" of this enormous gangland take — a staggering total of $4.5 billion annually — is invested in bribery and the purchase of political influence, then one is forced to the inevitable conclusion that corruption is indeed one of America's largest industries, an insatiable monster that consumes fully half as many dollars as are represented in an average year by the *total output* of America's automobile factories, one of the basic bellwethers of national prosperity.

Random Sampling

Fantastic? Incredible? Consider.

¶ In Richmond, Va., certainly not one of the nation's greatest metropolitan centers, federal authorities last March uncovered the activities of a numbers operator who was handling $2 million a year in bets. Records showed that, during one four-year period, he had averaged $2.2 million a year. Testimony before a federal grand jury indicated that Richmond policemen were being paid from $3,500 to $5,000 a month to let the system operate.

¶ In Miami, Fla., last winter, Mayor Robert King High called for an investigation of a $100,000-a-week Bolita operation, a form of numbers play. He charged that 10 per cent of the proceeds were going to local police in pay-offs. Though Bolita is a nickels-and-dimes operation, the gambling game of the extremely poor, the weekly play indicated that this racket alone involved a cash flow of more than $5 million a year in Miami.

¶ In New Orleans, La., despite the specific disclosures of the Kefauver Committee nearly ten years ago, the Carlos Marcello mob, unhampered by a law that sees no evil, hears no evil and speaks no evil, is still running wide-open multi-million-dollar rackets of every kind — slot machines, handbooks, huge gambling games. In one extraordinarily frank television interview in July, 1959, one of the old-time operators in Louisiana — a man who had begun with a handbook and later had become one of the local agents for the slot-machine empire of Frank Costello and "Dandy Phil" Kastel, a connection that hadn't kept him from serving eight years in the Louisiana Legislature — described the facts of modern life in bald and uncompromising terms. He said he believed "absolutely" that "every man has his price"; that a bookie couldn't stay in business "twenty minutes" without paying for protection; that the way to get a bill introduced and passed in the Louisiana Legislature was to pay for it; that in eight years' service in the legislature he hadn't met a single politician who wasn't on the take, but that, being a charitable and generous man, he would estimate that perhaps only 98 per cent of the lawmakers were crooked; that the profits of gambling are so enormous "You can take $300 and get in a handbook and become a millionaire in four or five years. . . ." And, if you're really greedy and want to take chances, said this expert, you can make a killing in a single year.

Such is the picture of a widely and badly corrupted society. Even a random sampling of experience like this shows that the payoff has become a common denominator of American life. This is true in Massachusetts, with its Puritan background and heritage; in New York, in Virginia, in Florida, in Louisiana. The locale does not matter; what does matter is the partnership that exists between the crooks of the underworld and the crooks in uniform and in public office. When this partnership is so entrenched that the nickels-and-dimes numbers game can mean a $2 million annual racket in a city the size of Richmond, or $5 million in Miami; when this partnership is so entrenched that a man can start a handbook with $300 in New Orleans and become a millionaire in less than five years — then one begins to get some idea of the tremendous corruptive power that the ceaseless flow of gambling cash has put into the hands of the most brutal forces in American society: the thugs, swindlers and killers of the underworld.

An extra dimension of depth and vividness is given the portrait when one examines some of the most important evidence compiled in recent years — that developed during the past spring and summer by the New York State Commission of Investigation. The New York hearings are vital to an understanding of the crime-and-corruption problem because they were based so solidly on specific evidence uncovered in sweeping raids conducted by agents of the commission and the New York State Police in late October, 1959. Months-long preparation preceded the raids; they were so completely and uniquely successful that one hundred major books across the entire breadth of the state were knocked off at precisely the same minute in one afternoon; and the detailed records seized in the surprise swoop eliminated guesswork from estimates and provided a solid, factual picture of the magnitude of the big-money game of the underworld: bookmaking.

Bucolic Vice

In the process of this accomplishment, important in itself, the New York commission turned a strong and significant spotlight on a little-regarded aspect of the gambling racket — the manner in which it extends into even the grass roots of America. We have become callous and inured to the spectacle of crime and corruption in our cities; we have assumed that the rural scene is purer. This, as the New York commission showed, is a false assumption. Take, for example, the town of Falconer. It lies in upstate New York on the fringe of the Buffalo area near the Pennsylvania border; it has a population of less than 5,000. Yet it supported a flourishing bookmaking operation with interstate ties to Minneapolis, Detroit, Washington and Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Falconer was not an exception; it was typical. The New York commission found that the underworld had left virtually no rural soil untilled, and it stated positively, as an axiom of modern life, that it was almost impossible to find a town of 10,000 that was without its bookmaking operation.

Highlights of Crime

Against this background, the specific disclosures that emanated from the New York hearings have a special validity and significance. Here are some of the high points:

¶ The hundred raided books — that is, the hundred central bookmaking operations — handled bets totaling $250 million annually. Even a 10 per cent margin of profit (a conservative estimate) meant that the underworld was cleaning up $2.5 million a year from these hundred books alone. But this was not the full picture, nor the full take. The raided books were not the only ones operating in upstate New York; they were simply all that the commission and State Police could raid in a single afternoon. There were at least another hundred books running in the same area at the time, and so the betting "handle," and the consequent take, may well have been double the $250 million amount established by the raids.

¶ The existence of an illegal business flourishing on this scale means that there is literally a small army of racketeers wedded to the interests of crime. Statistics of the New York commission showed that, on an average, each of the hundred books employed at least ten runners, a total force of 1,000. Since the raids of October, 1959, the New York commission has identified other operations and other active participants, compiling a card file of more than 3,000 persons engaged in upstate New York bookmaking alone. In the nation, it is estimated, gambling supports 50,000 master bookies and some 400,000 small fry.

¶ Commission investigators established that, in just eight weeks, one Canadian bookie with whom the upper New York State boys were doing business made a *profit of $500,000 on baseball play alone.* "This is *not* an estimate," William D. Walsh, assistant counsel to the commission, declared during the hearings. "We accurately determined this during the course of the investigation." Analysis by expert accountants showed that the twelve largest books among the one hundred raided did a gross annual business ranging from $5 million to $10 million apiece. Ever hear of the town of Watervliet? It is tucked away in the Troy-Rensselaer industrial area not far from Albany. When New York raiders struck the book operated there by James and Frank Cocca, they were fortunate enough to seize records containing details of the gross play for the last thirty-two days. In that time, just a little over a month, $512,271 had been bet with the Coccas — an average of $16,000 a day, or $4,992,000 a year.

¶ This tremendous illicit business, as the Massachusetts Crime Commission had reported three years earlier, was being conducted almost as openly as a supermarket. Walsh, who masterminded the New York investigation, testified that some books had operated at the same location for thirty years. Some of them — and the exact addresses of their businesses — had been identified in testimony before the Kefauver Committee nearly ten years earlier; but this public exposure had not impaired their racket or induced them to move even across the street. They were still doing business at the same old stand (a circumstance that, it would seem, should rob local police and law-enforcement officials of their favorite alibi — that they were poor innocents who didn't know; that, in a word, they were just plain stupid).

¶ Across the entire sweep of New York State, commission investigators found representatives of the law unable to give any satisfactory explanation for the manner in which they allowed multi-million-dollar rackets to run wide-open right under their august noses. In Ithaca, N.Y., football pools were so commonplace that discarded slips could be found on the streets all around the Cornell University campus; the town bookmaker had been conducting his business for years from a hall not seventy-five yards from police headquarters (running it so openly that he even had a public betting booth at which he wrote policy slips and booked horse-racing); the same master gambler and his associates operated a gambling game with a $30,000-$40,000 nightly play in a lodge hall whose windows were little more than an arm's length away from the side wall of a theatre run by the town's mayor. In Syracuse, the *Herald-Journal* conducted a months-long crusade against the gambling rackets; it printed more than 200 front-page stories; in one series, it named the exact blocks in which each of more than twenty gambling spots was located. Police, as usual, promised a vigorous crackdown; but more than a year later, when the state commission and state police went into Syracuse, they found ten of the spots still flourishing right where the *Herald-Journal* had said they were. Even worse, if possible, was the situation in Buffalo. So wide open was this city, the second largest in New York State, that one of the commission's investigators, on his first night in town, was steered to a spot where he could get gambling "action" by a policeman in full uniform. Subsequently, the commission discovered that a desk lieutenant in Police Headquarters was actually running his own book.

Myths of Gambling

When one finds a police lieutenant in headquarters doubling as a bookie, one has completed in definitive fashion the cycle that merges the law and the lawless. Indubitably, the cycle exists; it flourishes. The attorneys for the defense will argue, of course, that gambling is just a peccadillo; that gambling graft is really "honest" graft; that the law is not corrupted to its vitals by it because it does not involve the protection of any really heinous crime. This argument is based upon myths that have been widely promulgated by the takers to justify their taking — and that have been widely swallowed by press and public. These dual myths would have us believe that the professional bookmaker, the professional gambler, is a "gentleman" crook furnishing a genteel service to gentlemen who wish to experience the thrill of hazarding and losing their money; and so there is nothing really wrong if a cop takes a little "honest" graft for permitting these "gentlemen" of the underworld to run a racket that is not really a racket, but almost indeed a kindly service to mankind.

Charmed Life

No defense of dishonesty could be more dishonest. It should be obvious that the instant a policeman or a public official takes, he takes — period. He is obligated; he is tied by his own thievery to the thieves with whom he deals; and he has no choice, since he dare not risk self-exposure, but to support and sanction them in all their doings. Of course mobsters, even major mobsters, do at times get arrested; but anyone who has studied their records knows that they almost invariably lead a charmed life, that hardly ever are they convicted. A man must spend a lifetime building up opprobrium — and then run into a Kefauver buzz-saw — before, the law actually becomes incensed enough to send him to jail — and then only if his name is Frank Costello or Joe Adonis. This elemental fact of life is in itself an expression of the gilt-edged protection that the mob has purchased and enjoys. It is a fact of crucial importance once one realizes the complete fallacy of that first myth that the gambler is a gentleman crook. The well-documented record says that he is not. He is a racketeer, primed for any deed from peddling narcotics to committing murder.

Scratch a bookie and you'll find all kinds of encrustments of filth. The Massachusetts Crime Commission, its intelligence insulted by the corny refrain that a gambler is really a gentleman, turned the spotlight on the pasts of seventeen of these "nice fellows" selected at random; it found that their offenses ranged from attempted rape to suspicion of murder. One "nice fellow" had a police record thirty-three notches long, including such offenses as assault and battery, counterfeiting, breaking and entering, possession of burglars' tools, assault with intent to rob while carrying a dangerous weapon. Another had been arrested forty times for offenses including jail break, breaking and entering, violation of the White Slave Traffic Act, armed robbery, assault and battery with intent to murder, possession of burglars' tools.

Even more striking than the recitation of such dossiers was the dilemma in which the Massachusetts commission found itself with respect to what has sometimes been called "the crime of the century" — the January 17, 1950, Brink's holdup in which an armed gang wearing Halloween masks escaped with $2.5 million in cash and securities. So intertwined in Boston were the strands of gambling and top-level, violent crime that the Massachusetts commission was plagued by the fear that, in seeking evidence about gambling, it might inadvertently offer immunity from prosecution to a Brink's case defendant to get him to testify. The commission on one occasion did almost fall into the trap. As it later reported, it "did summon Vincent Costa, one of those convicted for his part in the robbery, to question him concerning his part and the part of his brother-in-law, Anthony Pino, another Brink's defendant, in the Treasury Balance lottery operations." Fortunately for the commission, Costa took the Fifth Amendment against self-incrimination; but the ties of gamblers to the most sensational holdup of the century, shown so clearly in the Brink's case, help to illustrate the truth that the professional gambler is a thug who will not balk at any type of crime that leads to a fat buck.

Dope: a Sideline

This vital fact has been expressed most vividly perhaps in one of the most nefarious rackets of our times — the narcotics traffic. You will frequently hear a plainclothesman protest that there is really nothing wrong with taking a little "honest" graft from a bookmaker; but that it is different, of course, if a cop takes "dirty" graft from a narcotics peddler — *he* (our grafting and self-righteous plainclothesman) would never, heaven forbid, sink to *that* level. Such protestations are hypocrisy's wasted breath, for the plain fact is that there is no difference: the bookie and the narcotics trafficker are frequently one and the same person.

The investigations of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics have proved this point time and again. A couple of top-level cases show the manner in which underworld millions, reaped in gambling, have been used to finance the international narcotics traffic.

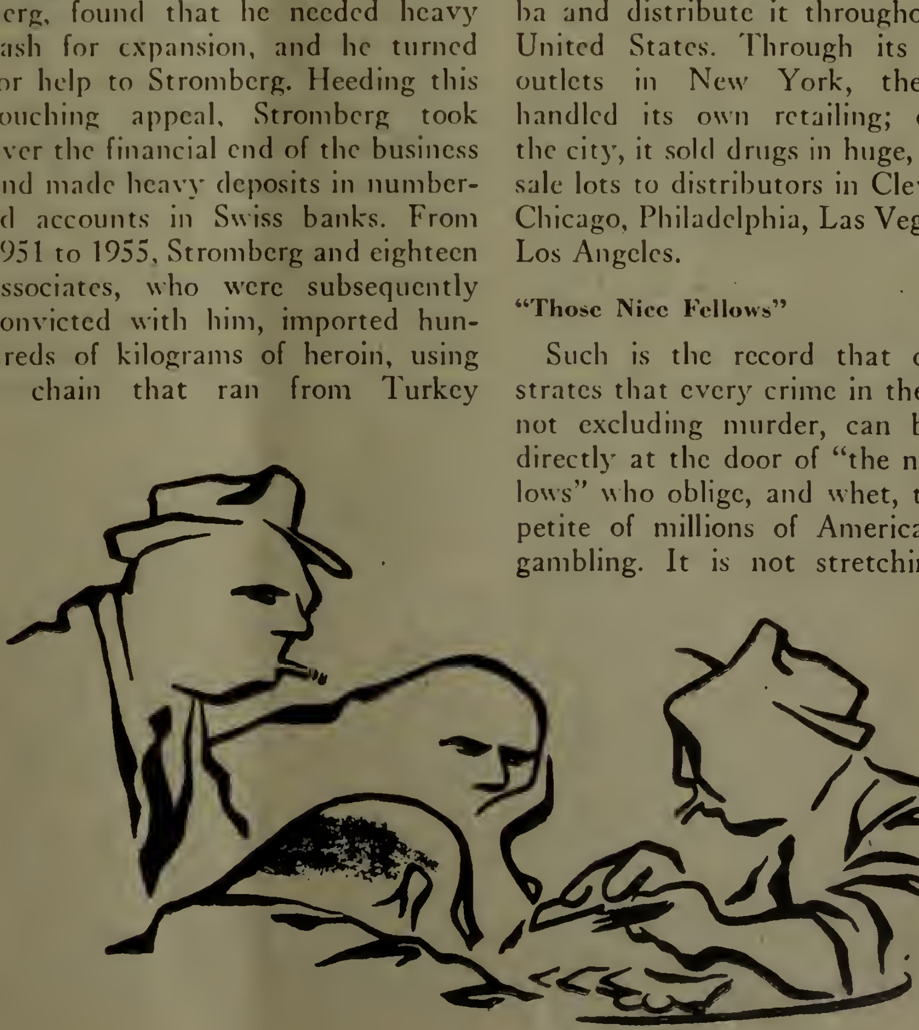
Heroin Imports

One of the most recent and vivid examples is the career of Harry Stromberg, alias Nig Rosen. Stromberg had been an associate of Louis (Lepke) Buchalter, the master extortionist of the New York mob. Lepke went to the electric chair in Sing Sing in the Murder Inc. probe, but Stromberg lived to enjoy bigger and better things. He became a major gambler in the New York-Philadelphia area; he reaped a harvest from gambling ventures in New Jersey, Florida, Las Vegas and Cuba. In the early 1950s, Sol Gelb, alias Solly Gordon, who had been financing his international narcotics traffic with the aid of such gamblers as Benny (Buggsy) Siegel and Dutch Goldberg, found that he needed heavy cash for expansion, and he turned for help to Stromberg. Heeding this touching appeal, Stromberg took over the financial end of the business and made heavy deposits in numbered accounts in Swiss banks. From 1951 to 1955, Stromberg and eighteen associates, who were subsequently convicted with him, imported hundreds of kilograms of heroin, using a chain that ran from Turkey through laboratories in France and smugglers in Mexico, Cuba and Canada. In one eighteen-month period, the Stromberg gambling-narcotics combine imported fifty pounds of heroin a month through the ports of New York and Boston alone. Some of its individual shipments had a value in this country of $5 million.

An equally colossal operation and one that featured an even more direct merger of the gambling-narcotics rackets was masterminded by Vito Genovese, the Mafia chieftain who has been called "the kingmaker of the underworld." As the Federal Bureau of Narcotics showed at Genovese's trial, his favorite technique featured a direct pairing of policy and narcotics. Time and again Genovese's mob muscled into new areas in East Harlem and the Bronx. Its first procedure was to establish a neighborhood policy bank; its next, to use its numbers runners to peddle narcotics. The size of this operation, in which one hand constantly fed the other, may be gleaned from the fact that Genovese's mob used its combined gambling-narcotics millions to import heroin from Mexico and Cuba and distribute it throughout the United States. Through its policy outlets in New York, the mob handled its own retailing; outside the city, it sold drugs in huge, wholesale lots to distributors in Cleveland, Chicago, Philadelphia, Las Vegas and Los Angeles.

"Those Nice Fellows"

Such is the record that demonstrates that every crime in the book, not excluding murder, can be laid directly at the door of "the nice fellows" who oblige, and whet, the appetite of millions of Americans for gambling. It is not stretching the



truth to say that the bookie is the agent who invests the funds of the $2 bettor and the 50-cent numbers player in the pay-off and corruption of public officials on the one hand and the financing of large-scale rackets like narcotics peddling on the other.

Underworld's Treasure Chest

A Brooklyn grand jury that made an extensive, special study of the gambling evil in 1958 came to the conclusion that gambling represents the treasure chest of the underworld, that it finances every other kind of racket. In a strong and clearly worded presentment, the jury said:

> Gambling is the very heartbeat of organized crime both on a local and national scale. . . . From the evidence presented to us, we state categorically that gambling crimes are linked on innumerable occasions with the most obnoxious criminal enterprises known to man. The public may think of the bookmaker in the corner candy store as an innocent betting commissioner operating a legitimate business. We have heard the evidence. We know otherwise. Actually, if you scratch the professional operator of gambling ventures, you find the narcotics peddler, the loan shark, the dice-game operator, the white slaver, the murderer. Brooklyn has been the scene of a number of unsolved gangland homicides over the past few years. Almost every one of those killings is involved with gambling ventures in one form or another. In one case where seven narcotics dealers were convicted in Kings County last year, six were actively engaged in gambling activities, including bookmaking and policy, which they used as the source of funds for their deadly trade in narcotics.

It cannot be too strongly emphasized that gambling is a dirty and crooked business, run by crooks who have no intention of giving the sucker a chance. You hear much talk about "an honest house" and "honest percentages," but time and again mobs welsh on big killings and gambling games are almost always rigged so that not even a miracle could give the player a chance. The extent to which this rigging goes was vividly illustrated in a seizure made by the New York commission's raiders on their 1959 state sweep.

In one bookie establishment, the raiders found an eighty-page catalogue, a miniature Sears Roebuck, distributed by a Chicago firm that evidently makes a profitable business out of manufacturing crooked devices to help crooked gamblers fleece the suckers. The manufacturer, of course, disclaimed any intent "to perpetrate a fraud," but then went on to describe just how handy his devices would be to a man with unbridled larceny in his heart.

Larceny Made Easy

Advertisements in the catalogue described the virtues of crooked dice, loaded dice, dice that have particular points that will come up more frequently than others, card spreaders, card holdouts, marked decks and contact lenses. The rigged dice sold from $10 to $30 a set. "We cannot recommend these dice too highly for taking care of dangerous front-line play," the catalogue proclaimed, describing the virtues of a particular set. Of another, it boasted: "These dice will stand close inspection and get by in fast company." Of still another: "This set will give the banker or fader a very strong percentage, no switching. . . ." The firm also highly recommended a device that can be attached to the lower part of the coat, where it holds and conceals a pair of loaded dice until the crucial moment has come. "Lower your hand and, presto, like magic, you have switched another pair of dice into your hand. It takes very little practice to be an expert switcher in a few minutes," the catalogue assured its customers.

Cards provide no refuge for the lamb who has been lured to the shearing. Like the dice, they are rigged. The manufacturer's catalogue described and illustrated "contact lens cards that cannot be seen with the naked eye." The cards look like any legitimate, unmarked deck; but once special contact lenses have been affixed to a gambler's eyeballs, hidden symbols on the back on each card spring to life, and it becomes as easy to read an opponent's hand from the back as it is for him to read from the front. The value of such magic lenses to the sharpie is indicated perhaps by the fact that the Chicago manufacturer was advertising "new improved triple contact lenses" at $160 a pair.

When a firm can afford to issue an eighty-page catalogue devoted to rigged devices, when it can disseminate this on a national scale, the character of the men who cater to the gambling thirst of America becomes obvious. As Gertrude Stein might have said, "a crook is a crook is a crook" — yet these are the characters with whom, through the medium of an estimated $4.5 billion a year in "honest" graft, the police and politicians of America are in partnership. The sickening stench of that partnership reeks in many phases of American life. The corruption left by corrupt money is everywhere.

Paradise in Sports

The sports field, in which so much heavy betting money is at stake, is especially vulnerable and especially redolent of the odor of the fix. Nowhere perhaps does the rigging, and the calamitous effects of the rigging, show more clearly. For instance:

¶ It has been well known for a long time that prize fighting has been so moth-eaten by racket cash that it is generally suspect, but probably few people have any idea how completely boxing has been killed as a betting proposition. The New York State raids showed graphically that the sport has been absolutely discredited with the public. In the 100 raided books, boxing "and miscellaneous bets" accounted for only 1 per cent of the business.

¶ Professional basketball seems likely to follow the path of boxing. Rumors have been widely prevalent for the last three years that some professional basketball players have been "taking" to throw games or rig the point margin; there have even been reports that certain referees are corrupt — as gamblers say, "We own their whistle." The general public is not yet sufficiently aware of the smothered scandal to stop betting on pro basketball; but the bookies, as the New York commission found when it probed in depth into crime and police corruption in Buffalo, are more sensitive. Bookies there testified that they have wiped pro basketball off their books — in other words, they would no longer accept "action" on pro basketball games — because they were convinced these games are being rigged. It may be safely assumed that greedy bookies do not turn down business for nothing.

¶ Even more startling is the active partnership that exists between some legitimate race tracks and the mob through the medium of what is known as "comeback" money. The explanation is this: the object of the bookies is always to avoid the heavy loss, the big killing. If wins and losses on a day's wagering exactly balance, the bookie is happy because he is charging a healthy percentage off the top for his services and so comes away with a handsome profit. As a result, if there is a heavy and dangerous play on one particular horse, the bookies seek insurance. One way to get this is to send an agent to the track where the race is being run to put $50,000 or even as much as $100,000 into the pari-mutuel machines. Such a heavy play whacks down the odds on the dangerous horse to a painless level, and in addition, if the nag wins, the bookies collect. If he doesn't, they have at least balanced their books and insured their profit. This practice has led to active connivance between some so-called legitimate tracks and the mob. The tracks woo the mob money, which serves only to rob their own pari-mutuel bettors by knocking down the odds these bettors should get. One witness before the New York commission, confirming the practice that had been described to Massachusetts probers some years earlier, testified that some tracks urge the bookies to bring in and bet their heavy cash, saying: "Bring it on to the track, we will give you 5 or 1 per cent." In other words, he explained, the legitimate tracks often pay a mob agent, known as the "commission broker," as much as 1 per cent commission to lure those heavy mob bets of $50,000 to $100,000 into the pari-mutuel machines.

Such is the picture of a racket that soils all it touches — of a racket whose tentacles of corruption thread deep through every phase of American life, extending even into a game like pro basketball, affecting even legitimate betting in legalized pari-mutuel machines at legitimate race tracks.

Unshakable Grip

It is nonsense for police officials and law-enforcement authorities to repeat the weary old refrain that they didn't know. They can't help knowing. Across the nation the very mobsters who were identified nearly ten years ago in Kefauver Committee testimony are still doing racket business at the same old stand. All that has happened is that they have grown more wealthy, more powerful, than they were in 1951. When even the shock wave of public reaction that the Kefauver television drama inspired cannot stir the law to do its duty, when even page-one newspaper exposés like those in the Syracuse *Herald-Journal* cannot enlighten it, one begins to get some idea of the tight clutch of corruption. It is a hold so strong that not even public exposure and embarrassment can shake it.

CHAPTER RACKET in a GOLDFISH BOWL

BOOKMAKING, the most remunerative of the underworld's multi-billion-dollar gambling rackets, has the advantage of a certain degree of secrecy; yet, actually, despite the protestations of police that it is so hard to ferret out, it runs virtually in a goldfish bowl.

The paradox is implicit in the very nature of the business. A bookie handles most of his transactions by telephone, with a minimum of personal contact, and the telephone is of course a private and secretive device. If a bookie's needs could be limited simply to answering a phone and taking bets, he would probably have the world's most cop-proof racket; but unfortunately for him, to operate his business, he needs certain vital services. And these services are a giveaway to his activity.

The pressing needs of a bookie are three: He must get "the line"; he must be able to "lay off" the dangerously heavy play; he must get fast results from the race track.

Getting "the line" means that the bookie must have constant access to an expert and recognized handicapper who can keep him up to the minute on just what the points and odds are on a baseball game, a basketball game or the weekend's college and professional football competition.

In America today there is just one "line" that is recognized nationally as *the* line. In popular parlance, it is known as "the Minneapolis line," and if you take a look at the sports page of your favorite newspaper during any given week this fall, you are almost certain to find recorded there "the Minneapolis line" on the point spread on Notre Dame and Princeton and Harvard. This is an inestimable journalistic service, disclosing the findings of the nation's betting "bible" to alumni engaging in friendly bets — and to patrons of the bookies.

The "Minneapolis line" is the product of a firm known as Athletic Publications Inc., run by Leo Hirshfield, a short, gray-haired man in his sixties. Hirshfield maintains a four-room suite in a large Minneapolis office building. In one room are several desks and a battery of telephones. At each desk and phone sits a man, before him a list containing the printed code numbers representing Hirshfield clients who may be calling for the latest odds. A staff of eighteen persons mans the telephones, runs the office and sets the point spread and the odds on sporting events all over the nation.

Each Monday, Hirshfield mails out to his "clients" a schedule of the week's coming events. In the football season he distributes 25,000 to 30,000 lists each week. Since most customers need more than one copy, this probably means that he has 8,000 to 10,000 "clients" during this peak period of the year. During the remainder of the week, the "clients" call by telephone to get what Hirshfield calls his "early line," his "midweek line," and his "late line." The "client" calling for information always identifies himself by his code number — never by name. For instance, "102" may call from Cincinnati. The Hirshfield employee answering the phone makes a check by the symbol "102" showing service rendered; then he reads off the odds as fast as tongue can clack the numbers. The man at the other end of the phone would be hopelessly lost if he did not have the printed Hirshfield list on which to jot down the odds in the exact order that they are given.

The printed schedules, so essential to the service, cost Hirshfield subscribers 20 cents each; the phone updating of "the line" costs from $15 to $30 a week, depending on the amount of advice a "client" seeks.

An Essential Service

Hirshfield founded Athletic Publications in 1940, when he bought the former Gorham Press and expanded the business. For twenty years, with a minimum of difficulty, he has supplied the gambling industry of the country with a vital service. In 1957 he encountered some minor trouble with authorities in Minneapolis and moved his enterprise to Davenport, Iowa; but within two years, affairs in Minnesota righted themselves and he moved back to his native city. Indignation comes easily to Hirshfield when anyone suggests that his business is tied closely to the illicit gambling industry of the country.

"This is a legitimate business," he insists, with some heat. "I don't know who uses it. I simply provide a service. I can't regulate what people do with the information I give them."

Myles Lord, Attorney General of Minnesota, told the New York Commission of Investigation that Hirshfield's premise of legitimacy is indeed a hard legal nut to crack. The handicapper, he pointed out, is not making bets or taking bets; he is, as he says, simply providing a service; and in giving out information to out-of-state callers who seek it, he is not fracturing any local or state law.

So Hirshfield continues to run wide open, issuing "the Minneapolis line" to "clients" all over the nation. Some of them, he insists, are sports writers who want his views; some are heavy bettors who figure his service is a valuable guide line to them in contemplated gambles; and many — though Hirshfield insists he doesn't know this — are professional bookies.

Lively Office

The master handicapper's posture of complete innocence received some rough handling in the New York probe. When Eliot H. Lumbard, chief counsel of the New York commission, and Bill Walsh, his top assistant, began to map their drive against upstate New York bookies, it occurred to them that the quickest and best way to get on the spoor of their quarry would be to check the Minneapolis clearing house of "the line," where most of the contacts inevitably would have to show. Walsh, a chunky twenty-nine-year-old prosecutor who formerly served as an Assistant U.S. Attorney and helped to prepare the federal narcotics case against Vito Genovese, decided to take a detective with him and pay a surprise visit on Hirshfield.

The two New Yorkers walked in unheralded in mid-afternoon of a weekday during the basketball season. Basketball play is considerably lighter than football, and Hirshfield mails out only about 15,000 basketball line schedules compared to the 25,000-30,000 he ships each week in football season. Walsh and his detective, then, called at one of the slowest times of the year and at

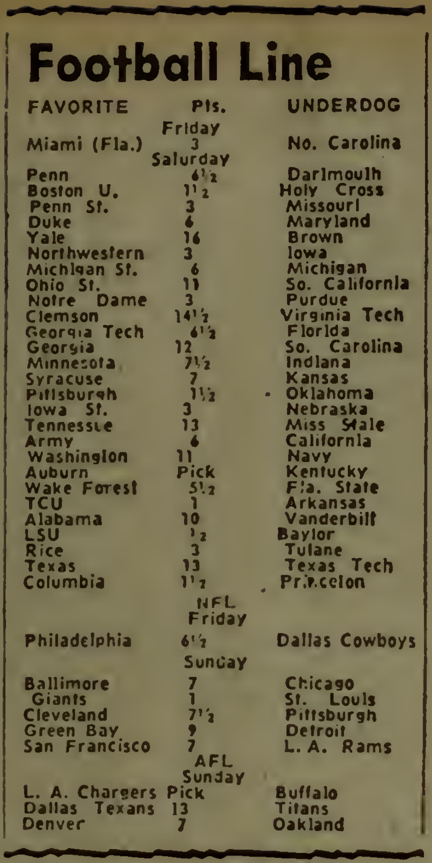
one of the slowest times of day and week; but, even so, the Hirshfield office was buzzing.

The phones kept shrilling; Walsh counted twenty-three calls in fifteen minutes. Hirshfield employees answered the calls, checked off the code numbers on their lists, ran swiftly through the latest "line."

Walsh noted and was intrigued by one procedure. When Hirshfield's handicappers sniff the reek of a fix, as they did in the college basketball scandals in the early 1950s, for example, they warn their customers by putting the point spread they quote "in a box."

"Thus, while we were there," Walsh told the New York commission, "we heard one game which was called 'five, in a box.'" He added that anyone studying "the line" in 1949-50 would have known of the college basketball fix at once — and well in advance of official action — because he "would have noticed repeatedly . . . all New York games were 'in a box.'"

The New York investigator was anxious to find out how Hirshfield arrives at his "line," how he determines whether figures should be put "in a box." The stocky, square-faced master of "the Minneapolis



Football Line

FAVORITE	Pts.	UNDERDOG
	Friday	
Miami (Fla.)	3	No. Carolina
	Saturday	
Penn	6½	Dartmouth
Boston U.	1½	Holy Cross
Penn St.	3	Missouri
Duke	6	Maryland
Yale	16	Brown
Northwestern	3	Iowa
Michigan St.	6	Michigan
Ohio St.	11	So. California
Notre Dame	3	Purdue
Clemson	14½	Virginia Tech
Georgia Tech	6½	Florida
Georgia	12	So. Carolina
Minnesota	7½	Indiana
Syracuse	7	Kansas
Pittsburgh	1½	Oklahoma
Iowa St.	3	Nebraska
Tennessee	13	Miss State
Army	6	California
Washington	11	Navy
Auburn	Pick	Kentucky
Wake Forest	5½	Fla. State
TCU	1	Arkansas
Alabama	10	Vanderbilt
LSU	½	Baylor
Rice	3	Tulane
Texas	13	Texas Tech
Columbia	1½	Princeton
	NFL Friday	
Philadelphia	6½	Dallas Cowboys
	Sunday	
Baltimore	7	Chicago
Giants	1	St. Louis
Cleveland	7½	Pittsburgh
Green Bay	9	Detroit
San Francisco	7	L. A. Rams
	AFL Sunday	
L. A. Chargers	Pick	Buffalo
Dallas Texans	13	Titans
Denver	7	Oakland

A New York daily makes it easy to bet on football games—"amateur" or "pro."

line" has been quoted as saying that he doesn't know the first thing about handicapping, that he relies on his expert and dedicated staff. Obviously, Walsh found, Hirshfield's information is gathered from a wide variety of sources. He subscribes to daily newspapers in every section of the nation and to an even greater number of college publications. Each fall, he writes to college publicity bureaus for their forecasts and information on their teams, and his Athletic Publications Inc. regularly receives the daily releases from a vast majority of the nation's top schools. From such sources, details can be culled about injuries, condition and attitude, all key factors in determining the performance of a squad on the gridiron on any given Saturday afternoon.

Hirshfield angrily denies that he has any contact with coaches or lower echelon clubhouse personnel, but he does boast of a wide and friendly acquaintance among the leading sports writers of the nation. He points out that some of the top by-line journalists do not hesitate to write at times for some of his various sports publications — a dual tie that, it would seem, might prove valuable on occasion in providing Hirshfield with inside information. In addition to all these sources, Hirshfield has one other — and perhaps not the least of the lot. Some bookies testified in the New York probe that Hirshfield not only supplies them with the "line"; he picks their brains for information. Since a bookie is prime repository for scuttlebutt — and since he is apt sooner than anyone to smell a local fix that can cost him money — his knowledge, it would seem, may well be at times invaluable to Hirshfield.

In any event, pooling the data obtained from all these sources, Hirshfield's experts make their prognostications, battle out their conflicting opinions, and finally come up with "the line" that is to be issued to their "clients."

Inviolate 'Clients'

The identity of these "clients" was the principal concern of Bill Walsh. As he later testified before the New York commission, he felt that a list of Hirshfield's customers would provide "the key to the whole conspiracy"; but when he asked for such a list, Hirshfield absolutely refused to give it out. "And so far," Walsh concluded, "no one has made him."

Hirshfield is not, of course, the only purveyor of "the line," and he is not the only one who feels that the names of the gentlemen with whom he does business is none of the law's affair. Walsh encountered the same secretive attitude when he went on to Chicago, where the Angel-Kaplan Service runs what is generally regarded as the No. 2 "line" in the country. Here, too, he found it impossible to get a line on the users of "the line." But he did at least discover one bit of evidence that illustrated graphically just what a huge business running even a second-rate "line" can be.

On the wall of the Angel-Kaplan office hung a huge map of the United States, stabbed with pins like a pin cushion. "Each pin indicates a customer for a different type of line all over the United States," Walsh testified. "There are thousands of pins in this map."

Though the New York commission did not try to estimate the profit in the Hirshfield and Angel-Kaplan operations, it is clearly obvious that each is a multi-million-dollar business. Even if one completely disregards Hirshfield's revenue from his mailed line sheets and his athletic publications, even if one assumes that he averages only 5,000 steady customers a year at $20 a week (both ultra conservative figures, since his full service costs $30 and he has at least double the number of customers during the peak season), one arrives at an estimate of at least $5,200,000 gross a year. Such are the wages of the free enterprise that supplies the first of a bookie's most pressing needs; such are the rewards of "the line."

Loot of the 'Layoff'

The second of the three musts in a bookie's life involves money in even more fantastic proportions. This is the loot of the "layoff." Inextricably mixed up with the "layoff" is a not-inconsiderable item known in the trade as "vigorish." This is the bookie's guaranteed edge. On horse racing, for example, the "payout" is determined by the odds quoted on the pari-mutuel machines at the tracks. But, as the Massachusetts commission pointed out, the tracks always take a percentage "off the top" to pay taxes to the state and the costs of running the racing plants. In Massachusetts, this "takeout" averages 15½ per cent before the pari-mutuel odds are figured. In illegal betting this 15½ per cent goes to the bookie, who has no race track to maintain, no pari-mutuel tax to pay, nothing to worry about — except, of course, "protection."

This same item of "vigorish" dips its grasping hand into every type of betting. Take a look, for example,

ODDS WIN POOL

at what happens on a heavyweight championship prize fight — an event that, despite the general opprobrium in which the sport is held, does lure heavy betting. In last summer's return battle between Ingemar Johansson and Floyd Patterson, the early odds were "6-5, pick 'em." This means that, if you liked Patterson, you had to wager $6 on the chance of winning $5; similarly, if you liked Johansson, you had to put up $6 to win $5. A bookie having the same amount of money bet on each fighter was rolling in clover. Obviously, only one man could win, and it was a matter of complete indifference to the bookie who it was. For, with neatly balanced books, he would pay out only $11 of each $12 he took in — a clear $1 margin of profit on every twelve.

Clearly, with "vigorish" going so vigorously for him, the only time disaster can overtake a bookie, aside from the unlikely hazards of the law, comes if he allows himself to be overloaded on one betting proposition — one horse, one fighter, one football team. This elemental fact of bookmaking life has led to the development of the "layoff." This means simply that, if one bookie is overloaded on a horse, he hunts another bookie, not faced with the same problem, with whom he can bet some of the play on the dangerous nag. This is known as "spreading the play," and bookies have a mutual understanding to help each other out in this manner, each balancing his books and letting "vigorish" pour in a green cascade.

Simple "layoff" problems can be handled on a neighborhood or regional basis; but on major events, with heavy play, this is obviously impossible. Huge money, sometimes millions of dollars, may ride on a single event. This means that the "layoff" operation must be bankrolled heavily; it means, almost inevitably, that there has to be a national clearing house, to which small and medium bookies all over the nation can appeal in their need. Throughout the decade of the 1940s and into the early 1950s, the czar of the nation's "layoff" industry was Frank Erickson, the master New York bookie who ran his headquarters and accounting house just across the Hudson River in Bergen County, N.J. There Erickson handled "layoff" play from all of the forty-eight states. When the McCarran Committee, the predecessor of the Kefauver Committee, caught up with Erickson in early 1950, the law finally stepped in, Erickson went to jail, and the scene of activity shifted. But the system remained the same.

Describing the 'Layoff'

That system and the manner in which it still runs today was described in testimony in the New York probe by Joseph P. Manners, of Miami, Fla., a former Assistant U.S. Attorney and special assistant to the head of the Criminal Division of the Justice Department for the thirteen Southern states. Manners headed the active field force under Milton Wessel — the unit that labored all too briefly from September, 1958, to May, 1959, on the national bookmaking problem.

Manners pointed out that the "layoff" begins with the $2 bettor who places his wager with the small-fry handbook operating from the corner newsstand. This $2 bettor likes Black Jack in the third at Hialeah. As the morning passes, it becomes obvious that other bettors in the neighborhood like Black Jack, too, and the first thing the handbook knows his play is out of whack — he has $20 bet on Black Jack. So he contacts a larger book, one step up the ladder, and wagers $10 of the dangerous Black Jack play with him. Should this larger book find himself overloaded on Black Jack, he in turn tries to "lay off" the dangerous overload with the largest regional book; and if the play tilts the ledgers of the regional book, a large part of the load will be transferred to one of the two national clearing houses that now provide this type of gambling insurance. The smaller of these is located in Biloxi, Miss.; the larger, in Covington, Ky.

Biloxi is a wide-open town. According to Manners, gambling is "the only source of economy it has. . . . You walk down the street and every store has a one-armed bandit [slot machine], contrary to state law. . . ." The "layoff" headquarters is located in what is known as "the 406 Club" at 406 Magnolia Street. The telephone number is Idlewood 2-2633, and this number was extremely popular with upstate New York bookies who kept calling it to "lay off" with someone called "P.J." Manners says the 406 Club is "a typical gambling joint. You walk right in. There are tables. The old-fashioned board. They give you the results, and it's open to the public. The public doesn't want to change it."

In trying to check up on the Biloxi operation, Manners testified, he wrote to the local police and asked for a report on the premises and the phone activity at "the 406 Club." After a considerable lapse of time, this is the reply he got:

> Please pardon my delay in answering your letter. I have been out of office. The above is listed in the name of the 406 Club and this club is owned and operated by local boys whose reputation is, as far as I know, very good. If I can be of further service to you, please let me hear from you.

This bland official endorsement, this high-character reference for the "local boys" who were running an interstate gambling racket that stretched all the way from Biloxi to upstate New York and beyond, is typical of the lethargic forces of modern law. Yet, said Manners, in acid comment on the initiative of Biloxi police, "That phone averages over — I would say 1,500 calls a month going in." The callers, he said, were "federal tax-stamp holders" — in other words, professional bookmakers who have complied with federal law by registering and purchasing a $50 tax stamp.

Kentucky's Blue Grass

Important as Biloxi is in the "layoff" operation, it handles only a tithe of the business that flows into the nation's major "layoff" center —the Newport-Covington area of Kentucky. Even in the days of Frank Erickson, Covington had begun to handle a heavy proportion of the play, as the Kefauver Committee found in 1951. Nothing has changed since that memorable exposé except that the rackets in Newport and Covington flourish more rankly and prolifically today than they did then. Indeed, the New York Commission of Investigation this year pinpointed the Newport-Covington area, just a short taxi ride across the Ohio River from Cincinnati, as the "layoff" capital of the country. And it found that some of the same outfits exposed by Kefauver — the Ace Research Service and the New-Cov Bookkeeping Service, to cite just a couple — are still handling big "layoff" money, their location, names and businesses unchanged and unpurified by time.

Nobody Listened

To understand just how brazen is this continuing operation of the exposed lawless, basking in the full sunlight of the law's favor ten years later, one must realize what a strong spotlight Kefauver focused on the Newport-Covington area. He called it one of the major gambling centers in the United States; he stressed that every kind of gambling racket ran wide open there; he indicted the manner in which the Newport-Covington "layoff" moguls lured legitimate race tracks into collusion with the mob through the medium of "comeback" money. Kefauver, one would think, must have been shouting to a nation of deaf mutes; for today, nearly ten years later, nothing has changed — except, perhaps, for the worse.

One of Kefauver's more fascinating discoveries dealt with the "comeback" money that the Newport-Covington czars poured through the pari-mutuel machines to whack down the betting odds at the nation's tracks. A master of this maneuver, Kefauver found, was Louis (Rosy) Rosenbaum, of Newport, who handled a five-telephone "layoff" operation in a small office cuddled behind the high-sounding "front" name, the Northern Kentucky Hospitalization Insurance Agency. Even in 1947 and 1948, when Frank Erickson was still operating and the Newport-Covington sector had not yet become the nation's "layoff" capital, Rosenbaum had built up such a business that he had to pay income taxes of $200,000. A check of his phone records showed that he made 1,053 long-distance calls in a single month; and testimony developed the stories of two "comeback" agents, Fred Cogan and Richard Remer, whom Rosenbaum kept busy making the circuit of the nation's race tracks to pour mob money into the pari-mutuel machines.

Cogan testified that Rosenbaum paid him $150 a week to station himself at a telephone near a race track. Throughout the afternoon, he would keep in touch with Rosenbaum's Kentucky headquarters by calling collect, and on Rosenbaum's orders he would go into the track and bet the designated amount on the specified danger horse. Funds for this procedure were constantly replenished by fat money orders wired to Cogan by Western Union.

Rosenbaum's other agent, Remer, had a far more cushiony setup at one track on his circuit — that at Bowie, Md. Here he had made special arrangements with track officials and was allowed to use a telephone in the track office. In addition, Bowie graciously permitted Remer to deposit a huge lump sum with its pari-mutuel clerk and to bet from the bankroll until it was depleted. The size of the "layoff" operation was indicated by testimony showing that at Bowie, one of the nation's smaller tracks, the commission agents or "comeback money men" poured $500,000 into the pari-mutuel machines in one ten-day period.

The Kefauver disclosures put a damper on activities in the Newport-Covington area for a time in the early 1950s; but by 1955 fear of rampant national virtue had subsided and the racketeers were running bigger and better supermarkets. In 1957, *The Reporter* magazine, in an excellent article that obviously no one on any level of law enforcement ever saw, tried to call national attention to the flourishing, unabashed and unblushing Monte Carlo in Northern Kentucky. James A. Maxwell, *The Reporter's* expert on the scene, found the flossy gambling room of the Beverly Hills Country Club, just six miles from the heart of Cincinnati, running at a steady tempo with two or three crap tables in constant operation, and a couple of roulette games, a chuck-a-luck session and several blackjack games all going.

Embarrassing Moment

Other gambling dens were running wide open, the bookmaking business was brisk, and wire rooms recorded and flashed the results from race tracks throughout the nation. Maxwell recorded one contretemps that seems to speak volumes about the real interests of the law. During the Kefauver probe in 1951, Newport Police Chief George Gugel had professed to be dumbfounded when informed about the state of affairs in his own town. He had conceded he was "surprised" to be told of such wide-open gambling goings-on "because I've never been in there. All I know is what somebody told me." Some five years later it became rather embarrassingly apparent that the chief, in the interim, had acquired a more personal knowledge. For the Louisville *Courier-Journal* managed to inspire a Newport detective, Jack Thiem, to raid Glenn Schmidt's Playtorium. When Thiem crashed the place, he was astonished to find Chief Gugel and three brother detectives on the premises. The *Courier-Journal* photographer attempted to record this mutually surprising confrontation for posterity, but Chief Gugel ordered him arrested and had his film destroyed. The final outcome was particularly appropriate; for, though Americans persist in trying to ignore the brutal fact, the only man who ever gets harmed in such encounters is the innocent who tries to uphold the law. Chief Gugel, it is true, was suspended, but only temporarily. He was soon right back on the job. But Jack Thiem, the detective who had

had the presumption to pull a gambling raid, wasn't so fortunate; he got fired.

In view of this result, it is hardly surprising to find that the Newport-Covington area is still the flourishing nerve center of the nation's big-league gambling rackets. The New York Commission of Investigation's raids in late 1959 established that upstate New York bookies were funneling their top "layoff" play to both Biloxi and Covington, but principally to Covington. Eliot Lumbard, the commission's counsel, estimated that the Newport-Covington area provides "the basic insurance" for "perhaps 90 per cent of the bookmaking activity in this country." Walsh added that the investigation had shown Covington exercises important controls from the top. For example, he said, he found that Covington "assigns code numbers to upstate New York bookmakers." On one occasion, a New York bookie wanted to get his code number changed, but the Covington headquarters refused to accommodate him "until it could be checked with the boss."

Men at the Top

When a bookie in upstate New York has nothing to say about the code number under which he operates, but has to wait for the approval of "the boss" in Covington, Ky., the tight, czaristic control that the underworld exercises over every phase of the bookmaking racket would seem amply demonstrated. This theme was developed in significant detail before the New York commission by Manners, the federal prober. He and his agents had tracked underworld connections by studying thousands of telephone calls crisscrossing the nation and watching the ties these established between top echelons of the underworld and Covington.

Manners testified that the money not laid off at the tracks — in other words the colossal final take that is insured by "vigorish" and losing bets—

> . . . ends up in a top pool, top level of organized crime. This is the amazing feature of organized gambling. That $2 (bet with the corner handbook) finally ends up in part throughout the nation either in Kentucky, in Biloxi or one or two other places in the West. . . . It's strange that after hours, on off days, that the connections between these two spots, Biloxi and Covington, Ky. — the connections are many and frequent between the various gambling casinos' owners that we all know in Las Vegas and Havana. Somehow or other these names come to the same operation. After hours, they come in. Never during the operating day.

Manners said that he could only conclude, since federal investigators are barred from wire tapping and so could not listen in on these conversations, that

> This is the checkup. This is to find out how much have you made today or how much are we doing this week. It's the same few who control everything. The same few are there because of all of us. I feel that gambling is the initial source of moneys. This is their [the underworld's] entire money that they can use for everything. . . .

No statement could more clearly pose the issue. In Manners' testimony is capsuled a vivid picture of the hidden ties that give the top echelons of the underworld power over literally billions of dollars — and the incalculable prestige and influence that control of such enormous wealth always and inevitably commands.

One instant and graphic demonstration of this influence lies in the fact that there is no secret about all of this. Hirshfield's role in furnishing "the line," the key function of Biloxi and Covington in providing "the layoff" — the first two of bookmaking's essential three services — are truly goldfish-bowl operations. Similarly obvious, as open to observation as the posture of a manikin in Macy's window, is the final step — the supplying of fast results from the tracks.

Lightning speed in flashing the name of the winner of a race is important to a bookie for two reasons. First, fast results stimulate "action"; second, if a bookie lags in knowledge, he can become the victim of a neat racket known as "past-posting." One of the axioms of the trade is that the quicker a bettor on the first race finds out how he fared, the quicker he can be lured to bet again. If he has won, he has money to gamble with; if he has lost—for in this the psychology works both ways—he may be tempted to double his bet the next time around in the futile scramble to "get even." Either way, the faster the bookie gets the news from the track, the faster this news gets to the bettor, the greater the volume of the bookie's business is going to be and the greater his take from that ever-mounting "vigorish."

No Waiting

Important as this first motive is, the second is even more so. A bookie cannot afford to be caught asleep, and unfortunately, in his business, there are always a great number of connivers who are trying to do just that. Innumerable gimmicks have been figured out to get the results of races faster than the bookies can get them—and then to get a bet down on a race that has already been run and won before some unsuspecting bookie knows it's over. This tricky practice of "past-posting," is a menace to a hard-working book who has no desire to have the bread taken out of his mouth by a customer with a sure thing. It is vital, then, both from the standpoint of "action" and "past-posting," for bookies around the nation to get results from the track faster than anyone else can get them. This is a need that is most obligingly filled by a father-son combination, Albert and Joseph Tollin, who operate the Delaware Sports Service from offices in a roadhouse-type building at 601 Tathall Street, Wilmington, Del.

Just as Hirshfield provides "the line" from Minneapolis, the Tollins flash "the results" from Wilmington. They serve, by their own admission, some 4,000 to 8,000 bookies all over the United States, in Canada, Cuba and even Europe. They have an especially heavy clientele in the northeastern states, and New York probers identified a full fifty of their raided books as Tollin customers. Like Hirshfield, like the "layoff" operators in Biloxi and Covington, the Tollins have a passion for code names and "client" anonymity. The standard procedure is for customers to contact the Tollins by phone or Western Union and contract for their service. This initial contact establishes a code name like "Joe 13" by which the customer ever after will be known. The Tollins' fees range from $5 to $10 for a report on a single race and up to $50 for a full day's coverage of the racing program.

Walsh, in the New York hearings, traced the development of the Tollin service. In the days before the Kefauver probe, the furnishing of race results was dominated by the Continental Wire Service, controlled by Al Capone's mob heirs in Chicago. At that time, the Tollins' Delaware Wire Service was a subscriber of Continental. When the Kefauver exposure drove Continental out of business, there was a scramble for the lush proceeds. Several competitors failed, but the Tollins survived. Every bit of information received by both Delaware and New York authorities indicates that this survival was probably aided by underworld muscle. "No one is letting Mr. Tollin carve up this lush melon which was Continental's plush list before," Walsh declared in his testimony before the New York commission. "Syndicate gambling controls this list just as it controls other things in professional gambling."

Walsh and Detective Walter J. Wassmer, of the Delaware Attorney General's Office, described the Tollins' technique. The basic operation involves getting an instantaneous flash on the winner from inside the track. For this, the Tollins rely on what is known as "the pitcher-catcher" system. The "pitcher" is an agent who is stationed inside the track, right on top of the finish line. The "catcher" is spotted outside, with an open telephone line into the Tollin office in Delaware, ready to "catch" and relay the word from the "pitcher."

This word may be flashed visually, if the "pitcher" and "catcher" are stationed so that they have a clear view of each other; if this isn't possible, modern devices like a walkie-talkie arrangement may be used. If the contact is visual, the "pitcher" will wigwag a previously agreed signal to designate the winning horse, or he may merely hold up a card containing the number of the winner. The instant the signal is received, the "catcher" calls the name of the horse into the ear of either Albert or Joseph Tollin, waiting on the other end of the phone line in Wilmington, and the entire Tollin system swings into lightning-fast action.

Flashing the News

The Tollin headquarters occupy two floors of the Tathall Street house. On the main floor is the business office; on the second floor, in a box of a room ten feet by twelve, is the result-flashing center. Here are a switchboard and switchboard operator; in the center of the room, a table; and at the table, usually, Albert Tollin and a girl assistant. On the table are three curiously rigged wooden boxes. The boxes are plain wooden crates, about 1½ feet square, padded with foam rubber. They are placed facing Tollin. As race time nears and calls begin coming in, Tollin's girl assistant places just the mouthpieces of telephones in these padded boxes, where they will instantly catch Tollin's shouted announcement of the winner as his voice echoes off the foam-rubber sounding boards.

"About two or three minutes before a race is run, why there is quite a calamity," Detective Wassmer told the New York commission. "The telephones are jumping and jingling. Tollin himself would be holding a telephone in one hand, one in the other. His girl on the other side will be taking the telephone calls. The phones are just jingling."

When all the phone mouthpieces that can be accommodated have been placed in the sounding boxes, the switchboard girl puts a hold key on each of the other incoming calls. She draws the hold keys up in a line, a ruler in her hand, and waits. Tollin, on the open telephone line to his "catcher" outside the race track, gets the winner, shouts the name. Instantly, all the bookie calls dangling in the sound boxes are taken care of; instantly, the switchboard girl relays the winner's name to all those waiting on the first row of hold keys on her switchboard. With one sweep of her ruler, she flips off this line of keys, flips on a new batch. With incredible dispatch, the Tollins' frantic clientele receive their bread-and-butter information.

Twilight Zone

Telephone and Western Union records clearly establish the tremendous volume of the Tollin business. Walsh estimated that the Tollins' Delaware Sports Service must chalk up a profit of at least $500,000 a year. There is no secret about it. But neither is anything being done about it. As in Minnesota with the Hirshfield operation, the local law in Delaware professes itself helpless. The Tollins, like Hirshfield, are providing a service and are keeping carefully within the bounds of local legality. Their activity, as Walsh pointed out, would perhaps have been impossible had Kefauver been able to secure the passage of a law he recommended to ban the rapid interstate transmission of race results. But a Congress less concerned on the whole about syndicate crime than was its crusading Senator (and one has to wonder why) turned a deaf ear to Kefauver's plea and let the nation's bookmaking business retain comfortable twilight zones of legality. Taking advantage of every loophole, the books have employed the decade since Kefauver to reap more billions than ever before. No one doubts that the list of Tollin customers, hiding there behind the false face of code numbers, would be the clear giveaway to virtually every major operator in the multi-billion-dollar bookmaking racket of the underworld — but nobody on any level of law enforcement is doing anything to pick up the clues, to follow the trail.

"His list, even more than Hirshfield's, would break up the racket," Walsh told the New York commissioners, speaking of Albert Tollin.

Commissioner Jacob Grumet, who began his long career as an aide to Thomas E. Dewey in Dewey's rackets-busting days, was frankly puzzled. "But it seems to me, if the authorities were alert," he said, "it is easy — I won't say it is easy — at least an attempt should be made to decipher the code and find out who these people are. You have a list of the important bookmakers and professional gamblers."

This is certainly elemental common sense. It illustrates just how obvious, just how self-evident are the ties of the multi-billion-dollar bookmaking racket that is helping to corrupt the nation; and it is perhaps a sign of the totality of that corruption from the lowest to the highest levels that no one on any effective level of law enforcement seems astute enough to see the obvious. Milton Wessel and Joseph Manners tried; but almost as soon as Manners, having pieced together the intricate, interstate, cross-continental pattern of telephone contacts, made his first move against the racket in preliminary raids staged in the spring of 1959, the U.S. Attorney General's Special Unit on Organized Crime was disbanded and its personnel folded back into the old static bureaus and divisions of the Department of Justice. Since that time, except for some minor raids by Internal Revenue agents this past spring, nothing of importance has happened. No clutching hand of the law anywhere has been applied to the inviting top-level windpipes that are so exposed they practically invite legal strangulation.

And for this there is, it seems, no logical explanation except the one explanation that, out of delicacy, no one likes to mention.

In discussing this frustratingly obvious pattern of crime and official inaction with Milton Wessel, I summed up the picture and asked a question.

"Milton," I said, "this is what gets me. Here you have vital services running wide-open, known to everybody, using code names to hide the identity of their clients; and everybody pretends there is nothing they can do about it. Isn't it prima-facie evidence of conspiracy to commit a crime to run a business and deal with customers by using code names?"

"It is to me," Wessel said. "There is a vacuum in law enforcement. Here in this room [his hand swept a well-populated dining room in its gesture] you probably couldn't find a single man who either doesn't bet himself or know all about the betting that goes on. Everybody knows it. But nobody does anything about it. New laws might help, but the federal government now has all the authority it really needs, in my opinion at least, to move against the rackets. All that is needed is for somebody to ACT."

Anyone want to bet (6-to-5, of course) that nobody will?

CHAPTER

THE SWEEP OF CORRUPTION

IN A COUNTY seat in upstate New York, a criminal court case was almost ready to go to the jury. The judge called a recess to make a final check of legal precedents before delivering his charge. In the lull, the lawyer for the defendant strolled out into the corridor, nodding to acquaintances, joking with friends — and occasionally pocketing money. For the lawyer was a bookmaker, and his place of business on this particular day was in the very halls of the courthouse!

While doing a brisk business in illegal bets, the lawyer-bookmaker spotted an acquaintance and competitor, another bookie. They greeted each other, and standing there in the so-called hall of justice, they discussed the irony of the situation.

"What a laugh this is!" said the lawyer-bookmaker. "Here I am, in the midst of trying a criminal case, and while I am waiting for the judge to get his instructions to be read to the jury, I am out here taking bets."

The two laughed. Then the single-profession bookmaker asked the lawyer-bookmaker: "Well, is it hard to get convicted for bookmaking?"

The lawyer chuckled and said: "Don't worry about it, they will never convict you. Just be careful. Don't let them see any records."

After reflecting a moment, the lawyer-bookie added:

"Well, even if you are caught, there is really no worry. They once did send some guys to jail here, but the case wound up getting thrown out of court anyhow."

William Walsh, the energetic young New York investigator, recounted this story at the commission hearings in the spring. The commissioners, themselves lawyers, were plainly shocked. "You mean," one of them asked Walsh, "that this lawyer was actually also a bookmaker?" Walsh assured the commission that this was, indeed, the case and that the lawyer had been arrested subsequently for bookmaking. The idea that a lawyer, garbed — as we are so often reminded — in the mantle of "a representative of the court," should not only be a bookmaker but should ply his trade in the very corridors of the courthouse represented, Walsh said, the most shocking single example of complete *contempt* for the law that was uncovered in the New York probe.

It was not, however, the only example — or the only shocker.

The cross-state New York investigation, which was to produce the clearest bird's-eye view of big-league gambling rackets that has been developed since Kefauver, grew out of the discovery of a nasty mess in the college city of Ithaca, home of Cornell University. Ithaca is the county seat of Tompkins County; it contains a number of industrial plants and is the shopping center for surrounding farm districts. Its normal population is about 29,000, which is swollen to 40,000 when Cornell is in session. Normally, one might expect that a small college city of this size would be cleaner than most; but the New York commission found that every kind of gambling racket was running openly in Ithaca — that the total gambling handle in this not-so-quiet college city was a cool quarter of a million dollars annually.

Extracurricular Activities

The Ithaca probe was touched off by complaints lodged with Inspector John J. Quinn, in command of the Criminal Intelligence Unit of the State Police. Quinn consulted with the Commission of Investigation and in the early fall of 1958 sent two troopers into Ithaca for a preliminary checkup. The detectives went directly to addresses that had been pinpointed in the complaints as gambling centers. They paid their first visit to the Varsity Billiards at 107 North Tioga Street, less than seventy-five yards from Police Headquarters. In the billiard room they found a cashier's booth. On a desk in the booth they observed a stack of football slips. Louis (Murphy) Chelekis, the proprietor of the hall, and two helpers in the booth were being kept constantly busy. The phone rang continuously; bettors kept coming in the door and walking up to the booth to get their money down on a horse. Chelekis and his aides accommodated all comers, booking horse races and writing numbers slips. Observing all this, the two detectives strolled up to the booth and placed bets with Chelekis. So simply, with no more effort than it took to walk in from the street, did the two detectives confirm the reality of wide-open gambling in Ithaca.

From the Varsity Billiards, they went to a second address they had been given, 124 South Aurora Street. Once more their advance information turned out to be good. The address was in use as a "policy drop," visited each day by eight or nine numbers "runners." The troopers had no trouble striking up an acquaintance on the sidewalk and placing a numbers bet with one of them. This obliging "runner" turned out to be an eager pitchman for the mob. He assured the detectives that the "fellows from the Varsity" were running a big-money dice game in the Sons of Italy Lodge at 417 State Street every Sunday night, and each day there was a card game at the lodge with "plenty of action." If the visitors wanted excitement, said the numbers runner, they ought to get in on the game, and he obligingly gave them the name of a sponsor who could get them into this fraternal fun house. A little investigation showed that the windows of the lodge hall were little more than an arm's length away from the side wall of the Ithaca Theatre, operated by Mayor John F. Ryan. The lodge had been erected in 1949, and ever since, one of its main sources of income had been the revenue derived from gambling — originally, from slot machines and a house-cut on poker and blackjack games, and later, beginning in May, 1958, from a cut on dice games that lured a play of from $30,000 to $40,000 a night.

The detectives, following up the leads that had fallen so easily into their laps, wangled their way into the Sons of Italy Lodge. In the gambling room upstairs over the bar, they found about twenty men gathered around a felt-covered dice table. Individual wagers as high as $100 were frequent, and $500 bets were not uncommon. The playing clientele was quite obviously a rough crowd, drawn — as subsequent investigation showed — from racket havens throughout central New York and northern Pennsylvania.

Surprise Arrest

Before the state probers could follow up this preliminary inquiry, Cornell University officials forced a semblance of local action. On November 5, 1958, the university protested officially to the Ithaca Police Department that large quantities of football slips were inundating the Cornell campus and adjacent areas. Confronted with so distinguished a protest, the local police, who hadn't made a single gambling arrest in three years, acted. Sergeant Cornelius, who headed the detectives working under the tight, personal control of Police Chief Herbert L. Van Ostrand, performed the novel feat with the acme of simplicity. He simply walked the seventy-five yards that separated Police Headquarters and the Varsity Billiards. As he entered the billiard parlor looking for football pool slips, he saw a man in the betting booth writing out a policy numbers slip and another taking a bet on a horse race. Though the detective sergeant was naturally well known to gamblers, they paid not the slightest attention to him. This was too much for Cornelius, who finally stepped forward and arrested one of the men in the booth. He was about to leave with his prisoner when Louis Chelekis walked in. The detective asked Chelekis if he was the proprietor and if he permitted his employees to take bets; and when Chelekis nonchalantly answered, "Sure," to both questions, he got the surprise of his life. Cornelius arrested him.

In the days that followed there was a considerable flurry of police activity. Eight naughty gamblers were actually arrested, a figure that might look fairly impressive in a city of Ithaca's size unless one was aware, as the New York commission was, that at least forty to fifty professionals were steadily plying their trade in the town. Furthermore, no action was taken to interfere with the $30,000-$40,000 Sunday night dice game that was running in the lodge hall just a few feet from the mayor's theatre. That continued just as if the arm of the law had never stirred from its years-long slumber in Ithaca.

Confronted with a brushup instead of a cleanup, the New York commission acted. At 10 A.M. on February 15, 1959, its agents and a squad of State Police raided the Sons of Italy Lodge, arrested twenty-eight men and seized $15,000 in gambling cash. Indicative of the kind of characters that large-scale gambling lures and breeds were the illuminating dossiers of some of the prisoners.

The New York investigating commission later pointed out that fourteen had a cumulative record of forty-two convictions for law-breaking in at least nine cities of the state. The convictions included such offenses as abduction, burglary, carrying a dangerous weapon, disorderly conduct, gambling, grand larceny, illegal possession of firearms, impersonating an officer, leaving the scene of an accident, malicious mischief, transportation of females for prostitution — in other words, nearly the gamut of crime. This was the kind of human trash that had been given virtually the keys to the college city of Ithaca and had been permitted by a complaisant police force to make themselves at home in a gambling hall right under the eyes of the city's mayor.

Secret of Immunity

No really satisfactory answer to the riddle posed by this immunity was ever obtained by the New York commission. The commission held private hearings on the state of affairs in Ithaca and found, as it later reported, no evidence of corruption. Yet the lax conditions that existed in the town were those that are almost invariably associated with corruption. Abundant testimony showed that average citizens knew in detail about the gambling rackets that ran wide open under their noses; that the local police had had many accurate reports about them but had never acted; that many of these reports, filed personally with Chief Van Ostrand, had flitted right out of the department's files in vanishing acts shrouded in complete mystery.

Guarded Admissions

Mayor Ryan, who was later defeated for re-election, gave testimony characterized by admitted knowledge and unexplained lassitude. He admitted that he knew about the big dice games because "a lot of out-of-town men [were] going by my theatre every Sunday afternoon"; that he knew about the prevalence of horse betting and numbers play; that he had "heard" football pool tickets were being freely circulated throughout the city and the college town areas. In the light of all this, the Mayor conceded that he thought Chief Van Ostrand "probably" had not done a good job; he "supposed" he wouldn't be able to put complete trust in the Chief's competence in the future; he "probably" would tell the Chief that he would have to do better; he wasn't very "sure" whether these "probable" instructions would have any more effect in the future than in the past; and yes, there had "probably" been a time when he realized, in view of the wide-open gambling going on all around him, that the Chief wasn't exactly doing his job, but he, the Mayor, hadn't insisted on a cleanup.

> *Q.* Why did you not at that time lay down the law to him [the police chief] that he had to stop that game?
>
> *A.* I don't know. I just didn't do anything about it. That's all.

Sergeant Cornelius explained that there was "a local ground rule" to leave gamblers alone unless someone filed "a specific complaint." In this unfortunate eventuality, the matter would be discussed with the District Attorney to see if it was absolutely necessary to do anything about it. The witness phrased it this way:

> I don't think it is probably right. . . . I can see that now. Before — I have been brought up here for seventeen years, where you never acted on gambling or a raid or anything without going to the Chief of Police, and in turn you might be called for a conference where you knew the District Attorney was going to be let in on it. You never acted without consulting the District Attorney on any of these things, and if he sees fit to knock off some place, you knock them off. If not, it was either dropped or negated or whatever you want to call it.

The secret understanding that Louis Chelekis and his ring obviously had with someone somewhere was no secret to members of the police force. They had had plenty of experience recognizing the influence of Ithaca's "Mr. Untouchable." One police officer testified: "I've been on here approximately thirteen years. I remember once about seven years ago—shortly after I was on there, one fellow made a raid on a place in the city. He received ten days' [suspension] because it wasn't an authorized raid." This was hardly the kind of reward calculated to inspire other policemen to do their duty. The impression of the force as a whole was capsuled in this testimony by another patrolman: "I was told — I talked this over with the officers there. I can't recall exactly who it was now, but they stated that the Chief and everybody knows about it. If he wants to do anything, he'd do it. There is no sense in me sticking my neck out because he'd blackball me. . . ."

Disappearing Complaints

While Chief Van Ostrand had inherited this situation when he became head of the department, he had done nothing to correct it. Indeed, there was every indication that, under him, morale became worse. Testimony showed that he had been told one of his policemen was actually frequenting the card game at the Sons of Italy Lodge, but he didn't even question the offender about his conduct. On two occasions in the summer of 1958, a patrolman making his rounds found the rear door of the lodge unlocked, walked in and observed the gambling game in action. The reports that he filed with the Chief disappeared. In September, 1958, two other members of the department walked in on the gambling game, were shocked at the size of the play they saw and hurried out to the Chief's home to inform him of what was going on. "I told him that we could go down," one of the officers testified. "He said, 'No, we may not get anything. They may be gone. We may not hit anything. There may not be any gambling at all.' "

In November, 1958, still another member of the department walked in on the high-stakes game, observed the play, and the next morning reported to the Chief. This sequence from the commission's transcript tells what happened:

> *A.* I walk in. I said, "Herb, such and such is going on. Maybe it's little, maybe it isn't. I don't know. But there's money laying all over the place. There's people down there that I don't know. I haven't seen them.
>
> *Q.* What did he say to that?
>
> *A.* He said, "We know there's something going on down there. If you will give me a notarized statement, I'll put it on file." Those are his exact words, "If you will give me a notarized statement, I'll put it on file."

What happened to such reports was described by other officers, who said they "just seemed to disappear," and by the commission's own search of department records, which established that they did indeed. One policeman testified:

> I know there were several complaints made out concerning gambling in this vicinity, but nothing was ever recorded there, and complaints just seemed to disappear.
>
> *Q.* What do you mean by "disappear"?
>
> *A.* Well, they were put under the Chief's door, let's put it that way, and after that nobody ever saw hide nor hair of them.

This situation bred such disgust in the working echelons of the department that, as one member testified, a lot of the men "were about ready to turn their badges in."

Police Get Busy

In the aftermath of the Ithaca probe, while Mayor Ryan ceased to be mayor, Chief Van Ostrand did not cease to be chief. The exposure to which he and his department had been subjected, however, led to a new attitude; the drive on gambling became the No. 1 police business in Ithaca, and Chief Van Ostrand hastily adopted recommendations made by the commission for the improvement of the department. The commission in its report could only hope that these changes would prove permanent.

Enough had been uncovered in Ithaca to show that organized gambling was rampant in upstate cities and rural areas. The Ithaca gamblers had been linked to others in the underworld fraternity all across central New York, in Pennsylvania and in Canada. Obviously they represented only one segment of a massive illegal operation. And so, at the urging of Bill Walsh and Eliot Lumbard, the New York commission decided to undertake a state-wide investigation.

Months were devoted to laying the groundwork, to careful preparation. The commission's agents and State Police worked on the investigation from May to late October, 1959, and during the last four months Inspector Quinn devoted almost his entire fifty-man detective force to the probe. Leads were developed through widespread wire tapping, a legal procedure in New York providing authorities first obtain a court order.

"I want to make one thing clear," Eliot Lumbard said. "A lot of objections are being voiced to wire tapping, but this is a case that could never have been developed without wire tapping. The telephone is, of course, the bookie's principal instrument, the means by which he transacts the great amount of his business; and if the law didn't have the right to wire tap, it would be almost the same as granting the bookies a blanket immunity. We built this case, we pieced together the links and the relationship between one bookie and another, by wire tapping."

For more than four months commission and State Police detectives monitored scores of wire taps. The tap on one bookie's line would disclose his contacts with others; these led to new taps and new discoveries in an ever-widening circle. Walsh, who directed the field work, accepted the risk that, by delay, some suspects might be lost. Actually, this did happen. During the months of eavesdropping, some twenty books moved their locations or went underground for one reason or another; but the loss was more than compensated for by the piecing together of a huge cross-state network.

By October, 1959, the commission had amassed evidence against one hundred books operating in twenty-seven cities and towns in seventeen counties. The chain ran from Fort Edward and Saratoga Springs on the east through the Troy-Albany-Schenectady area; on the west, through Amsterdam and Johnstown and Frankfort and Rome to Syracuse; from Syracuse through Solvay and Auburn and Geneva to Rochester; and from Rochester on west into the Buffalo area, including towns like Tonowanda and North Tonowanda, Lewiston and Lockport and Niagara Falls. To raid such a sweep of territory, extending from the Hudson River to Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, was a master undertaking. Several hundred policemen were marshaled for the striking force; complete secrecy about the objectives was maintained until the last moment; then individual raiding squads were organized and briefed and at exactly 3 P.M., October 23, 1959, a busy Friday afternoon, the raiders struck 100 books across the state and, in addition, four policy banks in Buffalo.

Cross-state Network

So complete was the surprise that bookmakers and policy writers were caught, in the words of the commission's subsequent report:

> . . . as they were busily employed in transacting the day's play. . . . A mountain of evidence was seized. Voluminous books, records and papers maintained by bookmakers in keeping their accounts were found. Punchboards, policy slips, special dice and cards, football and baseball pool slips, horse-parlay books and other miscellaneous gambling paraphernalia were among the materials seized. Other equipment, such as adding machines, powerful short-wave radio and ticker tapes, were taken. Guns were discovered on three premises. So great was the amount of material that it required six weeks for Commission accountants and agents and the State Police, assisted by three bookmaking and policy experts graciously loaned by the New York City Police Department, to catalogue and evaluate these items for their evidentiary worth.

The need for precise timing and perfect execution was illustrated vividly by the speed with which the word bounced around in gambling circles the instant the blow fell.

> In one instance, in about fifteen minutes . . . [*Walsh said in his recapitulation before the state commission*] the troopers who were at that time sorting out the evidence seized, received a call from Florida over the bookmaker's phone, warning the bookmaker that there were raids going on in that area, for him to look out and close up for the day. Unfortunately for him, it was fifteen minutes too late.

When the mass of evidence finally was evaluated, the commission felt that it had obtained as detailed and accurate an inside view of the bookmaking racket as it was possible to get. The seized ledgers of the bookies, for example, established beyond all doubt the relative importance of various phases of gambling play. The bookies' total business broke down this way: horse racing, 42 per cent; baseball, 30 per cent; basketball, 15 per cent; football, 12 per cent (not including football pools, in which virtually every bookie dealt); and boxing and miscellaneous other items, 1 per cent.

The Mills of Justice

Though the raids had been so well planned and executed that they represented the greatest blow ever struck at the bookmaking industry in New York State, the subsequent performance of justice left much to be desired. For it can only be said that the New York judges who meted out punishment upon the racketeers swept up in the dragnet acted as if they were sentencing men caught up in an inconsequential street-corner scuffle. By April, 1960, when the New York commission held its public hearings, the unimpressed judicial attitude had become glaringly apparent. By that time, fifty-two cases had been disposed of — fifty-one on guilty pleas, one by dismissal. Of the guilty, forty-one were "punished" by fines ranging from $5 to $500 and totaling a mere $11,690, token penalties certainly for multimillion-dollar lawbreakers; five had fines or jail sentences actually suspended, suffering not even a slap on the wrist; and three were still awaiting sentence.

"Only two men actually went to jail; and those two, for thirty days. . . . ," Walsh declared. "In many instances, those bookmakers had long and extensive criminal records, ranging from . . . murder [to] narcotics and white-slaving. Despite these criminal records, they received only minimal fines."

It goes without saying that Mr. Average Man, in every way a law-abiding citizen, would be punished more severely if he were convicted of speeding or littering the highway. It is customary to excuse the judiciary for its leniency with gamblers by saying that the importance of the gambling issue is not properly understood. It is certainly a late day and hour to indulge in such courteous exculpation. After all, even the most stupid judge must be aware of the disclosures Kefauver put into the national record nearly ten years ago when he shocked the country by unmasking the ugly image of muscle and murder that lurks behind the front of the gambling rackets; and so the administration of judicial balm instead of judicial punishment today seems more apt to represent influence than ignorance.

Shrugging Off Fines

If ignorance it is, however, there should be even less excuse for it in the future, for Walsh went to considerable pains to put the issue squarely into focus during the New York hearings. He emphasized that the gambler in Syracuse who had victimized the $7,000-a-year wage-earner was later arrested for the fifth time — and for the fifth time, he escaped with nothing "more than a small fine." Gamblers, Walsh said, shrug off fines as inconsequential. They look upon them as nothing more than a license fee that they would have to pay were they legitimate businessmen running legitimate businesses. Indeed, viewed this way, the gambler gets off more lightly than the businessman. A liquor license costs a lot more, for example, than bookmakers pay in fines to the law when, belatedly, it catches up with them. Walsh cited the case of one bookie arrested in the New York probe who had been fined eight times for gambling offenses. On his eighth conviction, he was fined only $125; over a period of years, his eight fines totaled a mere $400.

". . . People are simply confused or lulled into the belief that gambling is a simple, harmless pastime," Walsh said. "When it is conducted on this type of scale, it is long gone from a harmless pastime."

Saga of Buffalo

The evils fostered by this "long-gone pastime" were demonstrated by the New York commission in many ways and in many places; but nowhere more shockingly than in Buffalo, a city wide open to every type of racket, with built-in corruption gnawing into the highest levels of its Police Department. The raids of October, 1959, were only the mid-step in the Buffalo story as the New York commission unfolded it. Much preliminary work preceded the raids, and a special investigation of the Buffalo Police Department followed. In hearings on June 28 and 29 and July 5, 1960, the New York commission spread its findings upon the record. Carl A. Vergari, an assistant counsel, opened the hearings by summarizing the results of the probe. He stressed that the commission had been responsible for raiding thirteen bookmaking and thirteen policy operations in Buffalo. In the raids, $52,784 in gambling cash and detailed records had been seized. The records showed, Vergari said, that Buffalo bookies were feeding on a "handle" of more than $100 million a year and that policy was, at the minimum, a $6.5 million racket.

> One of our special employees reported during the initial period of our investigation, and during his attempts to gather information [*Vergari said*], that he struck up a conversation with a Buffalo policeman [in the full uniform] in a bar and was directed by the Buffalo policeman to a location at 171 Clinton Street in Buffalo where he might put a numbers bet down. . . .

The prosecutor explained that the Buffalo police shield had recessed rather than raised numbers so that, in the dimness of the bar, it had been impossible for the commission's undercover agent to get the number of the knowledgeable policeman. The cop's information, however, had been tested and found to be fully accurate. The undercover man went to the address to which he had been directed and placed his bet.

Prostitution as well as gambling was a flourishing trade in Buffalo:

> There were houses of prostitution, houses in the classic sense, operated by madams, and in certain cases the entrance to these houses were brightly lit. We have observed as many as ten taxicabs parked outside, with men moving in and out. . . .

Despite this brazenly flaunted traffic in everything from sex to numbers, the Buffalo Police Department, exhibiting the curious astigmatism that afflicts the law in the presence of big-money rackets, had devoted an exhausting number of man-hours to the difficult task of discovering precisely nothing. Edward L. Morville, an agent-accountant for the commission, analyzed department records and showed that, in twenty-six months, the local precincts had made 14,080 reports. These reports contained notice of the following decidedly minimal discoveries: eight gambling houses, five bookies, no policy operators, no gaming devices, one liquor-law violation and one vice case.

> *Q.* The general consensus of opinion, then, of all the Captains and all the precinct detectives in the Buffalo Police Department, in their view there was no policy going on at all in the city in two years; is that correct?
>
> *A.* That is correct.

Whitewash Boomerangs

Even more revelatory was the prodigious activity and the prodigious lack of accomplishment of Buffalo's Gambling Squad. In two years, this squad reported that it had made 16,730 checkups; it reported "no activity" in 16,446 instances. Most embarrassing was the squad's activity in reporting "no activity" in a checkup it conducted at 227 and 375 William Street on October 22, 1959. The very next day both locations were raided — and caught in full operation — by agents of the New York commission and State Police.

When formal police reports lie and cloak the illicit deed in this fashion, it is obvious that gamblers must wield potent influence. Here was Buffalo, the second largest city in the state, with a population of 520,000 persons; here was Buffalo, with a police force of 1,348 uniformed men, 212 detectives, a police budget of $8.5 million a year — here was Buffalo, with the fourteenth largest police department in the nation, wide open to every kind of racket.

On the Stand

The New York commission tried to unearth the reasons for this ineptitude of the law, and when it did, it discovered that a desk lieutenant in headquarters was doubling as a bookmaker. In private hearings, the commission confronted the lieutenant with betting slips made out in his own handwriting; and on June 27, just before the public hearings opened, the lieutenant resigned from the force and claimed the privilege of the "Fourteenth Amendment" [*sic*] in refusing to answer all questions, even one dealing with the number of years he had served the public as a policeman.

Almost equally significant was the witness-stand performance of Police Captain William J. Shanahan, who had been in charge of Buffalo's Fourth Precinct for two and a half years. The Fourth was crawling with every kind of law violation known to the evil genius of man, but Captain Shanahan testified that he kept no file on hoodlums, gamblers and racketeers; he didn't know of any gamblers operating in his command, any prostitutes, any houses of prostitution. Had he ever reported any premises as being tainted with even a slight suspicion of gambling? No. Any of policy? No. Any of bookmaking? No. Any of prostitution? No. Any of liquor-law violations? No.

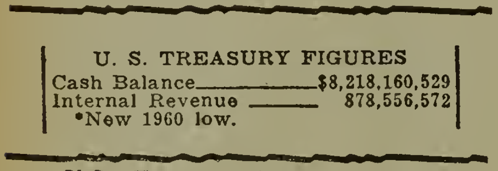
Captain Shanahan's do-nothing, know-nothing performance on the witness stand was followed by the appearance of one of the most forthright and outspoken witnesses to testify in the New York investigation. She was Barbara Louise Hartzog, twenty-two, married and the mother of four children. She had lived in the William Street area of the Fourth Precinct all her life; and in her unchallenged and uncontroverted testimony, she wrapped up the whole sordid picture of crime and corruption in Buffalo.

Sordid Story

Mrs. Hartzog began by explaining that she had never known a time when the numbers racket did not flourish in the Fourth Precinct. The numbers operators there were so strong, so ruthless and so greedy, as the New York commission showed, that even the normal extortion of their trade wasn't enough for them; they had to have more. In "straight" policy play, the bettor tries to pick a winning three-number combination, anything from 000 to 999. The winning combination is usually determined by some factual report supposedly beyond and above chicanery — for instance, the last three figures of the U. S. Treasury balance for the day, or the last three figures in the day's pari-mutuel play at a given race track. Though the odds against the bettor's winning are 1,000 to 1, the policy operator normally pays out at only 600 to 1, a disparity that assures him of a highly comfortable margin of profit. In Buffalo, even this margin wasn't enough to appease the insatiable appetite of the racketeers. They shaved the payout down to 500 to 1 and, in some special instances, to 300 or 350 to 1. Still, thousands played every day, in hope, in desperation, on the longshot chance that the skies would open and shower fortune on their heads.

The New York commission asked Barbara Hartzog to explain this curious addiction in the face of fantastic and hopeless odds. "Well," she said, "that's just — I guess everybody plays the numbers because no one actually, in that neighborhood, had enough money to meet up to the qualifications of living standards in Buffalo."

She explained that she herself played 65 to 70 cents a day on the numbers, even at times when her husband wasn't working. She even played the "night number," an added starter introduced in Buffalo by ingenious racketeers intent on seeing that no hour of the twenty-four was without its potential gamble and potential profit. Since at night there are no new pari-mutuel numbers or Treasury balance numbers coming up, the winning "night number" was determined by three rolls of the dice in a small back room of the Fred Perry Restaurant at 375 William Street. About a dozen persons would crowd into the tiny cubicle to witness the ceremony, Barbara Hartzog said. Sometimes Fred Perry would roll the dice; sometimes one of the onlookers would be asked to make the roll — Barbara herself had been chosen for this chore on occasion, she said. The ritual decreed that a pair of red dice would be rolled to determine the first number of the winning combination; a pair of white dice, the second; a pair of blue dice, the third. While the dice were being rolled, a crowd would back up on the street outside the restaurant, waiting for the verdict.



U. S. TREASURY FIGURES	
Cash Balance	$8,218,160,529
Internal Revenue	878,556,572
•New 1960 low.	

U.S. Treasury balances are run daily in a New York tabloid not otherwise noted for its coverage of financial news.

> *Q.* Would the first roll count or could they change their minds in that place?
>
> *A.* If they changed their minds, they would change the dice.
>
> *Q.* In other words, the dice would be rolled and somebody would say, "Well, I don't like that particular number. I want the dice rolled again." Is that correct?
>
> *A.* That's right.
>
> *Q.* That was done on occasions when you were there?
>
> *A.* That's right.
>
> *Q.* After the numbers were rolled, was that number announced or posted in any way?
>
> *A.* It was written on a slip of paper and put on a paper rack — and hung up, hung up on the showcase.
>
> *Q.* Out in public view, where everybody could see it, is that correct?
>
> *A.* Yes.

The questioning then switched to the prevalence of prostitution in Captain Shanahan's Fourth Precinct. Barbara Hartzog was asked whether the extent to which the world's oldest profession flourished there had any effect on a decent married woman. Well, she replied, it was sometimes difficult to walk along the street at night without being accosted. A woman living in the Fourth soon got used to putting wolves in their place, she said; but one night late, while she was walking home from her sister-in-law's house, she did have a different and novel experience. A police car drew up to the curb alongside her and —

> This officer stopped the car and told me to come over. I walked over to the car and he asked who let me out.
>
> I told him, "Let me out of where?"
>
> He said, "Let you out of the car!"
>
> I said, "What car? I just came from my sister-in-law's home," which I did.
>
> "Well," he said, "Well, get in."
>
> So I got into the police car and they drove around the corner. He says, "Well, who let you out of the car?"
>
> I said, "Out of what car?"
>
> He said, "Come off it. You know what I mean." He said, "Where's the money?"
>
> I said, "I don't have any money. I just — I just left my sister-in-law's house and I got angry with my husband and he left."
>
> He asked me for my identification, and I showed him my identification and everything, and he said, "All right, get home and stay there."
>
> It was about 11:30 in the evening.

The incident speaks graphically of the depths to which the corruption-riddled Buffalo Police Department had fallen. It seems quite obvious that the cruising policemen had mistaken Mrs. Hartzog for a streetwalker and had been intent upon shaking her down. It is an incident to be kept in mind when a thieving policeman attempts to justify the taking of "honest" graft from a bookie; for once a man takes, he generates a thirst for taking and a streetwalker's money becomes as pure as any gambler's.

From this Buffalo street scene, with its travesty of error and self-exposure, the questioning of Mrs. Hartzog switched back to the numbers racket. She explained that this flourished on such a lush, well-established basis that whole books of numbers, known as "B & R books," were issued to regular players. These were the same kind of numbers books given to runners to sell; but, in Buffalo, the operators had cut another corner by issuing books directly to their regular bettors, making them in effect their own numbers runners. Mrs. Hartzog had had such a book when the unbelievable had happened to her; she had beaten those 1,000 to 1 odds — she had won. And then she didn't get paid.

The Welshing Gamblers

In Mrs. Hartzog's explanation of the persistent efforts she made to collect the less than $100 that was coming to her, the whole picture of the Buffalo policy racket and the open collaboration of police with it came out. A major figure in the policy ring operated by Fred Perry was Marshall Miles, who had been Joe Louis' manager for a time when Louis was the heavyweight boxing champion of the world; he was also, as it happened, a cousin of Barbara Hartzog's own mother. When Mrs. Hartzog began to have trouble collecting on her winning bet, she protested to all the partners in the ring — Perry, Miles, Bonny Kelly and Pete Craig. "I still didn't get anywhere," she said.

> *Q.* Where did you talk to these men, Mrs. Hartzog?
>
> *A.* First I talked to Fred Perry in his restaurant, 375 William, and I asked him to pay me because I had turned in the white slip and I had hit the numbers. So he refused to pay me. So I talked to Marshall

NO PARKING
P.D.
P.D.

> Miles. He said he would pay me if he had to pay me out of his own pocket.
>
> *Q.* Did he ever pay you, Mrs. Hartzog?
>
> *A.* No, he didn't.

Mrs. Hartzog testified that she made the rounds of the policy bosses again. She talked to Perry and threatened to complain to the police if she didn't get her money; he told her he couldn't find her winning slip, it apparently had been lost if it ever had existed, and he wasn't going to pay her without it, without some proof that she had really won. From Perry, Mrs. Hartzog went on to Marshall Miles and told him that she was either going to get her money or she was going to the police.

> *Q.* What did he say?
>
> *A.* He said he didn't give a damn where I went.

So Mrs. Hartzog walked down to Captain Shanahan's Fourth Precinct and went up to the officer on desk duty, a man whose name, unfortunately, she did not know. Mrs. Hartzog lodged her complaint. She showed the desk officer, she said, the "B & R book" from which she had made her winning play, with the tissue and the yellow second slip for the winning number still in it. "He told me did I know I could get arrested for it," Mrs. Hartzog testified. She replied that, yes, she knew this, but she was determined to collect the money due her and, if she couldn't get it any other way, she would carry her complaint downtown to Police Headquarters. "'Well,' he said, 'well, I can lock you up for just having the slip,' and he said, 'I was going to give you a break and let you go.'"

Mrs. Hartzog left the precinct and started to walk along the street. She explained that Fred Perry, in addition to his restaurant, had an office in the rear of a hat store that she had to pass on her way. As she approached the store, she saw a police car stopped in front of it; and just as she was passing the store, the door opened, and Fred Perry and the desk officer she had just been talking to at the Fourth Precinct came out. The officer pointed to her in significant sign language that seemed to say, "That's the woman."

Undeterred, Mrs. Hartzog went on to Police Headquarters.

> *Q.* Whom did you speak to down there?
>
> *A.* Inspector Hahn.
>
> *Q.* Did you tell Inspector Hahn your story?
>
> *A.* Yes.
>
> *Q.* Did he refer you to someone else?
>
> *A.* Yes, Lt. Ries [Lt. Charles W. Ries, head of the Headquarters Gambling Squad].

Mrs. Hartzog testified that she told both the inspector and the gambling squad commander the full story, naming all the policy operators, including Marshall Miles.

> So they asked me did I want to get a warrant for Mr. Perry's arrest, to see what could be done about it in court. I told him, "Yes. I didn't want to cause him any trouble. If I get my money, I would just forget it." So he said, Inspector Hahn told me that, to go back, if I wanted to go back, before they give me the warrant and talk to Fred Perry again and maybe I could get my money. He said to — he says, "Tell Fred Perry that I said I don't like welshers."

Armed with this virtual ultimatum from headquarters, Mrs. Hartzog sought out Fred Perry in the rear of the hat shop and delivered the word. But even this advice from on high had no effect on Perry. "All he said," Mrs. Hartzog testified, "'I'm not going to pay you for nothing.' He said, 'I can't find the white slip, and I'm not going to pay you.'" She walked out, and he slammed the door after her — hard.

The next morning, much to her surprise, a police car drove up and stopped in front of her home. Gambling Squad detectives got out and told her they had a warrant to raid Fred Perry's Restaurant; she should come with them and identify the woman employee there with whom she had placed her policy bet. "I told them there wasn't going to be anything there," Mrs. Hartzog testified. "Naturally, they knew everything was going to be clean."

She explained that, normally at 10:15-10:30 in the morning, the restaurant would be crawling with numbers runners, buzzing with all kinds of betting activity. But on this day of days, as she had suspected, "the word" had gone out, and the place when she entered it with the Gambling Squad detectives was like a mausoleum. Naturally, the woman who had taken Barbara's bet was not visible on the premises. Detectives stopped Fred Perry, who was just going out the side door as they came in, and questioned him. He was asked if he employed the woman Mrs. Hartzog had named as the bet-taker. Never heard of her, Fred Perry said. Well, did he know Mrs. Hartzog? The policy boss looked hard at Barbara. Very hard. Never saw her in his life, he said.

Naturally, it was obvious to the law that no arrests could be made, no action taken. The detectives gave Fred Perry and his restaurant a clean bill of health. It was a certificate of good conduct that they renewed after another so-called "inspection" on October 22, 1959 — just twenty-four hours before state raiders crashed the policy bank and exposed both the rackets and the police of Buffalo.

CHAPTER

CRIME'S 51st STATE

THE LARGEST "action" spot in the United States is also the most secretive — the one with the fewest visible ties. Throughout New York State, throughout the nation, the location of major books can be determined by piecing together the pattern that emerges from telephone call slips linking the books to "the line" in Minneapolis and "the layoff" in Covington, Kentucky. There is just one exception to this rule, just one area of huge play in which all conventional clues fail, in which there is nothing but one vast and intriguing and significant blank. This blackout, this vacuum, covers the greatest city in the nation, the one that offers the richest rewards to the rackets — New York City, the American underworld's 51st state.

In the past, state and federal investigators have been baffled by the paradox of New York. Here is the nation's greatest and wealthiest metropolis, the home of eight million persons, the hub of fantastic financial wealth, a city with a traditional dedication to heavy gambling. Common sense says that there should be, there must be, tremendous "action," yet the interstate ties that, in every other case, are the dead giveaways to such "action" nowhere appear. The answer to this riddle appears to lie in just one simple explanation: the rackets in New York are so huge, so remunerative, so heavily bankrolled, that they are *self-contained*. They run on their own. And they run behind the façade of some highly eminent fronts.

Some of the threads of this truly fantastic operation appeared on a record for the first time in the New York Commission of Investigation probe. The commission, as it carefully pointed out, had had a definite objective — the rural, small city and upstate large city gambling; it had not proposed to inquire into the separate problem of Manhattan. Yet it would be only natural to expect that, in an investigation as sweeping as the one the New York commission conducted, many ties to the great New York City underworld would have appeared. After all, as the pattern of telephone contacts made clear, upstate bookies were in constant touch with Minneapolis, Covington, Detroit, Chicago, Boston and Miami. But — and this was the truly amazing circumstance — not with the great metropolis in their home state, not with New York City.

"Oh, there was a telephone call or two, but nothing significant, nothing at all like what you would expect," Bill Walsh explains. "For all practical purposes, ties between the city and upstate simply did not exist."

Room Service

This incongruous situation intrigued and perplexed Walsh, as it had intrigued and perplexed federal investigators before him. When Joseph Manners of Milton Wessel's federal rackets-busting team pieced together the cross-continent, interlocking relationships between massive bookmaking operations in many states, he found that Manhattan was indeed an island. Here the system that was working throughout the rest of the nation simply did not seem to apply. New York City dwelt in isolation; it had no links. On the surface it appeared almost as if the city, the hottest "action" spot in the country, as any bookie will tell you, had practically no "action" at all.

The explanation of this conflict between reality and appearances seems to lie in just one word — sophistication. Upstate, as Walsh says, "We found them fat, dumb and happy." In New York City the "fat, dumb and happy" era went out with Dutch Schultz. The New York bookmaking racket is now a very deft, *sub rosa* enterprise that flourishes on a fantastic scale behind fronts almost guaranteed to cloak it from observation and suspicion. The most important of these fronts, evidence indicated, is the New York hotel industry.

Manners, in his testimony before the New York commission, put his finger on the key to the riddle. "I always leave New York City out," he said, in discussing the bookmaking pattern throughout the nation. "It's a confusing area. It just didn't seem to tie in all the way around. So many hotels being called frequently, and different room numbers up there."

In a second reference to the curious New York situation, Manners stressed the same point. He explained that his federal investigators, like Walsh's state sleuths, had been unable to establish any significant ties between the city and upstate bookies. "We could not work the New York City area because of the hotels, and all the many hotels involved," Manners said flatly. "We could not get the proper information."

The picture that emerges is that of a bookmaking racket that has taken refuge behind the front of eminent respectability that many of New York's fine hotels provide. The hotels, of course, must know what is going on, but as long as they don't object, as long as they are in effect willing partners, the bookmakers operating from their shelter enjoy almost ideal bombproof pro-

tection from the law. Of major advantage to the books is the virtual impossibility of tracing and identifying their telephone calls. How does one sort out the calls funneling into hotels containing hundreds of rooms? How does one determine which calls are legitimate, private calls, and which business, bookie calls? Even wire tapping becomes a virtual impossibility, for though wire tapping is legal in New York with a court order, the order must be based upon evidence that a particular phone is being used for an individual, illegal purpose. Courts frown, for example, on the wire tapping of pay telephones, which are used by the general public as well as bookies, on the theory that the police have no right to listen in on the conversations of a number of law-abiding citizens in their hunt for one illegal user. Obviously, the same rule applies, possibly even more so, to the flood of calls funneling through a hotel switchboard.

Innocent Fronts

Taking full advantage of this loophole and the protection it affords, the books of New York shun such crude techniques as the individually registered phone and the private business that, whatever its front, is a semi-transparent cover for illicit operations. Retreating one step further into the shadows, they seek anonymity in the horde of legitimate customers that patronize places of eminent respectability. It is perhaps not entirely by chance that heavy chunks of mob money have been funneled in recent years (wherever possible through innocent-appearing fronts, of course) into the night club and hotel businesses — and that these businesses then become the respectable cloaks for the New York bookmaking industry. One member of the bookmaking fraternity, who should know, insists that the largest book in the nation makes his headquarters permanently in one of New York's most famous East Side night clubs. Another Mr. Big of the bookmaking industry is described as a man who, in the late 1940s, before Kefauver, was sometimes handling a play of $500,000 a day. He now runs a women's dress business as a sideline, makes his bookie headquarters in a respectable East Side hotel, and presumably does a business that has grown in the past decade with the growth of gambling nationally.

City of Code Numbers

Knowledge of the existence and size of the covert New York City bookmaking industry does not depend upon such grapevine reports, however reliable. Certain concrete items of proof crept into the record as by-products of the upstate probe. Though the city's gambling fraternity had managed to avoid most of the interstate ties that are dead giveaways of their racket to nosy federal probers, though they had shunned those tell-tale links to "the Minneapolis line" and "the layoff" in Covington, there was one essential service without which even the New York books could not exist. This was the receipt of fast results from the track. And fast results meant reliance on the Tollin service in Wilmington, Delaware.

The Delaware Attorney General's office had obtained a list of all the code names representing Tollin customers, and Detective Wassmer, during the New York inquiry, began to go through the list, identifying the upstate towns in which the Tollins had bookie clients. Most towns were represented by a single name, perhaps two; even large cities had only fairly brief listings. But when Walsh, who was questioning Detective Wassmer about what the Tollin list disclosed, came to Manhattan, he turned up *six solid pages* of code names. Since the city had been left outside the scope of the state inquiry, Walsh was flipping past the pages without comment when Commissioner Grumet interrupted and called attention to this startling, visual proof of the extent to which Manhattan's secret bookie trade was flourishing.

"There are six pages of subscribers right here in Manhattan," Grumet pointed out, awe in his voice.

Manhattan is, of course, just one of New York City's five boroughs. Brooklyn and the Bronx, two other huge and populous sections of the city, have always been fertile fields for bookmaking. Brooklyn in 1950 supported the $20 million - a - year Harry Gross bookmaking empire, and it is obvious from the findings of the 1958 Brooklyn grand jury that it still harbors flourishing bookie rings. The Tollin customer list contained the code names of some 150 bookmakers throughout the five boroughs — the solid bulk of them, of course, in those six pages devoted exclusively to Manhattan. The listings left no doubt, according to Walsh, that New York City bookies were "the best customers the Tollins had" in the entire United States.

Such a heavy concentration of bookmaking means racket organization on a syndicate basis — the allocation of territories, the centralization of control, the rule of kangaroo courts and enforcers. District Attorney Edward S. Silver, of Brooklyn, told the New York inquiry that this mob control had revealed itself in wire taps made by his office. He reported that bookies had been overheard asking each other questions like: "Who is the Combination from South Brooklyn that is doing all that betting?" and, "What group are you working with, out of whose territory are you working?" The New York racket is so systematized, Silver said, that it is impossible for a lone bookie to set up shop. He testified that anyone who "thought he could pick himself out a corner some place in New York City and begin taking book, would receive a rude shock to find that he could not do it without an okay from the boys who are taking care of the situation."

Rule of the Mob

So huge and powerful is the New York City operation that it extends its tentacles and control far beyond the boundaries of the city itself. Charles R. Thom, Suffolk County Police Commissioner, described how the rule of the New York mob has been extended clear to the eastern tip of Long Island, some 120 miles from downtown Manhattan. Until about two years ago, Thom said, bookmaking in Suffolk County had been a local operation, run by the corner butcher or the neighborhood barber; but then the New York Syndicate, composed of Manhattan and North Jersey gambling moguls, began to move in. Its weapon, he said, was money in fabulous amounts; muscle and murder were shunned because "the mob is still afraid of local juries."

> Money is the ammunition of the Syndicate [*the Suffolk commissioner declared*]. Pressure is on bettors as well as bookies, especially if the bettor is a business proprietor. Bettors get wined and dined and the average $10 bet rapidly expands to a $100 bet or greater. And, once hooked, the bettor faces certain financial disaster. Even otherwise respectable housewives have been led into unfortunate practices.

These "unfortunate practices," Thom explained later, involved what he called "afternoon prostitution." In a few cases, he said, gambling housewives had become so indebted to bookies that they were forced into this extra-marital activity in an effort to balance their accounts.

The Long Island commissioner added that all the evils of big-time gangdom were being visited on rural Suffolk County as a result of the iron control exercised by the New York mob. Gambling territories were assigned and bookies who did not fit into the syndicate's calculations were driven out of business. One who had lost his franchise in this fashion, Thom said, complained bitterly: "We used to have a democracy and now we have a dictatorship."

Syndicate Gets Nod

The tremendous bankroll of the New York mob literally bought it control of the Suffolk bookmaking racket, Thom said. He enumerated three major advantages of the new, syndicate system which Suffolk bookmakers had found irresistible. This is the way Thom listed the syndicate's allure:

¶ "Unlimited resources with absolute backing which eliminated the need to 'lay off.'" In other words, Suffolk bookies no longer had to worry about balancing their books to insure their "vigorish"; they no longer had to hunt a "layoff" center to take care of their dangerous play. All was being handled for them by the New York Syndicate.

¶ "New York City telephone numbers could be passed along to regular bettors and players, which made the bookie merely a collector of money, credited on the books of the Syndicate through an efficient bookkeeping system, and adding the tremendous factor that use of the telephones was thus changed, greatly reducing the efficacy of telephone taps." In other words, a Suffolk bookie no longer needed to run the risks inherent in individual phone use; the play of his clients could be funneled directly to the cop-proof, wire-tap-proof phones the syndicate had established behind its eminently respectable fronts in New York.

¶ In case something went wrong, "the Syndicate agreed to provide 'stand-up men' where feasible" — in other words, bums who could be hired for perhaps as little as $50 to take gambling arrests as stand-ins for actual bookies.

New York's Autonomy

The extension of this system from Manhattan through Brooklyn and Queens and Nassau Counties and out into Suffolk at the extreme tip of Long Island is itself a vivid demonstration of the power of the New York Syndicate. This power, this enormous concentration of gangland wealth, helps to explain the manner in which the New York mob, except for the Tollin service, has managed to operate as a separate entity, flourishing in a gambling void with no tell-tale contacts with the rest of the nation. Its size and the extreme care it has taken to hide its tracks have enabled it to avoid the risks inherent in obtaining from outside sources two of the three vital services without which a bookie cannot operate.

New York investigators are still not certain about the manner in which the huge city books get "the line" from Minneapolis. One possible explanation is that here, too, they operate behind apparently legitimate fronts. Hirshfield brags, after all, that he supplies his services to sports writers, and it would seem entirely feasible, considering New York's many publications, for the necessary telephone checkups to get the changes in "the Minneapolis line" to be arranged through agencies that have no apparent tie to bookmaking.

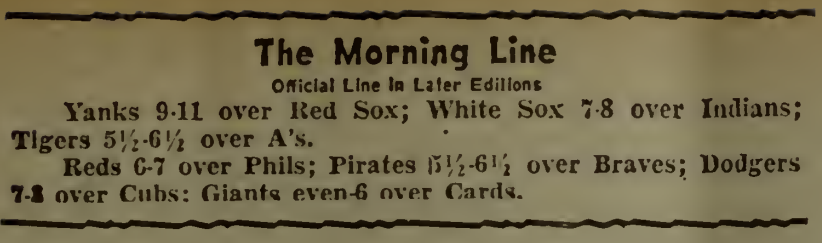
The solution to the other mystery, why the New York City books do not "lay off" in either Covington or Biloxi, is even more simple and more startling. They do not "lay off" simply because their operation is so huge, rolling in so many millions, that they do not have to.

Hedging the Bets

A key feature of the betting racket that helps to explain this is that even the big play, the dangerous play, is in the long run a losing play. Small and medium-sized books, even fairly large books, cannot take the risk of being "hit" by a single heavy winner; so they seek insurance in the "layoff." But as the Kefauver Committee testimony showed, the national "layoff" centers had to keep constantly replenishing the funds of the "comeback money men" who operated for them at the tracks. Their "layoff" wagers in the course of an entire race meet were invariably losing wagers. What this means is fairly obvious. If a gambling syndicate has a bankroll so heavily padded with millions that a heavy winner, even a series of heavy winners, cannot seriously dent it, then there is no necessity for seeking an outside "layoff"; this operation, whose major function is to insure the "vigorish," can be financed internally because the inevitable long-run percentages are always against a bettor's winning. All the evidence is that the New York mob is the happy possessor of a bank roll of such huge and invulnerable dimensions.

The point was hinted at in the New York hearings, not only in the testimony of Commissioner Thom, but in that of New York's First Deputy Police Commissioner, James R. Kennedy, and more explicitly in the testimony of Walsh himself. James Kennedy, who for years has been the gambling-racket expert of the New York Police Department under Commissioner Stephen P. Kennedy, was asked:

"In the case of bookmaking, has it been your finding that New York bookies, however large and however important they may be in bookmaking, confined their operations



The Morning Line

Official Line in Later Editions

Yanks 9-11 over Red Sox; White Sox 7-8 over Indians; Tigers 5½-6½ over A's.

Reds 6-7 over Phils; Pirates 5½-6½ over Braves; Dodgers 7-8 over Cubs; Giants even-6 over Cards.

"No Betting," says a sign in Yankee Stadium. But the nearest bookie will take your bet — and your daily paper gives you "the line."

almost exclusively within New York City?"

"I would say yes," Kennedy answered.

Commissioner Grumet asked for an explanation of the significance of this, and Walsh said:

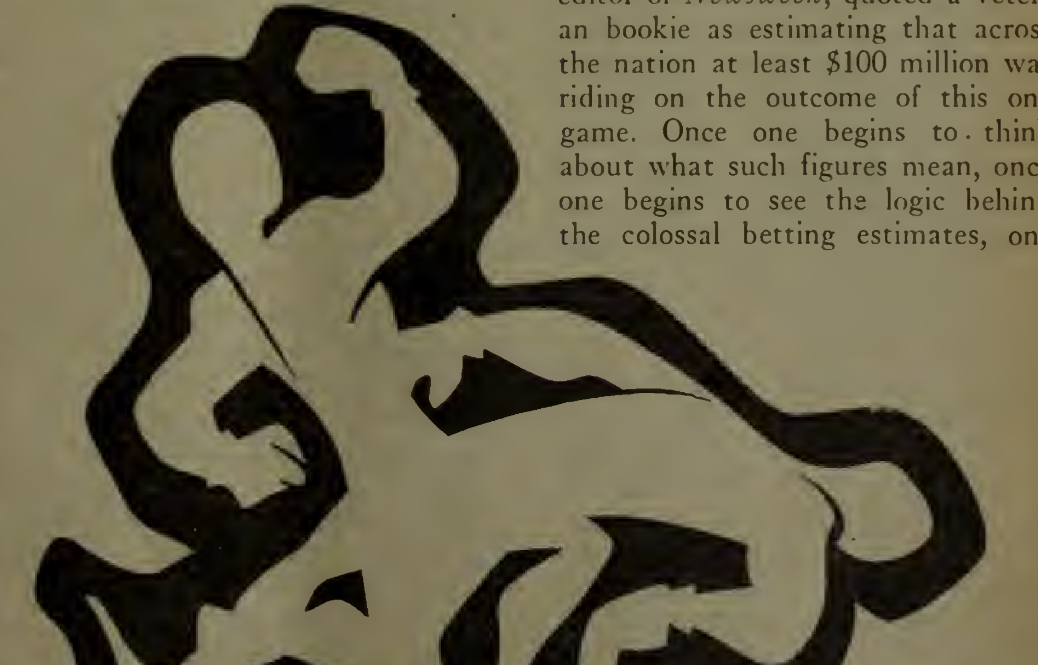
"I think, perhaps, Commissioner, it may be attributed to the fact that the capital available to the gamblers in New York is sufficiently great. They have been able to act as their own 'layoff' group."

Privately, Walsh expresses the opinion that there must be occasions when the New York Syndicate finds it advisable to deal with Covington. "For example," he says, "if the New York Yankees are playing the Chicago White Sox at Yankee Stadium, it stands to reason that the betting in New York is apt to be far heavier than in Chicago. If the local books become overloaded in such a situation, it would seem to me that they would have to do business with the Chicago books, and arrangements for a 'layoff' would have to be made with Covington. But the point is that the racket here is evidently so highly organized and centralized that this could all be done with one call made from a pay booth."

Such is the picture of a gambling operation of such tremendous magnitude that it runs as virtually a law unto itself. As I wrote last year in "The Shame of New York" *(The Nation,* October 31, 1959), the administration of Mayor Robert F. Wagner has in effect publicly pleaded guilty to being unable to enforce the law and break up the racket. The administration in 1959 and 1960 tried to persuade the state legislature to permit it to legalize off-track betting in the city as a revenue-producing measure. Mayor Wagner's experts estimated that a 15 per cent tax would return $200 million in revenue to the city and state, a figure that was considered an ultra-conservative minimum. Actually, Robert W. Dowling, who headed the Mayor's Citizens Committee for Off-Track Betting, predicted that the tax would bring in much more and estimated that illegal bookmaking in New York "now reaches $5 billion a year." A figure so huge seems preposterous, but actually there are some hard facts that indicate plainly it may not be so preposterous after all.

Incredible Figures

Police Commissioner Stephen Kennedy, in his testimony before the New York Commission of Investigation this spring, pointed out that legalized betting at flat and harness tracks in New York in 1959 fell just shy of $1 billion. He noted that, in countries that have legalized off-track betting, the off-track play ranges from two to five times the on-track betting, and he acknowledged that, if such percentages held true here, New York City has indeed a "huge" problem. Since bookies themselves place the ratio at 4 to 1 or 5 to 1 and consider a 3 to 1 ratio far too low, it seems highly likely that the illicit bookmaking industry in New York City is battening on a fantastic $3 billion to $5 billion annual flow of bets.



But even this is not all.

As the New York commission established in its upstate probe, horse-race bookmaking accounts for only 42 per cent of a bookie's business. Though the play on boxing has dropped through the years a championship bout still draws big sums. In addition, there is the big play in baseball (30 per cent) and the lesser but still heavy play in football and basketball. In the fall, during its relatively brief season, football is a gold mine for the books. A graphic example was the betting fever aroused last fall by the National Football League championship play-off between the New York Giants and the Baltimore Colts. These two closely matched teams stirred up their partisans and lured the gamblers; the result was a flow of wagers that is probably unprecedented for a single event. Roger Kahn, sports editor of *Newsweek*, quoted a veteran bookie as estimating that across the nation at least $100 million was riding on the outcome of this one game. Once one begins to think about what such figures mean, once one begins to see the logic behind the colossal betting estimates, one begins to get some idea of the incredible size of the reservoir of gambling cash that finances the underworld of New York.

Yet even this is not the full picture. To the take from bookmaking must be added the take from a rival gambling racket that is nearly as huge — policy.

Everybody Plays

Betting on the numbers was considered a major underworld gold mine back in depression days when Dutch Schultz's policy empire flourished in Harlem and the Bronx and lured a gross annual play, in nickels and dimes, that built up into $20 million a year. Nickels and dimes hardly rate as money any more; now the play is for 50 cents or $1, even for $10 or more, and now the racket isn't confined to the slums of Harlem and the Bronx — it has spread all over the city, even into the canyons formed by the tall skyscrapers of Wall Street, where the principal gambling interest is supposed to be the stock market.

A couple of years ago I walked into a downtown Broadway office building one wintry day and stood listening to the elevator man make his pitch to a woman worker in the building who had entered the elevator right after me. "Did you get your number today?" he asked. "No," she said, "I haven't got it yet. You know, I'm beginning to think that's a racket. Nobody ever seems to win." The elevator man shook his head in slow and solemn disagreement. "Oh, no," he said, "somebody always wins, somebody's got to win. There are an awful lot of people playing, you know, but every day somebody wins. You better get your number before it's too late." The woman thought it over. "Well, I don't know," she said, "I'll see. Maybe I will."

Two things about the incident impressed me at the time — the neighborhood in which this happened and the openness of the shilling. Here was policy, originally the poor man's desperation gamble, now flourishing among the office help in the downtown financial district, far from its original haunts; and here was an elevator operator, who didn't know me from Steve Kennedy, and who obviously didn't care who I was, running his racket right out in the open, undeterred by the slightest twinge of fear, the slightest thought of caution.

The sweep of the policy racket throughout New York City that this incident symbolizes is a hard fact that was confirmed this year by reporters from the New York *Journal-American* and the New York *Post*. Both papers found that the numbers game was big business in every section of the city. The *Post* staff found that the numbers written every day on the waterfronts of Manhattan, Brooklyn and Staten Island exceeded the best day's "action" in Harlem; that the play in Manhattan's garment district was equally huge; that the big money bet on the numbers in Wall Street made the racket larger there than in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section, the Harlem of Brooklyn.

Analyzing an Industry

Estimates on the size of the racket vary. The most reliable appears to be the unofficial assessment put together by one wing of the federal investigative team that operated under Milton Wessel. Treasury investigators worked for six months under the direction of William Esbitt, a Wessel aide. They examined records of several hundred policy cases disposed of in New York's Court of Special Sessions; they questioned a large number of policy operators in an effort to gain an inside view of the racket. Though the unit was disbanded before action could be taken, its findings have formed the basis for subsequent *sub rosa* studies of the New York policy racket by the office of District Attorney Frank S. Hogan and a New York County grand jury. While the full picture never has been disclosed because of demands imposed by investigative secrecy, enough has filtered out from various sources to make these points clear:

¶ The play for one-hundred working days in the policy racket reached a gross of $500 million. This estimate was reached by totaling the play of known policy operators for the test period and averaging this out with the number of policy operators known to be flourishing in the city. Projected on a full-year basis, this would mean that policy in New York is a $1.5 billion racket.

¶ Evidence of high organization and tight control was clear. Questioning of arrested policy operators invariably produced the same story: the lowly hired hands were the agents of a syndicate; they did not know who the bosses were; all they knew was that they worked on a percentage of the play they brought in and were assured that, if arrested, they would be taken care of — that when they appeared in court bondsmen and lawyers would be there to represent them.

¶ The key to the racket, the go-betweens who linked the racket bosses and the hired hands who sometimes got arrested, obviously were these professional men, the bondsmen and the lawyers. An examination of the court record of several hundred policy cases showed that a small group of less than half a dozen lawyers was handling nearly all of the syndicate's policy business. One attorney in a year handled 445 cases; another, 326; a third, 299. Efforts to question some of these lawyers were futile; interestingly, the attorneys claimed, not the privilege of a lawyer-client relationship, but the Fifth Amendment against possible self-incrimination. Balked investigators were convinced that, if these lawyers ever talked, they could provide the evidence on the fantastic organization of the racket that, apparently, is being masterminded by remote higher-ups from Florida and Las Vegas.

¶ Obviously no racket could flourish for years on such a scale — especially a racket, like policy, which operates from fixed locations —without widespread corruption and political protection extending high — how high no one knows — into various echelons of the city government.

The Murtagh Disclosures

The policy racket erupted briefly into a New York headline scandal this past winter. Representative Adam Clayton Powell, the preacher-politician from Harlem, made a series of sensational charges on the floor of Congress; and in New York's

Special Sessions Court, the new Presiding Justice, John M. Murtagh, began to mete out jail terms to gamblers and called pointed attention to the bondsman-lawyer conspiracy. All of this spurred a flurry of police activity in which numerous small fry were swept up and the policy racket in Harlem was put under a temporary damper; it led to the Hogan-grand jury probe about which nothing much can be said except that it has yet to produce any truly startling results.

Hirelings in Court

The get-tough campaign of Justice Murtagh did at least put on the record some of the discoveries that Esbitt's federal investigators had made in their six-month inquiry. Especially glaring and obvious was the manner in which the gambling syndicate extended its protection to its hirelings in open court. Justice Murtagh, in stiff cross-questioning of policy defendants appearing before him, showed that they didn't even know the names of the bondsmen or lawyers who appeared in court to represent them. In early March, one seventy-one-year-old defendant, who had been arrested with 294 policy plays in his pocket, was brought before the Justice. A $500 bond had been already written out for him.

> What [*Justice Murtagh demanded*] did the bondsman tell you?
>
> He told me to come today.
>
> Did he tell you anything about a lawyer?
>
> He told me to see him when I got here.
>
> What's your bondsman's name?
>
> I don't know his name.
>
> Did he say that he would have a lawyer for you?
>
> Yes.

Under the law it is illegal for a bondsman to solicit a lawyer for a defendant, and a fine of $500 and a year's jail sentence can be imposed for the offense. Yet the cases in Justice Murtagh's court showed that this was a provision of the law that was being constantly flouted. It was customary for lawyers to come into court with prepared lists containing the names of defendants whom they had never met. In most cases the lists had been drawn up by bondsmen, who made arrangements for their own fees and the lawyers' fees and any fines that might be levied in a package deal with the operating powers of the policy syndicate. In Justice Murtagh's view, these bondsmen and lawyers, whose services had been engaged even before the men they represented had been arrested, were as much a part of the conspiracy as the numbers runner on the street — and a far more vital part because their contacts, inevitably, went much higher.

When the underworld is so well organized, corruption is inevitable. The extent of that corruption in New York was illustrated graphically when Justice Murtagh discovered that the policy ring had been able to falsify records forwarded to the court from the Bureau of Criminal Identification in Police Headquarters. The so-called "yellow sheets" of the BCI are the dossier on a criminal; supposedly, they bare all that is known about his past offenses. In early April, a defendant who had been caught with 281 policy plays in his possession appeared before Justice Murtagh and was fined $100. No jail term was meted out because the BCI "yellow sheet" showed that this was a man with a pure past — that this was his very first arrest. A court stenographer with a long memory recalled, however, that he had seen the man in court before and reported his suspicions to Justice Murtagh. An investigation by the Justice turned up the true BCI record, which showed that the defendant with the "clean" past actually had been convicted no less than fifteen times previously on policy charges. In the uproar that followed this disclosure, it developed that mob money had been so persuasive that falsification of the most vital arrest records in Police Headquarters was an almost established practice. The going rate for this record perjury was $2,500. If a gambler had the price, he could exchange a long and dirty record for a lily-white one — and so, even under a tough judge like Murtagh, avoid the unpleasantness of jail.

When police records in headquarters can be changed to order for a fee, it is obvious that the underworld has reached a point where it virtually dominates the law. The extent of that domination was clearly indicated in a concurrent series of sensational disclosures made by Representative Powell in Congress. Whatever one thinks of the flamboyant and frequently unpredictable Powell, this much must be said for him: he comes from Harlem, he knows it intimately as few men do, and when he begins to name names and give addresses of flourishing policy spots, his information is usually highly accurate.

Racial Discrimination

Powell caused his first sensation when he charged that the Police Department was permitting policy to flourish as a wide-open racket in Harlem and that, furthermore, under the aegis of this virtually official approval, the local Negro policy bankers were being driven to the wall and the racket was being concentrated in the hands of the Italian mob and a few Jewish helpers. Ironically, New York officialdom seemed more to resent the charge of racial discrimination in permissive rackets than it did the real meat of Powell's allegations — that it was permitting the racket to operate in the first place. There was a great outcry at the Congressman for injecting a racial issue into the consideration of rackets and the pay-off; but Powell, undeterred, continued to blast away with weekly charges on the floor of Congress.

In a series of speeches he pinpointed specific policy spots that were operating in Harlem; he charged that a former member of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, a man who had occupied a key spot as deputy collector for Manhattan, had quit his federal post to become "the numbers boss of lower Harlem"; he named the suspected "bagman," an officer attached to the staff of the Police Academy who, he said, called regularly each month at policy spots in Harlem to collect "the pad"; and finally he read into the record an itemized list of pay-offs exacted each month by police from numbers spots to permit them to operate.

"Each numbers banker has to pay from $2,500 to $3,000 a month in protection ranging from the top of the division down to the lieutenants, sergeants, uniformed officers, two shifts of radio cars, all the detective squad including plainclothesmen, lieutenants, and sergeants," Powell charged. He submitted a detailed breakdown of the pay-off, based on a complaint that had been filed with the New York Commission of Investigation:

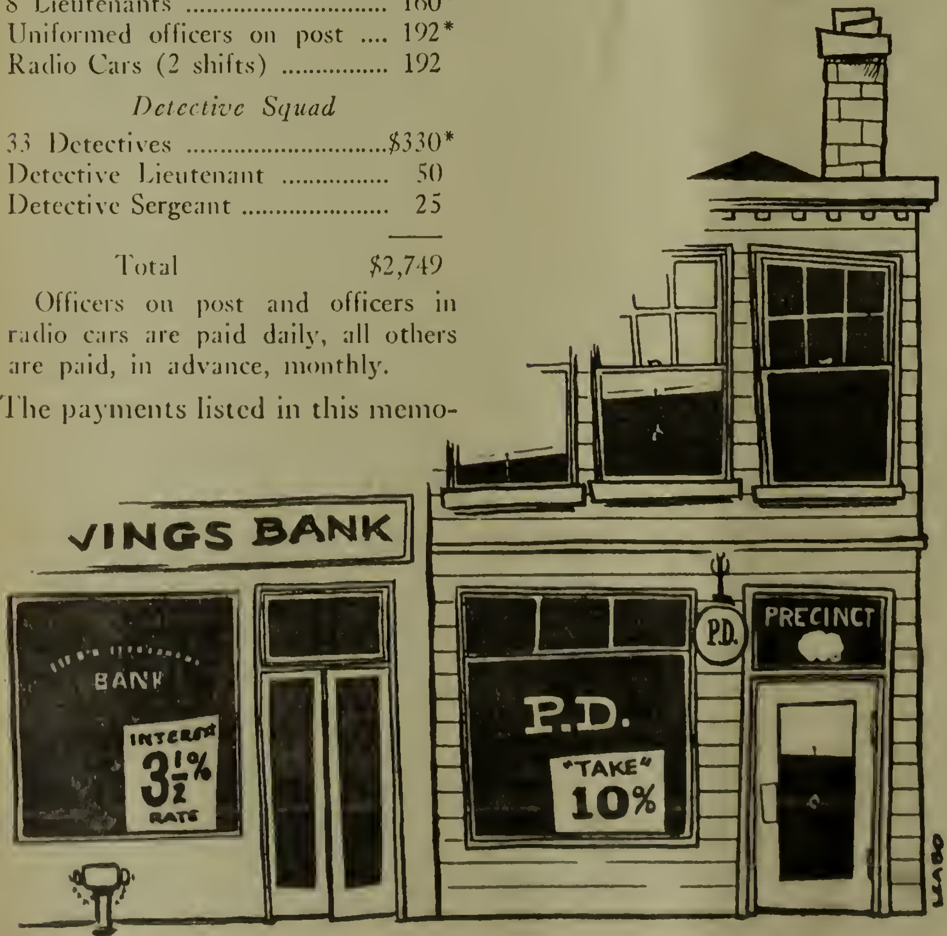
> To operate with protection all policy spots are required to have a contract with the various offices of the Police Department. Such a contract is generally referred to as a "pad." All pads are due on the first of the month, and must be paid not later than the 3rd.
>
> The list below is a breakdown of a policy pad. The totals that are followed by an asterisk (*) vary in proportion to the number of men assigned to the precinct. The total cost of the pad may reach as high as $3,000 a month, due to fluctuations in the number of men that are carried by a given office.

Division	$420
Borough Headquarters	275
Police Commissioner	275
1st Deputy Commissioner	275
Chief Inspector	275
Precinct	
Captain	$ 50
23 Sergeants at $10.	230*
8 Lieutenants	160*
Uniformed officers on post	192*
Radio Cars (2 shifts)	192
Detective Squad	
33 Detectives	$330*
Detective Lieutenant	50
Detective Sergeant	25
Total	$2,749

> Officers on post and officers in radio cars are paid daily, all others are paid, in advance, monthly.

The payments listed in this memorandum are obviously group payments. The fact that an entire detective squad is paid does not mean that every man on the squad is a crook; some, certainly, cannot be bought. Similarly, the payments listed to the Police Commissioner's office and the First Deputy Commissioner do not mean that either Stephen Kennedy or his deputy, James Kennedy, are personally involved; both are considered in New York to be high-class police executives, and the Commissioner has frequently been mentioned as a possible successor to FBI Director Hoover. What the detailed memorandum read by Powell into the *Congressional Record* does purport to show is that the total pay-off is calculated on the basis of the maximum number of offices and individuals that have to be taken care of for total protection. This is how the bite is figured; this is the money paid. Who gets it, precisely, is another and an undetermined question.

In disclosing these details about the "pad" and the way it is figured, Powell went on to draw the issue of the real meaning and significance of New York's flourishing syndicate gambling. He pointed out in explicit terms that the question was not one of betting alone, but of the narcotics peddling and the violence and murder that are the evil partners of betting. He said:



> When I began this crusade there were people saying, "Why argue against the numbers? Everybody gambles." That may be true, but we do not want gambling to be the backbone of narcotics. I do not believe there is any man who is in favor of that except the gangsters themselves. . . .
>
> I should like to point out that one combination of thugs has just been revealed to me. It is a combination called Sam and Mannie. It operates drugs and numbers together, with headquarters at 310 St. Nicholas Avenue, 325 West 126th Street, and 303 West 106th Street.
>
> When a James Russell came to my church two Sundays ago, he was scared to death because these two men, Sam and Mannie, thought he was conveying information to me. He was not. I never heard of him. He came to me and begged me to protect him. The result is that this past Friday night James Russell was badly beaten and is in serious shape. In 1956 a man who worked with them by the name of Charles Turner was also beaten by Mannie and Sam, and later his body was found floating in the East River in the Harlem area.

The New York *Post*, in its own investigation of the policy racket, confirmed the most startling of Powell's charges — that concerning the size of the "pad." The *Post's* information came from both policy operators and sources inside the Police Department itself. The newspaper quoted one police official as saying frankly: "If you knew the actual amount of money involved, you wouldn't believe it. And even if you believed it, the *Post* wouldn't print it. The thing is just that big."

Vistas of Corruption

To get some idea of just how big the "thing" is, the *Post* figured out the "ice," or protection money, that was being paid by policy in just one section of Harlem. Its survey showed that there were ninety approved policy spots running in this single section. Each was paying off, at a minimum, at a rate of $2,500 a month. Multiply the monthly figure by the number of spots, and you get more than $220,000; multiply by twelve months in the year, and you get a pay-off of more than $2.5 million. And this for just ninety policy spots in just one single section of Harlem!

Policy, remember, now flourishes in every district of the vast, sprawling city of New York. The *Post*, quoting a police informant again, put it this way: "There are eighty precincts in New York City, and in my experience in all five boroughs, I have not found a single one in which a 'pad' for policy isn't maintained in one form or another." The "pad" will not be as heavy in many districts, of course, as it is in policy-riddled Harlem. Nevertheless, it is obvious that a $2.5 million annual pay-off in just one section of Harlem must represent only a tiny fraction of the over-all corruption; that the total take, from policy alone, must represent totals of staggering proportions.

Police "Ice"

But this incredible vista of corruption represents only half of the total picture. For policy is, if anything, the lesser of New York's two great gambling rackets. Bookmaking, all experts agree, represents far larger bets, a much greater flow of gambling cash. If policy, an estimated $1.5 billion racket, can pour so many millions out in "ice," what must bookmaking, an estimated $3-$5 billion racket, pay? When one begins to add the two "pads" together, one begins to comprehend, if only dimly, the almost total corruption of law enforcement and society that has been the prime achievement of the graft-protected American underworld.

For an insight into bookmaking pay-offs, let's turn to an interview with a former New York plainclothesman as recorded by Samuel Dash in *The Eavesdroppers*, a study of wire tapping financed by the Fund for the Republic and published last year by Rutgers University Press. The plainclothesman interviewed by Dash had been on the force between 1947-51, in the days when the Harry Gross ring was operating in Brooklyn. As a result, his figures on police "ice" are somewhat out of date, but the long-enduring philosophy, "the system" he described, are unchanged today.

This particular plainclothesman explained that illegal wire tapping was a general practice. Sleuths, he said, were always on the lookout for a bookie trying to sneak a play without a pay-off — not, however, so that they could arrest him, but so that they could shake him down. Discovery of a character so stupid that he tried to dodge the pay-off, the plainclothesman pointed out, "could be worth anywhere from $500 to $1,000 to me personally." He added that, if you were lucky enough to grab a bookie's work sheets, you could really shake him down because, if he lost those sheets, everybody who bet with him that day would claim that they won, and the poor man would be ruined. "He has no way of knowing who plays what, and you put him out of business," the former plainclothesman pointed out. "Then all he can do is pay everybody. So it's cheaper to pay you."

Q. How extensive is that practice?

A. Oh, let me say that any man who is susceptible and needs an extra dollar will do it.

Q. And would that be true of most plainclothesmen?

A. I don't like to say this because I like being a policeman, but I think it's true of almost every cop. I don't say all. . . . There are a number who will do it and do it continuously. The average fellow will take a bribe of say $5 to $10 and he worries about it for six years later. That's the average policeman. I know some and believe me I know quite a few who wouldn't touch a nickel if you forced it into their pockets. Unfortunately, those men are out in uniform on the street, and they're not where they have the opportunity of taking anything. But it's a terrible temptation to a man who makes, I'll say, $80 a week and he's walking around with $1.50 in his pocket and he knows his wife has $3 to run the house for four days and somebody else has $500 just to walk away with just a piece of paper in his pocket.

Q. To what extent is this practice known by the supervisor of police personnel?

A. Well, let me put it this way. A telephone costs [a bookie] $1,500.

Q. To get a telephone in?

A. No, to keep a telephone would cost you approximately $1,500 a month. And that has to be divided all the way down the line. The division plainclothesmen realized about $10 of that $1,500 individually. Now if you have ten plainclothesmen — now that's $100 — that goes for the ten plainclothesmen. Well, believe it or not, that's the ratio. Then you have a lieutenant in charge. First you have the two "shooflies." They're supervisors in plainclothes. They could be a lieutenant, they could be a sergeant. They have to be cut in for a share. The borough office has to go in. His boss has to go in — it goes right up the line.

Prices Go Up

All the evidence indicates that the price of protection has grown steadily more exorbitant with the passage of years. More millions are being poured into gambling now than was the case ten years ago, and inevitably the size of the "pad" has increased.

No longer can a bookmaker in New York City obtain an "okay phone," meaning complete protection from interference on every echelon of the Police Department, for a mere $1,500 a month. A couple of years ago, one veteran of the profession asserted that the going rate was $2,000 a month for each phone, each "spot" in the city — and that at least 500 "spots" were operating under this system. Since that time, the bite on policy operators has mounted to a minimum of $2,500 a month, and it is logical to assume that the bookies, who handle an even heavier cash business, do not escape the greedy grasp of a corrupted law any more lightly.

Let's see what kind of price tag this places on over-all corruption. Even if one assumes that the 150 books who appeared on the Tollin code list were the only ones operating in the city, an "okay phone" costing each book $2,500 a month would pyramid to a monthly payoff of $375,000 — a yearly take of $4.5 million. If there were 500 books operating in the five boroughs with their 8 million population, a figure that is considered ultra-conservative in the trade, the annual graft from bookmaking alone would mount to $15 million. And when one adds to this the policy "pad," one comes to the almost inevitable conclusion that corruption in New York is probably a $20 million annual business — and it could well be considerably more.

No one supposes, naturally, that the police are allowed to wallow by their lonesome in this happy mire of corruption. As the ex-Brooklyn plainclothesman told Dash, "It goes right up the line," and inevitably a sizable hunk must be diverted by a conveyor belt into political coffers. If it wasn't, the politicians, who do after all control the city government and the police and all the other agencies of law enforcement, wouldn't permit the system to operate for a minute. But this "system" has endured for decades now, it still goes on, practically everybody knows about it — and nobody does anything to stop it.

CHAPTER YOU CAN'T HELP THE LAW

THE UNDERWORLD'S gambling billions wield such influence, foster such corruption, on both the police and political levels that law enforcement in many vital areas in America today is literally beyond help. It is so far gone down the trail of outright bribery and official connivance that, even when its nose is rubbed in the scent of its quarry, it catches no scent and sees no quarry.

This determined blindness of the law, the rigid fixation by which it guards the gambling *status quo* that pours literally billions of dollars into the coffers of some of the most savage mobs in America, is perhaps most glaringly obvious in certain sensitive fiefs outside Chicago and New Orleans. Just across the Chicago city line, in Cicero, Ill., the heirs of Al Capone run a gambling barony that has defied time and repeated exposure. In Jefferson Parish, just outside New Orleans, the ruthless Carlos Marcello mob, its activities thoroughly aired by Kefauver nearly ten years ago, flourishes as if the Kefauver exposé had been nothing more than a strange, new hormone fattening the rackets.

What makes both of these powerful mob operations so brazen and so noxious is that they are being conducted in the very areas serviced by two of the best and most dedicated crime commissions in the nation — the Chicago Crime Commission, directed by Virgil W. Peterson, long a nationally recognized expert on the ties and activities of the big-time underworld; and the Metropolitan Crime Commission of New Orleans, whose managing director is Aaron M. Kohn, a former top aide of J. Edgar Hoover.

The crime commissions of both cities, persisting in the face of official sloth and indifference, have done outstanding jobs in uncovering evidence of wide-open gambling that seems, by some peculiar perversity, otherwise invisible to the eyes of the law; both have adopted over a period of years the forthright tactic of giving agencies of the law specific information, so detailed as to names, times and places that it would seem inaction must be impossible; and both have seen this factual data deliberately and repeatedly ignored to just one end — so that the rackets could continue to flourish.

When the law is so determinedly purblind that it cannot be helped by even the most powerful searchlight cutting a vivid path through the shadows of darkest night, even a simpleton in grade school must suspect corruption. After years of endeavoring to help a law that refused to be helped, Virgil Peterson finally wrote a scorching indictment of modern officialdom in the Chicago Crime Commission's annual report for 1959. He said:

> Officials responsible for enforcing the law should be held strictly accountable for the performance of their sworn duties. If they continue to show no inclination to perform their sworn duty they should be charged with nonfeasance or malfeasance. . . . It is time that drastic action be taken against responsible officials who persistently refuse to enforce the laws in the public interest.

It is more than time. It is past time. Charitable persons who like to believe that this is the best of all possible worlds, that virtue is its own reward and that men with distinguished titles must actually deserve them, must prepare themselves for rude shocks when they study in detail the obstructions encountered by Peterson and Kohn in their efforts to help the reluctant dragon of modern law enforcement along the clear path of duty. Let's turn first to the Chicago scene.

The Chicago Story

Beginning in August, 1956, Peterson and his Chicago Crime Commission investigators pressed a campaign to make the law aware of the determined efforts of syndicate boss Tony Accardo to reopen the multi-million-dollar gambling operations that had flourished previously at such sites as Ralph's Place, The Fort and The Trot Inn. Sheriff of Cook County at the time was Joseph D. Lohman, a former University of Chicago professor, a criminologist and a consultant to many police departments throughout the nation. In communications to Sheriff Lohman, Peterson detailed plans of the Chicago syndicate to open a big gambling house on West Gunnison Street. Lohman raided the place and made several arrests, but the big game subsequently opened at the same site, ran there for a few weeks and then moved to Cicero, long a hotbed of Capone mob activity. The Chicago commission noted that the town "continued to furnish a friendly atmosphere for syndicate gambling places in 1956. At least one gang killing in 1956 stemmed from Cicero gambling operations."

Sorry, No Answer

In 1957, the Chicago Crime Commission focused an even stronger spotlight on wide-open gambling in Cicero. It sent nine letters to the Sheriff's office during the year, each containing specific details on Cicero gambling operations. One huge and highly remunerative gambling game had run at the same site for more than ten years; the address and the operators had been publicly identified during the Kefauver probe — yet nothing had changed, the gambling spot ran wide open right where it had always been. Describing the information his commission had forwarded to Sheriff Lohman in its letters, Peterson wrote:

> Each letter listed from eight to fourteen addresses where Crime Commission investigators found gambling in operation. Several raids were made by the Sheriff's office, but many of the places soon resumed operations in the friendly climate that seems to prevail for Cicero gamblers year after year. In the nine letters directed by the Chicago Crime Commission to the Sheriff's office in 1957, one address was reported in eight of them, two addresses in seven, one in six and another in four. And with reference to these five addresses, from April 11, 1952, through 1957, the Chicago Crime Commission has reported one address 63 times, another 59 times, another 52 times, another 51 times and still another 50 times.
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> The persistent character of Cicero gambling establishments is illustrated by Joseph Corngold's place at 5914 West Cermak Road, Cicero, Ill. This address was reported in Chicago Crime Commission letters to the Sheriff's office eight times in 1957. When Capone gang leader Louis "Little New York" Campagna appeared before the Kefauver U. S. Senate Committee in 1950, he testified that he had been in partnership with Joseph Corngold and Willie Heeney in the operation of two gambling places in Cicero called the El Patio, at 5914 West Cermak Road, and the Austin Club located at Roosevelt Road and Austin Boulevard. Campagna testified that this partnership was started in 1934 and his share of the earnings amounted to $75,000 a year. Campagna and Heeney are both deceased, but Corngold and the gambling place at 5914 West Cermak Road appear to go on forever with the blessing of Cicero officials.

They went on just as merrily in 1958 as if the Chicago Crime Commission, whose published reports were certainly no secret, had not spoken so bluntly in 1957. Obviously, officials in Cicero and Cook County, if they could read, were not practicing the art; but the Chicago Crime Commission, hopeful that they might be encouraged to indulge in this elemental practice, continued to direct specific reports containing specific details about big-time gambling to Sheriff Lohman's office in 1958. It sent the Sheriff, in all, seven letters pinpointing eighty-two gambling spots; and finally, in a letter dated October 22, 1958, in which it listed seventeen addresses, the commission injected a sharp and unmistakable needle. "Many of the gambling places set forth," it wrote, "have been known to your office for a number of years. Yet the places continue to operate without fear of raids or arrests."

Making Headlines

One of these much-named gambling places became involved in headline disclosures that caused a flush of embarrassment to rise to the cheeks of officials not generally susceptible to that particular emotion. This contretemps arose over a major Capone syndicate crap game that was clicking along merrily at a West Cermak Road address in Cicero, not far from the Corngold game of persistent and delightful immunity. This second big-time gambling game made its home in an air-conditioned room in the rear of the Viaduct Lodge at 4612 West Cermak Road. As in the case of the Corngold game located on the same gambling thoroughfare, the Chicago Crime Commission had called this particular syndicate endeavor to the attention of the Sheriff's office on more than one occasion.

As early as August, 1956, the commission had identified the proprietors as Rocco Fischetti, Leslie Kruse, Gus Liebe and Johnny Drew—"all well-known, big-time syndicate gambling operators." In a letter in November, 1956, the commission had informed the Sheriff that this game was running at 4612 West Cermak Road, and it had added:

> As we have informed you in earlier communications, we are confident that a properly conducted raid on this operation around 11:30 at night, particularly on Friday or Saturday, would net top-notch Capone syndicate gambling house operators, including Leslie Kruse, Gus Liebe, Johnny Drew and similar characters. I am sure you will agree with us that it is disgraceful for this place to operate. The wide publicity given the operation of this same joint at Ralph's Place, The Fort, etc., brought the administration of your town's immediate predecessors into disrepute. We feel confident that you can put this place out of business permanently. It has now been operating almost con-

tinuously for the greater part of a month. The profits to the Capone syndicate are enormous.

Newsmen Point a Finger

No warning certainly could be more pointed, more explicit, more strongly worded. Yet the law took no effective action; the gambling game that represented those "enormous" profits to the Capone syndicate continued to run for months, for years. Then on July 7, 1958, the *Chicago Tribune* sent reporters George Bliss and Sandy Smith to the West Cermak Road address to see what they could see. They saw plenty and reported all in a story that the *Tribune* displayed prominently, with considerable relish. The two reporters had identified August J. (Gus) Liebe as the manager of the game; and Liebe, no bashful character he, had talked frankly to them. The game, he said, was "too big to hide," and he added frankly: "There is no such thing as sneaking with a big gambling operation. It is bound to attract a lot of attention. I guess the Sheriff doesn't know his way around."

When this newspaper exposé exploded in the face of a startled officialdom, the reaction was ludicrous. As Peterson noted in his 1958 crime report, "the sheriff's office expressed surprise and indicated a total unfamiliarity with either the location or Liebe!"

The incident seems to speak volumes about the relationship of the Capone syndicate with the law in Cicero and Cook County, but it wasn't by any means an isolated or unusual incident. Peterson's commission found big gambling games running wide open in other towns in the county and kept bombarding Sheriff Lohman with letters listing the names of places and the addresses at which the law was being flouted by the rackets. A special target of these warnings over a period of years had been a gambling casino known as the Casa Madrid at 171 North 25th Avenue in Melrose Park, Ill. The proprietor was Rocco De Grazio, a man with important Capone syndicate affiliations. Capping reports it had been making for years, the crime commission, on January 30, 1958, and again on February 25, 1958, wrote Sheriff Lohman that the Casa Madrid "has been a notorious gambling operation for many years and has been known throughout the county as a syndicate gambling joint." The commission urged that a "well-planned and executed" raid be conducted by the Sheriff's office.

Again, as in the case of the Viaduct Lounge, the warning fell on deaf ears; and again, on July 28, 1958, the *Chicago Tribune* featured a page-one story in which its reporters described in minute detail the huge gambling operation that was flourishing in the Casa Madrid. Even this prominent public exposure, reinforcing a whole series of earlier commission warnings, wasn't sufficiently potent to stir the law off its stumps. As Peterson noted: "The place continued to flourish, however, and on November 28, 1958, Illinois State Police officers raided the Casa Madrid, dispersing one hundred persons and arresting six employees of the gambling establishment."

Lohman Steps Up

This brings the story down to 1959 and a new sheriff. Lohman had made some 1,500 gambling and vice raids during his tenure, a show of energy that enabled his supporters to bill him as "the best sheriff Cook County ever had" in calm disregard of the fact that the prize enterprises of the Capone mob had suffered little interference. Campaigning like a crusader, Lohman swept on to bigger and better things as State Treasurer of Illinois.

The vacant law-enforcement seat left behind was promptly occupied by Frank G. Sain. One of Sain's first acts was to appoint Chicago Police Captain Thomas Harrison head of the Cook County Highway Police. Peterson noted at the time that Harrison had once been discharged from the Chicago police force on charges of failing to suppress gambling in his district. He had appealed in the courts and won reinstatement. Subsequently, in testimony before the Kefauver Committee, he had admitted that in 1937 he had received a gift of $32,500 from a gambling racketeer. Discharged again by the Civil Service Commission, Harrison again fought the verdict in the courts, won a split-decision reversal from the Illinois Supreme Court, once more was reinstated. As Peterson noted: "With this background . . . the appointment of Captain Thomas Harrison as head of the Cook County Highway Police is hardly one to inspire confidence of more effective enforcement of the gambling laws in Cicero, Melrose Park and other parts of the county." Nevertheless, Peterson and his Chicago Crime Commission continued to try to share their discoveries with the law—and with no better results than in the past. Especially striking was the complete disinterest the commission aroused with a letter on April 22, 1959, in which it described sixteen gambling spots. Five were in Calumet Park, Ill., and one of the most important of these was described for Sheriff Sain in these terms:

> 12900 South Ashland Avenue, Calumet Park, Ill., Club Corral — Commercial casino gambling . . . operated in the rear room of this place. Cars are parked within a stockade at the rear and attendants supervise the admission of known patrons into the gambling room through the back door entrance covered with a canopy. This is a syndicate night-time operation and is going full blast about 1 or 2 in the morning.

The result? Peterson reported it in these words:

> Big casino gambling operations continued to flourish in the place until late in July. At that time a feature story written by George Bliss of the *Chicago Tribune* focused public attention on the plush gambling establishment still flourishing in the Club Corral.

Publicity and public attention don't mean much, however, to the mob when it does not have to worry about the one thing that matters — the law. The publicity dies away, the public forgets, and the gamblers, as the wise-cracking Willie Moretti once boasted, "just fade and fade." This beautiful truth was nowhere more clearly illustrated than in the continuing careers of those veteran Capone houses, the Viaduct Lounge and the Casa Madrid. Despite the exposures and embarrassments of previous years, despite an occasional raid, they continued to run and run and run. Peterson described what the Chicago Crime Commission had been trying to accomplish in the face of massive official lethargy in these significant paragraphs:

> On January 15, 1959, the Crime Commission reported nineteen establishments including the Casa Madrid in Melrose Park, Ill., a persistent Capone syndicate violator for many years, an establishment in Stickney owned and operated by Al Capone's brother, the old Wagonwheel operation in Norwood Park Township in which Sam (Mooney) Giancana has had a lucrative interest for many years, and numerous places in Cicero.
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> As usual, Capone syndicate gambling operations were particularly lucrative in Cicero, Ill. Some of the establishments in this locality also specialized in vice. In a letter to the Sheriff's office on January 21, 1959, the Crime Commission reported several Cicero places in which gambling was flourishing, and in three of them vice was also present. Strip-tease girls were giving obscene performances completely in the nude, while "B" girls were soliciting for prostitution as well as for drinks.
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> Over a period of many years the Chicago Crime Commission has reported a highly lucrative Capone syndicate crap game that has operated in various sections of Cook County and for a time in Lake County, Ill. In recent years, this game has operated at 4612 West Cermak Road in Cicero, Ill. [Here Peterson repeated again the contents of the November, 1956, letter in which he had named the proprietors and urged a raid.] Yet almost three years elapsed following the Crime Commission letter of November 2, 1956, before the first effective action was taken on September 5, 1959. And this action was taken by the office of State's Attorney Benjamin S. Adamowski and not by local Cicero officials or the Sheriff's office, which had primary responsibility for law enforcement in Cicero.
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> On September 5, 1959, representatives of the State's Attorney's office conducted a well planned and executed raid on the Viaduct Lounge located at 4612 West Cermak Road in Cicero. Among those seized by the State's Attorney's investigators were Rocco Fischetti, cousin of Al Capone and a powerful gambling king in Cook County for many years, Gus Liebe, manager of Capone syndicate casino gambling establishments for decades, and Leslie Kruse, who together with Capone gang leader Tony Accardo has operated the infamous Owl Club in Calumet City, Ill. Others arrested in the establishment included a nationally known boxing racketeer and gambler who has been active principally in the East. It will be noted that in large part the identical Capone gang bigwigs listed in the Crime Commission letter of November 2, 1956, as operating the establishment . . . were arrested by the State's Attorney's investigators as managers of the place when it was raided on September 5, 1959. Also seized in the raid were bundles of currency totaling $87,284.75.

OPEN NIGHTLY
TOSS IN
FREE PARK
BAR & GRILL
P.D.

Such is the record of the law vs. the Capone mob in the crime-dominated suburbs of Chicago. It is startling enough when investigators for independent crime commissions and newspapers can consistently come up with disclosures that the law seems positively unable to ferret out; but it is even worse when this information is offered to the law time and time again, and still nothing is done about it. As Peterson finally and angrily concluded in his 1959 report, issued in late July, 1960: "It is time that drastic action be taken against responsible officials who persistently refuse to enforce the laws in the public interest."

The experiences of Virgil Peterson and the Chicago Crime Commission in trying to arouse a law determined to slumber are not by any means unique. In New Orleans they have been duplicated almost step by step by Aaron Kohn and his Metropolitan Crime Commission. In fact, the New Orleans experience is, if anything, the more drastic and significant of the two; for personalized in it, in the career of one unlovely thug, is the whole issue of crime and corruption in America. The thug is Carlos Marcello, who has spent a lifetime laughing at America's idiotic conventionalism that pictures honesty and industry and thrift as the steppingstones to success; for, as anyone knows and as Marcello's career so well demonstrates, just the opposite is true. The real virtues are ruthlessness and brutality and bribery; these comprise the real American success formula, and if you practice these three sterling principles well enough, the law becomes your abject servant.

Meet Mr. Marcello

Anyone who might be inclined to cavil at this blunt statement needs only to study the life work of Carlos Marcello, needs only to contrast the crimes of his past with the absolute immunity of his present, needs only to remember that this reputed No. 1 man of the Mafia in Louisiana is also now a "legitimate" businessman of note and a millionaire.

Born Calorso Minicari in Tunis, North Africa, on February 6, 1910, the son of Sicilian parents, Carlos Marcello was brought to this country when he was eight months old. His police record begins on November 29, 1929, when he was nineteen. He and his brother, Peter, seventeen, were arrested as accessories before and after the robbery of a branch of the Canal Bank in the Algiers section of New Orleans. The verdict of the law in this first case was to become a familiar refrain in Marcello's career—charges dismissed.

The further police dossier on the man who grew from punk to power, and now wheels and deals in multimillion-dollar motel and real-estate transactions with the nonchalance of one making a purchase at a five-and-ten cent store, reads like this:

May 13, 1930—On this date, just six months after his first offense, Carlos Marcello was convicted of assault and robbery and sentenced to serve 9 to 14 years in the state penitentiary. He was paroled on September 12, 1934, after serving less than five years of his "not less than nine" sentence.

January 7, 1935—At liberty barely four months, he was charged with assault and robbery of $20 at an Atlantic & Pacific grocery store in New Orleans, and with assault, beating and wounding with intent to murder Robert P. Childress, an employee of the New Orleans Police Department. Freed on both charges on orders of Chief of Detectives John Grosch.

February 17, 1935—Trouble with "feds," violation of U.S. Internal Revenue laws. Charge short-lived, dismissed on May 2, 1935.

July 25, 1935—Despite the two interim charges casting doubt on his reformation, Marcello was granted a full pardon in the assault and robbery case that had sent him to prison. Governor O. K. Allen, a stooge for Louisiana's "Kingfish," Huey Long, granted the pardon. Coincidentally, Frank Costello and "Dandy Phil" Kastel were setting up their slot-machine empire in Louisiana with Long's connivance — and Marcello was part of their combine.

September 8, 1938—Marcello and another narcotics violator were arrested for trying to elude cops in a high-speed chase. Marcello was nabbed coming out of a vacant lot in which a discarded gun was found. Again nothing happened; the official records are a beautiful blank as to what disposition was ever made of this case.

October 29, 1938—Caught by federal agents in a roundup of "the biggest marijuana ring in New Orleans' history," Marcello pleaded guilty on this date to selling more than twenty-three pounds of untaxed marijuana. Marcello was committed to the federal penitentiary in Atlanta and fined $76,830. Between his arrest and imprisonment, while out on bail, he became involved in two more arrests. In June, 1938, he was charged with supplying marijuana to a man with a record as a previous narcotics violator. The purchaser went back to prison; Marcello—charge dismissed.

August 18, 1939—Marcello was discharged from Atlanta Penitentiary after serving nine and one-half months on the narcotics rap. That $76,830 fine was a bit of a problem, but again the law took pity on poor Carlos Marcello. His wife filed an affidavit asserting that they were insolvent—$1,409 in debt—and that her only income was $50 a month from a small liquor store. The law evidently believed it, for Marcello, once out of prison, settled the $76,830 federal tax lien for just $400—a bargain if there ever was one.

October, 1940—Trouble with U.S. Immigration agents who evidently had discovered Marcello was an alien who had never bothered to become naturalized; also, an arrest by New Orleans police for having no honest means of support. Both charges faded.

January 13, 1948—A newspaper photographer charged that Marcello and a bodyguard had grabbed and destroyed his camera and films, then backed him up against a wall and went through his pockets. The incident happened in front of Gretna Green Court House, in the presence of deputy sheriffs who watched and did nothing. Photographer had been taking pictures of demonstrators protesting sheriff's interference with a political parade. Charges filed against Marcello and bodyguard; disposition —another beautiful blank.

January 25, 1951—On the witness stand before Kefauver Committee, Marcello balked at questions regarding his financial interest in the Jefferson Music Co., the Dixie Coin Machine Co., bars, restaurants, night clubs, slot machines, pinball games, juke boxes, gambling casinos, a horse-race betting wire service, a taxicab company, oil fields, a shrimp fishery, a frozen-food packaging plant. The far-ranging scope of the questions indicated vividly how wealthy the pauper of 1939 had become in just a little more than eleven years—a truly fantastic feat, in view of heavy wartime taxes.

January 17, 1955—Horace Perez, a notorious gambler and associate of Marcello, went on trial for bribery. State Police Major-Inspector Aaron Edgecombe had laid the trap; several thousand dollars Perez had paid him to protect gambling in Marcello's private fief, Jefferson Parish, were introduced into evidence. Wire-tapped recordings of conversations with Perez were read to the jury. Perez was convicted. He and an associate were later convicted of a similar bribery attempt in Orleans Parish. But the following year Governor Earl K. Long pardoned the pair, and after the pardon, *the courts ruled that the marked graft money must be returned to the convicted bribers.*

No Exception, He

Capsuled in this criminal career is the virtually complete triumph of the American underworld over the forces of American law. It may be argued that Louisiana, a state with a long tradition of public life corrupted by gambling millions, represents a loaded case on the issue of public and official morals. Perhaps. But it must be remembered that New York had its Frank Costello and its Joe Adonis; Chicago, its Tony Accardo and its Fischettis; Las Vegas and California their Buggsy Siegel and Jack Dragna and Mickey Cohen; Florida and New York and Cuba, the Meyer and Jake Lanskys—just to mention a few. Some of these have weathered all exposures and are still truly awesome powers today. As a rule, nothing ever happened to any of these crime lords unless they (1) double-crossed their own syndicate brethren and got knocked off like Buggsy Siegel, or (2) they had the extreme bad luck to run into sensational exposures like Kefauver's or the ill-starred Apalachin conference —events that create such a furor and hullabaloo among press and public that something simply has to be done.

But even such outcries have been unproductive of any real or lasting results, so deep has the corruption of gambling billions eaten into the fabric of American life; for the underworld, having made its few essential sacrifices to the law, runs on and on, cynical in its justified contempt, ruthless in its ever-growing power, pyramiding its wealth and infiltrating legitimate business until it has become almost impossible to tell where racket ends and business begins. This is done in open defiance of every law in America, right up to the highest federal level. Anyone who doubts needs only to study the case history of Carlos Marcello and the charmed life he has led in the ten years since Kefauver so thoroughly exposed him.

Founding an Empire

In the aftermath of Kefauver, U.S. Immigration authorities attempted to deport Marcello. Here was a man who had never become a citizen—an alien with a long criminal record, including sentences for assault and robbery and narcotics; yet, despite his unprivileged status, despite his record, Marcello since 1952 has kept the federal government tied in knots in the courts and has defied every effort to boot him back to Tunis. All that has happened, as Aaron Kohn made clear in his testimony before the McClellan Senate subcommittee in 1959, is that Marcello has grown infinitely more wealthy and more powerful in these ten years of grace; all that has happened is that he and his mob today virtually dominate Jefferson Parish, the big-time gambling Mecca that rings New Orleans on the west and south.

The cornerstone of Marcello's ever-growing empire was laid as early as 1940 in the Jefferson Music Co., located at 335 Huey P. Long Avenue, Gretna, La. In those days of Marcello's alleged pauperism, the company was operated in the name of his mother, Mrs. Louise Marcello; but on January 28, 1942, she transferred title to Carlos' younger brother, Vincent, still a minor at the time. The business listed 49 slot machines, 50 music boxes, 62 pin games and other equipment spotted at 84 different locations, mostly in the Algiers section of New Orleans. In 1944, Carlos Marcello's interest in Jefferson Music came into the open when he and Vincent formed a partnership. Within two years, each was drawing $25,000 annually from the company.

As Carlos Marcello's business interests grew, his younger brothers took over the operation of Jefferson Music; but Carlos, according to the Metropolitan Crime Commission, still makes his headquarters there, still finds it a handy rendezvous for meeting racketeers and politicians. Significantly, the expenses of his legal battle against deportation by the federal government have been charged off to Jefferson Music. His continuing close ties to the firm became highly relevant to an issue that exploded when the scandal-riddled Eisenhower Federal Communications Commission on December 11, 1957, granted Jefferson Music a license to operate a citizens' radio station, authorizing installation of thirteen transmitters of the kind used in automobiles and other vehicles. Aaron Kohn and the Metropolitan Crime Commission filed a vigorous but futile protest. They pointed out that, under the law, it was illegal to issue such a license to an alien; that Jefferson Music itself always had been in the illegal slot-machine business; that Marcello's associates still ran the illegal horse-wire service of such inestimable aid to Louisiana bookmakers; and that, in effect, an FCC radio license was a dandy boon for the federal government to bestow upon a ring blatantly involved in a whole kit and kaboodle of illegality.

Interlocking Directorates

None of these arguments seemed to register with the FCC. Carlos Marcello's old firm had its license, and Marcello himself swaggered on his all-powerful way. The extent of his power was demonstrated graphically in the activities of a couple of other companies — the Huey Distributing Co., 3760 Airline Highway, Jefferson Parish, and the Vac-Key Amusement Co. at the same address. Both firms dealt in music and pinball machines; and, according to Kohn and the Metropolitan Crime Commission, within weeks after Sheriff William S. Coci took office in Jefferson Parish in June, 1956, two of his deputy sheriffs began calling at the busier bars and restaurants, ordering them to remove their present juke boxes and install those being distributed by the two Marcello companies. "Put in our machines, or we'll close up your handbook," the deputies allegedly told one proprietor. Needless to say, the new machine, which played only three records for a quarter instead of the usual nickel a play — and which in addition reportedly gave the businesses where they were installed a smaller percentage — soon became the rage of joints all over Jefferson Parish.

The juke box, pinball and slot machine companies represented, however, just one tiny tributary in the enormous river of Carlos Marcello's wealth. Indicative of his fiscal and criminal stature (and this just seven years removed from the abject poverty he had pleaded before the federal government in 1939) was Marcello's action on November 30, 1946, in buying a 17 per cent interest in the Beverly Club for $45,000 — cash. The Beverly Club, in which Frank Costello and "Dandy Phil" Kastel were principal stockholders, was one of the most lavish night clubs and gambling casinos in the nation. It did a multi-million-dollar annual business and ran for

years until the Kefauver spotlight caused a temporary rash of conscience on the part of the law. With the proceeds of the Beverly Club flowing into his coffers, Marcello and an associate in May, 1948, put up $160,000 to purchase the New Southport Club, another gambling casino in Jefferson Parish.

Spreading Investments

Gambling millions flowing in from all of these enterprises let Carlos Marcello expand his interest into many fields — into real estate, oil wells, bars and restaurants and motels, the Louisiana Quick Freeze and Storage Co. in Morgan City, La., and the Sea Shrimp Co. in Patterson, La., which operates trawlers in the Gulf of Mexico. Though the Kefauver probe temporarily pinched off the revenue from such flossy gambling casinos as the Beverly Club, Marcello's other enterprises flourished and money poured upon him and his partners in a golden cascade. In 1958, he and his five brothers, his two sisters and his mother sold a 183-acre tract in Gretna for just a penny less than $1 million. In July of that same year, the million-dollar-plus Town & Country Motel opened at Rossier City near Shreveport, La. — an enterprise in which Marcello's attorney and his business partners appeared as the principal stockholders. A third transaction in 1958 gave Marcello a substantial interest in the Holiday Inn Hotel in Jefferson Parish, purchased for $1.8 million. And these were not by any means the only transactions; they are merely three selected at random to indicate the enormous wealth and power the rackets had placed in the hands of the one-time punk named Carlos Marcello.

An essential concomitant of such racket power is political power; the two go hand-in-glove and one cannot exist without the other. Marcello's political influence has been demonstrated many times and in many ways, but perhaps nowhere more graphically than in the favoritism he has been shown on the tax-assessment rolls of Jefferson Parish. A few examples should suffice to illustrate the point. Marcello's former home in Marrero, La., acquired in 1946 for $42,500 and advertised for sale in 1959 for $125,000, was carried on the tax rolls at an assessment of $8,000. The New Southport Club, the gambling casino he bought in 1948 for $160,000, was assessed at $7,200. The Town & Country Motel in Jefferson Parish, built in 1953 at a cost of $350,000 and offered for sale by Marcello in 1959 for more than $1 million, was assessed at just $17,500. It goes without saying that the ordinary citizen, who often pays exorbitant taxes on his home in these days of ever-mounting governmental costs, is rarely treated with such infinite consideration by the taxing authorities.

Political Associates

For those who would plumb such mysteries, the Metropolitan Crime Commission has compiled a list of the prominent racket, business and political figures who have been identified attending Marcello's court in the dilapidated and sinister Willswood Tavern. Located across the Mississippi from New Orleans, bordered by marshes and isolated from the prying eyes of any neighbors, the tavern has past associations with narcotics peddling and murder. Marcello, though he has many more lavish conference sites at his disposal, apparently still retains a fondness for the privacy of the dilapidated Willswood, and still calls many a conclave there. Attending some of these soirées, according to the crime commission, have been such distinguished figures as Sheriff Coci and Charles Spencer, president of Jefferson Parish. The commission has also spotted another curious tie with Jefferson Parish officials in the recorded ownership of Marcello's elaborate weekend retreat in the fishing village of Grand Isle on the Gulf of Mexico. His property there is registered in the name of Philip B. Smith, Attorney for Jefferson Parish, appointed to that post by Spencer.

Curiously enough, after Sheriff Coci and the State Police and Governor Earl Long all had refused to become excited about the commission's charges that vice and gambling were rampant in Jefferson Parish, an effort was made to get the Jefferson Parish Council to supply funds to the District Attorney for a probe, and at this juncture, Parish Attorney Smith delivered a key legal opinion. He solemnly advised President Spencer and the Parish Council that they had no legal authority to act.

Against this background of financial power and widespread political ties, it is not surprising to find that Aaron Kohn and his Metropolitan Crime Commission, even with the aid of repeated exposés in the New Orleans press, have not been able to put the slightest dent in Marcello's racket empire. Yet the kind of supreme power an eminent racketeer wields can be only understood when one appreciates the comparative ease with which Marcello has turned aside the most determined and persistent efforts to persuade, to pressure, to embarrass the law into action.

Nobody Cared

From September 27, 1956, to date, the Metropolitan Crime Commission has followed the same technique Virgil Peterson uses in Chicago. It has made its own investigations, uncovered its own evidence; it has furnished responsible officials ranging from Sheriff Coci to Governor Long, when he was in power, with specific details of law violations; it has issued public statements exposing both the true situation and the curious inaction of the law. In a formal resolution passed on September 27, 1956, the commission noted that it had notified Sheriff Coci of law violations at twenty-seven locations in Jefferson Parish. These included every kind of gambling — handbook, roulette, dice, cards, pinballs, lotteries and punchboards, prostitution, liquor-law violations, liquor sales to juveniles, gambling by juveniles. Having failed to get action, the commission called on the District Attorney, the Superintendent of State Police and Governor Long to act. Nobody in Louisiana became excited.

In the next two years the commission returned to the attack again and again. It was greatly helped by the local press. In one sensational series of articles in early June, 1957, the New Orleans *States* sent veteran crime reporter Edwin Strickland into Jefferson Parish and reported what he found. Strickland, on loan from the Birmingham *News*, had covered the Phoenix City vice and corruption scandal, and he drew a deadly parallel between the conditions that had been exposed in Alabama's "City of Sin" and those he found in Jefferson Parish. He discovered that the Kefauver exposé had had the effect of making the Jefferson Parish mobsters more secretive and more cautious; they did not yet indulge in huge and blatant gambling casinos like the Beverly Club and the New Southport Club. But every other kind of gambling racket flourished, with the open and unabashed connivance of authorities.

Old Ways Resumed

In a series of articles Strickland proclaimed that slot machines had again become a multi-million-dollar racket in Jefferson Parish; that bookmaking flourished so openly the results from the tracks were announced over loud-speaking systems; that dice and gambling games of every kind flourished. He wrote:

> I have seen horse bets placed, and openly discussed while a policeman sat drinking a cup of coffee almost within arm's reach of the bookie.
>
> I have seen Sheriff's deputies in Jefferson Parish in places where the clang of the slot machines almost drowned out conversation.
>
> I've even had a policeman kibitz while I played and made a hit on a horse-race machine and was paid off over the counter.

Sheriff Coci's response to this was to call Strickland and the New Orleans *States* "liars." He said he had had his deputies check 300 establishments and slot- and race-horse machines — and had found nothing. In the wake of this official discovery of zero, Jefferson Parish, according to the Metropolitan Crime Commission, went happily back to its gambling ways. Murder followed in gambling's train. On January 25, 1958, a notorious gambler was gunned down almost on the steps of The Ranch, a barroom that the Metropolitan Crime Commission had repeatedly named to Sheriff Coci as a gambling site. In an angry telegram to the Sheriff, Aaron Kohn exploded:

> You have chosen to consistently ignore specific reports and allegations while these criminal activities have continued and expanded. It was inevitable that crimes of violence should arise in this atmosphere of lawlessness which provides a growing sense of immunity from control to those engaged in the ruthlessness of syndicated crime. An objective evaluation of conditions during the past two years leads to the inescapable conclusion that racketeers and hoodlums in Jefferson Parish have been unhampered and encouraged by your office in their achievement of economic and lawless power which now parallels the conditions exposed by the Kefauver Committee in January, 1951. . . . We again call to your attention, as we did last year, laws of our state which describe as a crime the deliberate failure of a public official to perform his duties.

Grand Jury Fiasco

This was just one chapter in a continuing campaign that has yet to produce any conclusive result. In March, 1959, Kohn took the witness stand before the McClellan committee and put on the record his charges against the Marcello mob and the wide-open gambling in Jefferson Parish. The District Attorney ordered a grand jury probe, the result was another zero, and the crime commission charged that this had been achieved through the failure to call important witnesses. In January and May, 1959, the commission confronted New Orleans police with evidence of heavy gambling in the city; in July, in another communication to Sheriff Coci, it returned to the attack on Jefferson Parish lawlessness, stressing that conditions remained unchanged in spite of the public revelations before the McClellan committee.

REPORT
CRIME COMM

The commission named names, gave addresses. It declared that the "notorious" Chesterfield Club had temporarily ceased operations but had soon reopened; that the Keyhole Club in Westwego, whose contents had been acquired by Carlos Marcello in a sheriff's sale in 1951, hadn't bothered to suspend even for an instant the activities of its roaring gambling casino, featuring roulette, dice, blackjack and keno. The commission identified an entire chain of gambling joints in Jefferson Parish and wrote:

> Perhaps the most heavily trafficked gambling joint in the State is Lambert's Owl Club at 809 Causeway Boulevard. It has been operating for years, with as many as 500 persons estimated recently as participating at one time in the variety of gambling activities, including lottery. A deputy sheriff often has been reported on the premises. The most casual observation of this place, located just off Jefferson Highway, by any passing law-enforcement officer, should be the basis for suspicion and investigation, in view of the hundreds of automobiles parked under the overpass, and jamming the streets and highways.

It Was All on TV

Still the Metropolitan Crime Commission sparked no action. All that happened was that the Beverly Club reopened. Elaborate redecoration of the long-closed casino proceeded smoothly throughout the spring of 1959, despite the McClellan Committee furor. "Dandy Phil" Kastel still retained his interest in the club; Carlos Marcello was active in directing the renovation. Kastel proclaimed that the Beverly would be just an innocent little old "supper club," but the Metropolitan Crime Commission, recalling that Kastel and Marcello had always specialized in rackets more remunerative than supper clubs, snorted in disdain and suspicion.

In the midst of this highly charged local atmosphere, the television-viewing public of New Orleans was treated to one of the most frank and hard-boiled expressions of the credo of the mob that has ever been put on the air. On July 14, 1959, Peter Hand, a New Orleans bookmaker and politician, faced a panel of local newsmen on WYES-TV, and, mincing no words, spelled out the bald facts of life. Hand, who made no secret of his bookmaking past and his close affiliation with the slot-machine empire of Costello and Kastel, had served for eight years in the Louisiana Legislature and had been a close friend and supporter of Governor Earl Long since 1927. Having viewed rackets and politics from both sides of the fence, he qualified as an expert on all counts, and he bluntly put his dual experience on the record.

"Expense Money"

The fireworks began early when Hand was asked about a recent statement in which Governor Long had implied that perhaps a few of the legislators were taking bribes. Hand said he thought the Governor had given the legislators "a break" by saying only a few.

> They give it the name of "expense money" [*he said*], but I think 98 per cent of them will take this so-called "expense money" or whatever you want to call it. If you're not an attorney, it's a bribe. If you are an attorney, it's "expense money" or something of that sort.
>
> *Q.* Were you paid or given "expense money" to be for or against some legislation?
>
> *A.* Absolutely, lots of times.
>
> *Q.* Did you account for it?
>
> *A.* Yes, sir.
>
> *Q.* Then that is the thing to do, that is correct — it is not wrong to take it; it's wrong not to —
>
> *A.* — pay federal income tax on it.
>
> *Q.* Mr. Hand, if I as a citizen want to have certain legislation passed, how do I go about approaching a member of the legislature in a way which would best assure passage of a bill?
>
> *A.* Well, get yourself one that — well, get someone who knows the legislators, and, if he's a good man and got pretty good connections up there, he's going to tell you right off the bat, "Now this is going to cost you something, because you know these boys up here has got to live," and from then on you and him get together. . . .
>
> *Q.* How much would you say as a mimimum it would cost to get a bill through?
>
> *A.* Well, it depends upon how large the bill is, and for what big concern and things like that. It may cost you from $500 up.
>
> *Q.* You make it sound as though — you said 98 per cent of them take this, as you put it, "expense money." Don't you feel that we have any honest legislators at all up there, Mr. Hand?
>
> *A.* As far as I'm concerned, it's very few. I didn't come across — against any of them, and I served for eight years up there.

The questioning switched to Hand's bookmaking activities. He said quite calmly that he had been a bookmaker for years. But, asked the newsmen, wasn't this illegal?

> *A.* Yes, sir, but you get around that point in certain ways by taking care of certain people.
>
> *Q.* What do you mean, "certain people"?
>
> *A.* Well, the law for one, and such things as that. You make a political donation at the proper time and you go on and everything is all right. Nobody will be bothered.
>
> *Q.* Is it possible to operate a handbook or an illegal gambling game without the consent of the authorities?
>
> *A.* Absolutely not.
>
> *Q.* How long could you stay in business —
>
> *A.* About twenty minutes. You see, today the juke-box operators sent word down the line to all the saloon keepers to "buy a federal stamp and you will not be molested by the police," so that shows collusion between the City Hall and the gamblers.
>
> *Q.* Do you believe the saying, "Every man has his price"?
>
> *A.* Absolutely. Everybody has a little larceny, grand or petty. You will find out when you get as old as I am.

Hand was asked about angry trumpetings the State Police Superintendent was making that he was going to "close everything down tight." The veteran bookmaker-politician scoffed. "You will see," he predicted, "around the 1st of September Jefferson Parish will be open. You see, when a man's governor, he closes them up now and then, and then a little later he sends somebody among the boys and tells them 're-open.' You will see — in six weeks from now Jefferson will be operating."

He was asked about how widespread gambling was in the New Orleans area, where it was concentrated.

> *A.* Mostly again in Jefferson, most of your gambling is in Jefferson.
>
> *Q.* Why is that?
>
> *A.* Looks like they got the best "fix" up there.
>
> *Q.* When you say "the best fix," these words sort of startle me, and I am sure they must startle —
>
> *A.* It don't seem like the Sheriff can find anything wrong out there.
>
> *Q.* Do you think he is searching?
>
> *A.* No, I don't think.

Justified Cynicism

The accuracy of Peter Hand's hard-boiled knowledge was indicated by the manner in which his out-on-the-limb prediction about gambling in Jefferson Parish came true on schedule. On January 13, 1960, Aaron Kohn sent this telegram to Earl Long, then still Governor of Louisiana:

> Current renewal of gambling casino operations at the Beverly Club, Jefferson Highway and Labarre Road, Jefferson Parish, is another flagrant evidence of tolerated organized crime in this area. We urge that the executive powers of your office be invoked through the State Police to promptly suppress the continuing and expanded disdain for state laws by racketeers and law enforcement officers in Jefferson Parish. Details of value to the State Police are available at the Crime Commission office.

Once more this offer to help the law to find and see what every independent investigator and reporter had been so easily able to find and see went unheeded. Nothing drastic happened to the rackets in Jefferson Parish. In an election this year, Sheriff Coci was defeated; but as of August, 1960, according to Kohn, "The conditions which were spotlighted by the Kefauver Committee in January, 1951, remain substantially unsolved." The commission director, reviewing his long and persistent effort "to bring about integrity in law enforcement against organized gambling," added:

> Some progress is achieved by forcing state, parish and municipal officials to retreat from defensive position to defensive position, but they have not yet turned around and made that major lawful assault upon the gambling racketeers which is authorized under the police powers, and which is the only effective governmental means of stopping the flow of illicit wealth into the coffers of such criminals.

Perhaps no more caustic comment could be made on the extent of corruption in modern America. When even the most strenuous efforts of dedicated crime commissions can produce from officials on every level from local to state only "retreat from defensive position to defensive position," nothing more need be said about the dominance of the rackets — about the almost impregnable grip they have fastened on our political system.

CHAPTER

LAS VEGAS: GOLDEN PARADISE

WHEN A FAT, waddling gunman bounced a bullet off the skull of Frank Costello about 11 P.M., May 2, 1957, the nation was treated to an inadvertent glimpse of the real facts of life as they exist in Las Vegas, Nevada's monument to human folly, where all the gambling is legal — and supposedly pure.

The shooting of Costello occurred as he entered the lobby of his New York apartment house at 115 Central Park West. The bullet that ploughed a bloody furrow behind his right ear and across the side of his skull served staccato notice that Costello had been deposed as czar of the New York underworld and opened a window on what goes on behind the façade of legality in Nevada.

When Costello was rushed off to a hospital to get his dented head repaired, New York detectives seized the opportunity to go through the contents of his jacket pocket. They found some $800 in cash and a cryptic note dealing with amounts so huge they would have fitted right into a page of New York City's annual $2 billion budget. "Gross Casino Win as of 4-26-57 . . . $651,284," the note read. This total amount was broken down. "Casino win less markers [that is, I.O.U.s] . . . $434,695. Slot wins $62,844 . . . markers $153,745."

Also recorded on the note were payments: Mike $150 a week, totaling $600; Jake $100 a week, $400; "L — $30,000. H. — $9,000." The note bore the handwriting of two persons.

New York authorities asked Costello to explain what these figures meant, and Costello pantomimed amazement that such a weird item could ever have found its way into his pocket. He intimated that he had no idea. Taken before a grand jury, he said most politely and regretfully that he would just have to claim the privilege of the Fifth Amendment. Even without the cooperation of the dethroned czar of crime, however, New York detectives soon established that the note in Costello's pocket represented an accounting on an underworld investment in one of the newest and gaudiest of the multi-million-dollar hotels and casinos to decorate Las Vegas' famous Strip.

The plush Tropicana Hotel had just been opened in Las Vegas. Two of the major stockholders were Chicagoans noted for their political influence, Louis J. Lederer and Charles (Babe) Baron. Baron had headed a Chicago automobile agency, and Lederer had been the secretary of his company. In Las Vegas, Lederer was listed as holding $180,000 worth of Tropicana stock, Baron $120,000; but in the background of the Tropicana, from the days of the first blueprint, had lurked the shadowy figure of "Dandy Phil" Kastel—he who had been the slot-machine partner of Frank Costello and the partner of Costello and Meyer Lansky and Carlos Marcello in New Orleans' Beverly Club. The Nevada Gaming Control Board had refused to license the Tropicana with Kastel in the picture, and so Kastel obligingly had faded a few steps further into the background.

An operating company was formed, called Conquistador Inc. Kastel signed an agreement with it, relinquishing his interest in the Tropicana. But Conquistador Inc. was not exactly a free, unfettered agent; it owed Kastel $320,000, plus other thousands incurred for extra expenses during the hotel's construction, and it was obligated to pay off Kastel at a rate of $40,000 a year. Thus, when the hotel opened on April 3, 1957, with Lederer and Kel Houssels, Sr., in charge of its gambling casino, the Kastel-Costello interest was still there, although a little bit better hidden in the murky background of intricate finance.

Legal Racket

Such was the situation when, on May 2, Costello had to go and get himself shot. In the aftermath of that shooting, authorities compared the note found in his pocket with the gambling returns reported by the gaudy new Tropicana and discovered that the two matched, item for item. For the Tropicana, in the first twenty-four days of its operation, had reported a gross gambling take of exactly $651,284 — not bad for one month's business.

Interestingly enough, the Nevada Gaming Control Board subsequently established that one portion of the note found in Costello's pocket had been written by Michael J. Tanico, a former Tropicana cashier who had been employed previously by Phil Kastel in the Beverly Club. Other portions of the note had been written by Lederer himself; and significantly, it would seem, Lederer, whose personal penmanship had found its way into Frank Costello's pocket, was also connected with another big gambling venture in Las Vegas — that in the Fremont Hotel. So transparent were the links between the most powerful forces in the American underworld and the "legal" gambling that flourishes in Nevada.

Great reams of bilge have been written about what fine characters Nevada's gamblers are and the high plane on which its legal racket is run. But the sinister truth is that Nevada's legalization of gambling was one of the greatest boons ever bestowed on the American underworld by a grateful government; the instant the mob discovered what a legal and lovely oasis Nevada had made of itself — the only one of its kind in the nation — the masters of syndicate crime in New York and Detroit and Chicago and Cleveland moved in. They carved themselves juicy slices of this luscious legal melon, and ever since they've been feeding (often through innocent-looking fronts) on the gambling millions that Nevada makes respectable.

Beginnings of Buggsy

The discoverer of the underworld gold mine in the desert was Benjamin (Buggsy) Siegel, co-boss with Meyer Lansky in Prohibition days of New York's infamous "Bug and Meyer mob of executioners." In the late 1930s, the "Bug" was sent West as the agent of the New York and Chicago syndicates to organize California crime and bring it under the wing of the national cartel. He began by shaking down movie stars and movie magnates for hundreds of thousands of dollars; he grabbed control of movie unions, then expanded his organization to set up the syndicate's racing wire service in California. Two of California's most notorious hoods of recent years, Jack Dragna and Mickey Cohen, became his chief lieutenants. It was during the war over the establishment of the supremacy of the Capone mob's wire service that Buggsy Siegel moved into Arizona and Nevada as the agent of the syndicate and found waiting for him, on the empty desert outside Las Vegas, a golden opportunity.

Gambling had been legalized in Nevada in 1931, but it had been run on a relatively local, small-time basis. Buggsy, who knew all the arts and the rewards of big casinos from his long association with Meyer Lansky, Joe Adonis and Frank Costello in the East, took a long hard look around him in 1942 and decided that Nevada was an untapped treasure chest. There the mob could do what it had been doing for years — and do it legally. First, Buggsy bought into the Golden Nugget and the Frontier Club, two of Las Vegas' busier joints; but such financial adventure only whetted his appetite. A grandiose vision came to him. He would build a fabulous hotel, dedicated to fabulous gambling, right on the three-mile Strip that separates McCarran Airport from Las Vegas. He would call it the Flamingo.

Buggsy's Millions

Del Webb, later to become co-owner of the mighty New York Yankees, perennial champions of the baseball world, was the contractor entrusted with the task of turning Buggsy Siegel's gaudy, pink-colored dream into reality. So vaulting was Buggsy's vision of the size and appointments of his incredible palace of chance that construction costs ate through even his racket-inflated bankroll faster than boll weevils in a cotton patch. Into the bottomless maw of the Flamingo, Buggsy poured more than $1 million of his own money, and at least $5 million of other people's. There is little doubt that a healthy hunk of that extra $5 million came from his top-level associates in the syndicate in Chicago and New York.

An anecdote related by a man who served in an advisory capacity to Buggsy during the erection of the Flamingo speaks volumes about the far-spread racket taint in the cash that built the extravagant hotel. Construction was far along, many millions had been poured into the project, and still the end was not in sight. Regretfully, the adviser broke the hard news to Buggsy: more money would be needed, thousands of dollars more. Buggsy nodded casually, like a man who has just been told by his wife that he better get his shirts from the cleaners, and departed on one of his periodic trips to the East.

After an absence of several days, he returned lugging two heavy satchels. Striding into the office of his astonished agent, he grunted with the effort as he swung up first one satchel, then the other, and plunked his burdens down on the office desk.

"What's this?" the astonished adviser asked.

"Money," said Buggsy. "You said we needed more. Here it is. Let me know if it's not enough."

The satchels were bulging with $400,000 in cash that Buggsy had picked up on his journey. And so the Flamingo was built.

Buggsy didn't live long to enjoy it. Power went to his head, and he began to act too much like an emperor in his private satrapy in the West. The evidence seems to indicate that his brother crime czars were not too pleased at the way he had poured their millions into the bottomless pit of the Flamingo, and their disenchantment with Buggsy's business acumen was further sharpened when the defiant "Bug" proclaimed that he intended to keep all the racket revenues of the West, including that of the race-wire service, strictly for himself. The veto to his decision was delivered in authoritative fashion on the evening of June 20, 1947, when gangland gunners executed Buggsy as he sprawled on a living-room couch in front of a picture window in the Beverly Hills love nest he had set up for his syndicate glamour girl, Virginia Hill.

The Desert Blooms

The abrupt departure of Buggsy was little more than a minor interlude in the saga of Las Vegas. The pioneer had departed, but the mob moguls to whom he had shown the way remained. And they moved into "The Strip" in massive phalanx, determined to make the arid desert sprout a lush and perennially rewarding green.

In early 1950 a powerful Cleveland underworld syndicate plunged a $4 million bankroll into the development of a new Las Vegas casino. In that same year Lester (Benny) Binnion, long considered the rackets king of Dallas, defied the efforts of Texas to extradite him from the comfortable niche he had carved in Las Vegas' legal paradise, to face charges of running a policy racket. At the same time, Mert Wertheimer and his associates in the Detroit mob were extending their grip on a whole string of hotels and gambling casinos in Reno, Nevada's capital of divorce and secondary citadel of chance. The greed of the Wertheimer interests, who were in partnership at the same time with the Adonis-Lansky-Costello combine in big-time gambling in Florida, kicked up a headline storm. U. S. Senator J. William Fulbright exposed the fact that the Reconstruction Finance Corporation had made a $975,000 loan to a Reno hotel in which the major revenue was derived from a gambling casino operated by Lou Wertheimer, the brother of Mert. Both Fulbright and Senator Paul H. Douglas (D., Ill.) attacked this partnership of the federal government with the mob through the medium of an RFC loan that was helping to finance a gambling palace in Reno.

The tempest lived its brief life and quickly expired. And the mob continued to expand its control over legal gambling in Nevada. Close associates of the late Abner (Longie) Zwillman, the powerful New Jersey rackets boss long associated with Adonis and Costello, were dominant figures in a prominent gambling casino in Reno. Jack Dragna, who had inherited the California rackets from Buggsy Siegel and had earned himself the dread title of "the Capone of Los Angeles," established his own toehold, operating behind important fronts in both Reno and Las Vegas.

The picture that all this conjures up is quite at variance with the industriously purveyed one of Nevada's success in running a pure and legitimate racket. But, the truth is that, up until 1955, Nevada made little effort to keep out the mob. True, it did screen applicants for licenses to run its gambling parlors, but the screens it used in the process were of the decidedly large-mesh variety. For example, peccadillos like bootlegging convictions and gambling convictions in a man's past did not count. Nevada didn't consider these real crimes. Officials explained that, since Nevada considered gambling a legitimate enterprise, it could hardly discriminate against gentlemen who might have acquired police records yards long by plying this trade in less enlightened states. The result was that the gambling associates of Tony Accardo and Frank Costello and other emperors of the American underworld had little trouble establishing themselves in Nevada, just so long as they had had the good sense to keep themselves a few steps removed from any direct connection with such offenses as narcotics peddling and murder. Even Nevada frowns upon those.

"Clean" Gamblers

The tests applied to the investors who turned Las Vegas' three-mile stretch of desert into the hotel-spangled Strip of today, as can easily be seen, were hardly so stern as to guarantee the highest morality. Beginning in 1955, the Nevada Gaming Control Board did attempt to apply more strict standards in passing upon gambling applicants, but it still met with indifferent success — as demonstrated by the graphic incident of the Tropicana gambling report that found its way into Costello's pocket. By this time, the gangsters were firmly entrenched. They already had millions invested, and while more strict regulations might keep some new gangsters out, they could hardly banish those who were already in, whose money had in effect been accepted and legitimatized. The result, as Lester Velie reported in *Reader's Digest* in October, 1959, is an intricacy of mob investment, known in Las Vegas as "the hidden interests," that is enough to make "the investigator's head swim."

Velie attempted to trace some of these ties. He pointed out that, after Siegel's rub-out, one of Buggsy's associates, Gus Greenbaum, continued to run the Flamingo. Later Greenbaum moved to the new Riviera Hotel and, like Buggsy, he began to get grandiose visions. He wanted to set aside $2 million to expand the Riviera. Apparently, somebody objected; in December, 1958, Greenbaum and his wife were found trussed up and butchered, their throats most efficiently slashed, in their home in Phoenix, Arizona.

The Mob Bought In

Even more significant have been the underworld ties that have shown from time to time in such places as the Desert Inn, probably the most famous of the Strip's gambling palaces. Run ostensibly by a flamboyant showman and greeter named Wilbur Clark, the place became known as Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn, but for years, down to a shift in stock ownership in late 1959, at least, it was really the mob's. According to Velie, "The list of licenses . . . read like a page out of a U.S. Senate investigation of the Cleveland underworld." Identical shares totaling 40 per cent of the stock were held by Moe Dalitz, one-time bootlegger and gambling figure in Cleveland; his partner, Maurice Kleinman, who had served a three-year term for income-tax evasion; and Sam Tucker, another ex-bootlegger and gambler. The same combine had also moved in and acquired 66 per cent of the stock of the Stardust Hotel and casino, advertised as "the world's largest resort hotel." The Stardust had been founded by Tony Stralla, a Los Angeles gangster, and its casino manager (and holder of a 5 per cent stock interest under the Dalitz-Kleinman-Tucker combine) was none other than John Drew, long denounced by Virgil Peterson in Chicago as the right-hand man of Tony Accardo in the flourishing operations in Cook County.

Such ties are enough to show the dominance that the American underworld early gained and still maintains in legal gambling in Nevada. Anyone who has the slightest knowledge of the ruthless ways of gangdom can hardly retain any illusions about the purity with which it operates behind the façade of legality that Nevada has so thoughtfully erected for it. "A crook is a crook is a crook" — always. And the ugly skeleton of the American rackets shows plainly through the pretense, as flimsy as Marlene Dietrich's show-stopping dress, that Nevada has built around its multi-million-dollar gambling.

Tax Dodge

Persistent reports maintain that one of Las Vegas' greatest appeals lies in the opportunity it offers to finagle with the nation's internal revenue law. A variety of sources maintains that this is a street paved with double opportunity. Knowledgeable persons in Hollywood insist that one of Las Vegas' most persuasive allures, aside from the bounteously endowed show girls that attract Bing Crosby's sons, is to be found in the possibility its gambling offers for tax-free income. The fantastic prices paid by hotels along the Strip for the best Hollywood and New York entertainment talent have been widely ballyhooed. Yet actually, according to Hollywood sources, headline entertainers are sometimes willing to play Las Vegas for considerably less than they might otherwise demand and get because they are being slipped "under the table" a bundle of cash, ostensibly gambling winnings — extra money that it is easy to forget to report and extremely difficult for Internal Revenue to trace.

There are, if persistent scuttlebutt is to be believed, many variations on this theme. One important function of Las Vegas reputedly lies in the legitimatizing of mob dough. A favorite contention of every major gangster over the years, even before Kefauver, always has been that he made his money, not out of the rackets, but by his exceptional good fortune at the races or the roulette wheel. Las Vegas is the ideal medium to give such pretensions an aura of veracity. An underworld figure with "hot" money and the proper contacts simply slips a bundle of cash to the accommodating management of a gang-dominated casino, and that evening, surprise of surprises, the gentleman has a phenominal streak of luck at the gaming tables. In the presence of pop-eyed tourists and popping flash-bulbs, his cash is all passed back to him, and with this hard evidence of his amazing good fortune to prove his point, the happy racketeer reports his "hot" money as gambling money, pays the necessary tax on the bundle — and enjoys the rest at his leisure.

Such deals can only be worked, of course, if the bookkeeping of some of the mob's favorite enterprises is less than perfect. But then who ever heard of a gangster with a passion for a completely honest first set of books? The strong suspicion exists — and there are valid, highly reliable grounds on which to base it — that the river of gold flowing from the slot machines and gambling halls of Las Vegas is a far stronger torrent than is officially reported.

Incomplete Returns

The accounts of the gambling casinos are a law unto themselves. The figures they report become the official figures. There is virtually no way of telling whether they report all, much or little. Taking their own word for it, Internal Revenue knows only that the annual gross take of the varied gambling enterprises of Nevada is reported at nearly $200 million, with about 20 per cent of this coming from slot machines. While $200 million is a lot of money, it does not seem to be an extravagant haul when one considers that an estimated 7 million tourists annually plunge some $3 billion into the capacious maws of its one-armed bandits and the greedy "drop-boxes" under the card, dice and roulette tables. Internal Revenue men suspect that much more than the reported $200 million sticks to the fingers of the operators. But they have no way of determining how much more, because none except the most trusted employees of the gambling houses is permitted in the counting rooms when the daily figures are tallied.

The beauty of gambling, the feature that makes it such an ideal sport for the mob, is that it is a hard-cash business. Hard cash leaves no tracks and is difficult to trace, and for this reason big-time mobsters, who shudder at such crude devices as savings and checking accounts, are always found rolling in it. Scratch one at almost any time, and you'll find, as the law has on many occasions, that he is carrying around anywhere from $1,000 to $3,000 in pocket money. For men with such a propensity for the big roll, Las Vegas is Mecca.

Racket Within a Racket

One can see just what a Mecca it is once one appreciates just how the casinos' gambling cash is handled. When a customer hands a "box man" at a dice table a $10 bill to buy chips or silver dollars, the "box man" drops the ten-spot through a slot in the table into a locked "drop-box" beneath. Into this box also go slips known as "fill slips" which indicate how much money has been brought to the table from the house's cashier cage during a working shift, normally eight hours. At the end of the shift, the "drop-box" is taken, still locked, from gaming table to accounting room. There it is unlocked and its contents counted. By subtracting the "fill slips" from the total, the house's gross win from the particular table is obtained. This system of locked "drop-boxes" and sequestered accounting is obviously ideal for finagling; almost any amount can be "knocked off the top" before the final figures are compiled, and hardly anyone will be the wiser.

> One big casino operator is reported to take $10,000 off the top daily [Lester Velie wrote in his *Reader's Digest* article]. This is a fantastic figure — it would come to more than $3 million

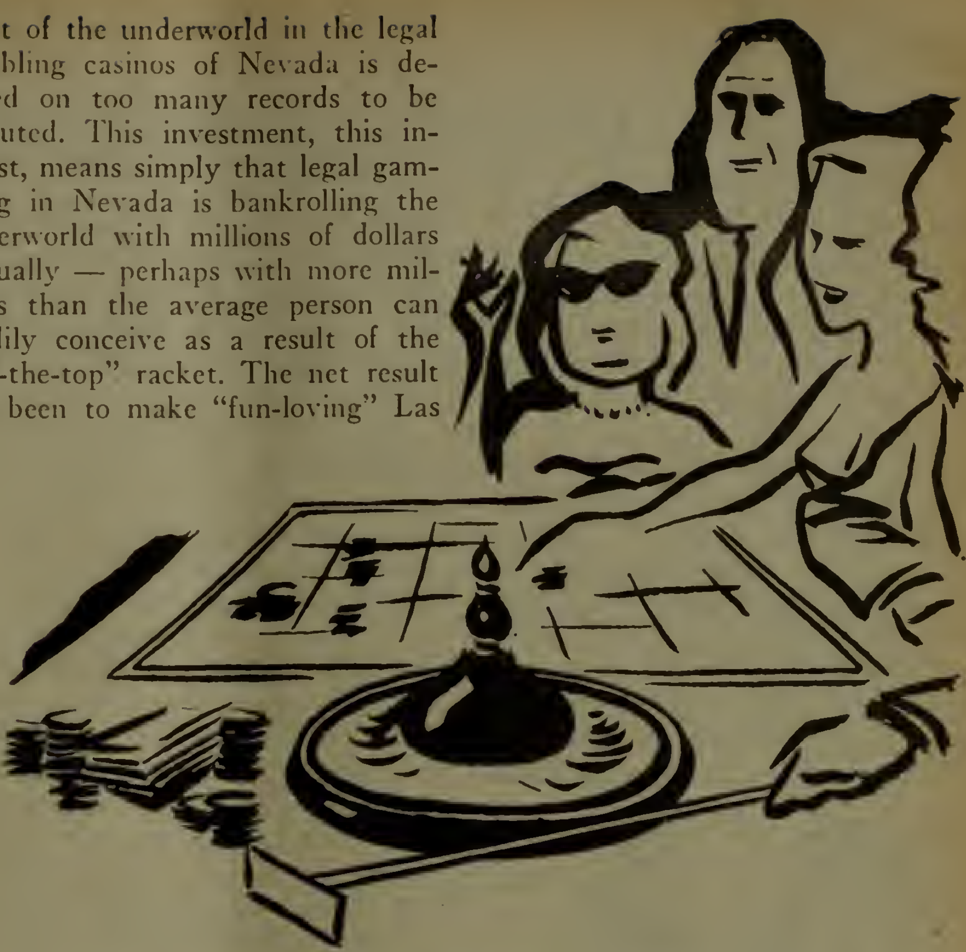
yearly — but Las Vegas is a fantastic place.

A method of knocking money off the top at counting time was described by a casino auditor who got into a hassle with his employers. The auditor testified in a bankruptcy proceeding that the former owners of a casino knocked so much off the top that the gambling place paid no taxes for the five years he was employed there. A former cashier in the place, now in the Internal Revenue Service, stated in a deposition in a lawsuit that when money from the gaming tables was counted, substantial sums were taken out and put in envelopes in the casino's vault. Weekly, there would arrive from Los Angeles a brother-in-law of one of the casino owners. He would come in at night, pick up the envelopes and make for Los Angeles.

Nice, Untaxed Item

Such testimony seems to document the existence of a skimming-off-the-top racket in the gambling casinos of Nevada. How much this deft thievery totals each year is a matter of conjecture. A little calculation, however, shows that an enormous waterfall of unreported cash could be poured into the coffers of the underworld by such a system. It is not extravagant, indeed it is conservative, to estimate that the gross wins of a casino from slot machines (which rarely take less than 40 per cent, usually take 80 and can be gimmicked to take 100) and all the other various forms of gambling should amount to at least 20 per cent of the total play. If the estimate that $3 billion is wagered annually in Nevada is approximately correct, the effect of such calculation is literally staggering. It means that the gross take from Nevada's casinos would be closer to $600 million than to the $200 million that is reported. This is certainly not an inconsequential item to be slipping untaxed through the fingers of Uncle Sam each year, nor an inconsequential sum to be devoted to the bankrolling of other and more nefarious activities of the American underworld.

The picture that emerges, then, is a decidedly unlovely one. Nevada by legalizing gambling has given the powers of the American underworld a haven. The tremendous investment of the underworld in the legal gambling casinos of Nevada is detailed on too many records to be disputed. This investment, this interest, means simply that legal gambling in Nevada is bankrolling the underworld with millions of dollars annually — perhaps with more millions than the average person can readily conceive as a result of the "off-the-top" racket. The net result has been to make "fun-loving" Las Vegas virtually the capital of American crime.



The control that is exercised from Las Vegas, the ties that link Nevada's capital of legal gambling with illegal activities throughout the rest of the United States, have been exposed in many ways, at many different times and in many places. Let's look at a few examples.

Nation-wide Tentacles

In the fall of 1957, federal agents raided a huge syndicate "layoff" headquarters that had set up shop in Terre Haute, Indiana. A federal grand jury sitting in Indianapolis subsequently heard testimony from 170 persons coming from forty states — a graphic indication of the tentacles that stretched out from Terre Haute and covered most of the nation. Federal accountants determined that in three months of operations the "layoff" headquarters had accepted $3,363,152 in bets. Eight top operators were subsequently indicted and convicted. It was hardly by chance, in an operation so huge, that they divided neatly into groupings that, by their very identity, demonstrated the amalgamation of mob interests. Two were representatives of the Chicago mob, one was from Detroit, three were local Indiana contacts, and the last two were from Las Vegas.

Other federal investigations time and again have pinpointed Las Vegas as a center of important mob influence. As the New York City policy investigation indicated, the real masterminds of the racket pull directional wires from remote headquarters in Miami and Nevada. As Joseph Manners told the New York State investigation, the checkup phone calls to Biloxi and Covington to see how the "layoff" business is flourishing, come from Las Vegas, a clear indication certainly that top-level mob control is centered there. The same fact seems to have been demonstrated in another and more graphic way by one of the early discoveries by Milton Wessel's rackets-busting team. Shortly after Wessel's Special Group was formed, a group of its agents in Florida stopped a courier who was returning from a Caribbean jaunt with an innocent-looking suitcase. The courier was none other than Jake Lansky, and the suitcase, on examination, turned out to be not so innocent. It was, in fact, as crammed as Buggsy Siegel's two satchels had been during the building of the Flamingo. It contained $200,000 in cash, the profits of the syndicate's gambling ventures in the lush new casinos in Havana, and an additional $50,000 worth of checks. Though there was no way of determining the intended destination of Lansky's cash, there could be no doubt about the checks. They had all been made out to a Florida agent who represents Las Vegas interests.

Such are the ties that show. They are there to be viewed by anybody who takes the trouble to look behind the publicity puffs put out by the glamour mills along Las Vegas' Strip. It is perhaps a sad commentary on America today that facts hardly ever can contend on even terms with publicity puffs, and hence the myth of Nevada's untarnished success with "pure" legal gambling has been widely disseminated and accepted across the nation. So beguiling has the myth become that the temptation has been, not to shun the experience of Las Vegas, but to emulate it.

Action in Hot Springs

Currently one of the hotbeds of imitation exists in Hot Springs, Arkansas. Gambling technically is as illegal in Arkansas as it is in the rest of the nation, but the gambling casinos of Hot Springs run as wide open as they do in Las Vegas. This curious anomaly is very simply explained: Arkansas acknowledges that it has simply decided that law should not be enforced. Police Chief John H. Emery in Hot Springs makes no secret of the fact that he hasn't made a gambling arrest in twenty-four years. Both the District Attorney and the Governor have explained that, though the law says there shouldn't be gambling, the people in Hot Springs favor it—and so the law be damned. Under this weird legalization of illegal practice, the gambling casinos of Hot Springs clanged at feverish tempo during the 1959 season and reportedly gobbled up a cool $100 million from the gambling public.

Hot Springs, like Las Vegas, insists that it is keeping the sport pure, but the evidence at the moment is insufficient to establish just how pure is pure. Local authorities contend that the only gambling they permit is run by local experts; that they have been vigilant and successful in keeping out the big-mob, big-syndicate taint. The evidence on whether they have or have not is at the moment inconclusive. The most prominent name to be mentioned in connection with the Hot Springs casinos so far is that of Owney Madden, the old dock czar from New York and a noted underworld power in the early days of Prohibition; but Madden went West so many years ago and has been established in Hot Springs for so long that apparently he is considered virtually a native. Of more serious import than the presence of Madden was an effort by Carlos Marcello to muscle into the Hot Springs picture.

In early 1959, Marcello dispatched a couple of field agents from New Orleans to scout the prospects in Hot Springs. Arkansas authorities proudly reported that they had served the interlopers with an ultimatum to get out of town. This fierce edict of the law was promptly obeyed, they said, and that was that. Or so Hot Springs likes to think.

It Failed Elsewhere

If Arkansas succeeds in turning multi-million-dollar gambling into an innocent little pastime, immune to the clutches of the mob, it will have accomplished a feat of legerdemain that has escaped even Las Vegas. The record of Las Vegas, the experience of other states where the same experiment has been tried, would seem to say that it simply can't be done. Wyoming and Idaho are two states that, dazzled for a time by Nevada's much-propagandized example, experimented with legalized gambling. In Idaho, where slot machines ran for some years under local option, a major scandal developed when it was found that local collectors were stealing a sizable chunk of the collections. In the light of such disastrous experiences, both Wyoming and Idaho turned their backs on legal gambling.

All Gambling Corrupts

This seems to speak eloquently of their decision seems clear when one looks at the other side, the darker and little-publicized side, of the Nevada experience.

This seems to speak eloquently of a simple truth—that nothing corrupts faster than easy money and that no money is easier, faster, more corruptive than gambling money. It is perhaps no coincidence that Reno had a major police scandal this year. Seven policemen were suspended, and six signed confessions, admitting that they had been active in a burglary ring responsible for the looting of ten business establishments. It is certainly no coincidence that both Reno and Las Vegas have had to maintain exceptionally large and costly police forces for their size, a marshaling of uniformed power that in itself attests to the difficulty of maintaining order in a gambling society, in an atmosphere of easy virtue where all distinctions become blurred. How successful even such law-enforcement phalanxes are in the battle for orderliness becomes dubious in the light of crime statistics. Over a span of years the FBI has not listed Las Vegas crime figures in its annual report, but its breakdown on Reno is quite illuminating. Reno consistently leads the nation in per capita crimes. In some years, Reno has had more homicides than many cities four times as large. Usually it has, too, more cases of burglary, robbery and assault in proportion to its population than any other city in the country. And, though this figure fluctuates, there have been years when the Nevada suicide rate was more than double that of the rest of the United States.

CHAPTER

GAMBLING AS A RACKET

"ANY SOCIETY that bases its financial structure on the weaknesses of its people doesn't deserve to survive."

This was the comment of Police Chief Parker of Los Angeles on New York City's proposal to legalize bookmaking. In this one blunt, cogent sentence the Los Angeles Chief expressed the essence of the whole issue of gambling as a major means of revenue to support the structure of modern government.

Discussing New York's proposal to extend the sanction of the law from the track to the bookie's parlor, Chief Parker argued that the legalization of off-track betting would attract additional underworld elements, would lead to more vice and corruption; that the legalization of bookmaking would serve only to increase the area of temptation for weak characters, some of whom might even plead as an excuse for their weakness that they were patriotically helping to defray the costs of government!

The implications of such arguments are far-reaching. Carried to their inescapable conclusion, what they say is simply this — that all betting is bad and corruptive; that even the steps already taken to legalize pari-mutuels at the track — and the dependence of state governments upon the millions of dollars of revenue derived from them — represents a weakening of the fiber of democratic society. This is a view that is hardly ever expressed; pari-mutuels are accepted as an established fact of modern life, and the ethical question of whether their influence has been good or evil is one that is not even considered. But perhaps it should be, for there is considerable evidence to indicate that the legalization of pari-mutuels represented a greater boon to the mob than Prohibition.

A little historical perspective is necessary. Gambling in America has run in cycles. Waves of addiction have resulted in such excesses that waves of reform have followed. The strict anti-gambling laws of most states are not, as the propaganda of the gambling interests would have us believe, the product of puritanical prudery, but rather the result of disastrous prior experience with the evils of gambling in all its varied forms. In horse racing, the legalization of on-track betting through the installation of the pari-mutuel system came in most states in the depression-ridden thirties. It represented, in effect, the reversal of decisions taken by prior generations disgusted with the excesses that had followed in gambling's train. But the new system was sold to the public on the basis of its mechanical purity, on the theory that it would eliminate the bookmakers who infested many tracks, on the grounds that it would produce easy and important revenue for the financially hard-pressed states. Pari-mutuels were pictured as a mechanical antidote to the gambling rackets; a comparison was drawn between the puritanical strictures imposed by a highly unpopular Prohibition law and the strictures on gambling; and in the wave of revulsion against the folly of liquor legislation, in the financial crisis and propaganda pressures of the times, state after state yielded to the arguments of the racing interests and the great wave of modern gambling was born.

Boon to the Mob

It has not been sufficiently realized what a boon this was to the mob. Prohibition, which had poured incredible millions into the treasuries of gangdom — Prohibition, which had given the cheapest thugs of the underworld millionaires' status and had enabled them to organize the affairs of crime on a syndicate basis, with trade agreements similar to those that fix prices in the steel and drug industries — was expiring. With its death, the underworld desperately needed a replacement racket; and it was gangdom's good fortune that, just at this delicate moment, under the pressures of financial crisis and propaganda, the states began to legalize pari-mutuels, to expand the number of operating tracks, to give vast stimulus to the betting urge. What happened was inevitable — and yet unexpected. Betting at the tracks fostered betting off the tracks, and gambling mushroomed quickly into a multi-billion-dollar business, far more remunerative to the underworld, incredible as this seems, than Prohibition had ever been.

Massachussetts Hearings

The Massachusetts Crime Commission summarized this development in these words:

> There has doubtless been in this country from time immemorial professional activity in the taking and making of bets on horse races. The true bookmaker or gambler on horse racing is to be found throughout our literature. But the rise of this activity to the status of business is recent. It is significant that the Massachusetts Commission of 1933 gave it no attention. The operation of licensed pari-mutuel tracks in this area began in 1935. The Commission dates from that time the beginning and growth in Massachusetts of the huge business under consideration. This business, here and throughout the country, is based, as this report will show, on opportunity provided by publicly accepted pari-mutuel racing. It is of interest that the golden stream from unlawful liquor supply cut off by Prohibition repeal in 1933 was shortly replaced by a stream rising from the legalized pari-mutuel source. Legislatures in licensing honest, pari-mutuel betting doubtless did not contemplate that, as professionals have told the Commission as an axiom, every one who bets at the track will, given the chance, bet away from the track....

> Bookies interviewed by the Commission have represented all levels in the business. They have had no disposition to be helpful, but they have made some helpful disclosures. As above stated, it is their rule of thumb that he who will bet at the track will bet away from the track. All agree that the business is a year-round business, but it is better when the New England tracks are operating than when the play is based only on tracks in California, Florida, Maryland or elsewhere. They agree that the local season (235 calendar days in 1955, with, due to overlapping schedules, 278 racing days at licensed pari-mutuel horse tracks) is a continuous period of good business. They agree that the amount bet on horses away from licensed tracks is far bigger than that bet at the windows. . . .

Links to Illegality

Such findings clearly indicate the close relationship between legal pari-mutuel betting and the illegal bookmaking that bankrolls the underworld. It is almost startling to discover that the Massachusetts Crime Commission found that bookmaking, the most important racket of the underworld today, did not even exist as a crime problem worthy of mention in 1933, two years before pari-mutuels were legalized. It is significant, too, that the Massachusetts commission discovered a close relationship between local racing and bookmaking activity. This is a clear indication, again, of the stimulus that pari-mutuels operating at nearby tracks give to illegal "action," and it helps to explain the tremendous growth of bookmaking across the nation since pari-mutuels have led to the founding of many new tracks and the opening up of betting activity in areas where it previously had not existed.

The very fact that gambling on the races has mushroomed on such a scale and become virtually an accepted element of everyday life has led to a wide variety of arguments suggesting that it must and should spread more. The Massachusetts commission exposed many of these winsome jades of logic for the frauds they are. It pointed out, for example, that we are often told gambling is a human instinct, a basic drive of man impossible to control by legislation. Actually, it is no such thing; it is an acquired habit, and nothing shows this more clearly than the manner in which it was stimulated and grew in Massachusetts under the opening wedge of the pari-mutuel system.

How often we have been told: "There always has and always will be gambling, and it is no more wrong to bet outside than inside the fence at a track." But, as the Massachusetts commission pointed out, operators of race tracks do at least maintain large and costly plants, they maintain a payroll, they keep horses in hay, they provide a service that does offer some valid elements of pleasure that comes from participating in the excitement and drama of a race in open air and fine surroundings. By contrast, the bookie provides nothing; he is a parasite feeding on the weakness of others, giving no useful social service to anyone, satisfying nothing but his own greed. As the Massachusetts commission said bluntly, "There has not always been gambling with organized racketeers on a scale which amounts to a state of lawlessness in an entire society and there need not be."

Making the Choice

Because the public is hardly ever presented with this picture, the entire drive today seems to be toward the future expansion, the further legalization of gambling. But the Massachusetts commission, having exposed the windfall that the underworld has reaped under the stimulus of pari-mutuels, asked not illogically where our society expects to draw the line. If bookmaking is legalized, how much bookmaking should be legalized? Just the 42 per cent that represents horse-race bookmaking? What about the other 58 per cent that comes from baseball, football, basketball and other sports betting? What about dog races? What about numbers? If it becomes legal to make off-track bets on the horses, is it not inevitable that this sanction will be used (as the legalization of pari-mutuels has been used) to justify every kind of betting activity that can be conjured up by the mind of man? As the commission wrote: "If legalizing of off-track betting on horses or dogs or any other form of the gambling product is meant, the advocates must give serious thought not only to the problems arising from opening wider the gates to legalized gambling, but to controlling organized illegal gambling in a more 'wide-open' community."

What emerges is the fact that the American public is confronted today with two clear-cut alternatives, though it is usually told in effect that it has no choice, that it can go in only one direction. It must insist on greater probity in public office, on strict enforcement of current laws which are rooted not in prejudice, but in the disastrous experience of the past; or it must resign itself to throwing the doors wide open to every kind of gambling and becoming a society of parasites.

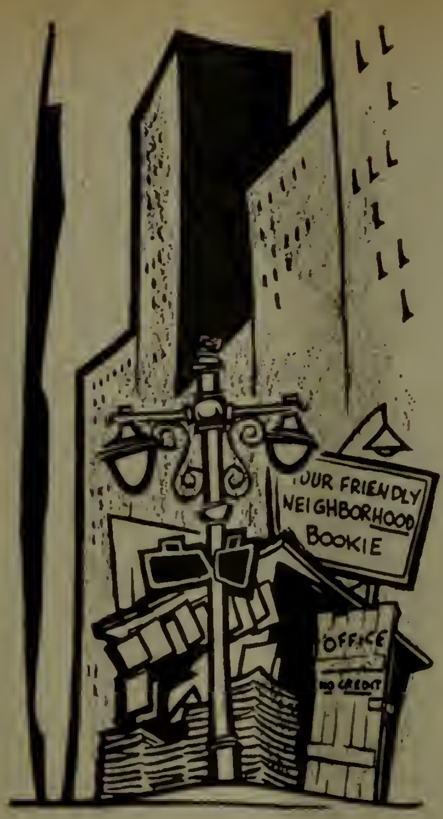
Our official spokesmen, of course,

usually do not admit that we have this choice, and certainly they never, never couch it in such unlovely terms. They much prefer to take the position that a little further legalization of the racket is inevitable and, besides, it will solve beautifully all our taxation problems. The mayors of New York for the past ten years have persisted in articulating this viewpoint. Former Mayor William O'Dwyer first suggested legalization of bookmaking, and Mayor Wagner's $2 billion-a-year city administration has hugged the proposal to its breast and advocated it with greater ardency.

The present Wagner administration, by its own estimates, has pleaded guilty to the sin of permitting a $5 billion-a-year illegal bookmaking operation to flourish right under the nose of the largest police department in the nation; it has pleaded in effect that it is helpless to curb this lawlessness, that the only thing that can be done is to yield to human "instinct," join the bookies and get the revenue. In its proposal this past winter, it even went to the extent of suggesting that, if off-track bookmaking were legalized, a credit system should be installed so that even gambling addicts who didn't have cash in pocket at the moment could be encouraged to bet against their futures.

'Shocking, Immoral'

This suggestion did provoke a storm of criticism. Charles W. Tuttle, former United States Attorney and now chairman of the executive committee of the Protestant Council of New York, said "no such wholesale betting extravaganza" was ever contemplated in the State Constitution when pari-mutuels were approved. Ashley T. Cole, chairman of the State Racing Commission, called the proposal "impractical" and expressed the justifiable fear it would create such evils that, in the end, it might threaten the whole sport of racing. One of the strongest statements ever delivered on this issue, however, was that made by Governor Thomas E. Dewey ten years ago in a message to the New York Legislature denouncing Mayor O'Dwyer's original proposal.



Dewey called the plan to legalize off-track betting "shocking, immoral and indecent." He continued:

> It is fundamentally immoral to encourage the belief by the people as a whole in gambling as a source of family income. It would be immoral for government to make available to all of its people a state-wide gambling apparatus with the implied assumption that the gains of chance were a fair substitute for or supplement to the honorable business of producing the goods and services by which the people of the nation live.
>
> It would be an indecent thing for government to finance itself so largely out of the weaknesses of the people which it had deliberately encouraged that a large share of its revenue would come from gambling.
>
> I recognize that the state and some municipalities now receive a comparatively small revenue from pari-mutuel betting at the tracks. I have always had personal doubts about the wisdom or the morality of this system, but it is confined to those who are actually able to be present at the track and therefore is not a lure dangled before all people in all walks of life and near every home.

Dewey added that, if off-track betting were legalized, "there would be no logic at all" in refusing to legalize every other type of gambling under the sun. "There is no logical place at which the line could be drawn and law enforcement would then break down completely," he wrote.

He stressed that personal tragedy, scandal and corruption had always attended widespread gambling. He pointed out that Florida in 1935 legalized slot machines, but that "it took only two years for the crime and corruption which followed to cause the state to reverse itself"; that crime and corruption in Idaho had caused "such revulsion" that legalized gambling had been repealed; that Montana had legalized slot machines, punchboards and other devices and that "before long racketeers moved in and used the law to run open gambling, even displaying signs saying 'public invited.' " He concluded:

> The entire history of legalized gambling in this country and abroad shows that it has brought nothing but poverty, crime and corruption, demoralization of moral and ethical standards, and ultimately a lower living standard and misery for all the people.

Growth of Gambling

His statement finds ample support in the historical experience of America. Originally, lotteries were the favorite American form of gambling. The Virginia Colony, in the early years of its existence, was financed largely by the proceeds of lotteries run in London by the Virginia Company under a grant from the Crown. The first lottery was highly successful, its successors less so. Before long, tradesmen were complaining that the gambling fever had demoralized business and industry. Abuses grew. One of the managers was accused of embezzling 7,000 to 8,000 pounds and then bribing an auditor to conceal his theft. In the end, the lottery franchise was repealed.

In colonial days, lotteries were a favorite means of raising revenue for worth-while projects — to build bridges, roads, town halls, schools. Harvard, Yale, Columbia and other early universities were financed in their first years partly by proceeds from lotteries. But the lure of cheap money, "something for nothing," was then, as now, deeply corruptive.

Rackets began to flourish. Lottery tickets were counterfeited and sold by the thousands to a deceived public; professional operators wormed their way into the management of legal lotteries and filched their funds; business protested that the gambling fever siphoned off money that should be spent by the people for their legitimate needs and injured all trade.

Following the Revolution, many states discovered that only greedy professional promoters seemed to be deriving any real benefit from the lotteries. In 1819 the New York Legislature conducted a probe and found defalcations in three lottery offices amounting to $109,144.99. The investigating committee reported it felt "the system is so radically vicious" that it could not be controlled by legislation. A Pennsylvania committee discovered similar abuses, came to the same conclusion and urged that "this blot" be wiped away and lotteries never again used in Pennsylvania as a method of finance. By 1833 virtually all lotteries throughout the United States had been abolished.

YE OLDE LOTTERY
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The post-Civil War era saw a revival of the lottery gambit. Several states, especially in the war-racked and ruined South, legalized lotteries as a means of raising revenue for worth-while purposes. Once more the cycle of abuse, scandal, corruption, reform began. In this second round of unfortunate experience, Louisiana became the most glaring example of the vices of legal gambling. The Louisiana Lottery Company was given a charter effective January 1, 1869, to run for twenty-five years. The company was exempt from taxation. It operated under a charity façade, pledged to contribute $40,000 annually to the New Orleans Charity Hospital. Its history and the tremendous influence for evil it exerted in Louisiana were described by Virgil Peterson in testimony before a committee of the Canadian Parliament in 1955 in these words:

> The Louisiana Lottery Company soon learned that although officials of the state government might be ignorant, they were highly expensive. Legislators not only had to be bought, it was necessary to make them stay bought. According to affidavits executed by two of the incorporators, at least $300,000 was paid in bribes by the lottery company during the first seven years of its existence.... It is well known that for about twenty years it virtually controlled Louisiana politically. Governors, United States Senators, judges owed their positions to the influence of the lottery company.... In the state election of 1892, the lottery served as the sole issue in the contest for governor. Louisiana — perhaps less than other states — could not be charged as being a center of puritanism, but the people, knowing the bad experience they had, went to the polls and outlawed the lottery.

Assorted Lotteries

Such was the record of legal lotteries. Illegal lotteries, hardly likely to be conducted with greater probity, continue to be a favorite American form of gambling. Most widespread of the common garden variety is the "Treasury balance" lottery in which the winning number is determined by the last digits of the published U.S. Treasury balance for the day. In addition, there are lotteries for special events like the World Series and for individual social and fraternal organizations. Some lotteries are confined largely to individual industries. The Massachusetts Crime Commission found that special lotteries flourished in the newspaper plants of Boston, as they still do in New York. Some of the lotteries represent gambling adventures of considerable size. In New York today there are weekly $1,000, $2,000 and $5,000 lotteries; a $10,000 lottery with a drawing once a month and a $20,000 lottery with a drawing every two months. The largest lotteries are not confined to any particular trade, but involve the sale of tickets to the public at neighborhood bars and corner newsstands and, significantly perhaps, they are simple drawings in which the players have no check, as they have in the "Treasury balance" lottery, on the number announced as the winner.

The Irish Sweepstakes

All of these lotteries, however, are penny ante games compared to the one huge lottery that flourishes today from coast to coast—the Irish Sweepstakes, run off three times a year and based on the winner of horse races in England. The Irish Sweeps have become so popular in America and Canada because, if by some remote chance one wins, it means a fortune of $140,000, less taxes. The odds against one's ever winning, of course, are astronomical. They have been calculated at something like 450,000 to 1, but some nine million Americans of all classes, undeterred, annually invest in $3 Sweepstakes tickets, many of them three times a year.

Why do they do it? It is perhaps a commentary on our times that the popularity of the Irish Sweeps is based, in part at least, upon the same psychology that has made the numbers racket the favorite gamble of the slums. Just as the slum dweller hopes to hit "the numbers" for a little pot of gold that will tranplant him from the squalor in which he lives to better surroundings, so do many white-collar workers in reasonably well-paying jobs look to the Irish Sweeps as perhaps the only chance they have (however minute that chance may be) to escape from the drudgery and deadly routine in which their office lives are molded. They figure that the loss of $3 three times a year is not going to impoverish them, and if lightning ever strikes, they'll be liberated. As one inveterate and typical Sweeps player remarks: "What else have we got to hope for?"

Nurtured by such sentiments and flaunting a holy aura of charity, the Irish Sweeps have captured the fancy of gambling America as has no other gimmick designed to separate the sucker from his dollar. Professional gamblers hail it as a masterpiece of enterprise, and U.S. Postal inspectors, baffled in their efforts to enforce the law, call it "the greatest 'bleeding heart' racket in the world." Americans generally, however, associate the Irish Sweeps with charity, never with rackets, and until this year the great lottery has run without a single caustic glance being cast in its direction. Yet there are some decidedly peculiar angles to this promotion, as the California Attorney General's office made clear in a special report in February, 1960.

Once one's critical faculty has been aroused, one is struck forcibly by a glaring omission in the accounts that the Sweeps themselves furnish of their activities. The gap is simply this: nowhere in their published reports do the Sweeps ever spell out the bite that the promoters take out of the colossal millions flowing in from all over the world. In fact, in the Sweeps' own rendering of finances, the promoters disappear like the little men who were never there, and it is made to appear that the huge Irish Sweepstakes pot is divided 75 per cent in cash prizes returned to the winners, 25 per cent to the hospitals of Ireland.

The only breakdown the public is given shows that, in its thirty years of operation, the Irish Sweeps have raised some $500 million. Of this amount, some $350 million have been distributed in prizes; the rest has gone to hospitals and the Red Cross. But these figures tell only part of the story—the part that comes after all promotional "expenses" have been charged off. Just what comes "off the top" before the hospitals of Ireland get theirs is something for which, quite literally, there is no official accounting. Noel C. Browne, Irish Minister of Health, who has personally supervised the distribution of some £30 million to the hospitals and feels quite proud of the Sweepstakes, nevertheless concedes:

> I am not aware of any accounts which show the amounts collected in the different countries in which the Sweep tickets are sold. The Government makes no attempt to supervise the day-to-day running activities of the Hospital Trust [the promotional outfit]. I am not aware of any figures which would show details of expenditures by the Board in its promotional activities, particularly in those countries where the sale of tickets is against the law.

Inside the Sweeps

The phenomenal extent and success of the Sweepstakes promotion aroused the curosity of California Attorney General Stanley Mosk, who in late 1959 tried to determine how much the great lottery takes out of his state and how it succeeds in functioning, illegal as it is, on such an all-encompassing scale. Examining bank drafts sent to Ireland from just one bank, the Bank of America, he found that this activity steps up sharply just before the closing date for the Irish Sweeps. In September, 1959, for example, £26,158 sterling and $115,087.36 were sent to Ireland. A spot check showed that a heavy percentage of these remittances were made by Sweepstakes ticket sellers, and Mosk felt convinced that "on an annual basis the take in California dollars runs into the millions."

Trying to solve the *modus operandi* of the Sweeps, the Attorney General uncovered an intricate system. Ticket sellers, he found, were engaged "in socially accepted occupations with this as their only illegal activity." A few of the sellers at one time lived in Ireland, or have relatives there now, but most had begun as purchasers of tickets, had then decided to become sellers and had written to Ireland to get on the mailing list for ticket books. The manner in which the books are mailed to the sellers, and in which they in turn mail their ticket stubs to Ireland and get back official receipts, represents an extremely intricate mail-smuggling operation, conducted with the kind of finesse that seems to attest to its being highly organized.

Ticket sellers get their books through the mail in unmarked envelopes about three months before the running of each race. "Interestingly enough," the California Attorney General reported, "these envelopes are postmarked in the United States. They never come from Ireland. The most frequent postmarks encountered were those of New York and New Jersey. However, a considerable amount is mailed here in California. All of the sellers with whom we talked denied having knowledge of the person who mailed the tickets to them. . . ."

In returning the ticket stubs, the sellers mail them to a wide variety of private addresses in Ireland (each to a special name and address contained on a slip of paper inserted with his book of tickets)—never to the promoters, the Hospital Trust. Three to five weeks after he has mailed his money and stubs, the seller gets back from Ireland, in a plain envelope with no return address, receipts to be distributed to ticket purchasers, assuring them that they have not been sold counterfeit chances on the great 450,000-to-1 gamble.

> We do not know what percentage of the money obtained in this promotion actually goes to charity, nor with what result [*Attorney General Mosk wrote*]. We do not know the income derived from this enterprise by the promoters, but it is reasonable to assume that it would be substantial in an operation as vast as this is. If any accounting is made to the public on the operation of the Sweepstakes, or the charity itself, we are unaware of it. Certainly an accounting would be expected from a genuinely charitable venture.

Plainly implicit in these findings is the suggestion that the fine hand of the American rackets has become involved in the extremely complicated Sweepstakes operation which, it would seem, could be conducted so successfully, on such a scale, only with the kind of high-level organization and masterminding that American gangdom seems equipped to provide. The concentration of ticket mailings in the New York-New Jersey area, long the hub of the most heavily bankrolled and the most skillfully organized gambling syndicate in the nation, seems especially striking and significant.

Once again, if the suspicions of the California Attorney General are as justified as they appear to be, one sees underlined a glaring truth that has been expressed many times and in many ways—that it is almost impossible, given the present public attitude and the current procedures in law enforcement, to keep the hand of the racketeer out of the fast-flowing stream of quick and easy money. As long as a complaisant American public sees no harm in a little betting and is beguiled by a lot of industriously purveyed myths, the racketeers of the American underworld will continue the rule of muscle and murder and pay-off that has made them superior to the law.

Bettors Are Suckers

Perhaps nothing has helped their ascendancy more than the fakery that gambling is a human impulse that harms no one, that it is even good for society because it pays taxes if it is legalized and, in resort areas, "It brings people to town and is good for business." The frauds in this line of thought are many. Actually, there is quite abundant evidence that all gambling is bad, the legal almost as much so as the illegal which it helps to foster. There is even a fraud in the connotation we attach to the term itself, for the word "gamble" seems to suggest that the player has a sporting chance.

Philip G. Fox, a professor at the University of Wisconsin, has conducted over a period of years elaborate studies that show the regular bettor can end up just one way—losing all. "No one who bets regularly on horses or other sports with bookies, or bucks the house percentage in craps, roulette or slot machines, has the slightest chance of winning in the long run," Professor Fox wrote in a *Saturday Evening Post* article. "The longer he plays, the more startling are the odds against him. . . . I am discussing only games of chance where the odds are fixed before the action begins—though it might be clearer to say the odds are stacked against the player; he is up against percentages which make it impossible for him to win."

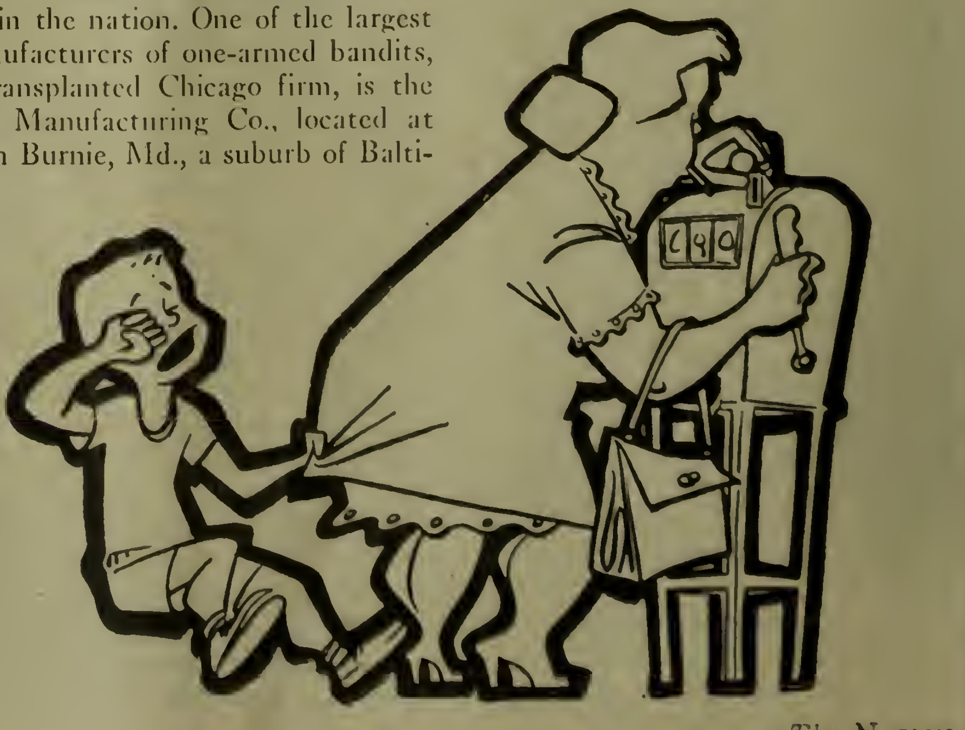
Even if you consistently played the favorites in horse races, you would wind up losing. True, Professor Fox found, about 35 per cent of the favorites win, but they usually pay so little they do not overcome the losses on the 65 per cent that fail and the bettor invariably is taken to the cleaners. Other gambling rackets are even worse. Football pools are almost outright larceny, with the mathematical edge favoring the syndicates by a whopping 53 to 92 per cent. Equally horrendous is the beating a player takes on the slot machines. The mechanism of the slots can be fixed, and is fixed, to establish a definite percentage of payout. This may be as little as 15 per cent, with 85 per cent remaining for the house. Or if the house is really dishonest—a fine distinction in this larcenous business—its machines can be rigged to keep 100 per cent, to give out nothing. Hence, most appropriately, their title of "one-armed bandits."

Though it is not perhaps generally realized, Maryland is now one of the major centers of slot-machine activity in the nation. One of the largest manufacturers of one-armed bandits, a transplanted Chicago firm, is the Ace Manufacturing Co., located at Glen Burnie, Md., a suburb of Baltimore. The firm maintains an assembly plant in Reno and produces 80 to 90 per cent of the slot machines used there; it is also the only legal supplier of machines in four counties of southern Maryland, where legalized slots do a $12 million-a-year business. Maryland machines, according to Arthur D. Laurance, president of Ace, are set at the factory to pay out 80 to 85 per cent; the usual payout in Nevada is said to be higher, around 90 per cent. However, the personal experience of players, almost uniformly tragic, would seem to indicate that few machines treat their patrons so generously.

"Of course, we can't control the percentage after a machine leaves the factory," Laurance admits, with a smile. "As a machine gets older it tends to tighten up and decrease the payout."

Or perhaps someone does a little tightening up of the mechanism.

A survey by the Washington *Post*, this year gave a vivid picture of the slot-machine gambling frenzy in Charles County, Maryland. Here garish, neon-lighted roadside gambling houses cluster along a twenty-mile strip of road from Waldorf, Md., to the Potomac River Bridge. Some of the larger houses display batteries of more than one hundred slots, and the clang of dropping coins and pulling levers goes on all night. Women seem to be the most fanatic patrons



of the slots. Fistfuls of coins in hand, they stand before the gimmicked monsters for hours, their hoard of coins vanishing as if dropped into quicksand. One District of Columbia couple told Thomas R. Kendrick, the *Post* reporter, that they played the quarter machines about three nights a week, at a loss of about $20 a night. At 2 A.M. Kendrick found one stocky farm woman still standing before a slot into which she had been pouring coins for five hours. Her five-year-old son tugged at her skirts wanting to go home, but she paid him no attention. One man who said he'd poured $50 into a machine, and so "it's ready," cashed a check for $10, played that too—and found it wasn't. A local electrician turned away broke; he had, he said, fed eighty silver dollars into a slot machine in twenty minutes.

Economic Losses

This is hardly the picture of a healthy society. Whether gambling is legal or illegal, it breeds an addiction as destructive of personality, as ruinous to family life, as addiction to liquor or narcotics. It is no coincidence that Alcoholics Anonymous now has its counterpart in Gamblers Anonymous. The need for such an organization is in itself expressive of the illness. There is, as Chief Parker said, no justification for a society that encourages such a disease and "bases its financial structure on the weaknesses of its people."

There not only is no justification, but even when considered from the narrowest and most mercenary standpoint, there is no sense. Can anyone doubt that the American economy would receive a vital shot in the arm if the present $9 billion pocketed annually by the gambling underworld were invested, as most of it otherwise would be, in the purchase of useful goods and services? Even legal on-track betting and legal slot-machine gambling foster crime and deplete the pool of dollars that are left for productive businesses. In Los Angeles, some years ago, veteran policemen contended that the city had about one-tenth the number of bookies, gamblers, confidence men, prostitutes, dope peddlers, touts and gunmen before Santa Anita opened that it had afterwards. They maintained that even legitimate race tracks, ethically operated, attracted a periphery of riffraff, the inevitable by-product of a something-for-nothing business. At the same time the general manager of one of Los Angeles' largest department stores reported that receipt of bad checks doubles during racing season, that absenteeism increases, that time payments fall off as much as 30 per cent. These complaints from Los Angeles can be matched item for item in my own state of New Jersey, where merchants maintain they can tell almost to the day the opening date of a racing meet by the nose dive their businesses take.

Extension of the legalization of gambling means only an extension of these debilitating forces. David Hume, a former trial attorney for the Department of Justice and a resident of Charles County, Maryland, has calculated (*The Nation,* Feb. 13, 1960) that the legalization of slot machines has cost his home county literally millions of dollars in normal, healthy growth. Hume recognizes that slot-machine revenue did mean $399,190 to Charles County in 1958, that this did keep the tax rate to $1.35 compared to a $2 state average and $2.48 in nearby Montgomery County. But he argues that Charles County is as close to Washington as Montgomery, that it has even finer natural advantages, that it should be an ideal residential section for the sprawling capital. As a result of its marriage to gambling, however, the honky-tonk rather than the suburb has become its symbol. It lacks the high-class developments, the well-manicured estates, the expansive golf courses such as President Eisenhower's own Burning Tree that give neighboring Montgomery County its distinction. Hume argues with every appearance of logic that, to get the benefit of approximately $400,000 in gambling revenue, the 30,000 residents of Charles County have sacrificed more than $32 million in reduced land values.

Florida's Reaction

A similar view has been expressed by Governor LeRoy Collins, of Florida. Traditionally, Florida has been a wide-open state. For years, during the winter, it was the Southern home of the nation's most eminent racketeers and the hub of gambling syndicates; it supported some of the nation's most flourishing bookmaking and numbers operations; and its illegal casino gambling ran at a multimillion-dollar tempo, virtually with official sanction. Discussing the widely prevalent attitude of the state in a *Saturday Evening Post* article in 1956, Governor Collins said:

> There was an attitude in our state for a long time that, to attract the tourists who contribute so vitally to our economy, we had to give them the opportunity to "live dangerously" and squander their money recklessly.... "Gambling," some people maintained, "is entertainment, and tourists ought to have the chance to gamble if they want to."

Collins didn't believe that. He felt that tourists who had been suckered out of their last available dollar by some of the professional sharpies that infested the state would go home with a bad taste in their mouths and no love for Florida. "More than that, a city which condoned gambling exposed its people to the influence of big-time racketeers, and it seemed to me that the moral welfare of our citizens, present and future, was more important than the money the gambling-minded tourists brought in," he wrote.

Laws were passed outlawing slot machines, anti-bookie statutes were strengthened. Nobody pretends that Florida suddenly became purified overnight, but the difference that these changes wrought soon became noticeable.

> These actions did not hurt our economy [*Governor Collins declared*]. In fact, the opposite was true. Daytona Beach showed clearly what effect a gambling crackdown would have on the tourist trade. The year after Daytona Beach closed down gambling it did a much better tourist business than ever before, and it has improved consistently, attracting the kind of people who came as friends, not overnight fortune hunters.

These words clearly put the issue. Either we are to become a solid society, a solid and principled nation, or we are to become a nation of "overnight fortune hunters" with all the rackets and evil and corruption that way of life inevitably entails.

CHAPTER WHERE DO WE GO?

THE unlovely picture of a nation corrupted on every level by the billions placed in the hands of the underworld by illegal gambling has been described in these pages. Corruption is like that ancient sin of man, adultery; there is no such thing as a little of it, and once police and politicians dine at the table of bribery, all distinctions become lost and every type of crime is fostered and condoned. Joseph Manners put it this way in his testimony before the New York Crime Commission:

> Seldom do police or other public officials accept a bribe in murder or rape cases. Rarely have whole governments been tainted by corruption arising out of crimes of violence. Yet, once corrupted in areas of commercial illegality, the corrupt official must continue his illegal operations with the Syndicate even when it engages in most vicious underworld violence, such as gang murders or beatings of defaulted debtors.

The climate that has been created in this nation is undeniable. We have pretended for years to ignore it. Politicians in the hustings mouth all the appropriate sentiments of morality and virtue with a bland hypocrisy that usually deceives the best people because, being the kind of people that they are, they find it hard to credit the extent of the existing evil. But at almost any given moment in recent years, a spot check would find cities from coast to coast shaken with erupting (and often only half revealed) scandals. United Press International, the Hearst-Scripps-Howard news service, made such a survey in early February of this year. It found:

¶ In Chicago, Police Commissioner Timothy J. O'Connor had resigned and his entire department had been shaken to its foundation by a cops-and-robbers scandal in which seventeen policemen had been arrested for committing banditry in uniform. At the same time, the Cook County grand jury had indicted forty traffic court officials, including three judges and the chief clerk, after newspapers had disclosed that thousands of dollars in traffic fines were being filched before they reached the city treasury.

¶ In New York City, probes were under way into bribe scandals that permitted the public to be gouged in the prices of meat and fuel oil, and Manhattan Borough President Hulan Jack was awaiting trial on charges that he had permitted a big real-estate developer and prospective Title I slum-clearance sponsor to redecorate his apartment. (Jack got a hung jury, and nothing much happened in the other scandals which city officials themselves had proclaimed were very nasty and very big.)

¶ In Dover, Ohio, the Mayor was indicted on charges of taking $1,500 in bribes from gamblers.

¶ In Columbus, Ohio, seven policemen were accused of burglary and fencing stolen goods.

¶ In Detroit, an investigation was being reopened into charges that policemen were taking pay-offs, ranging from $20 a month for a patrolman to $100 monthly for lieutenants, to permit a kingpin gambler to operate in the city's "Greektown."

¶ In Charlotte, N. C., the City Council probed a scandal in Recorder's Court after it was discovered that more than sixty guns seized from the lawless had vanished and that some forty others had been "signed out." (The New York Police Department had been rocked by a similar scandal in 1959 when it was discovered that guns and other valuables being held as evidence in the Police Property Clerk's Office had been stolen and disposed of by crooked cops.)

¶ In Everett, Wash., a grand jury indicted the Sheriff on neglect-of-duty charges for "knowingly permitting houses of prostitution to operate."

And in addition to all this, before another month had passed, Richmond was being rocked by the cops-graft scandal in which scores of its policemen were brought before a grand jury; Miami was frothing with its Bolita-bribery sensation; Reno was agitated about cops turned robbers; and in Amarillo, Texas, the House General Investigating Committee was censuring a County Judge for official misconduct, unethical practices and association with known criminals.

These were just the major incidents of corruption that, by inadvertence or the happenstance of local investigation, burst into the public limelight in the first three months of this year. Indubitably, they speak of the deep rot that today corrodes the heart of the American political system from coast to coast. No one is so naive as to suppose that these were the only existing areas of corruption; they were just those that happened to come to light. Even so, in their scope, they covered the entire broad sweep of the nation from north to south, from east to west; and by their very number and variety, they attested to the far-reaching extent of the corruption that has become the partner of our daily lives. And they are proof in the present of the inevitability of the future — a guarantee that, unless the crime syndicates that dominate so much of the nation can be destroyed at the top, the corruptive power of racket billions will continue to expand.

This prediction is not just gloomy theory. The trend of the past ten years establishes beyond doubt the direction in which we are moving. In that time the gross gambling play of the underworld, estimated by Kefauver at $20 billion, has grown to an estimated $47 billion; in that time the net annual grab of the underworld has fattened to an estimated $9 billion, with a staggering $4.5 billion funneled into police and political pay-offs; in that time racketeers, denounced and exposed by Kefauver on television and in page-one headlines, have continued to run their rackets unhampered by the law, so brazen in their purchased immunity that they do not even move their headquarters across the street or establish a new front. This was true in upstate New York, in the Accardo gambling dens in Cook County, in the careers of Carlos Marcello and "Dandy Phil" Kastel. When not even a Kefauver exposure, when not even the shock wave of public sentiment it created, when not even capable crime commissions like those in Chicago and New Orleans can stir the law to do its elemental duty, the dominance of the underworld becomes an established fact that is no longer arguable.

What can be done about it? Obviously, only an intensely angry and aroused public opinion can bring the first twinge of conscience to the proprietors of a political system, largely financed by corruption, that has lost all contact with ethics. But if the public is to be aroused, it must also be made aware of its own share of responsibility for the scandal of our times. The $2 bettor who patronizes a bookie is not playing a game of innocent tiddlywinks; he is helping to finance the corruption that makes narcotics peddling and murder possible and that turns policemen, all moral scruples lost, into active burglars. If America can be made sufficiently aware, if it can be sufficiently aroused, the remedy is, if not easy, at least not impossible.

A Federal Job

It is obvious that, large scale as the corruption is on the local level, the derelictions of the law that matter most are the federal. Syndicated crime, highly organized, blithely crossing state lines to send a murder squad from New York to perform an execution in California, is decidedly more than a local enforcement problem; it is a national menace with which only federal agencies, having national jurisdiction, can be adequately equipped to deal. A Tollin operation in Wilmington, the purveying of "the line" from Minneapolis and Chicago, may indeed be operations so finely balanced on the knife-edge of legality that local authorities are frustrated to find an excuse to prosecute; but fitted into the pattern of a national bookmaking conspiracy, it is hard to see how these — or the layoff operations in

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Biloxi and Covington — could long continue to nurture multi-billion-dollar gambling if federal laws were honestly and sincerely enforced.

In this area, one of the major failures (as I wrote in "The FBI" in *The Nation,* October 18, 1958) must be placed at the door of J. Edgar Hoover's much-ballyhooed agency. Hoover, who has been propagandized into an image of super-human proportions, simply has never tackled the big-league American underworld, nor has he shown any real disposition to do so. In fact, in retrospect, some of his interpretations of underworld aims and intentions have been so wide of the mark as to appear almost ridiculous. For example, after the repeal of Prohibition, he proclaimed that the big-time gang moguls were switching to kidnaping as a substitute racket. The furor over kidnaping resulted in the passage of new federal laws, the broadening of the FBI's jurisdiction and numerous well-publicized and successful manhunts. Yet actually, as the record conclusively shows, only the two-bit bums and desperadoes turned kidnapers; the Frank Costellos and Meyer Lanskys of the American underworld were many leagues removed from such stupid, risky and essentially penny-ante crimes. Their real gold mine was the gambling racket —the bookmaking, policy and lottery operations, the huge gambling casinos, that poured billions of dollars into underworld coffers and corrupted officialdom on every level.

Police Chiefs Complain

This is an aspect of the war against crime that has been ignored most persistently by the FBI. Instead of focusing public attention on the menace of big-league crime and corruption, instead of sounding a clarion call to battle, J. Edgar Hoover has persisted in ignoring the big-money rackets of the underworld, and time and again has thrown roadblocks in the way of the formation of any really effective federal crime-fighting unit. The issue came to a head most recently at the convention of the International Association of Police Chiefs, held in Washington, D.C., in early October. Prior to the convention, the association's committee on organized crime had issued a report that said:

> The fact remains that while Organized Crime increases, law enforcement remains "unorganized" insofar as concerted action, effective policies and planned methods to halt this increase are concerned. It is true that there are rare and salutary instances of effective and successful prosecution against the top leaders of the Mafia and Organized Crime, but there is no continuity of a program to achieve similar successes.

The committee gave a clear indication of where its sympathies lay in the final paragraph of its report. It wrote:

> Surely, there is widespread concern among all law-enforcement agencies about the continuing spread and influence of Organized Crime and all recognize that we must do something more than promise to cooperate with each. We need more than passive agreement. There must be aggressive and sustained action. In law enforcement we are accustomed to examining and investigating every proposal for advantages and disadvantages, for the possibilities of success or failure. When we witness a method and a procedure that has been uniquely successful in "bagging the Mafia," in successfully convicting twenty of the country's organized hoodlums, in obtaining eighteen indictments in actions still pending, and providing evidence for sixty-one possible violations to the Justice and Treasury Department and the Internal Revenue Service, it behooves us to give serious consideration to the continuation of such a law-enforcement task force.

This was like waving a red flag before the bull. J. Edgar Hoover came out charging. He made it clear that he stands foursquare for local and state law enforcement. The man who heads the most powerful police agency the nation has ever nurtured —an agency that has compiled dossiers on the lives of writers who express ideas it dislikes—held up his hands in horror at the thought that the formation of a unified agency to fight syndicated crime might turn into a Gestapo depriving all of us of our liberties. He said:

> The persons who endorse these grandiose schemes have lost sight of some very basic facts. America's compact network of state and local law-enforcement agencies traditionally has been the Nation's first line of defense against crime. Nothing could be more dangerous to our democratic ideals than the establishment of an all-powerful police agency on the Federal scene. The truth of these words is clearly demonstrated in the experience of nations ruled by ruthless tyrants both here in the Western Hemisphere and abroad.

The effect of Hoover's stand can hardly be overestimated. The tremendous prestige that is his by virtue of his impeccable halo, thrown into the scales against the formation of any new agency (which would be a rival in the field of glory, perhaps?), visibly dampened the enthusiasm the police chiefs initially had felt for action which would lift law enforcement, as their committee had reported, out of its present "unorganized" state. If Hoover prevails —and he almost always does—he will have bestowed on the underworld the most priceless of gifts, a virtual guarantee that it will not be harassed by relentless, sustained federal prosecution.

Fruits of Inaction

What Hoover plainly is calling for is a continuation of the *status quo.* The fruits of that *status quo* are plain: Hoover himself has been propagandized into a demigod; yet for thirty years the American underworld has been solidifying its grip on our society, and his agency has done precious little to stop it. Except for one slight brush with Al Capone and Hoover's personal acceptance of the eager surrender of Louis (Lepke) Buchalter, the FBI's files are virtually barren of achievement against the dominant figures of the underworld. Indeed, the FBI's annual *Uniform Crime Reports* — literally the bible for the nation in this field — do not even mention gambling offenses or narcotics in its statistical analysis of "seven major crime categories." Car thefts, yes — but syndicated crime, no.

Now Director Hoover, by building up a straw man and knocking the stuffing out of it vigorously, has thrown his impressive weight against any attempt to create a centralized federal agency to battle syndicated crime, seeing in this (but not in his own agency's meddling in the realm of ideas) the dangers of a Gestapo. The effect would be indisputable: to leave law enforcement exactly where it is, in its present inefficient "splintered" state; to leave big-league crime exactly where it is, able to freewheel across the continent unhampered by any agency that could pick up and weave together the interstate clues to its misdeeds.

Determined Discouragement

Not only are the clues to the underworld's gambling gold mine patently in the hands of federal law, but so is another vital thread — the billions that are funneled into bribery, the "protection money" that buys the mob its official collaborators. The essence of this is simple. Bribery is one of the most difficult crimes to prove. As gangsters told the Massachusetts State Crime Commission, "We don't invite witnesses to the pay-off." Yet the mountain of cash that is being funneled into the pay-off in America today is too huge to be hidden or conveniently explained. Much of it, almost inevitably from the shady all-cash nature of the business, goes unreported; and, such is the dominance of corrupt politics over the enforcement and judicial machinery of the nation, it remains unreported — and unchecked. An irate federal grand jury in Trenton in 1953 wanted to probe the tax returns of officials who, for ten years, had permitted Joe Adonis, Willie Moretti and Frank Erickson and their ilk to run the greatest crime and gambling syndicate in the East in their private racket haven in Bergen County, New Jersey. The jury estimated that $1 million in taxes had gone unpaid. But its efforts to probe this noisome scandal were blocked by the U. S. Attorney's office, which insisted the jurors could act only on cases prepared and presented to them by Internal Revenue.

This determined discouragement of an obviously aroused and sincere grand jury in itself betrays the sensitivity of the area that the jury wanted to probe. It helps to italicize a cardinal fact: that the power to straighten out this unconscionable national moral mess lies primarily in the hands of federal law.

Yet this is precisely the area in which virtually nothing effective is being done.

A stab in the right direction was made by Attorney General William G. Rogers when he created Milton Wessel's Special Group on Organized Crime. It is shocking to discover that, up until the moment this was done, there was literally no agency in the entire nation to serve as a clearing house of information on syndicated crime. The police chief in Los Angeles might have some details about the activities of one unlovely thug, the police in Detroit might have some other smidgins of information. But there was no way either one could know what the other had; there was no agency that bothered to correlate the details, to fit the pieces together. This is what Wessel calls "the vacuum" that exists as a result of "splintered" law enforcement. It is a horse-and-buggy approach to the streamlined, cross-continental conspiracies of modern gangdom. Wessel went to work to set up a unified crime-fighting task force. He rounded up every scrap of information that could be gathered from every source — from local police departments, state police, district attorneys, crime commissions and such federal agencies as the Immigration Service, the Internal Revenue Service, the FBI, the Alcohol and Tobacco Tax Division and, perhaps most important of all, the Federal Bureau of Narcotics. The activity of his unit made possible deportations, prosecutions for income-tax evasion, and the conviction in a precedent-setting conspiracy trial of twenty Apalachin hoodlums. Yet Wessel's unit was in existence for only twenty-one months. Then it was disbanded. [See "Apalachin: New Light on a Novel Case," by Fred J. Cook, *The Nation,* Feb. 6, 1960.]

Need for Centralization

Wessel himself protests that Rogers and the Justice Department should not be unfairly criticized for what seems a precipitate decapitation of an effective crime-fighting force. He points out that his unit, when it was formed, was designed to be only temporary in nature and

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that he himself intended to serve only two years before returning to private law practice. Even after all this has been duly noted, however, certain obvious hard facts remain. If the old system that had operated for the last thirty years — the system under which the Justice Department leaves all the knotty problems of syndicate crime to its criminal division and to the separate jurisdictions of U. S. Attorneys scattered throughout the nation — if this system really had worked, where would have been the need to create Wessel's group in the first place? Since the need patently existed, what possible justification could there be for abolishing the Special Group after it had been given just twenty-one months to correct the failures of thirty years? Whatever the ostensible reason, the effect was indisputable — to return the problem of syndicated crime to the chaos of disjointed jurisdictions under which the syndicates always have run riot.

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Scaring the Bookies

A graphic example of the boon this is to the underworld may be found in the report of the Massachusetts State Crime Commission. The commission was amazed to find that, when the federal government passed its gambling tax-stamp law in the aftermath of the Kefauver probe, the bookies of Massachusetts shut up shop in panic. *They remained out of business for a solid six weeks!* And they did not resume operations until they had received certain vital assurances — that the Bureau of Internal Revenue did not have sufficient manpower to police the law and that, as a result, it would rely mainly on local police to report gamblers who had failed to purchase their $50 federal tax stamp. The sequel showed that the gamblers rapidly recovered their aplomb and soon reverted to their customary contempt for the law. The number who bothered even to purchase the federal stamp dwindled steadily year by year until it almost reached the vanishing point. To the Massachusetts commission, all this seemed highly significant. The fact that the entire $2 billion-a-year bookie industry in Massachusetts would close down for six weeks at the first hint of federal action seemed graphically to illustrate what might happen if the federal government ever stirred itself to all-out war on the top-level rackets.

That it has not stirred itself, but has in fact virtually given the rackets its blessing, is demonstrated by the manner in which other and even more important provisions of the federal gambling tax law have been allowed to lapse. The law provided, not just for the registration and purchase of a $50 tax stamp by gamblers, but for the collection of a 10 per cent excise tax on their gross earnings. It also made it unlawful for gamblers to give false statements about their income and its sources. These were provisions designed to strike the mob in the only place that matters to it, the pocketbook; they were important levers placed in the hands of federal law enforcement. All have been practically abdicated under the present Rogers administration of the Justice Department. Manners, Wessel's former aide, exploded wrathfully in discussing the issue in his testimony before the New York Commission of Investigation. "We don't have, maybe, $25,000 excise tax coming in," he said. "It's a ridiculous sum." Wessel agrees that never did a multi-billion-dollar illicit business escape more lightly. Under the gambling franchise tax law, he explains, the bookies would have to keep accurate records available for audit; they could be jailed for falsification or failure to do so. But federal law enforcement has been almost obstinately blind to opportunity. "The average businessman has to have a record for everything — but not the books," Wessel says.

HEAT ON-
BETS OFF!

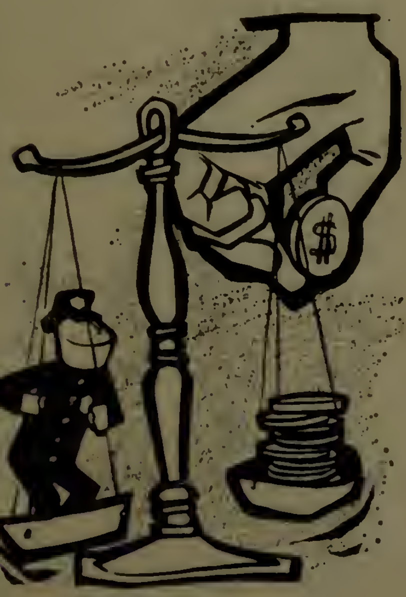
Suggested Avenues

In the light of this abject failure of federal law, the need of the moment becomes apparent. A unified and determined drive by federal agencies on the major money rackets of the underworld, against top-level racketeers and the official collaborators without whose aid they couldn't exist, as Peter Hand said, "for twenty minutes," becomes imperative. Various avenues of approach have been suggested in recent months. Wessel himself urged that the Justice Department create a permanent Office on Syndicated

Crime. He argued that such a unit, dedicated to this one purpose, would serve as a clearing house for information from all over the nation; that it would weld together and give direction and purpose to a campaign to wipe out crime syndicates. Wessel estimated that such a unit could operate efficiently, with about forty lawyers and seventy-five agents, on a budget of less than $1 million a year. His proposal fell into a bottomless void in the Justice Department and was buried without even an echo.

An alternative was suggested in late March by the McClellan Committee of the Senate, which found that crime syndicates were extending their sway across the nation and were threatening to dominate the entire economy through their infiltration of labor unions and business enterprises. The Democratic majority on the committee urged the formation of a National Advisory Commission on Interstate Crime, with power to subpoena witnesses and hold hearings. The commission would be a permanent Kefauver Committee, its purpose to keep constant pressure on the mob, to focus an unremitting spotlight on racket evils, and so to keep dragging out the kind of information that will assist federal agencies to prosecute.

Wessel personally is opposed to the crime commission idea. "It is a basic principle of law to couple the power to investigate to the duty to prosecute," he says. "I am opposed to a simple exposure objective, and especially on a permanent basis. It is open to far too many abuses."



Few persons with any regard for civil liberties will argue with his stand, but it is perhaps not too much to suggest that the time is overdue for another Kefauver Committee to focus renewed attention upon the continued dominance and immunity of the American underworld. Certainly enough has been shown here to demonstrate that the Kefauver exposé of 1950-51 did not accomplish its objective; it did not end the pernicious influence that gangdom exercises, it did not put a period to the mob's multi-million-dollar rackets, its crimes of violence, its corruptive influence. Many of the very racketeers whom Kefauver exposed still ride high and conduct their illegal businesses at the exact sites where they ran them ten years ago. No gesture of complete contempt for the law could be more brazen or more emphatic. To permit this situation to endure is unconscionable. A new inquiry, whipped on by all the fervor Kefauver could give it, is desperately needed.

Purpose of Inquiry

Such an investigation should focus on certain transparently obvious and vital points: on the reasons for the long-continuing immunity of the exposed lawless; on bribery as a major crime in modern American society and on the strengthening of laws and penalties to eliminate it; on the abject failure of federal agencies to utilize the tools they were given by the federal gambling stamp and franchise tax law; on those twilight zones of legality in which flourish such vital interstate services as the furnishing of "the line," the handling of "the layoff," the supplying of fast track results. Even more than this, it is crucial that any such new Congressional inquiry should concern itself with the creation within the federal government of a permanent prosecutorial agency so charged with the specific task of ferreting out syndicated crime that the drive against top-level racketeers cannot again languish the instant the headlines fade. In this connection a new idea advanced by Milton Wessel deserves serious consideration.

Having failed to arouse any en-

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thusiasm for his Office of Syndicated Crime idea, Wessel now makes another proposal that is perhaps the most sensible of all. He suggests that the President appoint a U. S. Attorney-at-Large to take direct charge of the war on syndicated crime. Such an office, Wessel pointed out, would be "a position of stature." It would have the additional advantages of being a permanent entity, directly responsible only to the President and so able to avoid the ham-stringing and throat-cutting that goes on when a subordinate agency is caught in the struggle between contending power cliques in the Justice Department.

Significantly, too, responsibility would be direct and inescapable. In the present shuffle, with various divisions and a gaggle of U. S. Attorneys all sharing in the act, buck-passing becomes an infinite exercise and blame for failure is virtually impossible to fix. Under Wessel's proposal, the prestige of the Presidency itself and of the Dewey-type prosecutor who might be named the U. S. Attorney-at-Large would be laid directly on the line in the battle against syndicated crime. This perhaps is too much to expect, politics being what it is, but it is doubtful if any lesser effort can be very effective in rooting out the tentacles of corruption that have entrenched crime as a major force in our society.

What Is the Gauge?

Either the new Administration the American people are about to choose will throw the resources of the federal government into such a program, or we shall muddle along with the present system of splintered jurisdictions, with its invitations to corruption and its cynical philosophy, which has become almost a national credo, that "every man has his price." Certainly the world we live in today is hardly one to inspire us with pride. Its essence perhaps was captured best in these paragraphs of the Massachusetts State Crime Commission's report:

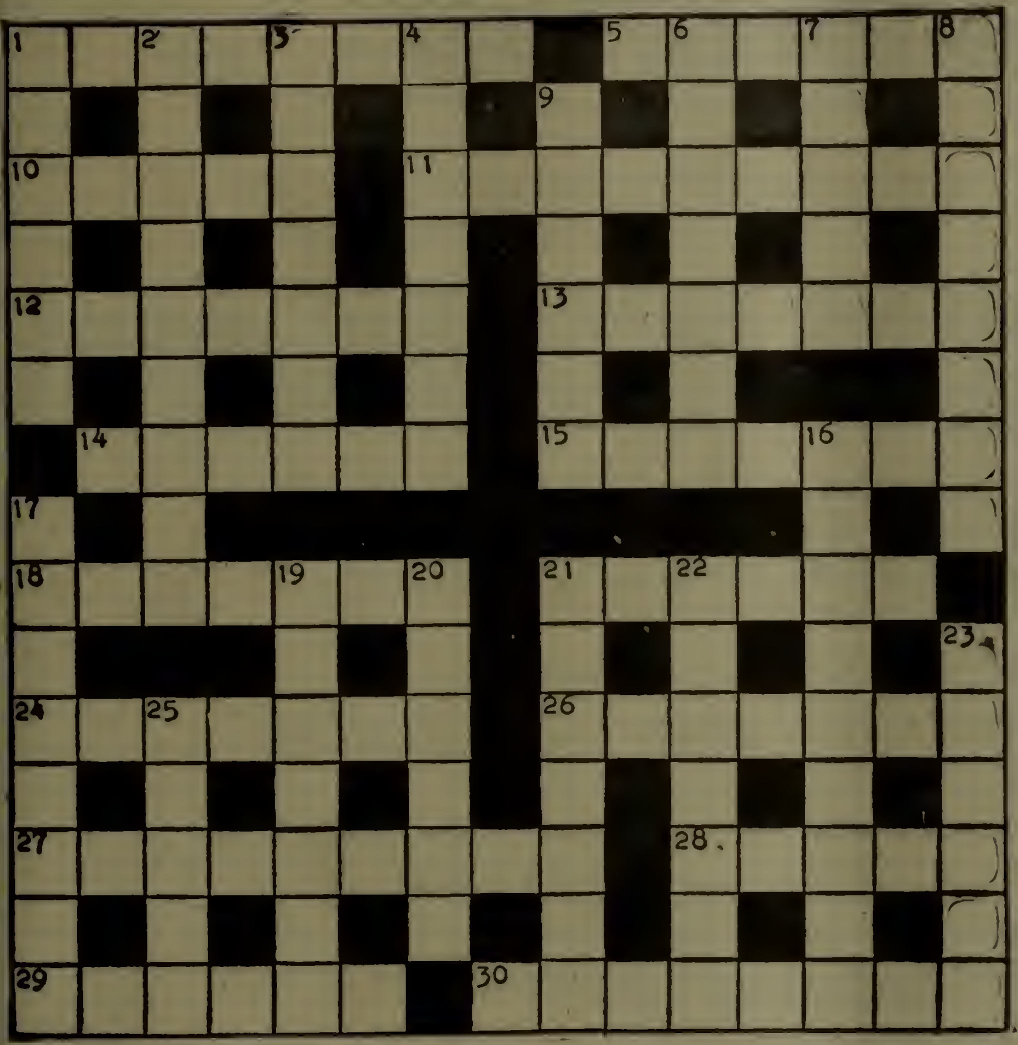
> Early in its investigation the Commission felt that, with gambling so widespread, it could be that there is a gaming operators' side to the story which it would be important to get for a fair understanding of the problem. Since they showed no disposition to state their case for the record, counsel was authorized to talk completely off the record to them. This found them more talkative, and produced the somewhat surprising fact that they don't make a case for themselves. Their philosophy is very enlightening on the subject of conditions which adversely affect law enforcement and the cures. They are living exponents of the theme that those who work for a living are fools. They admit that money rules them and firmly believe that it rules everyone. They say gambling can't operate without protection. They think it is perfectly all right for police to take money for protection, so long as the protection is delivered as contracted for. They believe that the world operates that way and refer to the purchase of licenses, permits and other such government franchises as illustrations. When confronted with some fundamental propositions, the integrity of the oath of office, they call them "Boy Scout stuff."
>
> Counsel went to lunch one day with one of them who tried to pick up the check. Counsel refused the offer with the remark that while he was with the Crime Commission no one could buy him a cup of coffee. At a later time, the same man asked the Counsel if that remark was meant to imply that a method of payment deferred until after Counsel was no longer with the Commission would be acceptable. The explanation for that misconstruction of an idle remark was in substance a disbelief that anyone would be disinterested in money. It illustrates how deeply imbedded is their philosophy about money; and since they are not fools one must not be a fool either and think that they have no basis for such beliefs.

In this anecdote, in this analysis, is capsuled one of the most vital issues of our time. Either all notions of honor are "Boy Scout stuff" to be adhered to only by fools — or they aren't. Much depends on the resolution of that simple issue. For it should be obvious that no sound and democratic society can long endure if its gauge of merit is to remain the size of the pay-off.

—— THE END ——

Crossword Puzzle No. 886

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 and 30 The wonderful manner of Caucasians on Broadway? (3, 5, 5, 3)
5 Rightly expert? (6)
10 See 1 down
11 and 17 down What an ambitious Horner might strive for? (1, 6, 2, 5, 3)
12 The fringe of many movements? (7)
13 He has an appointment to kill. (7)
14 Where one might seek port if the conditions are extremely wintery.
15 To protect one from the Belem sun? (7)
18 Is a G.I. never to be found turning this way? (7)
21 Lead astray. (6)
24 Declination. (7)
26 Five and ten, with time for fast and furious results. (7)
27 In favor of a liberal magazine putting the palmar surface down? (9)
28 A chapter in the union man's life. (5)
29 The land might be real. (6)
30 See 1 across

DOWN:

1 and 10 They might sing or squeal. (11)
2 Sweetbrier. (9)
3 Ribbon collection put in by heart? (7)
4 Rather coy in any circumstances, but particularly lawlessness. (7)
6 Lassie, or Procyon? (3, 4)
7 Propelled in a circle, over a well-known sea. (5)
8 Climbers have them to reach out for support. (8)
9 Implying the company rises to strengthen a proposal? (4, 2)
16 Brahma, most likely. (6, 3)
17 See 11 across
19 Urgent and pressing. (7)
20 The familiar wit of legal licences. (6)
21 The heaven of happiness. (7)
22 The medical man has little work to allow a tiny bit of water to get out of it. (7)
23 The sort of night Moore was oft in. (6)
25 Stalin finally got his second one! (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 885

ACROSS: 1 Collect telegram; 9 Agnates; 10 Usurper; 11 Tailed; 12 Svengali; 14 Rightfully; 15 Berg; 17 Nibs; 19 Tennis club; 22 Vagrancy; 23 Borneo; 25 Realgar; 26 Erasure; 27 Election returns. DOWN: 1 Chapter and verse; 2 and 24 Landing gear; 3 Entreats; 4 Test; 5 Equivalent; 6 Equine; 7 Replace; 8 Marriage brokers; 13 Supercargo; 16 Assonant; 18 Baggage; 20 Languor; 21 Maggot.

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LETTERS

How Many Cheers?

Dear Sirs: One cheer for *The Nation* on behalf of its Aesopian ability to raise two cheers for Kennedy [issue of Oct. 15]. While you wait until November for the All-American boy from Massachusetts to "convince us that he is not just another cold warrior," this voter will continue to sulk.

In your haste to see the defeat of Dicky at the polls, you have relieved Jack of a great burden — he has gotten your vote and will manage, somehow, without the third cheer.

LEONARD S. AMADA
Dover, N.J.

Dear Sirs: To say that your editorial, "Two Cheers for Kennedy," is a disappointment is to grossly understate the real feelings aroused by it. Granted that politics is "the art of compromise," still . . . there is always the line past which the basic principle is undermined and one's soul goes over to the devil. . . .

DON DAVID
New York City

Dear Sirs: A most compelling argument for disgruntled Stevensonians, like myself, to vote for Senator Kennedy is that the nation will benefit from the superlative talents of Adlai Stevenson only in a Kennedy administration.

NED KEITH HOPKINS
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sirs: A vote for Nixon is a vote for a full bomb. A vote for Kennedy is a vote for half a bomb. After all, a half bomb is better than a full bomb. It's been nice knowing everybody.

GEORGE KAUFFMAN
Berkeley, Calif.

Irrational Common Sense

Dear Sirs: Shouldn't someone point out that the "great debate" over the Quemoy-Matsu issue boils down to a remarkable endorsement of war as acceptable U.S. policy? As iterated and reiterated by Vice President Nixon and Senator Kennedy the problem presented to the electorate is: Should the U.S. fight to hold on to the Quemoy and Matsu islands: or should the U.S. fight only to hold on to the Pescadores islands and Formosa? The net result of this "debate" is to harden public opinion to accept the notion that we *must* fight for the Pescadores and Formosa.

This is the way public opinion is molded. Ask for the totally irrational, and the slightly less irrational is accepted as self-evident common sense.

HELEN MEARS
New York City

Right to Criticize

Dear Sirs: Mr. Anthony West's letter in your issue of Oct. 15, criticizing Mr. Emile Capouya's review of *The Denatured Novel*, is in singular bad taste, and it is also based on a faulty premise. Mr. West, apparently, would permit only novelists — he does not say whether they have to be good or bad — to deal with novels and works of criticism. By extension of the argument, he would have us accept the absurd conclusion that only the cook is the proper judge of the feast. . . . Mr. West, I believe, has written a number of critical reviews of social science works. Yet he is not a social scientist. . . . His letter has persuaded me, and I think we all have a right to insist that he do graduate work in the social sciences before he writes another review of a book in that area.

ARNOLD A. ROGOW
Stanford, Calif.

Where the Jails Were

Dear Sirs: Your reviewer, in commenting on my *Little Band of Prophets*: *The Gentle Fabians* [Sept. 17 issue], has some quite legitimate peeves about such matters as spelling inaccuracies. But when he takes me to task for saying that at the beginning of World War II "hundreds of thousands of British subjects" were imprisoned, "many for the duration," it is he who is refusing to admit *facts*. Unless, of course, he is unaware that at that time Indians were British subjects? Or perhaps he calls them "wogs"?

ANNE FREMANTLE
New York City

Dear Sirs: Mrs. Fremantle has only herself to blame. There is nothing in the context of her statement to suggest that she was talking about British subjects in India, or anywhere outside the British Isles. Allow me to quote the whole passage:

> By 1915 conscription had been accepted in Britain and the Government was already trying industrial coercion: "Imperial munitions of war urgently required by the navy and army are being held up by the present cessation of work," wrote Sir George (later Lord) Asquith [sic]. Still in those far off days when the Government ordered a resumption of work on Monday morning, March 19th, people could and did ask "by what authority did the Government order men back to work?" By the time World War II broke out, *habeas corpus* was supended retroactively a few weeks after the outbreak of hostilities, and hundreds of thousands of British subjects were imprisoned instantly, many for the duration, and no one any longer dreamed of questioning the Government's right to capture or coerce them.

KEITH HUTCHISON
Durham, Conn.

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The Nation, Oct. 29, 1960. Vol. 191, No. 1

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1960
VOLUME 191, No. 14

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Choice Confirmed

In the October 15 issue, *The Nation* declared its preference for Senator John F. Kennedy in the Presidential contest. Our correspondence columns sample a sharply adverse reaction on the part of some readers. A particularly vehement correspondent, Jigs Gardner, expresses his "disgust" with our decision. "Like all 'liberals' these days," writes Professor Gardner, "you would probably . . . support a Democrat under any circumstances (contrary to popular platitude, a 'liberal' is not an independent voter), but since Kennedy is so demonstrably awful and Nixon seems a demon, you, like many other 'liberals' at this point, have to fake up reasons to vote Democratic. The fact that Nixon tries to stifle discussion is certainly true and unpleasant, but if Kennedy were in Nixon's position and had the same opportunities I am quite sure he would behave in the same way. . . ."

The Nation's evaluation and extrapolation are different. Nixon's future behavior is predictable both on the basis of his record in office and his performance in the present campaign. About Kennedy's performance — if he is elected — one cannot be sure, but there are strong indications that he is inclined to appeal to reason, that he does not take naturally to demagoguery as does Nixon. Neither Kennedy nor Nixon should be held completely accountable for the American electoral system which, in its current flowering, puts a premium on nonsensical appeals to sentimentality, chauvinism and claptrap. Even so, Nixon insults the intelligence of the voters at every appearance; Kennedy does so only when he speaks before veterans' organizations, where there is something approaching an absolute compulsion for a candidate to prove he is not lacking in manly bellicosity.

The Nation feels that Walter Lippmann exaggerates when he writes, "It has been truly impressive to see the precision of Mr. Kennedy's mind, his immense command of the facts, his instinct for the crucial point, his singular lack of demagoguery and sloganeering, his intense concern and interest in the subject itself, the stability and steadfastness of his nerves and his coolness and his courage." But that the campaign has revealed a contrast between the two can hardly be doubted by anyone who has a TV set and uses it.

As *The Nation* said editorially, peace is the paramount issue and the crucial test of the candidates' eligibility. Nixon rose to eminence as a fomenter of the cold war in both its domestic and international aspects. Between the Soviets and the chauvinists at home, the mass of American voters has been thoroughly bedeviled. Nixon's technique is calculated to keep them permanently in a state of brainless nationalism.

Kennedy, on the contrary, has injected some elements of sense into this phase of the debate, as in his initial stand on Quemoy-Matsu. Nixon's tactics in this episode were typical: he seized on Kennedy's appeal to diplomatic and military reason to brand him as an appeaser of the Communists. He pictured himself, in effect, as the great leader who would not yield an inch of territory, who would maintain to the end the right of the Nationalists to blockade Foochow and Amoy even if the end were the beginning of World War III. This probably swung some votes; then, with his usual agility, Nixon tried to harvest the opposite side by retreating to the Administration position, although not mentioning the fact that Eisenhower persuaded Chiang Kai-shek to withdraw from the Tachens and has been trying to get him to reduce his forces on Quemoy and Matsu. Kennedy also retreated, passing up a chance to add himself to his profiles in courage, but his first position was both more principled and more prudent than anything Nixon has exhibited in his whole political life.

A similar contrast is shown in the statements of the two men on the U-2 incident. The Democratic platform deplores the mishandling of that disastrous flight; Nixon as much as says that there will be no more incursions with that particular aircraft because it has lost its usefulness, but that he will find other means. This is the same Nixon who favored dropping nuclear bombs to relieve the French garrison at Dienbienphu. *The Nation* wants no part of a policy which will help to elect Richard Nixon. Kennedy may vie with him in campaign intransigence — on Cuba there is little to choose between the two — but his cast of mind makes it possible that, if elected, he will negotiate with the Soviets on equal terms, which is the only way any American President has any chance of reaching a *modus vivendi* in the next four years.

The Efficacy of Protest

Many thoughtful Americans bemoan their country's moral and cultural decay. If the United States is actually a sick giant—and indications are not lacking—one cause is that those who have the advantages of insight and knowledge too often hold their tongues. Cerebration as such has no political effect: it must be expressed in word and action before it can influence the trend of events. When it is expressed, the results often repay the effort.

On the occasion of Dr. Linus Pauling's visit to Washington University in May, 1957, as Eliot Honors Day speaker, a petition was drafted calling for an international agreement to stop nuclear-weapons tests. The petition was circulated by Dr. Pauling and a number of other scientists. More than 11,000 scientists all over the world, including many Nobel Prize-winners and 104 members of the United States Academy of Sciences, signed the petition, which was duly submitted to the United Nations. There, after a few perfunctory newspaper notices, the matter might have rested, had not Senator Thomas J. Dodd (D., Conn.) taken off after Dr. Pauling and the Reds who, Senator Dodd suspected, had helped the eminent chemist to circulate the petition. As Acting Chairman, Senator Dodd summoned Dr. Pauling before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee in June, 1960. He appeared, identified the names of the 11,021 signers of the U.N. petition, and answered all questions except that he declined to reveal the names of those who had helped in the collection of signatures. His refusal was on grounds of conscience; he said he was not willing to be "a party to this harassment and infliction of reprisals upon conscientious Americans who have broken no law but have been striving to do their duty as citizens."

In view of the record, there can be little doubt that Dr. Pauling's continuing obduracy would have resulted in his automatic indictment and conviction for contempt of Congress—but then came the petitions of protest. At Washington University almost 200 faculty members declared that Dr. Pauling and his associates had "performed a service of the highest patriotism" and that if the Senate subcommittee had its way "our constitutionally guaranteed freedoms to exercise civic responsibility will be subverted." The Emergency Civil Liberties Committee published another petition with 107 signatures, including a large proportion of academic names. At Rutgers University forty-one faculty members, including representatives signing for the entire faculty of the law school, protested in a letter to *The New York Times*. There were other backfires. The upshot was that Senator Dodd satisfied himself, at least for the time being, with "lashing out" at Dr. Pauling and his counsel, but refrained from taking the final steps to hold Dr. Pauling in contempt. The moral would seem to be that if the citizens want to keep their liberties, they must, at the very least, sign a petition now and then.

The Saga of a Stapler

Under this title, Dr. Howard A. Rusk published in his *New York Times* column a report on an instrument that uses tantalum wire finer than a human hair for suturing nerves, muscles and blood vessels under conditions where normal surgical stitching would be out of the question. The instrument, first seen by Dr. Rusk in Moscow in 1956, signals a new surgical era and for three years surgeons, scientists and instrument makers in the United States, and all over the world, tried to get a copy. The Soviets were apparently reluctant to furnish one, or the applications were snarled in red tape, until David Rose, an American builder, industrialist and philanthropist was able, through "certain business connections" to obtain one of the instruments for about $3,000.

Mr. Rose sent an emissary to Moscow to bring the precision device to the United States. It was examined by Dr. William Fondiller, a former vice president of Bell Telephone Laboratories, and another Bell engineer, Dr. Rudi Mallina. Operationally it came up to every expectation, but it was so complex that an expert required two hours to clean and reload it. However, after redevelopment and redesign, a relatively simple instrument was evolved that could be maintained by ordinary operating-room personnel and that cost only a fraction of the original model. At the same time, another simplified version was developed by Dr. Kiyo Sho Inokuchi of the University of Fukuoka in Japan.

Two lessons emerge. "First," Dr. Rusk writes, "a person-to-person relationship can often achieve what red-tape-ensnarled official contacts cannot do. Second, it points up the need, frequently expressed by surgeons and other clinicians, for coordinating the science of medicine and the science and technology of engineering." As a first step in this direction, a Committee for the Establishment of an Institute of Medical Engineering has been formed, with Mr. Rose as chairman. It is encouraging to note that some engineers are interested in a field which may lack the glamour of guided missiles and weapon systems but which, there is little doubt, will save the lives of many patients who, for that matter, may be engineers themselves.

Taxation Can Be Fun

Taxes, although coupled with death in a well-known proverb, can under certain circumstances afford pleasure to the taxpayer. Mr. Louis Schweitzer of Westport, Conn., discovered this a few days ago and promptly took steps to broadcast the good news. Mr. Schweitzer learned that a group of people in Princeton, N. J., had banded together to tax themselves 1 per cent of their 1959 income, for the purpose of donating this money to the United Nations. "This, as far as I knew," writes Mr. Schweitzer, "was the first time in history that ordinary citizens had voluntarily taxed themselves in support of the principle of world law."

Investigating further, Mr. Schweitzer found similar self-tax groups located in such places as Urbana-Champaign, Ill.; Palo Alto, Calif.; Seattle, Wash.; and Calgary, Canada. The money is turned over to the Secretary General of the United Nations for use in three areas: the Technical Assistance Program which sends trained personnel to help underdeveloped countries; the Special Fund which concentrates on relatively large projects to help low-income countries discover and develop their natural and human resources; and the Children's Fund, which assists governments in health, nutrition and welfare projects to benefit children and mothers. "Perhaps," suggests Mr. Schweitzer, "you and your friends and neighbors may wish to form similar groups to tax yourselves as these people have done." Or, as an individual, everyone is free to send his own self-tax to the Office of the Controller, United Nations, New York City.

Mr. Schweitzer taxed himself, and not lightly. He spread his message through a full-page advertisement in *The New York Times*.

"The Nation's" Slate

Presidential elections tend to overshadow Congressional contests. The greater the interest in the one, the less the interest in the other. The following panel is not by any means exhaustive, but it represents a list of candidates in the Senate and House who in the view of *The Nation* warrant active support. Incumbents are designated by an asterisk.

SENATE

COLORADO	Robert L. Knous (D)
DELAWARE	J. Caleb Boggs (R)
IDAHO	Robert McLaughlin (D)
ILLINOIS	Paul H. Douglas (D)*
IOWA	Herschel C. Loveless (D)
KANSAS	Frank Theis (D)
KENTUCKY	John Sherman Cooper (R)*
MAINE	Margaret Chase Smith (R)*
MICHIGAN	Patrick V. McNamara (D)*
MINNESOTA	Hubert H. Humphrey (D)*
MONTANA	Lee Metcalf (D)
NEW JERSEY	Clifford P. Case (R)*
OREGON	Maurine B. Neuberger (D)
RHODE ISLAND	Claiborne Pell (D)
SOUTH DAKOTA	George S. McGovern (D)
TENNESSEE	Estes Kefauver (D)*

HOUSE

ARIZONA	Stewart L. Udall, 2nd C.D. (D)*
CALIFORNIA	Clem Miller, 1st C.D. (D)* John E. Moss, Jr., 3rd C.D. (D)* John F. Shelley, 5th C.D. (D)* Jeffery Cohelan, 7th C.D. (D)* George P. Miller, 8th C.D. (D)*
CALIFORNIA (con't.)	Jerry Pacht, 16th C.D. (D) Chet Holifield, 19th C.D. (D)* Mrs. Rudd Brown, 21st C.D. (D) George A. Kasem, 25th C.D. (D)* James Roosevelt, 26th C.D. (D)*
COLORADO	Byron L. Johnson, 2nd C.D. (D)*
CONNECTICUT	Frank Kowalski, At Large (D)*
IDAHO	Gracie Pfost, 1st C.D. (D)*
ILLINOIS	Barratt O'Hara, 2nd C.D. (D)* Sidney R. Yates, 9th C.D. (D)*
INDIANA	John Brademas, 3rd C.D. (D)* Randall S. Harmon, 10th C.D. (D)*
IOWA	Leonard G. Wolf, 2nd C.D. (D)*
LOUISIANA	F. Edward Hébert, 1st C.D. (D)*
MAINE	James C. Oliver, 1st C.D. (D)*
MASSACHUSETTS	Silvio O. Conte, 1st C.D. (R)*
MICHIGAN	Martha W. Griffiths, 17th C.D. (D)*
MINNESOTA	Roy W. Wier, 3rd C.D. (D-F-L)* John A. Blatnik, 8th C.D. (D-F-L)*
MISSOURI	Richard Bolling, 5th C.D. (D)*
NEW JERSEY	Frank Thompson, Jr., 4th C.D. (D)*
NEW YORK	Gore Vidal, 29th C.D. (D-L)
OHIO	Charles A. Vanik, 21st C.D. (D)*
OREGON	Edith Green, 3rd C.D. (D)* Charles O. Porter, 4th C.D. (D)*
PENNSYLVANIA	George M. Rhodes, 14th C.D. (D)* Woodrow A. Horn, 15th C.D. (R)
VERMONT	William H. Meyer, At Large (D)*
WEST VIRGINIA	Ken Hechler, 4th C.D. (D)*
WISCONSIN	Robert W. Kastenmeier, 2nd C.D. (D)* Henry S. Reuss, 5th C.D. (D)*

CALIFORNIA'S COOL DEBATE . .

by Francis M. Carney

Berkeley, Calif.

CALIFORNIA has more than routine significance in Presidential elections. First of all, it has thirty-two electoral votes. Beyond that, California is a swing-state par excellence, having voted for the winning Presidential candidate in every election since 1916. In fact, California clinched the election for Wilson in 1916 and was the big hinge of the Truman victory in 1948. In many respects, also, this big, populous, prosperous state is a kind of micro-America. It is a major agricultural as well as industrial center; it has huge, choking cities and hundreds of sprawling suburbs; it has a restless, mobile, highly skilled population as well as significant pockets of stagnation and backwardness; its urban Negro population is large and an even more bitterly estranged Spanish-speaking minority is scattered throughout the state. It has its own special insularity as well as its own brand of cosmopolitanism; it is agonizingly sensitive to the fluctuations of the business cycle. For these reasons and many more, the state is remarkably responsive to fluctuation in the political mood of the nation. It takes no special nerve to predict that the candidate who carries California will win the election.

ALL OF THIS ought to be cheering news for Kennedy. Nearly 60 per cent of the state's registered voters are Democrats; the Republicans can muster only 39.2 per cent. Naturally all of the seven and one-half million registered voters will not go to the polls and the majority of the stay-at-homes will be Democrats. But Kennedy can sustain the absence of several hundred thousand registered Democrats and come out with a plurality larger than Truman's in 1948.

Two years ago the Democrats won a stunning party victory in the state, sweeping Edmund G. Brown into the governorship by an unprecedented margin, gaining comfortable control of both houses of the state legislature, and electing a majority of the state's delegation to the national Congress. The party at that time gave every appearance of cohesion and vitality.

The Republicans, by contrast, were divided and dispirited and, above all, defeated. They seemed ready to sink into a semi-permanent minority status. Since 1958 no new leader of stature has appeared to rally this routed army. No new compelling issue has arisen as an instrument of recovery and *revanche*. Indeed, one able and promising younger Republican professional told me sadly less than six months ago: "It will take the party ten to fifteen years to recover from the 1958 debacle."

California has a big, aggressive and ably led labor movement. In years past labor, especially the A.F. of L., showed a reluctance to ally with the Democratic Party, and maintained ties with such Republican leaders as Earl Warren and Goodwin J. Knight. In the middle fifties, however, some leaders began edging closer to the kind of relationship labor has with the Democrats in, say, Michigan. In 1958, labor fought hard for the Democrats and accounted in no small part for the dimensions of the victory.

The state suffers from a nagging, spotty unemployment problem, especially in the Los Angeles area. When employment softens or production slackens in the great aircraft, missile and other defense industries, on which so much of California prosperity is based, the effect ripples out into the whole supporting structure. In 1959, unemployment hung at about 7 per cent of the labor force and there has been only slight improvement since in Los Angeles. In the shops and the union halls there is anxious talk about job security. The Democratic Party usually profits from such anxieties.

For all of these reasons, then, California, the swing-state, ought to swing for John F. Kennedy. But California is apparently still hanging in the middle. Published polls show the two candidates alternating in the lead or Kennedy with a hairbreadth margin that could be wiped out by just a slight bias toward Nixon on the part of the large bloc of undecided voters.

WHY IS Kennedy in this trouble when so many auguries favor him? In the first place, California tradition suggests that the big edge in registered Democrats can be overcome. The Democrats enjoyed similar, though slightly lower, pluralities in 1952 and 1956 when Eisenhower carried the state by huge margins. Similarly, Earl Warren won all of his elections by handsome pluralities in the face of big Democratic-registered voter majorities. Of course, Eisenhower and Warren were special cases — popular Republicans with personal appeal that transcended party loyalty. But one cannot dismiss on the same grounds the fact that in 1950, with a Democratic plurality of registered voters even higher than in 1960, Richard Nixon was elected to the Senate with a margin of more than 600,000 votes.

Such anomalies are too often explained by reference to the "peculiar breed" of the California voter. He has, it is often playfully or painfully alleged, a penchant for irrational and unpredictable politics. Party labels, it is held, mean nothing to him because he is too stupid to understand them or too diverted by the delights of the vast playground in which he lives to give a thought to anything so serious as politics. Alternatively, it is held that here the parties themselves, together with the entire political process, are somehow "wacky," as befits a state where people live in pastel houses and wear pastel clothes.

But ticket-splitting and the crossing of party lines must be widely practiced in many parts of the nation, or there never would have been an Eisenhower Era. Beyond that, line-crossing in California has not

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been random or inchoate. Democrats cross over to vote for Republicans: Republicans do not make the return trip. This, too, is explicable. The California Democratic Party of the 1940s and 1950s was in pitiable condition — weak, divided, badly led, unloved, uncertain and unvictorious. The cross-filing system in primaries interacted with and was reinforced by Democratic Party weakness, popular Republican candidates, an overwhelmingly pro-Republican press, the Korean War and consequent unpopularity for the national Democratic Party, and an incoming population unable to orient itself to the politics of their new state. Finally, 1950 was Year One of the McCarthy Era, and Nixon was one of the early outriders of the movement. All of these things, rather than "zaniness" among the voters, probably account for the astonishing willingness of registered Democrats to vote Republican. But 1960 is not 1950 or even 1956. In 1958 it became apparent that when conditions were right the Democrats could cash in their potential. Brown won by nearly one million votes.

But 1960 is not 1958 either. As we have seen, the polls and reasonably informed opinion hold that Kennedy has no real lead in California and may be "in trouble." Why? In the first place, Brown has suffered an enormous leakage of popularity. The Chessman case, a tax increase in Brown's first session coupled with the appearance of a budget surplus in the second year, the north-south split over his massive water conservation plan, a sharp labor-farmer fight over organization and benefits for farm workers have all meant loss of support for the Governor. Some of this hostility to Brown rubs off on all Democrats.

THE STRUGGLE last summer for the Presidential nomination also opened wounds in the Democratic Party. Symptomatic of this was Brown's successful effort to replace the liberal and popular Paul Ziffren as National Committee man, presumably because Ziffren had supported Kennedy at a time when Brown was still flirting with the notion of becoming a serious candidate himself. Dozens of Democratic Central Committee men and women have told me that they resented the move and have suggested that Brown won the fight only by cashing in almost all the good-will capital he had left. These resentments show up in the organization of the Kennedy campaign in the state. Brown's whip in the State Assembly, burly Jesse Unruh — the "hatchet-man" as he is called by his multitude of non-admirers—is heading the campaign organization in the south. One Southern California county chairman told me, "I want to work for Kennedy but I'm damned if I'll work for Jesse. He plays too rough."

Another difference from 1958 is the labor role. Organized labor is "for Kennedy," but there have been defections. The powerful Teamsters of course are backing Nixon. Harry Bridges and the ILWU have rejected both candidates. Still, most of the leaders are Democrats and Kennedy men, but it is hard to see any labor effort comparable to the 1958 push. The reason is that this year no right-to-work proposal is up for consideration. Labor will deliver something for Kennedy but so far it hasn't thrown its back into the work.

THEN, California was, and in some special way still is, Stevenson territory. Thousands of Democratic club members, who would ordinarily be staffing the state-wide campaign for Kennedy, cannot quite forgive him for having won the nomination. Those few improbable hours in July, when it seemed as though by some miracle the nomination might go to Stevenson, produced a bitter reaction. When the hope for a Stevenson nomination was shown to be wispy and insubstantial, the thousands of his supporters then gathered in Los Angeles sat despairingly in the bars at the Knickerbocker and the Biltmore and tormented one another with horror stories about Kennedy, his family's flashiness and ostentation, his father's alleged Nazi sympathies, the Senator's alleged pro-McCarthyism, his appearance, his sister's marital link to the Sinatra "crowd," the prosiness of Kennedy's speaking style, his lack of commitment to liberal principles, his alleged connection to sinister forces in control of the party and the convention, and most of all the fact that he is not and never will be Adlai Stevenson. In vain could it be pleaded that on domestic issues and civil rights his record was undoubtedly more liberal than Stevenson's. In vain could it be pointed out that Stevenson in his way is as much a "cold-war Democrat" as Kennedy. Probably Kennedy can never break through the Stevensonians' reserve toward him. The style is not there, the poetic imagery is not there, the humor and self-depreciation are not there, that love of paradox and toleration of ambiguity are not there. There was a special Stevenson style in politics and, in California at least, thousands of liberal Democrats drank deep of it. It was heady and they will need time to recover. In the meantime Kennedy must pay.

THERE ARE other curious aspects of this election, aside from the fact that Kennedy is having difficulty in a state he should expect to carry with ease. Politically speaking, California is not a primitive or exotic state. In fact, it can be argued that the state is politically mature. California regularly turns out one of the highest proportions of eligible voters in the nation. This year, the registration drives put on by both parties have been enormously successful. The evening radio and television logs are heavily salted with political discussion programs. Young people on the several university campuses are showing this year an interest more widespread and intelligent than ever before, in the opinion of those of us who teach them. The editor of a Los Angeles daily told me that this year the paper was getting the heaviest volume of telephone and mail response to political news since the end of World War II. A Central Valley police chief said that the curiosity and excitement generated by Kennedy's September whistle-stop tour reminded him very much of the memorable Harry Truman crowds in 1948. I stood beside a prominent and loyally Republican San Francisco businessman in Union Square while Lodge earnestly tried to explain the Administration's hopelessly muddled Red China policy. Surveying the large and attentive audience, my friend delightedly exclaimed, "If this stuffed shirt can hold a crowd this big, wait 'till Dick Nixon hits town!"

BOTH of the political parties have the power and energy to exploit this interest, to turn it into an exciting and fruitful democratic debate. The Democrats with their mass organization of Democratic clubs and the Republicans' much smaller but finely articulated and very effective fund-raising and campaign-management committees provide the state with the bones and muscle of meaningful two-party politics. But so far in this campaign the nervous systems of these mechanisms have not been activated. Not only is there a curious lack of passion, despite the tremendous generalized interest in politics; there is also a curious and most unsatisfying lack of definition to the campaign itself. The students on the college campuses, the TV and radio analysts, the newsmen writing about the campaign, the crowds milling around the heroes and captains, are waiting and questioning, searching almost palpably for a meaning and direction in the furor. It is remarkable that Kennedy, the candidate who attacks the suffocating complacency of the fifties, who heads the party from which forward surges ought to be expected, who gathers about him some of the most gifted and imaginative of the nation's academic intellectuals, and who should be the beneficiary of this search, somehow is not coming through, not drawing out the distinctions that do exist between himself and Nixon, and between the two parties. In California, the Kennedy campaign has been waged for an uncertain champion by reluctant troops.

Kennedy is plagued by the legend that he and Nixon are about as different from each other as IBM is from Burroughs. Kennedy is an appealing figure for many sections of the electorate; but, as Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., has been saying to large gatherings in university communities throughout the state, Kennedy's campaign is not getting the thrust and dynamism it would have if labor, the liberal Democratic activists, and the intellectuals in the student bodies and faculties were more unreservedly and enthusiastically working for him. There is irony in the fact that the very people who have lamented the institutionalized mindlessness of the fifties are unable to rally for Kennedy precisely because they feel that he is all mind and lacking in a certain warmth, humanity, humor and color that has been associated with the Democratic Party since the days of Roosevelt.

NIXON does not have the same difficulty with those elements of his support that are required for the thrust and dynamism of the campaign. If he is vague, slippery and unsatisfactory on the specifics of issues, if it is difficult to identify him either ideologically or programmatically, his supporters understand that this is the price that must be paid by the candidate of a minority party. They know that he must seem liberal enough to win significant Democratic support. They understand that he must stress his personal qualities and not those of his party. They forgive him, that is, for not sounding like Barry Goldwater because they know that Barry Goldwater could never win. This Republican style has been especially widespread and effective in California in the past. It represents no departure for Nixon.

At the same time, Nixon's emotional supporters, far from being alienated by his personal style, have always had an attachment to the man. This is perhaps especially true of the Los Angeles area Republicans. But certainly in many a *lanai* and patio in Pasadena and Santa Barbara, to lesser extent in the more stately parlors of Burlingame and Mill Valley, Dick Nixon, as he is invariably called, has a convinced and dedicated following. Those who feel that Nixon's style is parvenu must be reminded that to the salaried, professional, technical and semi-professional classes of California, that style is natural. When Nixon turns on his earnest, affable, youngish, brisk and crisp, alert, executive style, he is to thousands of middle-class women every husband, every son, every brother — the *beau ideal* of Americans on the rise. When he becomes the glowering scourge of "appeasers" and "socializers," he effectively touches a deep, responsive chord of anxiety in a population that has come very far very fast, but that cannot escape the sense that the status footing may be slippery. Why is it that the heckler at a Nixon rally courts violence?

One of the most vivid recollections I have of this "respectable" attachment to Nixon comes from the night of the famous "Checkers" telecast. I was sitting in a Pasadena living room with a group of friends, some of whom had been moved to tears by the performance. I was attempting to pick out some of the weak spots in his rebuttal when an intelligent, young and moderately liberal housewife turned to me, eyes blazing, and snapped, "What you people forget is that Dick Nixon represents to me and thousands like me the very finest type of American manhood." I submit that, thus far at least, Kennedy has not developed that kind of response.

SO THE Golden State is in suspense. The Democrats, who should be brimming with confidence, seem apprehensive. The Republicans, though far from cocky, are talking hopefully of a victory here as the big hinge for Nixon. My own guess is based largely on the model of voting behavior that has been developed by American political science. In that model there are few genuinely independent voters. Most voters respond, though sometimes vaguely and even unconsciously, to the pull of party affiliation, even though the affiliation is but dimly remembered. They break that pattern only when drawn to do so by an overriding issue or by some compelling personality. Certainly that overriding issue has not emerged in California. Nor is Kennedy's personality so unattractive or Nixon's so winning that the candidates themselves become stronger than the party pattern. In such a case, that margin in California of 1,360,000 surplus registered Democratic voters should stand up against all of the difficulties and shortcomings mentioned here.

NEW YORK: Cocktails & Candidates . .

Dan Wakefield

THE volunteer citizens' groups for Nixon and Kennedy have been toiling since Labor Day at their respective barricades which, in New York City, are appropriately located in the same building, 277 Park Avenue. This opulent one-time apartment-hotel, enclosing a parklike garden, is also where Mr. Nixon, Mr. Lodge and a covey of Kennedys keep rooms in New York (Lyndon Johnson's forays into this foreign capital are too transient to require an apartment at the ready). It is, both by its appearance and the political status of its residents, the closest thing we have to a Kremlin. The main entrance, complete with iron gate and guards, faces Park Avenue; the secondary entrance, at the opposite end, opens onto Lexington Avenue. The Nixon volunteer forces, like their candidate, are heavy on humility, and use the 510 Lexington address for their headquarters; the Kennedy citizens, led by New York's "Independent" (i.e., non-Tammany) Democrats, whose chic-quotient is higher than any political assemblage since the dissolution of the Roman Forum, naturally use the more swank Park Avenue number.

ATTEMPTING to pin down basic differences between the two opposing citizens' groups is as tricky as trying the same with the two opposing candidates, but in both cases certain dissimilarities finally emerge. The New York Citizens for Kennedy-Johnson is a far more lavish operation than the New York State Independent Citizens for Nixon-Lodge, as indicated simply by the fact that the Kennedy "volunteers" are led by roughly forty paid workers, while the only mercenaries in the Nixon camp are three secretaries.

Up in the Kennedy chambers George Daly, a former public relations man for the State Democratic Committee who is now employed as director of press and public relations for the Citizens for Kennedy-Johnson, leaned back in his chair and explained the coming activities of his troops. Mr. Daly said that in the last weeks of the campaign the volunteers' work in New York would be centered upon the presence of the candidate himself, who'd be coming to town for the final push.

"Ordinarily," Mr. Daly said, "we'd end up with the traditional rally in Madison Square Garden, but the Horse Show is scheduled there this year, and we have to find some place else." Mr. Daly, noting that the Senator was also to be in town for the fourth round of the "Great Debate," explained that Kennedy planned a day of rest before the TV struggle.

"He needs to have time to think up what to say to that Foxy Fellow. Having to debate against all those platitudes," Mr. Daly said without a trace of irony, "is like battling molasses."

When asked more about the specific work and make-up of the Citizens' group itself, Mr. Daly enumerated a rash of special subcommittees, which include the Senior Citizens for Kennedy, the Students for Kennedy (sometimes referred to in the office as "Nymphets for Kennedy"), the speakers' bureau and the "Viva Kennedy" committee for Spanish-speaking voters. The head of the whole show is Anthony B. Akers, whose previous experience in elective politics consists of being twice defeated for Congress in New York's Seventeenth District. Mr. Daly simply identified Mr. Akers, however, as "an old PT boat man" (this gives him a record in the service, if not in politics, similar to Senator Kennedy's).

Another attendant press aide mentioned that perhaps the greatest difference in the Nixon and Kennedy citizens' groups was "the number of creative people" who have volunteered for the Kennedy group.

"We have copywriters coming in to help," the aide noted, "who make $40,000 a year on Madison Avenue."

But surely there were other differences, and the visitor set out to talk with some of the special committee workers. A press aide who specializes in recruiting celebrities for the cause was recently back from a hard morning of arranging photographs of Off-Broadway star Salome Jens, the Jane Mansfield of the hipsters, passing out Kennedy-Johnson literature in Washington Square Park. He said that of all the celebrities he had asked to contribute their services only one had even hesitated. That was the young actor James MacArthur, whose mother is Helen Hayes, a co-chairman of the Celebrities for Nixon. The Kennedy press man still had hopes, however, for he pointed out that Mr. MacArthur was in a play with Shelley Winters and Jane Fonda, "both of whom have done work for us."

PRESSING on to less glamorous spheres, we went downstairs and across the courtyard to drop in on the Senior Citizens for Kennedy committee. The state coordinator of the Senator's elderly admirers is Dan Schulder, who is twenty-five years old. Mr. Schulder said he didn't feel his age was any handicap in dealing with the Senior Citizens: "As long as you treat them like anyone else, and don't go around pushing chairs out at them you get along fine."

Mr. Schulder may be a long way from Seniority, but he has drilled himself thoroughly in statistics and information on the plight and political significance of the aged.

"New York City has a greater percentage of people over sixty-five than any other city in the U.S.," he said. "We have 1,200,000 senior citizens here and, unlike the steel and auto towns — like Youngstown and Detroit, for instance — where the older people are in union groups and are politically articulate, here they're mostly out of contact. Many of them live in furnished rooms and don't see anyone or care what's going on. But we do have a nucleus, in the 15,000 who are in 'Golden Age' clubs, and we're working hard through all those clubs. We have a real edge with these people because of the medical-aid issue, and we want to get as many out as we can."

It would seem that the great

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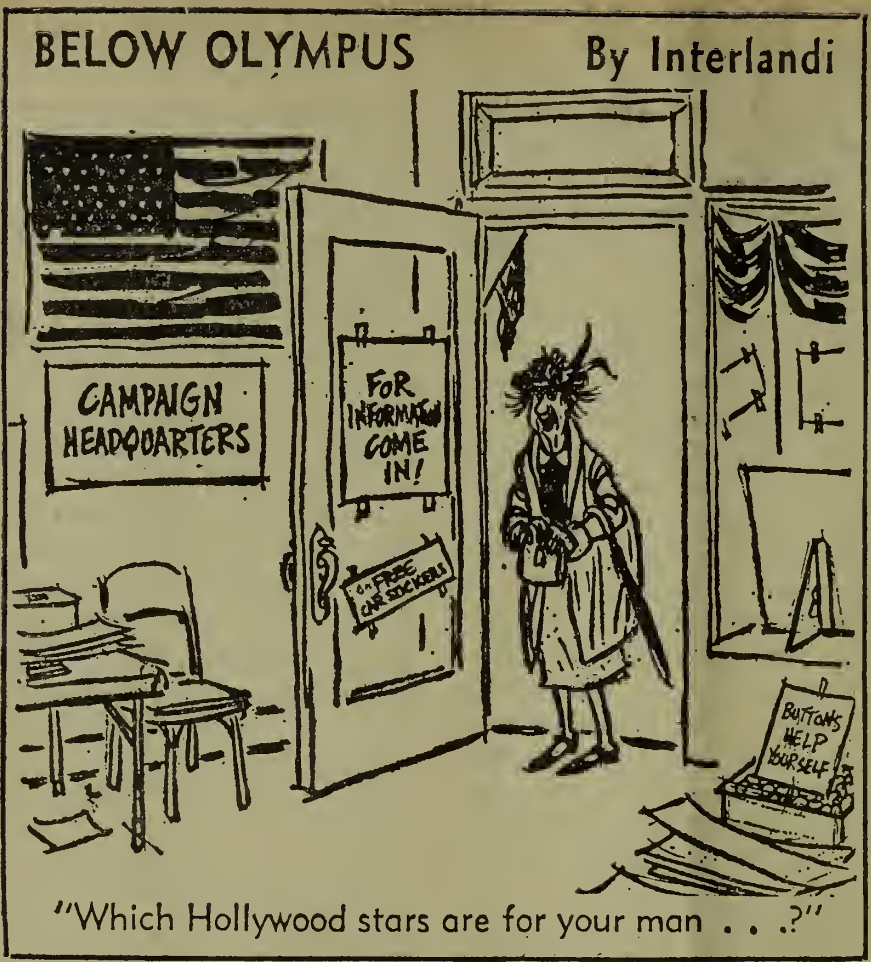

BELOW OLYMPUS By Interlandi

"Which Hollywood stars are for your man . . .?"

Los Angeles Times

challenge remaining for John Kennedy is to capture the voters who have passed puberty and not yet reached senility; it soon became clear that with the very old and the very young he is home free. Next door to the optimistic office of the Senior Citizens for Kennedy is the headquarters of Students for Kennedy, which is by all appearances the most enthusiastic, exhaustively organized and eagerly intelligent faction of all the volunteers on either side. The students are divided into the college group (SFK — Students for Kennedy) and the high school group (TASK — Teen-Agers for Senator Kennedy). Their office is plastered with charts of all the colleges in the New York City area, accompanied by "code numbers" signifying the strength of the Kennedy clubs at each school. We did not attempt to break the code, but were given a general assessment of all the activities by the students present. The college leaders were "organizing upstate," but holding down the fort was Kathy Emmett, head of the high school forces.

Miss Emmett is a bright-eyed and gracious young lady who attends the Friends Seminary and speaks an articulate English, refreshingly uncluttered with the political and advertising jargon that afflicts the speech of so many of the older politicians, both volunteer and professional, Republican and Democrat. (Senator Kennedy might do well to drive the $40,000 a year copywriters from the gates and let Kathy Emmett write his releases.) She explained that in addition to canvassing, telephone contacts and office work, the high school volunteers had been taking polls at their schools. "It's surprising," she said, "the number of students who are for Kennedy, who have parents for Nixon."

One of the difficulties of organizing the high school volunteers, Miss Emmett said, was that all the public and many of the private high schools outlaw political groups of any kind.

"Even when we say the schools could have both Kennedy and Nixon clubs, most of the principals won't allow it. One of them said he didn't want any 'rabble-rousing.' So we have to do it undercover."

"That's right," a young TASK man affirmed, "everything has to be secret."

Thus are the high school students introduced to American politics. We can only hope that the city doesn't take any Youth Board workers off the Fighting Dragons and assign them to the Students for Kennedy. At any rate, these students seemed to have so far survived the bad influence of their elders with amazing grace. One of the Teen-Age girls for Kennedy sat in a corner of the office reading André Gide, which offers even further hope for our civilization, since many of the Nixon students seem to lean to Ayn Rand.

THE New York State Independent Citizens for Nixon-Lodge don't seem to be nearly as strong as their opponents on the student or senior-citizen front, but they hold an edge in other departments, and have a few categories that the Kennedy citizens lack, such as Young Marrieds for Nixon and Newlyweds for Nixon. As you would expect, they are way out in front with Doctors for Nixon, and in fact are well organized in all the professions, claiming a special committee for each profession that is listed in the New York telephone directory, which takes us all the way from Accountants for Nixon to X-Ray Technicians for Nixon.

Howard Adelman, the head of press and public relations for the Nixon citizens' group in New York, is a bright young adman who leans pleasantly to the soft-sell side, and has taken time off from his own agency to work full time as a volunteer. He was formerly a director at CBS, and got his only previous political experience in the "Draft Rockefeller" movement. Mr. Adelman said: "We contemplated hiring professional political PR men but we didn't think we'd get the mileage out of it."

Mr. Adelman thought that both candidates' citizens' groups had enjoyed about the same amount of press coverage, but that both were having a harder time of it now than in previous Presidential years.

"We've sort of been pushed out of the minds of people, mainly by Khrushchev being here, and also by the World Series. Compared to past campaigns, we've been virtually pushed off the front pages."

A lady at the table beside Mr. Adelman who was patiently clipping out crumbs from the *Journal-American* agreed with him, and added: "Also, it was Ike. He was — you know — a national idol."

At a desk in the corner another press worker was explaining the importance of a Nixon victory to a prospective volunteer who looked like a senior citizen and perhaps had wandered into the wrong door at 277 Park.

"If Kennedy gets in, Big Business will be a thing of the past," the worker told him. "I'm sorry I can't give you any better news, but that's the picture."

Mr. Adelman in the meantime was further explaining the setup of the Nixon volunteers. The co-chairmen, he said, were Francis P. Gallagher, "a bond consultant," and Mrs. John L. Loeb, whose "husband is known as something of a financial wizard in New York."

The Nixon citizens do have a "Nationalities" division, but they don't have a counterpart to the "Viva Kennedy" committee which is drumming up support among the Puerto Ricans. "Actually, Roddy Rockefeller of the Republican State Committee has made the Spanish-speaking area the keynote of his campaign activities. Roddy has done a lot more with that than we have."

Whatever "Roddy's" success in inflaming the Latin voters, he probably could do no worse than Bobby Kennedy, who made the long march to East Harlem and proclaimed to the faithful at the Tony Mendez club that, although he didn't speak Spanish, "I come from a family of nine children."

Mr. Adelman gathered together a bundle of the literature of his organization, which he explained was divided into two main categories — "informational literature" and "impact literature." The "informational" pieces are reprints and condensations of a series of "papers" that Nixon has issued on the weighty topics of the world, such as Asia, communism and inflation, while the "impact" literature consists of colorful leaflets and hot slogans. The pride of the New York volunteer group is a piece which gives special billing to Henry Cabot Lodge, and stresses the "team" approach.

"This is our most important piece of literature for New York," Mr. Adelman explained. "Our sales pitch here is that the 'team' is unbeatable."

JUST as the special plague the citizens for Kennedy are avoiding is the label of Tammany Hall, the special burden of the Citizens for Nixon in New York is Nixon himself — their best bet is to pass him off in the package with Henry Cabot Lodge.

Both groups face the problem of transferring the passions aroused by the more soul-stirring men of their party to the two cool candidates; getting those who would follow Barry Goldwater, Nelson Rockefeller, or Adlai Stevenson through the flames of the inferno at least to follow Richard Nixon or John Kennedy around the corner to the voting booth. Though the die-hard followers of Barry, Rocky and Adlai have pitched in to aid the paler replacements, it is more with resignation than fervor. The temporarily "band-aided" wounds of disillusion are still visible on each side. In the Kennedy office, the true passions of the closed ranks can even be spotted by special lapel buttons: for the Stevenson loyalties there is a badge that says merely "I'm Not For Nixon," while the true Kennedyites can be spotted by a green and white emblem emblazoned with "FKBW" — "For Kennedy Before Wisconsin."

But in spite of ideological disappointments, there is fun for all in volunteer politics, and special fringe benefits in the constant round of breakfasts, luncheons, dinners and cocktail parties. The campaign trail is especially rewarding for the young unmarried folks, particularly the girls (men predominate at these functions) and the political season provides an alternative hunting ground to the ever-popular pastures of the Museum of Modern Art. After looking all summer at *Guernica*, the blown-up faces of John Kennedy, and even of Richard Nixon, offer relief. Now is the time for all good men and women to come to the party.

Medical Ethics and the Cold War . . *Victor W. Sidel*

". . . . WHATEVER, in connection with my professional practice or not in connection with it, I see or hear in the life of men, which ought not to be spoken abroad, I will not divulge, as reckoning that all such should be kept secret. . . ." Graduates of most medical schools still brightly repeat these words of the Hippocratic oath at graduation. Then, as with every system of ethics, the problem of interpretation begins.

The recent defection of Bernon F. Mitchell and William H. Martin from the National Security Agency has raised precisely such a problem. That the case involves homosexuality, internal security, psychiatric screening of government employees, the House Un-American Activities Committee and the duties of the "patriotic American," complicates but must not obscure the question of medical ethics involved.

The facts, fortunately, do not appear to be at issue. Mitchell had been seen three times by a Silver Spring, Maryland, psychiatrist. Discussed were problems of family, religion and sex, but Mitchell gave no indication to the physician of plans for defection. The professional relationship was terminated by the patient.

When Mitchell's defection became

VICTOR W. SIDEL, M.D., says that his concern with medical ethics began when he took the Hippocratic oath at Harvard Medical School.

known, the physician was approached by representatives of the National Security Agency, who requested information on the ground that it was needed in the interest of national security. Apparently, the psychiatrist turned over his records; he later testified about his interviews with Mitchell before a closed session of the House Un-American Activities Committee. On the day after his testimony, there appeared in the Washington *Post* a detailed description of these interviews, based on "medical history information available to investigators of the case." The information thus publicly exposed was of an extremely personal nature, normally given to a physician only within the framework of a professional relationship. The material published by the *Post* had presumably been "leaked" to the press by the NSA or the House committee; the doctor himself "refused to comment publicly" on the case.

PROTESTS quickly developed within the medical community, a body not usually noted for its eagerness to espouse liberal, or even controversial, positions. Thirty-seven physicians signed a petition to the Medical Society of Maryland requesting an investigation of the "possible breach of medical ethics." They emphasized that they were not interested in censure, but in "vigorous action to define and protect the rights of the patient in these cases." The Council of the Washington Psychiatric Society said in a published statement:

> Our council wishes to reassert this principle [confidentiality] as binding upon physicians and to deplore departure from this principle. Without the assurance of confidentiality, medical treatment, and especially, psychiatric treatment, would be impossible.

The psychiatrist's reply to these criticisms made his personal position clear, if it did little to clarify the ethical issues: "I told my patients [some of whom had asked him for assurance that their own confidences would not be broken] that they had nothing to worry about as long as they didn't defect." The executive secretary of the County Medical Society declared, according to the Washington *Post* of Sept. 22, that the psychiatrist's disclosures "reflected those of any patriotic citizen."

One final fact has a bearing on the ethical dilemma. The House committee, in its final report on the case, used none of the information furnished by the doctor. Apparently, in giving out confidential information embarrassing to the patient and his family, the doctor had contributed nothing which even the House Un-American Activities Committee felt worthy of relaying to the public. But by then, of course, the leak to the press had already occurred.

The problem any doctor faces is one of deciding when, and to whom, he should reveal what he has seen or heard with regard to a patient. The Hippocratic oath helps him little, because the proscription against revealing that "which ought not to be spoken abroad" gives no criteria for determining that which ought to be spoken. For help in his problem the physician must look to the nature of his profession and the place it holds in society. The entire oath, his training and his life are dedicated to the healing of the sick. This is the doctor's professional role; if he abrogates it, he has nothing special to contribute to his community.

The physician may look with envy at his colleagues in the law and ministry. The privileged nature of the priest-penitent or lawyer-client relationship has long been recognized and vigorously protected. Society apparently feels that the contribution that these professions make to the community, and the special function that legally protected secrecy plays in their ability to contribute, are more important than the information to be gained from an abrogation of the privilege. Is the physician's contribution less valuable? Or is the value of guaranteed secrecy in the physician-patient relationship less important to the effective practice of medicine than is secrecy in the lawyer-client relationship to the practice of law?

The value of privileged communication to the medical profession has been stated best by a jurist, Judge Luther Alverson, in an address before the Connecticut Mental Health Association in 1958:

> I believe there is more justification for the psychotherapist-patient privilege than for any of the others recognized by law. That it is in the public interest to foster the relationship is obvious to you and me who have had some dealings with this field and have seen the benefits of psychotherapy. This, coupled with the fact that the psychotherapist must, of course, insist on very personal data and must explore the relationship of the patient's acts to his basic drives, which can only be adequately revealed by his deepest and most secret thoughts and feelings, demands such a privilege. The psychiatric patient confides more utterly than anyone else in the world. He lays bare his entire self, his dreams, fantasies, sins and shames. Most patients that undergo psychotherapy know that this is what will be expected of them, and that they cannot get help except on that condition. It is extremely hard for them to bring themselves to the point where they are willing to expose the dark recesses of their minds to the psychiatrist; often patients have undergone therapy for a year or more before they begin to reveal anything significant. It would be too much to expect them to do so if they knew that all they say, and all that the psychiatrist learns from what they say, may be revealed to the whole world from the witness stand.

Cases do arise, of course, when the physician must reveal something he has seen or heard in his professional capacity. Perhaps the simplest example is the physician confronted by a patient with a communicable disease, say typhoid fever, who refuses to accept necessary isolation procedures. The physician's duty to heal the sick includes a duty to keep others from getting sick. It is clear that he may ethically demand, after carefully explaining his reasoning to the patient, that the patient either accept isolation or be reported to the appropriate authority. Release of the information seems justified because the net effect is to further both the doctor's professional goal and the community's welfare.

Another type of case involves the patient who announces to his physician that he is about to commit a crime of violence, e.g., "I'm going to murder the mayor at noon tomorrow." Such a patient is almost always saying: "I have a terrible urge [or at least very vivid fantasies involving the urge] to murder the mayor. Please protect me from my urge." The situation is similar to the patient who recently came to the information desk of my hospital and demanded a glass of water so that she could swallow the poison she held in her hand. Although the patient who really wants to murder or commit suicide does not go about matters in this way, the doctor always feels justified in preventing violence, whether self-inflicted or perpetrated on others, and he will not hesitate to make any revelations that are necessary to prevent it. Again, he has no real dilemma because, in protecting society, he is also doing his best for his patient.

The problem really begins in a third type of case. The classic example is the patient who arrives at the doctor's door with a gunshot wound. In most jurisdictions, the physician is required by law to report all such incidents immediately, even if the patient requests that he not report it. Most physicians feel that their duty is fairly clear: they must obey the specific law. The rationale is that the patient must be aware of the physician's legal responsibility in these cases, and so there is no breach of confidence when the physician discharges his responsibility. Indeed, medical opinion is that the doctor, in all such cases, ought to warn the patient specifically of what the law requires.

But what should the physician do about a law which he feels he cannot ethically obey, e.g., laws of recent memory in Germany regarding the treatment of Jews? Most doctors feel that conscience and ethics take precedence over law. Some German physicians may have defended their ethics with their lives. But this problem, broadly speaking, has not arisen in our society; disclosing information in accordance with specific laws already on the books before the information was given to the doctor seems ethically defensible and of little danger to other doctor-patient relationships.

Approaching the other end of the ethical spectrum is the case in which a law is passed, or a subpoena is issued, demanding the disclosure of information already given which, at the time of giving, was considered confidential by both patient and physician. In this instance, the danger to professional relationships becomes acute, for no patient can know when the details of social or personal deviation he is giving may be forced into the public domain. Under such circumstances, it is safer to reveal nothing to the psychotherapist —and there can be no psychotherapy. Most physicians would fight these *ex post facto* disclosures with every legal means, and if these failed, some would even feel that a prison term or a fine was a reasonable price to pay for the protection of their profession.

BUT THE MOST extreme type of case has not yet been mentioned. It occurs when the physician has no knowledge at all of an overt criminal act, either before or after the act has been declared a crime, and is faced with a request from authorities to disclose any and all information he has on a particular patient. The investigators are seeking detrimental information of any sort; it is the "fishing expedition" applied to the physician. Many doctors feel that the request to the psychiatrist for the Mitchell information fell into this category. They believe the psychiatrist must refuse to turn over his records, because if he freely honors this blanket type of request no patient can ever feel safe.

There are occasions when the physician must publish this kind of background, non-criminal-content information. Otherwise the medical profession and society would be inhibited in exploring the probably significant relationship between emotional problems of a confidential nature and anti-social acts in the public domain. But the sharing must be done under circumstances which fully protect the anonymity of the patient and which give no opportunity for sensational "slanting" by the release of only bits of information. Professional and community channels exist for this kind of research, of which more is desperately needed. But the NSA and the House Un-American Activities Committee cannot, by the wildest stretch of patriotic motives, be considered such a channel.

AMONG the defenders of the doctor's disclosures in the Mitchell case are those who say: The poor psychiatrist could not be expected to resist the pressure that must have been brought to bear upon him. But a psychiatrist must be able and willing to resist such pressure if he is to be a good physician, just as the lawyer and priest must resist pressures if they are to practice their professions effectively. Moreover, this particular physician would have found eager support within and outside his profession had he chosen to resist. We have not yet reached — and hopefully never shall reach — the point in this country where an honest devotion to ethics, running afoul of an investigating agency, will lack vigorous defenders.

Other proponents of the disclosures ask the question: Is not any breach of confidentiality — and, by implication, any breach of professional ethics — defensible when the security of the nation is at stake? One would think that such a question would not require an answer, but it does. It is easy to forget, apparently, that there is at least an open question whether the best defense of the national security lies with the NSA, or the House committee, or even the FBI. At least a few still think that our security as a people may be best defended by devotion to ethics and honesty, to responsibility and procedural justice and, not least, to the demands of the individual conscience. In medicine, as in so many areas, we must be ever watchful that we do not sacrifice what is precious in our society in our attempts to defend it.

FRANCE: The Edge of Chaos . .

Alexander Werth

Paris, Oct. 20

THE FRENCH TANGLE gets progressively worse, with nearly everyone turning against that well-meaning great man, Charles de Gaulle. On the evening of Oct. 3, this city witnessed something it had not seen since the Fascist riots of the mid-thirties — a few thousand people rushing down the Champs Elysées toward the Elysée Palace, shouting "de Gaulle resign!" and "Salan to power!" En route, the crowd — mostly young — smashed the large windows of *L'Express* offices. The following day, *Le Monde* wistfully noted that the police did not call on the demonstrators to disperse until after the damage had been done.

The whole thing had started as a reaction by war veterans to the "defeatist" and "treasonable" Manifesto of the 121 against the Algerian war. Significantly, the ceremony of protest, which took place at the Arch of Triumph, was attended by Marshal Juin and by virulent Fascist characters like M. Le Pen, former head of the Poujardist parliamentary group, and ex-Police Commissioner Dides, who had organized the police to demonstrate against parliament in March, 1958.

There is more and more talk here about de Gaulle's being "forced" to resign and already a whispering campaign is under way in favor of Pinay as his successor. It is to be recalled that when de Gaulle dismissed Pinay last January as Minister of Finance, Pinay arrogantly declared to the press: "I am not saying *adieu*; I am saying *au revoir*." Moreover, it is said that Pinay is backed by the United States and the NATO command (both extremely annoyed with de Gaulle's independent attitude toward NATO). Even more interesting is the fact that Soustelle, who as a leading Gaullist in 1958 had campaigned wildly against "U.S. interference" in North Africa, has now declared himself to be pro-American and pro-NATO. Last Wednesday Soustelle called for a "national regroupment" in opposition to his former idol. The idea seems to be that if an extreme right-wing government came to power in France, it would give the United States full satisfaction as regards NATO; in return, the United States would be expected to help this government "save Algeria for France." The fact that Kennedy, and probably Nixon, favor ending the Algerian war (which is making America's position vis-à-vis the Arab world and Africa increasingly awkward), is brushed aside with the glib argument that "Washington is more interested in NATO than in Algeria."

De Gaulle's difficulties seem to have been increased by his Prime Minister's recent visit to Adenauer. All appears to have been going well between M. Debré and the Chancellor until news came to Bonn of de Gaulle's statement that no atom bombs were to be dropped by the free world without France's consent. M. Debré is supposed to have appeased the Chancellor; but how he did so is not quite clear, since there is nothing to show that de Gaulle has abandoned his claim to a French veto.

FRANCE now finds itself in a fantastic situation. The Army and the extreme Right want the war to go on; the rest of the country — and especially the bulk of the younger generation — wants it stopped. Even the traditional republican parties — the Radicals, the Socialists and the M.R.P. — are joining in the clamor after years of lethargy. But whereas the parties' increasing restiveness with de Gaulle stems partly from their dissatisfaction with his "un-European" stand, the young here are almost wholly for peace in Algeria and are thinking hard about the implications of the Manifesto of the 121. (The Right has managed to produce a counter-manifesto of right-wing "intellectuals"; among the signatories are Marshal Juin, Ambassador Francois Poncet and the ninety-year-old Henri Bordeau of the French Academy — to all of whom still clings the indelicate aroma of Vichyism.)

But if the whole of France is in a fantastic situation, the situation of de Gaulle himself is even more bizarre. "De Gaulle already almost belongs to the past," wrote Jean Jacques Servan-Schreiber in an editorial in *L'Express* of Sept. 29. Yet elsewhere in the same paper, Francois Mauriac chides the left-wing intellectuals for persisting in their attack on de Gaulle; the President, Mauriac warned, is the Left's last and only defender against the torture chamber and extermination.

But how can de Gaulle be expected to defend the Left if he is a captive of the Right — the same "Algiers" Right which brought him to power in 1958 and which has been complaining ever since that he has betrayed his "saviors"?

If the President is not indeed a captive of the extreme Right, how explain the failure of the preliminary negotiations that were to have pointed the way for a cease-fire in Algeria? In July, two representatives of the Algerian Nationalists (the FLN) were brought to the outskirts of Paris for these talks. Three days later, the two were on their way back to Tunis. That was the end of this seemingly promising move on de Gaulle's part. Obviously, angry protests had poured in upon the President from the Algiers die-hards and from the Army. It was equally obvious that M. Debré and his entourage did their utmost to sabotage this adventure in understanding.

Meantime, on the Left, things also began to stir. The Manifesto of the 121, represented by the greater part of the press at first as an isolated phenomenon, turned out to be of far-reaching symbolic and perhaps historical significance.

> More and more Frenchmen [it said] are being prosecuted, imprisoned and sentenced for having refused to take part in this war or for having come to the aid of the Algerian fighters. . . . More and more people are beginning to realize that the Algerian

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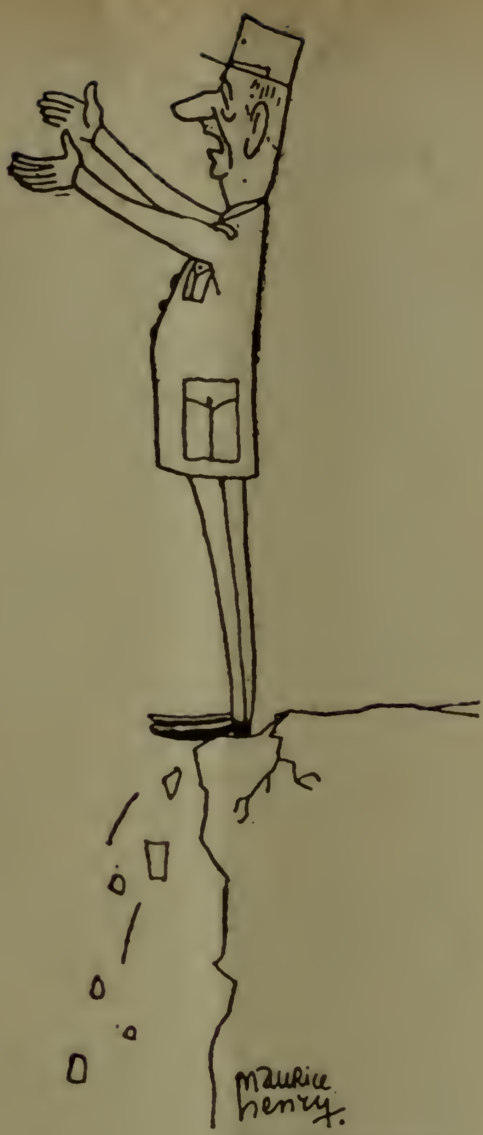
> war is becoming the private show of the Army and of a caste which refuses to give way to a rising whose meaning even the government, conscious of the general collapse of colonial empires, seems ready to recognize. . . .

The Manifesto concludes by saying that the undersigned *"consider justifiable any refusal to take up arms against the Algerian people, and any help and protection afforded to the oppressed Algerians."*

The number of people who openly identified themselves with this declaration was very small. Papers like *L'Express* and *France-Observateur,* which for years had been clamoring for peace in Algeria, as well as the Communist press, carefully refrained from endorsing this open appeal to insubordination and desertion. Were they truly out of sympathy with it? Did they feel that it was a tactical error, and only too likely to play into the hands of the *ultras?* Or did they keep aloof as a matter of self-protection? For the "Jeanson network" had been proclaimed a "criminal and treasonable" organization; and, after all, the Manifesto followed closely the line of argument used by *Vérités Pour,* the clandestine sheet produced by Francis Jeanson and his associates. (Jeanson, a brilliant writer, had been closely associated with Jean-Paul Sartre's monthly, *Les Temps Modernes.)* But while refusing to identify themselves with Jeanson or his network (several of whose members were recently sentenced to long terms of imprisonment), a large part of liberal opinion was stirred by both the Manifesto and the Jeanson trial. *France-Observateur* promised, in its issue of September 22, to publish an inquiry into the state of mind of the young in respect of military service in Algeria. The paper was promptly seized on instructions from the Ministry of Defense. In the following issue, dated September 29, it devoted two pages to "reactions" by young people to this vital problem; again the entire issue was confiscated.

THE confiscation of the two successive issues suggested that the government had made up its mind to ruin *France-Observateur* financially. Even more serious, perhaps, was a series of police raids on the homes and offices of a large number of left-wing intellectuals, among them the offices of the left-wing Catholic review, *Esprit.* Was this rather spectacular police drive part of the policy of a bewildered government which feels that it must strike at the Left in order to reassure the Right after certain gestures it had had to make against the extreme Right in recent weeks? For everything today shows that de Gaulle has increasing reason to be scared of the extreme Right — the Army, the Algiers *ultras* and their unnamed accomplices in metropolitan France.


Maurice Henry.

France-Observateur

In the last few weeks, evidence has been piling up that the French Army is in a state of ferment, and that recent developments in Africa have started countless officers on a new gambit. As we know, de Gaulle did a great deal, in the last two years, to purge the Army in Algeria of the people most closely associated with the pronunciamento of May 13, 1958. About 1,500 officers were transferred to metropolitan France or to Germany, or in some cases to Black Africa. Now, events in the Congo and in Mali have convinced these Army cadres that de Gaulle's pleasant ideas on "association" in the case of Algeria would lead in the end to anarchy or internationalization, if not to communism; secondly, things like the Jeanson network and the Manifesto of the 121 convinced them that the time had come for setting up a ruthless regime inside France if "treason" were to be stamped out.

According to an inquiry made by P.M. de La Gorce in *L'Express,* the officers who had been transferred from Algeria to France or Germany are far from having been "neutralized," as de Gaulle had hoped. De La Gorce alleges that a military *putsch* had been prepared both in Paris and Algiers for September 29, and it was only with considerable difficulty that the secret police nipped it in the bud. But, says he, "this *putsch* has only been postponed." This view was expressed to him by "an official personality."

SOMETHING is brewing in France —perhaps something very sinister. Already the question is being asked whether an Army-cum-police conspiracy is not being prepared against de Gaulle with a view to either eliminating him, or annexing him, on the old principle of *se soumettre ou se démettre,* "submit or go."

De Gaulle is still being welcomed as a hero in a few localities of the Savoie as this is written, but in a city like Grenoble, with a large student and working-class population, he was received most coldly and even booed. There seems only one real possibility for de Gaulle: to stop shilly-shallying, and to join up squarely with the entire Left—students, teachers, trade unions and the working class; in fact, with the bulk of the nation—and dictate *their* will to the Army. But it is more than doubtful that he will ever do it. Instead, he keeps on appealing for "national unity" in a period when, because of Algeria, such "unity" is utterly impossible.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Hitler in Cinerama

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH. A History of Nazi Germany. By William L. Shirer. Simon & Schuster. 1,245 pp. $10.

Geoffrey Barraclough

FIFTEEN somber years have wrought a subtle and almost unperceived change in our attitude to Nazi Germany. The whole gruesome episode has lost reality. Other events have dulled the shock that stirred our consciences when the Nuremberg trials brought the foulness of the Nazis into full light. Once the A-bombs had fallen on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, we were up against genocide so breathtaking and horrifying that Hitler seemed a bungling amateur. Meanwhile, time was at work. Those like William Shirer and the present writer, who experienced the whole thing from its dim beginnings immediately after the First World War, are the club bores of the sixties; no one wants to listen to us, and people whisper that we are obsessed, hysterical and neurotically anti-German. In any case we are a fast dwindling band in a world that has moved on. For a whole generation — a generation which will soon be in the saddle — Hitler has become a historical figure. As for the Third Reich, it has merged into the past, as real and as relevant as all other empires which rose on the backs of men and perished, but no more real and no more relevant than Babylon or Suleiman the Magnificent or Napoleon.

Against this changing background, what sort of effect is William Shirer's history of Nazi Germany going to have? No one is better qualified than he to write it. From 1925 until America entered the war, he watched the German scene, a trained professional observer, and in 1945 he returned to pick up the threads. His *Berlin Diary*, published in 1941, has something of the quality of a documentary record, though (as he now says) "It is quite remarkable how little those of us who were stationed in Germany during the Nazi time . . . really knew of what was going on." Since then he has spent more than five years sifting the vast documentation, and now, in some 1,200 pages, he sets before us the whole degrading story.

As a piece of reconstruction on the grand scale, *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* is unlikely ever to be repeated. And yet it leaves me with a feeling of misgiving. Not that Shirer anywhere condones the Nazis. On the contrary, his loathing, contempt and indignation are implacable. What perturbs me is his emphasis on "new and sensational details" and "inside stories" (to use the publisher's phrases), his preoccupation with the coulisses "behind the façade of the Third Reich." Mr. Shirer guides us nearly all the time through the exotic circles of Nazi high life; surrounded by generals and ambassadors, we watch the pretentious world of Putzi Hanfstaengl and Birger Dahlerus, Nazi matrons like Helene Bechstein, intellectual gangsters like Naujocks and Schellenberg; and the dreadful thing is the fascination which (thanks to Mr. Shirer's skill in building up the atmosphere) their intrigues and maneuvers exercise on the reader's mind.

FOR those of us who experienced the reality and learned to see through it, this may not be dangerous. A younger generation, contrary to Mr. Shirer's intentions, may be more impressed by the melodrama than by the lessons. We all see what we want to in a book; and I fear that, as things are, what most readers will see is Hitler in cinerama, a modern equivalent of *The Last Days of Pompeii*, an apt scenario for another modish Italian film of decadent society. It is a terrifying thought that Mr. Shirer may unwittingly have popularized what he set out to condemn.

Of course, the Third Reich *was* lurid, melodramatic, sensational. But that is only part of the picture and not the most important. Because Mr. Shirer concentrates on the highlights, Hitler stands out from his pages as a Gangster King of monstrous dimensions, the *beau ideal* of juvenile delinquents, Nero and Tamerlane and Al Capone rolled into one. In reality he was less abnormal than he seems. In every continent today there are paranoiac dictators who would torture and bully and graft and murder and loot like Hitler and his *Gauleiters* — if they could. The difference is that they can't. What made Hitler unique was not superlative wickedness, but the fact that he could call on the German people to carry out his will. The real problem of the Third Reich is not Hitler and his henchmen, or the pliant generals, or the complicity of foreign statesmen: it is the Germans who willed Hitler, acclaimed Hitler, abased themselves before Hitler, sold their souls to Hitler. Without them he would have been nothing: with them he scourged a generation. And they are with us today, partners in NATO, still, like Hitler and Rosenberg, saving Western civilization.

No one understands this better than William Shirer. It is there in his book, if you dig about for it. Unfortunately the balance and flavor of the book is such that it is unlikely to strike the uninitiated reader. The available documentation (or that which has been most thoroughly worked over) highlights the lurid episodes, the antics of the *Gauleiters*, the pratings of the Nazi elect. What we most need to know, the thoughts and actions of eighty million individual Germans, is much less easy to document, though more could be done (one suspects) by a patient sifting less avid for sensational disclosures. As things are, Shirer's chapter on "Life in the Third Reich" is the thinnest in the book and the German people remain the lacuna in the story. It is an unfortunate outcome. For us today the actions and reactions of the eighty million who cheered and marched are more significant than the Führer's ravings in his bunker; for Hitler is dead, but these people, most of them, live on. Next time you visit Germany, you may sit next to a gas-chamber thug on the bus; and that fat woman guzzling cream cakes in the *Konditorei* may be an erstwhile murderess from Ravensbrück.

THE story of Hitler is not mere history, like Genghis Khan or Nero. The problems he inherited and created are still with us — particularly the problems he inherited. William Shirer is right, despite angry German retorts, to stress "the continuity of German history," to depict Hitler, not as an unhappy accident which Germans could not help, but as one link in a continuous story, extending back into the past and forward into the future. The point for us today is that this story did not end in 1945. Hitler swept Germany further than it intended to go, but he did not carry it in a direction it did not intend to follow, and the truly frightening thing about this book is not Hitler's megalomania but the blind way the Germans followed him, and still more the likeness it reveals between Germany before 1933

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and Germany after 1945. It was not Hitler but Seeckt in 1922 who announced that "the obliteration of Poland must be one of the fundamental drives of German policy"; and even the German resistance, planning a world based "on the principles of Christian ethics, justice and law," demanded "the 1914 frontier with Poland" which, though they did not say so, "was actually the 1914 frontier with Russia, since Poland had not been allowed to exist in 1914." Here in foreign policy, there is a continuity which bodes ill for the future.

As for the German people, the smoke screen which descended after 1945 remains nearly impenetrable, but what little we know is the opposite of reassuring. Even at the end, when all was lost, Hitler demonstrated his power to rule Germany "by a mere word over his creaky wireless transmitter suspended" above his bunker in isolated Berlin. No one wishes to put the mark of Cain on a new generation of Germans; but until they have demonstrated by deeds — what their fathers so signally failed to do — that they have the will and the courage and the power to call a halt to their government, no matter whether it is Christian Democrat or Social Democrat or Nazi, we had better be on our guard. There are still Germans of the old school, like Neurath, "with few convictions and little integrity" in high positions in Bonn, and they are still capable of acting as Neurath acted. This, not the follies and blasphemies and monstrous crimes of the Nazi leaders, which figure so prominently in William Shirer's book, is its real lesson. "The loss of this war," Hitler proclaimed, "will destroy the German people"; but it is still there "resourceful but so easily misled," brash, bullying, self-pitying, the greatest danger to peace in our time.

Experience Came Naked

THE LIFE OF JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY. By F. A. Lea. Oxford University Press. 378 pp. $6.50.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY: SELECTED CRITICISM, 1916-1957. Chosen and introduced by Richard Rees. Oxford University Press. 306 pp. $7.

Vivian Mercier

FEW established writers can have carried less weight with the class of 1940 in England than Middleton Murry. Except for some pacifists and members of the Student Christian Movement, nobody at the British or Irish universities read him any more. He still found readers, but those who would make and break reputations in the decades to come had little use for him. Why? Well, he disagreed with T. S. Eliot and I. A. Richards, for one thing; Aldous Huxley had caricatured him in *Point Counter Point,* for another. Furthermore, he was regarded as having "betrayed" D. H. Lawrence and shamelessly exploited the literary reputation of his dead wife, Katherine Mansfield. The aura of preachiness surrounding his work made him seem ridiculous and/or hypocritical; as a critic he lauded Keats and ignored Donne. All in all, a hopelessly suspect and passé type.

If anything can now redeem Murry's reputation in England—he seems never to have cut much ice over here—F. A. Lea's biography should accomplish the miracle. Critical yet compassionate, admiring yet often gently mocking, this frank and detailed account of the Passion of J. M. M. moved me so much that I have read it through twice. It reveals a literary career which, like Gide's, reflected almost every intellectual and emotional current of the first half of this century. Like his French counterpart, Murry was strongly attracted by both communism and Christianity, but ultimately rejected both for a synthesis of his own. Murry's criticism, like Gide's creative work, merged with and found its fullest commentary in his autobiographical writings. For both men, every book must be either the fruit of personal experience or the record of that experience. Writing a book was itself an experience, out of which another book might grow. Though giving an impression in personal contact of shyness and introversion, each conducted much of his private life in public through the medium of print. The childhood of each combined intense intellectual stimulation with a stunting or warping of the emotions.

THERE, however, the resemblance ceases. Whereas Gide integrated his personality through an ever sharper affirmation of his individuality, Murry achieved the same end by opposite means, striving constantly for what Mr. Lea calls "self-abeyance," the loss or merging of the self in some greater unity. Murry's egotism, though real enough, was somehow defenseless by comparison with Gide's, making him suffer incomparably more in his personal relationships. His friendship with D. H. Lawrence and his first three marriages made up a crescendo of torment. In his own words, ". . . here is the bare record: my first wife, Katherine Mansfield, whom I loved passionately, died of T.B. at 33; my second wife, whom I also loved passionately, died of T.B. at 26, leaving two baby children; my third wife treated me and—for this was the crux—my children very cruelly. I stuck it for ten years, during which two more children were born: until finally I was warned, in no uncertain fashion, that I was being killed—literally killed." Only with his fourth wife, Mary Gamble, did he find the tranquil fulfillment that he had so desperately sought. A modern Candide, with all Candide's naïveté, he ended by quite literally cultivating a garden (and a farm), a contented husband and husbandman.

Murry lacked the artist's gift for making satisfying patterns of his chaotic experience; he frequently insisted, and Mr. Lea agrees with him, that he was not an artist or even primarily a literary critic. "My Socialism is just as personal as my criticism; and *is* my criticism in a new manifestation," Murry once wrote in his unpublished journal. His primary interest, in everything he undertook, was "What must I do to be saved?"—or at any rate what one must

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VIVIAN MERCIER is on the faculty of the City College of New York.

Existence Before Essence

We rolled apart on the forest floor
—Remember?—sighing in our spent terror,
As Hector after one battle more,
Sighing, turned to the armor-bearer
With his black lance in that black war.

Dearest, then as the leaves plunged down
I knew the risk of such deep giving
—Leaves of aspen, leaves of rowan—
Knew the giving and the retrieving
Under a woods gone all nut-brown.

HAYDEN CARRUTH

do to live the good life. "My concern," he wrote six months before his death, "has always been that of a moralist, and I have never been sufficient of the artist to be diverted from it. And yet the stubborn feeling persists that my 'concern' was shared in the old days by Lawrence and by Katherine: that I was, in some sense, their critical counterpart, and that the *kind* of seriousness we had has been lost. . . . We were all socially outsiders, quite without the social and domestic tradition which the Bloomsburys, Aldous Huxley, and expatriate . . . Eliot inherited. And, I think, experience came more naked and direct to us than to the others. To us, there was a sense in which they were all 'phoneys'. . . . Love meant more to us: we needed it more."

Murry never forgot that his grandparents, like Lawrence's father, were working class; his concern with morality resembles that of the new British writers who share his lower-class origin and upper-class education. Logically, they should hail Murry as their ancestor, along with F. R. Leavis and D. H. Lawrence. Their acclaim might restore Murry's reputation to the heights it reached in the twenties, when he edited the *Athenaeum* and the *Adelphi.*

SIR RICHARD REES'S selection from Murry's criticism strives to keep within narrowly literary bounds, but Murry refuses to be so confined. His critical viewpoint belongs, a century late, to the Romantic period: to him, every author worth reading is a prophet, not a prisoner at the bar or an examination candidate; every true work of literature is a holy book, not a "text" for "explication." Even if one does not agree with all of it, his "Reply to I. A. Richards" presents a brilliantly argued case for the Romantic viewpoint against the modernist one.

The writers with whom Murry identified himself most deeply — Lawrence, Keats, Shakespeare — naturally receive most attention in *Selected Criticism,* but his capacity for identification does not end there: Dostoevsky, Chekhov, Lessing, Rousseau and Whitman all cause him to vibrate in harmony with them— no less emotional phrase can adequately describe Murry's response.

But it is unfair to stress the personal nature of Murry's criticism too far: he can give perceptive treatment to writers, such as Proust and Spenser, who seem largely alien to him. What surprises me most is his capacity to handle abstract topics, as in the essays "Poetry and Prose" and "Metaphor." Besides his first-rate classical education and his encyclopedic reading, Murry possessed a fine intellect, though on principle he subordinated it more and more to his sensibility and intuition as he grew older. In contrast to the usual view, I am beginning to feel that the decline of Murry's reputation was due to a certain coarseness in his all-too-responsive sensibility rather than to any deficiencies of intellect. Perhaps the painful attrition of those first three marriages blunted an instrument which was originally delicate and precise.

Religion, Politics and Buses

THE SCHOOL BUS LAW. By Theodore Powell. Wesleyan University Press. 334 pp. $5.

Myron Lieberman

PUBLIC education in the United States has long been plagued by two problems, racial segregation and public-parochial school relationships. The racial problem is now being dealt with legally and intellectually. The solution may not be reached for many years, but its basic principles are already apparent.

Unhappily, we cannot say as much about public-parochial school relationships. Here, a solution is not even in sight, intellectually or legally. There is no lack of proposed solutions, but none currently appears likely to command the acceptance of a large majority of the American people. Conflict over public policy toward parochial schools may become one of the most divisive domestic problems of our generation. If the difference is not to become increasingly bitter, more people will have to read and take to heart the valuable lessons contained in such books as *The School Bus Law.*

Mr. Powell offers a case study of the 1957 Connecticut law authorizing communities to provide transportation for private school students at public expense. Since the school children involved were overwhelmingly students in Catholic parochial schools, the controversy over the law quickly developed into a Protestant-Catholic one. (As Powell points out, some Catholic partisans strenuously objected to characterizing the controversy in this way.) The book is highly readable, carefully documented, and goes to the heart of some of the most important domestic issues confronting the American people. Its title is not as challenging as *Humanities, Arise* or *Off With Their Heads,* but its content is far superior to the scapegoating and ax-grinding educational books which have become endemic.

One of the many virtues of the book is its concreteness. After setting forth the national and Connecticut situations with respect to legislation affecting parochial schools, Powell turns to a step-by-step analysis of the Connecticut bill. He discusses the factors that shaped the content of the bill, the supporters and opponents of it and their arguments; the role of the press, political parties, PTAs, legislators and other interested or should-have-been-interested parties. The narrative reaches a climax when the Speaker of the Connecticut House of Representatives has to break a 133 to 133 tie, but the summary and analysis of the aftermath are first rate.

NOTHING is more revealing in the book than Powell's critical analysis of the role played by Connecticut's religious leaders during the controversy. The essence of his criticism is that these leaders made almost no serious effort to reach an understanding with the leadership or constituency of other denominations. In discussing the behavior of the clergy on an issue that threatened to split the people of Connecticut, Powell states that only one clergyman "made any gesture toward compromise and reasonable discussion of differences. . . . His was a lone voice in a storm of controversy, and he went unheard. Never in the four local disputes nor in the long legislative contest on the state level did a Protestant minister and a Catholic priest sit down together to discuss their differences. Christian principles of brotherhood, it seemed, were not operative in this controversy." And elsewhere he observes, after providing ample data to support his position, that "The qualities esteemed by religious standards—persuasion, moderation, respect for the demands of another's conscience, forgivingness, a spirit of brotherhood that persists despite strong differences of opinion —these qualities were displayed by the politicians. The same, alas, could not be said for the clergy."

In this context, Powell was talking about Protestant and Catholic clergy. As the controversy became intense, Jewish groups simply took to the woods to avoid antagonizing either Catholics or Protestants. Indeed, the self-imposed

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MYRON LIEBERMAN, The Nation's *educational consultant, is the author of* The Future of Public Education (*Chicago U. Press*).

blackout of Jewish opinion during the controversy was itself a telling commentary on the climate engendered.

The silence of Jewish organizations was typical of the way in which normal extra-legislative processes broke down during the controversy. Most multi-sectarian organizations avoided the controversy because they feared irreconcilable internal divisions on it. Newspapers played it down, to reduce community tensions or because they feared that economic sanctions would fall on them if they took a position. In short, there was no public discussion and analysis, except by religious leaders who were not conspicuously objective. This is the paradox of religious controversy—a belief in the "fact" that it is irreconcilable leads to a public and educational blackout, and that makes it irreconcilable in fact.

Perhaps the most important lesson to be drawn from *The School Bus Law* is the need for religious leaders of different denominations to confer with one another instead of merely applying relentless pressure on their own denominations and legislators to hold to a predetermined position. As Powell points out, the religious leaders in Connecticut polarized the state, whereas the political leaders made the strongest effort to keep open lines of communication and persuasion. The situation called for collective bargaining. That device cannot be imposed by law in political-religious affairs, but the factors that make it successful in labor-management controversies are applicable to political problems, even those that originate in religious convictions or practices.

RELIGION has sometimes been a privileged political sanctuary, from which clergymen criticize the views of others while enjoying a certain immunity because of their cloth. This problem can best be solved by the clergy itself, for attempts by others to do so are frustrated by the very problem they are trying to eradicate. Powell does an excellent job of describing the dynamics of this immunity and the way it disrupts community consideration of a problem. But it is interesting that he himself never states whether he was or is for or against the school bus law. One can guess the reason for his silence. No matter how accurate his data or how carefully reasoned his conclusions, many readers might be lost to him if his book took sides on the bill itself. Nevertheless, it seems paradoxical that the best-informed person on this particular bill in the State of Connecticut should never tell us whether he is for or against it.

In fact, Powell's careful avoidance of a position on the bill itself is as significant as the blackout of Jewish opinion on it. Perhaps more so, because Powell is writing *ex post facto*. Procedural proprieties must eventually result in substantive decisions, and Powell offers no guidance at this point. He suggests that the importance of the bill was exaggerated on both sides, since only a few communities began transporting parochial students at public expense after the bill was passed. Yet think of a few Negro children in a hitherto all-white school. The symbolic effect of such an innovation may be far more important than the effects upon the students immediately involved.

Well, should communities be authorized to provide public transportation for parochial students? I don't think so, but we can be sure that more of them are going to provide it. I don't propose to lose any sleep over this, primarily because the issue isn't a crucial one in public-parochial school relationships. The extent of public control over the parochial-school curriculum and the qualifications of parochial-school teachers are of greater significance.

How will these issues be settled? The Connecticut bill was supported as a measure to protect the health and safety of children, but the bill was so drafted as to exclude children attending wealthy private schools. Some such illogical but workable compromises will eventually be worked out for the basic issues concerning parochial schools. Things may get worse before they get better in this area, but books like Powell's will help to keep the conflict manageable.

ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

WALKING up Sixth Avenue to the Museum of Modern Art the other day to visit the new exhibition, "Visionary Architecture," I passed a familiar New York sight in the block between 51st and 52nd—an immense excavation surrounded by a battered board fence. This is one of the larger and older of Manhattan's construction sites. William Zeckendorf dug it for the foundation of the Hotel Zeckendorf, deposing Toots Shor and other landmarks; but then, tiring, sold it to the Uris Brothers, New York's massive office merchants, who are now deepening it. A large sign above the fence says, a "43 story office building, completion spring 1962," will be built here, and when Percy and Harold Uris make such a promise, they don't procrastinate. They're impressively efficient builders, if usually of non-architecture.

It has become customary for these big signboards to include paintings of the buildings to be born, but this one did not bother. Above the rental information and credits was simply a large color rendering of blue sky. Probably the architect is still deciding what brand of curtain wall to show against the blue, filling out the zoning envelope; but it is also possible that the Uris Brothers have decided that they've already shown us what a conventional speculative office building looks like, so why bother to paint the picture again. Anyway, reality will be with us soon enough, early in 1962.

The exhibition at the Museum lacks the stunning practicality of this commercial vision, but it is more interesting in its own wild way. Hung with Arthur Drexler's usual skill, the largest part of the show is a number of fantastic speculations about what could or should be built to improve the dirty icebergs our big cities have become.

Most of the visions are nightmares too, little better than today's reality. Some of the architectural seers have brought rigid order to the immensity of the city, then, for kicks, have made

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it structurally fantastic, as if gymnastic engineering could be any comfort to a crowded, nature-deprived population. Not all of them are quite so stern. The less violent kind of urban vision achieves a dreamlike pleasantness by piling on turrets, vaults and curved shapes to create many-leveled pleasure domes, in dense combinations of Kubla Khan and Flash Gordon.

THIS is all provocative enough, but I think that the Uris sign, promising more congestion at 51st and Sixth, but not filling in the architectural details, is the real vision of our cities to come. Planners I've talked with recently are privately dismal on this point, no matter how upbeat their speeches. The only hope they see ahead is the optimism of desperation—a major depression that might provoke a vast federal program to pour many billions into urban renewal—ripping things down, planting trees and pushing part of the overpopulation of business out into city fragments surrounded by controlled countryside. But even these planners predict wryly that the federal fondness for never-ending skeins of roads, which give the cities more and more traffic to strangle in, would probably put highway construction before urban renewal.

This may make Le Corbusier the exhibition's most practical prophet, for in 1929 he proposed that the City of Rio de Janeiro build a combined highway and apartment house

> perhaps 14 stories high and as many miles long. . . . A highway along the roof would be served by regularly spaced parking areas . . . the space between each floor level would be rented by the square foot and families would build individual houses.

I don't know whether his suggestion is startlingly brilliant or ironic. He suggested it again for Algiers in 1950. The fact that he put a Moorish style house on one shelf in his drawing of this rack for living, recognizing the persistency of human nature, indicates some irony, I suppose.

This and most of the other immense schemes shown at the Museum could probably be built today. Even Kiyonori Kikutake's proposal for a marine city, to meet overpopulation problems on land, is convincing in its way:

> In this project pontoons carry a concrete deck like a raft. Piercing the deck and extending a hundred or more feet below the water are great concrete cylinders, lined with dwellings and other accommodations. Artificial land would form a vertical plan rather than a horizontal one. Houses would be attached to the wall, not the ground.

The proposal by Bruno Taut in 1917, "that the Alps be improved" by faceting them and decorating them with glass domes could probably be done, too, if someone would only pass the legislation, and call the Corps of Engineers.

Scattered among the large sociological solutions, the exhibition at the Modern also contains smaller visions, more aesthetic ones. The most stimulating of these is architect Frederick Kiesler's model of an "endless house," which, like a complex of caves, is a series of irregularly shaped spaces, linked to one another without precise walls, floors, or ceilings. Very rough, the free-standing cavern suite is a sophisticated piece of yearning toward the primitive environment if ever there was one. It shows just how fed up with formality and industrialism our architectural *avant-garde* is. Perhaps they can't be blamed for that in this slick, pathetically bleak city, carpeted wall to wall in contracts.

A chilling inclusion in the show is a set of photographs of the sets used in the 1936 movie version of H. G. Wells's *Things to Come* by designer Vincent Korda. It can be seen now that they are the product of prophetic genius—glib planes and surfaces with outcroppings here and there of interesting-looking machinery. One photograph could almost have been the north entrance lobby to the U.N. General Assembly. Nor is the flavor far from Park Avenue in the fifties. I suppose if we had any sense we'd be wearing plastic crash helmets in the taxicabs to complete that particular vision, the 1936 world of tomorrow come to pass, TV, architecture, Crest toothpaste and all.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

A TASTE OF HONEY by Shelagh Delaney, the young Englishwoman who wrote this play at the age of nineteen (Lyceum), is at once an example of the new "lower-class" milieu which has recently become an object of fresh interest on the London stage and an expression of a state of mind now becoming universal among those who share the spirit of our youth. It reflects a world in which everything once regarded as scandalous and abnormal is taken almost casually.

In Miss Delaney's play a somewhat loose lady arrives in a slum district of a Lancashire town with her seventeen-year-old illegitimate daughter. The girl resents her mother and continually insults her; the mother swears back and suggests that she is going to abandon the girl, who behaves as if she wouldn't mind that at all. The girl has an affair with a Negro sailor who never turns up again, becomes pregnant by him and in the absence of her mother (who disappears for a while to marry her lover) is befriended by a homosexual boy whom the girl has met at an art school.

All this is conveyed with humor, tenderness and very little sentimentality. We see that the girl who declares she hates love craves it desperately; we realize that the constant wrangling between mother and daughter is a perverse form of attachment and dependence. The relationship between the girl and her homosexual protector is perhaps the nearest these people will ever come to gestures of pure devotion. The author eschews pathos in telling of these events or in presenting her characters. They are the flotsam of modern civilization—we might once have called them "waifs"—but the feeling the play communicates is "Aren't we all?"

The world here is stripped bare of everything but its lonely souls whose impulses are all toward some form of friendly connection that is achieved only in fits and starts. Nothing on the outside seems to help these people: they are all cut off from what might be called society. These human beings are darling insects who lack all hypocrisy and whose direct expression of natural appetites includes spiritual as well as physical traits.

It is an endearing play. The directors—following the original Joan Littlewood production—frame it with jazz music, the nervous melancholy of which flavors the basically naturalistic text. There are other little condiments — like having some of the characters speak to the audience — which somehow "lighten" the atmosphere. This is characteristic of the new trend in contemporary drama (*The Hostage*, *The Connection*, etc.). The cruelty and terror of the essential matter must not be taken "tragically." Since life has become very nearly meaningless — in terms of the old tenets which nobody seriously believes — let us not be ponderously "square" in presenting it.

Joan Plowright is touching and oddly enchanting as the girl: she is plain, with eyes that fairly pop and gleam with wonder, mischief, curiosity and understanding. Her performance is funny and lovably lyric; it gives the play a little less "weight" than it had in London, where the excellent actress who played

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the girl was more earthily sensuous and violent. The present directors — Tony Richardson and George Devine — tend to call on the actors to play for laughs, which makes the play seem less original and less innocent than it truly is. For the quality that chiefly marks this shabby folk tale is *innocence.*

WHEN I saw Jean Anouilh's *Becket* in Paris last spring and was asked by a French friend my opinion of it, I ruffled him by saying I thought it amusing. What? "Amusing!" This play which some Parisian critics called "a tragedy of friendship," while others emphasized the exalted note in Becket's defense of the "honor of God" against the demands of Henry II who argues reasons of state. In its New York version (St. James) I should say of *Becket,* being kind, that it is a virtuous play for adults.

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The explanation for these adjectives and description is that the play has little real intellectual, historical or moral substance, but is rather a sometimes clever recounting of events loosely culled from popular biographies. Henry II is shown as a lusty, good-natured oaf who is learning "things"; Becket as a worldling who, given the job of protecting the interests of the Church, finds it his gentlemanly duty to fight his former friend, who wishes nothing to stand in the way of his selfish desires. In other words, Becket's acts are prompted by a high sense of courtesy rather than by motives of religious faith. And there is no hint that Henry II laid the foundations of the basic English legal system. One perceives no real conflict of principle, no true definition of issues.

There are, however, quite a number of bright lines that reveal Anouilh's sophistication, quips and sallies in a variety of topics relating to politics, the Church, saintliness, that constitute the coin of conversation among intelligent grownups. But nothing is truly probed or revealed: no single creative idea or sentiment emerges. What is displayed is a shrewd employment of adult subject matter for purposes of facile entertainment on the educated level of the French theatregoer.

The Paris production — perhaps because it was more modest — was more fluent and more fun than the one at the St. James. If Laurence Olivier were not the very famous actor he is, I should not notice his portrayal of Becket, apart from listing the actor's permanent attributes: a fine voice, an impressive presence — both debonair and sad — a capacity to read lines beautifully. Anthony Quinn, also a good actor, serves honorably as Henry II without contributing to any style or meaning the play might have. Generally speaking, the production never seems to get off the ground.

IT IS always embarrassing to review a play like *The Wall* (Billy Rose Theatre) which Millard Lampell has based on John Hersey's novel about the terrible and heroic events that took place in the Warsaw ghetto between 1940 and 1943. The narrative detail is shockingly real but the play itself is poor in the manner of some of the lesser agitational plays of the thirties. Since nothing is done with the material except to thump it down on the stage without force of language, grace of thought, or craft of characterization, one asks exactly what propaganda point is being made.

For a moment as I watched the play I was seized once again with the indignation I have always felt against various statesmen, in England and France particularly, whose "cleverness" and tricky sense of expediency permitted the Hitlerian slaughter to overwhelm Europe. But this private reaction has very little to do with the play itself, which for all its use of pathetic situations remains dry and inert.

A cast of reputable actors has been assembled (the most vivid impressions are made by Joseph Buloff and by James Ray in a small part), but the writing and the direction seem to demand nothing of the actors except to strain their vocal cords and to pump the blood into their faces with "sincerity." The production must have been costly but even in the matter of scenic effects (off-stage shooting, arson, the sound of marching soldiers), the results are crude. One is reminded of the mother's complaint against the movies in *A Taste of Honey*, "They're getting to be like the theatre!"

Politics

"Tommy recited the Boys Club code, which emphasizes religious freedom, tolerance, fair play, honesty and sportsmanship. The Vice President commended him on his poise."

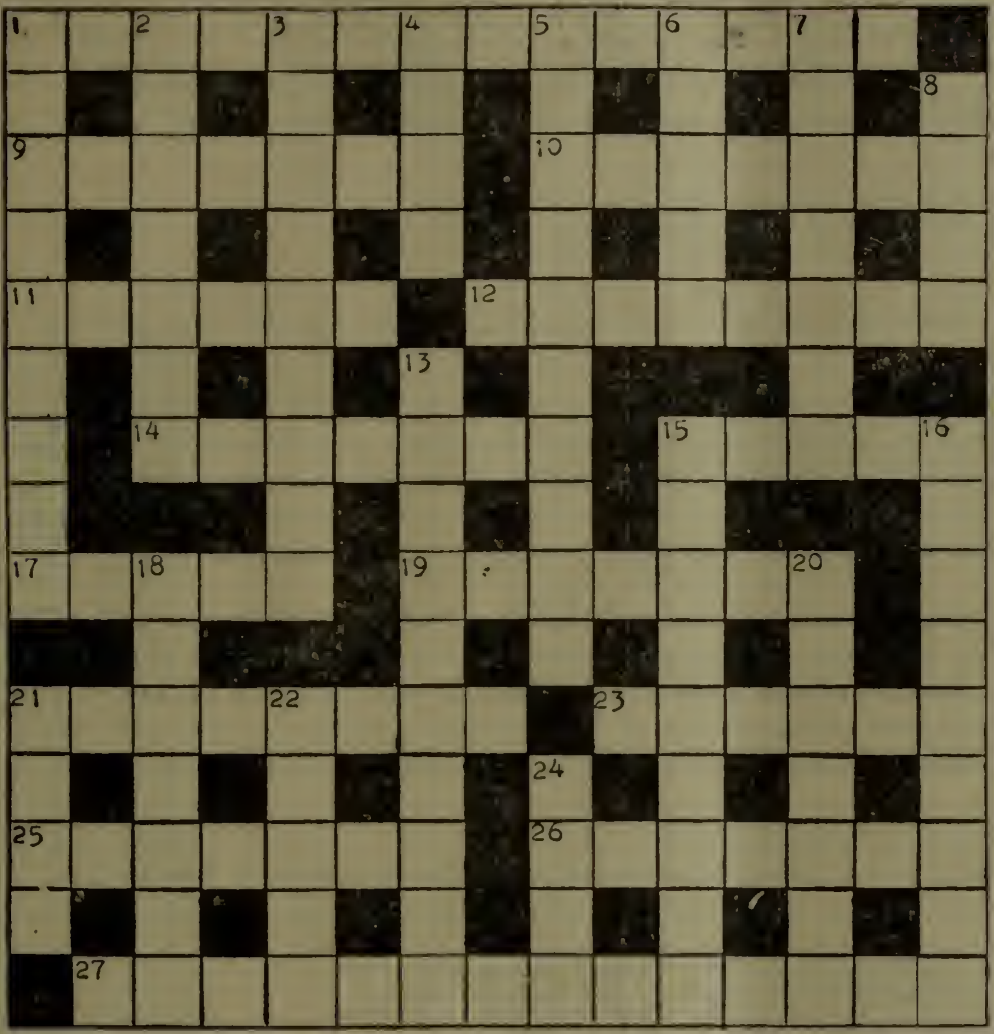
The New York Times
September 24, 1960

Son, public life is pretty rough sometimes.
A man has got to lie, steal, cheat, forswear his God.
But if you can, when you commit your crimes,
Get up there and recite the Boys Club Code
With a straight face, like I mean with real poise,
You'll be elected President by all the Boys.

HOWARD NEMEROV

Crossword Puzzle No. 887

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 One wouldn't expect a quick report here—the subject isn't a lively one. (8, 6)
9 The bright spot of any successful gentleman? (7)
10 Makes a movement away from the border. (7)
11 Complained about the condition of the track? (6)
12 Welcomed by the commission man, but spurned by his secretary? (8)
14 Get out of the dumps, to clean up with it. (4, 3)
15 Is introduced to 20 there, perhaps.
17 Found in gentry, but not the kind of fathers our country had coming in.
19 You might make a pile with this, if concerned with one in the plot! (7)
21 Proper seating's a source of trouble for one so large! (8)
23 and 1 down Things might be looking up for a literal version of the 4:10. (6, 2, 7)
25 In Henry VIII, Wolsey is described as a good and ripe one. (7)
26 We return it in a life associated with the sea. (7)
27 Proverbially tough characters, they're still yellow at heart! (4-6, 4)

DOWN:

2 Evidently not a do-gooder. (3, 4)
3 Certainly not in a purposeful manner. (9)
4 Associated with a rather corny stance by Keats. (4)
5 A stage version of "Cinderella," for example, should be easy! (6, 4)
6 The country of costly diamonds?
7 No lack of restraint on hand, evidently. (7)
8 See 24 down
13 The character of Mozart's operetta is shown by whoever puts it on! (10)
15 The one in charge of the contest should play an important role in a strike. (9)
16 To be without Allied Headquarters would not be in good form. (9)
18 A tube of it implies a certain amount of trouble in climbing skill. (7)
20 Found consecutively on the ticket?
21 Wound the long way? (4)
22 With a fancy hat on, many a bath is! (5)
24 and 8 The employment of bitterness is a matter of old-fashioned suspense. (8)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 886

ACROSS: 1 and 30 The Great White Way; 5 Adroit; 11 and 17 A finger in every pie; 12 Lunatic; 13 Matador; 14 Winery; 15 Parasol; 18 Veering; 21 Seduce; 24 Refusal; 26 Violent; 27 Pronation; 28 Local; 29 Estate. DOWN: 1 and 10 Tattletales; 2 Eglantine; 3 Rosette; 4 Anarchy; 6 Dog star; 7 Oared; 8 Tendrils; 9 Firm up; 16 Sacred cow; 19 Instant; 20 Gallic; 21 Seventh; 22 Droplet; 23 Stilly; 25 Front.

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"MY CONSCIENCE WILL NOT ALLOW ME TO PROTECT MYSELF BY SACRIFICING THESE IDEALISTIC YOUNG PEOPLE."

"I AM NOT GOING TO DO IT!"

SO STATED DR. LINUS PAULING on June 21st when he rejected the demand of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee that he disclose the names of other scientists who had helped him circulate a petition calling for cessation of nuclear bomb testing. The petition which was signed by 11,021 scientists from 49 countries was presented to the United Nations and the signatures are a matter of public record. Release of the names, Dr. Pauling says, could bring "reprisals against these believers in the democratic process." The committee violates the First Amendment to the Constitution in making the demand, Dr. Pauling says, and he has refused on the basis of "conscience, morality and principle."

Acting for subcommittee Chairman Eastland, Senator Thomas J. Dodd of Connecticut has by intimation threatened Dr. Pauling with citation for contempt of Congress and a possible year in jail, if he again refuses to turn over the list at a public hearing of the committee in Washington October 11. Dr. Pauling is one of the world's great scientists, professor of Chemistry at the California Institute of Technology and a winner of the Nobel prize. His scientific work has led him to the realization of the dangers of nuclear testing and nuclear warfare.

We, the undersigned, support Dr. Pauling in his refusal to comply with the committee's demand. We urge you to add your support of Dr. Pauling and of the Bill of Rights by joining with us. Sign your name to this advertisement and send it to your Senators.

Henry Abrams, N.Y.
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SEE PAGE 335 FOR CONTINUATION OF PAULING AD SIGNERS

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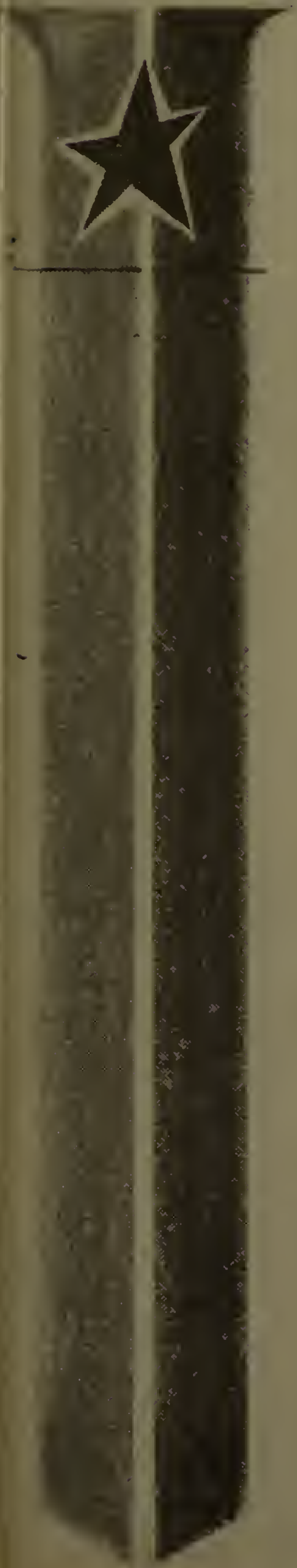

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Peter L. Bernstein

THE AFFLUENT UNDERDOG

British Labour in Crisis

A Review by Arnold S. Kaufman

LETTERS

'Gambling, Inc.'

Dear Sirs: The greatest value of Mr. Cook's article is the fact that it shows quite dramatically and graphically that gambling is the lifeblood of organized crime, or, as the editors term it, the "treasure chest of the underworld." If we can get home to the public that gambling is not an idle pastime, it will be a lot easier not only for law enforcement but for the executive and legislative parts of our government to move ahead on this most dangerous and vicious business. This was clearly pointed out in the presentment of the Brooklyn Rackets Grand Jury on the gambling problem.

Also, from my point of view, one of the outstanding failures of the article is that it does not seem to recognize the fact that law enforcement needs the tool of interception of telephone wires used by the underworld if we are to be able to cope with this situation. The article emphasizes, as it should, that gambling could not operate without getting the "line," or the results. This clearly shows that the underworld makes full use of the telephone in its business. How ridiculous can we get, insisting that law enforcement should not be able to intercept those phones in our effort to find out who are engaged in the business, particularly those at the top?

The article intimates that politicians have a real part in the gambling racket. I am not competent to talk about other areas of the country, but I can say to you categorically that it is certainly not so in Brooklyn. . . . I am sure we would have found it, if it was there. Harry Gross, who spilled his guts, never once gave us any information of that kind, and I don't think he was covering anybody on that score.

Edward S. Silver
District Attorney, Kings County
New York City

Dear Sirs: Fred J. Cook's description of gambling and syndicated crime is excellent. He has placed the two-dollar horse bet and the 50c lottery ticket in proper perspective as the foundation upon which growing decadence and corruption are built.

The key to effective syndicated-crime suppression is criminal prosecution of that relatively small number of syndicate leaders who direct and finance these gigantic operations. Yet the federal government, which alone has the power, has not assumed its responsibility. . . .

From a prosecution point of view, legalization of gambling is not the answer, as Mr. Cook so clearly demonstrates. . . . I believe that a small, mobile federal prosecuting task force should be created to bring the leadership of syndicated crime under effective control. This was the formal recommendation of the Attorney General's Special Group on Organized Crime. S. 3645, introduced by Senators Kefauver and McClellan on June 8, 1960, seeks the same objective. . . .

Fred J. Cook and *The Nation* deserve congratulations for exposing this rotten side of our society at the height of the Presidential campaign.

Milton R. Wessel
New York City

[*Mr. Wessel was chief of the Attorney General's Special Group on Organized Crime and was prosecutor at the famous Apalachin trial of big-time gangsters.*]

Dear Sirs: At our monthly Board of Directors meeting I circulated advance copies of "Gambling, Inc." with the result that a special committee was appointed to plan a follow-up campaign with letters and asking for comment. Our New Hampshire Committee, in the presence of several public officials, agreed to do something about the gambling problems. First step was to ask newspapers not to publish the daily Treasury balance. Two church leaders asked for several hundred copies to circulate among Social Relations Committee chairmen in the state.

To Get Copies of "GAMBLING, INC." At Low Bulk Rates See Page 353.

Shortly I plan to go to Pittsfield, Mass., starting with a breakfast meeting of ministers, to be followed at noon with a meeting attended by a cross-section committee for the purpose of planning a campaign to get a No vote, at the state polls on November 8, on the question of the race track now operating at Hancock.

Dwight S. Strong, Executive Secretary
New England Citizens Crime Commission
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs: I am very much impressed with the scope and depth of the coverage Mr. Cook gives to the organized crime problem. I cannot recall anything to equal it in any other national periodical. . . . I am intensely interested in seeing that the issue gets widespread reading throughout Louisiana. With this in mind, I have already discussed with officials of the Federation of Churches the possibility of large volume purchases and distribution. . . .

Aaron M. Kohn, Managing Director
Metropolitan Crime Commission
of New Orleans
New Orleans, La.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1960
VOLUME 191, No. 15

THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

Cuba and Guatemala

Mr. Nixon's basic strategy has been to portray Mr. Kennedy as a brash young man aspiring to an office for which he is unqualified, in contrast to himself — experienced, imperturbable, hardened in the fires of the kitchen debate with Khrushchev and countless missions as a Presidential surrogate. In the controversy over American policy in Cuba, Mr. Kennedy played right into Mr. Nixon's hands. In Milwaukee, the Senator protested: "I have never advocated and I do not advocate intervention in Cuba in violation of our treaty obligations." But this is not the impression millions of TV viewers got when he made his original statement. In trying to show beyond a shadow of a doubt that he was not soft on Castro, the Senator made a mistake, and it was a whopper. In accordance with the mores of elections, he did not admit the mistake, but pleaded that he had been misunderstood. This was hardly calculated to gladden the hearts of the more discerning among his supporters, but the manner and method of Mr. Nixon's riposte were such as to confirm them in their conviction that they were in the right camp.

The Vice President, the apostle of international law and order, castigated Mr. Kennedy's stand and contrasted it with his own, which is that we should deal with the Castro government as the Eisenhower Administration dealt with the Arbenz regime in Guatemala. Mr. Nixon described this as a policy of "quarantine" which encouraged the people of Guatemala to rise in their wrath and expel the Reds. Raymond Clapper once advised his fellow-journalists never to underestimate the intelligence of the average citizen, nor to overestimate his information. The Vice President goes further: he seems to think that not only the common man, but all the political commentators suffer from political amnesia. In this instance, he was quickly disillusioned. Newspapers all over the country pointed out that the Guatemalan government was overthrown by an insurrection prepared and managed by the Government of the United States, which supplied the money, the weapons and the strong-arm diplomacy in the Security Council and the Organization of American States. And Vice President Richard M. Nixon was high in the councils of the Administration which engineered what he now depicts as a democratic revolution. The rocks and rotten tomatoes which greeted him on his most recent trip to South America should have warned him that memories are not as short as he thinks.

The important thing now is not so much the effect on the election of the Kennedy-Nixon argument over Cuba, but what will happen after the election, or perhaps even before it. In his original statement, Mr. Kennedy in effect advocated for Cuba the policy which the Eisenhower-Dulles-Nixon regime carried out in Guatemala. Unless there is some further hedging, the two are substantially agreed. But this is 1960, not 1954. Since then there have been two ill-starred adventures in this line: the Israeli-British-French invasion of the Sinai Peninsula and the Soviet crushing of the Hungarian revolt. Cuba is certainly not important enough to justify a diplomatic debacle on that scale. Yet, with the election having reached the slugging stage, events are tending in that direction. The Cuban counterparts of the late Col. Carlos Castillo Armas are drilling their platoons in Florida, Mr. Nixon has persuaded the Eisenhower Administration to impose an embargo on exports to Cuba which will serve only to strengthen the island's ties with the Soviets, and voices are beginning to call for American recognition of a Cuban government-in-exile. If the American election paves the way for an American Hungary in the Western Hemisphere, it will be an evil augury for the next administration, whether under Kennedy or Nixon.

Safe at Last

Some fifteen mock-geniuses of the quiz programs have been arrested at last and we can sleep soundly once more. No longer are our homes and loved ones threatened by the corrupting spectacle of a member of the I.Q. elite wickedly pretending to recall offhand the maiden names of the wives of defeated candidates for the Vice Presidency. No longer is that most touching body of innocents—the networks, sponsors and advertising agencies of American television—exposed to the wolfish ravenings of such as Charles Van Doren and Elfrida Von Nardroff. The ship of state has lifted her keel from the rocks of false encyclopedism, and sails in the calm roadstead of Maverick and Perry Como. The genius of United States justice is that it knows where to strike. An unsophisticated observer might suppose that the $10 billion toll which illegal gambling extracts from the public each year [see "Gambling, Inc." by Fred J. Cook; *The Nation*, October 22] posed a greater threat to national welfare than the spurious erudition of the quiz clowns. But the guardians of our commonweal know that we must put Mrs. Vivienne Nearing behind bars before we can afford the time and resolution to move against the Syndicate.

Non-Bids

In a recent issue of *Time*, the literary editors devoted their department to a discussion of "non-books," i.e., publications which look like books but are intended, not for reading, but as raw material for movie scripts and the like. The concept seems a useful one: a variant appears in a paper by Vernon A. Mund on "Identical Bid Prices" (*Journal of Political Economy*, Vol. LXVIII, No. 2, April, 1960). Professor Mund states that government procurement agencies are now confronted by identical bidding as a "regular, constant, and continuous phenomenon — not sporadic or transitory." He cites a few dozen instances. The Bureau of Reclamation needed potential transformers: Westinghouse Electric, General Electric and Allis-Chalmers all came up with a unit price of $2,695 — not a dollar less, not a dollar more. The Department of the Army solicited bids for yeast: Anheuser-Busch, Standard Brands, Red Star Yeast and Federal Yeast all patriotically offered yeast at $0.1450 per pound. Paper cups were offered to the State of Virginia by eight bidders at $6.18 per thousand. This remarkable uniformity seemed to go awry when the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare went into the market for tetracycline. Squibb, Upjohn, Bristol and Lederle offered 100-capsule lots at $19.58, while Pfizer generously bid $19.188. But on further analysis, this striking illustration of free enterprise in action came to naught, for Pfizer's bid was net, while the others were subject to a discount of 2 per cent — 30 days, which, when deducted from $19.58, leaves $19.1884.

In New York City there has recently been a scandal over purchases of rock salt, used to melt snow off the streets. Rock salt is a commodity which shows a remarkable economic uniformity all over the country. The Washington *Post* found that the District of Columbia received "remarkably similar" bids, differing by a grand total of 2 cents per ton. The head of the Justice Department's anti-trust division, Robert A. Bicks, assured the *Post* that the matter was being looked into by a grand jury in Springfield, Illinois. The inquiry covers 360 municipalities, including the District. The same thing happens with cement. When purchasing agents receive identical bids, some draw the winner from a hat. Chicago's purchasing agent, John F. Ward, has a different solution. "When I get identical bids," he says, "I keep giving the business to just one of the firms, instead of spreading it out. That way, you can create a dogfight sometimes. The screams really go out, and the price comes down."

In Philadelphia, twenty electrical firms are under criminal indictment for violation of the anti-trust laws, and federal attorneys will seek to prove that practically the entire heavy electrical-equipment industry is guilty of price-fixing. The companies plead that they cannot be held responsible for the alleged irregularities of their employees, who, though severely instructed not to rig prices, somehow meet on golf courses and at Rotary Club lunches or, by extrasensory perception, arrive at the same results. Another legal argument is that competition is so perfect that identical bids inevitably result. Striving mightily to achieve rock-bottom prices, each company succeeds, and naturally the prices and bids are the same.

Professor Mund states that the present policy of anti-trust agencies is to prosecute identical bidding only when there is *proof* of collusion. He proposes a new working rule whereby identical bidding will lead to a presumption that the bidding was collusive; the presumption could, of course, be rebutted. His suggestion does not seem unreasonable.

Mr. Ehrenburg Protests

Ilya Ehrenburg, the well-known Soviet novelist and publicist, through a British intermediary, has requested *The Nation* to register his protest against the unauthorized publication in this country of an English translation of his early work, *The Stormy Life of Lasik Roitschwantz*. We are glad to accommodate Mr. Ehrenburg, the more so as it affords us an opportunity to voice a protest of our own which is not unrelated to his. We have just been advised that the Trade Union Publishing House of the USSR has published, in an edition of 100,000 copies, a translation of our special issue, "The Shame of New York," by Fred J. Cook and Gene Gleason (Oct. 31, 1959). Needless to say, the Soviet publication of "The Shame of New York" was as entirely unauthorized as, according to Mr. Ehrenburg, was the English version of *The Stormy Life of Lasik Roitschwantz*.

Nevertheless, we herewith formally convey Mr. Ehrenburg's protests, as requested; we hope Mr. Ehrenburg, on his side, will do as much for us.

Georgia Justice

Last month Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., was fined $25 for driving without a Georgia driver's license. Judge Oscar Mitchell of DeKalb Civil and Criminal Court, tempering justice with mercy, suspended a twelve-month jail sentence. But then the Rev. King, a hardened offender, participated in an Atlanta sit-in demonstration and was again arrested. As part of a thirty-day truce in the Atlanta sit-in campaign, he was released. Judge Mitchell summoned the ungrateful Dr. King to his court to show cause why his arrest in the sit-in demonstration should not void the suspension. Dr. King's lawyer argued that the Georgia law under which the second arrest had occurred was unconstitutional. He also argued that the original twelve-month traffic sentence was twice as long as the law allowed. Judge Mitchell appears to have been swayed by this second argument. He ordered the defendant to serve only four months. Dr. King was first carted off to the Georgia state prison at Reidsville and then released on bail.

Governor Ernest Vandiver of Georgia was not available to the press, but his executive secretary, Peter Zack Geer, was pleased to comment. "I think the maximum sentence for Martin Luther King might do him good," opined Mr. Geer. "It might make a law-abiding citizen out of him and teach him to respect the law of Georgia." This will be read with interest at the United Nations, in darkest Africa, in restless Asia, in decadent Europe, and in that hotbed of mixed breeds, Latin America. To the populations of all these places, Georgia justice will seem peculiar indeed; it seems peculiar even to some in Georgia. Mayor William B. Hartsfield of Atlanta, a moderate in the integration dispute, said, "I have no desire to criticize the courts. But I have made requests of all the news agencies that in their stories they make it clear that this hearing did not take place in Atlanta."

Catch 'Em on the Campus

The American Cancer Society is the biggest spoilsport in the nation. One of its recent exhibitions of sheer meanness is a series of long interviews with a sample group of 587 doctors around the country. Did the doctors consider cigarette-smoking a major cause of lung cancer? Two out of three did; half of the affirmatives were sure, the other half considered it "probable." Over half of the doctors either never smoked cigarettes, or have stopped. Not content with frightening the doctors, the society has been trying to dissuade teen-agers from beginning to smoke. In the first eight months of the campaign, 10,000 film strips have been distributed throughout the country. The effort, says *The New York Times*, "is clearly designed to offset efforts of cigarette makers to sell their products to young persons."

Since the Cancer Society's educational budget totals only $113,000, it may reasonably be hoped that not too many young persons will be deprived of the pleasure and solace of smoking. Can one doubt that the cigarette manufacturers have more than $113,000 to spend in countering the Cancer Society's morbid propaganda? The college market is of great importance in the manufacturers' calculations; the *Times* reports on Philip Morris, Inc., which has established a full-scale campus promotion program. This company maintains full-time college supervisors in each of its basic sales regions. The supervisors hire and train undergraduates to act as student representatives. Ingenious techniques were evolved. Fraternities competed with each other in trying to guess the greatest number of football scores correctly. This may seem to have little to do with cigarette-smoking, but each score had to be written on the back of a Philip Morris wrapper. Prizes ranged from phonographs and ping-pong tables to trips to Europe. Today, things are even better integrated. Philip Morris' personnel men visit the campuses and pick promising juniors for summer training with the company. The trainees serve as campus representatives in their senior year and, if they fulfill their promise, are offered positions with the company. Many, says the *Times*, "have now advanced to key executive posts with Philip Morris."

Philip Morris has 165 campus representatives across the country and, just to show how silly the two-thirds of those 587 medical calamity-howlers are, none of them has yet developed lung cancer.

GOLDEN HEMORRHAGE . . *by Peter L. Bernstein*

THE GOLD AND DOLLAR "problem" has been allowed to deteriorate until it now reveals unmistakable signs of crisis. An acceleration in the outflow of gold from the United States, frenzied speculation in the precious metal in London, soothing and meaningless statements from the powers that be, the increasing use in the public prints of expressions such as "devaluation" and "foreign exchange controls" — all indicate that matters are close to a boiling point. A strange paradox for the wealthiest country in the world, sitting on a gold hoard that is nearly half the world's total monetary gold supply!

The elements of the problem are relatively simple. The possible solutions are diverse and vary in complexity. The problem is definitely soluble and the crisis can be avoided,

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but only on one condition: people must keep their heads and recognize that the United States is a long way from going broke. No banker, no matter how sound his institution, can pay off all his depositors if they ask for their money at once.

A brief review of the facts of the case will be helpful in understanding the possible solutions that may be adopted.

For a number of years, Americans have been paying out to foreign countries more money than foreigners have been spending here. Although sales of American goods and services abroad have been maintained at a better level than most people realize, our imports of foreign merchandise and our outlays for foreign services (especially travel by American tourists abroad) have been rising persistently. In addition, we are spending money abroad to maintain our troops and equipment on foreign soil, to finance the growing volume of investment by American business firms in foreign countries and, finally, to cover the aid that we have been giving to underdeveloped countries in the poorer areas of the world.

FOR EXAMPLE, here is what the U.S. balance of international payments looked like for the first six months of 1960:

Payments received from foreigners	
	($ billions)
Exports of goods and services	13.2
Payments made to foreigners	
Imports of merchandise and commercial services	10.3
U.S. military expenditures abroad	1.5
Private remittances	0.2
Government grants* and loans, net	1.6
Private investments	1.1
TOTAL	$14.7
Balance of payments deficit	$ 1.5

*Excluding goods and services transferred under military grants.

What does this deficit mean, as a practical matter? It means that there are more dollars being deposited in the bank accounts that foreign countries maintain in the United States than there are dollars being spent here by these countries. Much of this money remains here; it is invested in American securities of various types, or simply carried in the bank. Some, however, is withdrawn from the United States, and the withdrawals are made by buying gold from the U.S. Treasury and paying for it by drawing down the balances that each country has built up in its U.S. bank account. Thus, during the first six months of 1960, foreigners drew down $144 million of their bank accounts in order to purchase gold from the U.S. Treasury.

Since midsummer, however, the pace of converting dollars into gold has greatly accelerated. More gold went out in July than in the entire preceding six months, and withdrawals have continued at a weekly rate that has averaged around $50 million. The major reason for this change of pace was the decline in interest rates in the United States—a reflection of the slowing down of business conditions here, contrasted with continued higher rates of interest in Western European capitals. Many foreigners transferred money invested in short-term U.S. securities yielding no more than 3 per cent to Germany, Britain and France, where a return of better than 4 per cent was readily available and yields as high as 6 or 7 per cent could be obtained on longer-term investments.

One final point is extremely important. There has been no "flight from the dollar." The conversion of dollar balances into gold has taken only *part* of the increase in dollar holdings by foreign countries. At this writing, foreign holdings (excluding international institutions) of U.S. bank accounts and short-term securities are about $1.4 billion higher than they were a year ago.

NOW, the United States obviously must bring its international payments deficit into balance, or even into surplus, before too long. Foreigners will at some point get tired of accumulating more dollars than they want to spend here, and massive withdrawals will begin. If, at the same time, Americans become frightened about the future value of the dollar and a flight of American capital occurs at the same time that foreign capital is pulling out, the United States Government will then face the extremely unpleasant alternatives of devaluating the dollar (that is, insisting that foreigners give up more than $35 in order to buy an ounce of gold from us), reneging on our international obligations and our readiness to permit conversion from dollars into any other currency, or, at worst, of seeing our gold reserves completely depleted. In the last case, the consequences would include a ghastly process of deflation, bank failures, mass unemployment and refusal of foreigners to sell any more goods to us.

HOW, then, can we avoid the currency crisis which will crash around our heads sooner or later if we fail to face this problem?

One way, of course, would be to increase our sales of goods and services to foreigners. The trend in this direction is already favorable. The dissipation of inflationary influences in the United States economy this year is a basis for added optimism that our goods are priced right in world markets. At best, however, expansion of export trade is a long-term objective — probably longer term than we can afford under current conditions.

A second method to redress our payments imbalance would be to cut out our expenditures abroad for the maintenance of troops and equipment on foreign soil. But this is a political-strategic question, whose solution is dependent essentially upon either a recasting of American military strategy or a settlement with the Russians in which we agree to give up our foreign bases in return for some major concession from them.

A third method might be to cut out the foreign-aid program. There is considerable pressure for this. The simple arithmetic of the table above would seem to support the logic of it, in cold economic terms. But the fact is that the underdeveloped countries spend at least 75c out

of every dollar we give them on American goods and services. If there had been no foreign aid in the first half of this year, our out-payments would have been down $1.6 billion, but our exports would probably have been $1.2 billion less than they were. The net gain, in other words, would have been negligible in terms of money, while the net loss on a social or political level would probably have been catastrophic.

Could we apply tariffs or import quotas in an effort to reduce the volume of our payments to foreigners? In the short run, this would certainly reduce our balance of payments deficit, although it would also mean higher prices to be paid by Americans for the raw materials, machinery, toys, radios, automobiles, textiles, etc. that we can now buy so reasonably abroad. Before too long, however, shocked at our reversal from the vigorous pursuit of policies designed to *expand* the free flow of foreign trade, foreign governments would begin to retaliate by raising tariffs or applying import quotas against our goods and services. If our exports decline as fast as our imports, where is the gain?

THERE IS another solution, less apparent to the naked eye: As long as the cold war continues unabated, our Western European and Japanese friends are going to have to assume a larger share of its burdens. And they can well afford it by now. It is they who have been building up enormous dollar balances, while the rest of the world continues to be desperately short of dollars.

During the first six months of this year, for example, our exports to Western Europe and Japan exceeded our imports by $800 million (this was the excess of our receipts from them over our payments to them on account of commercial trade transactions). But this favorable factor was more than offset by over $1 billion in military expenditures for maintenance of bases in these areas. In addition, our payments were swelled by another half-billion in private, long-term investments of various sorts. These are the areas, in short, where the deficit in our international transactions is concentrated.

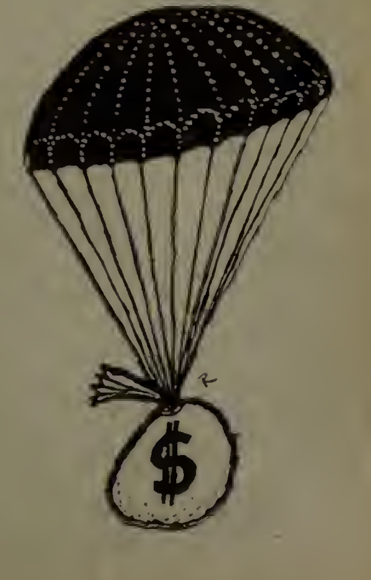
This is a continuation of a trend that has been in existence for a considerable period of time. About 60 per cent of the rise in our merchandise imports over the past four years has been in goods purchased from Western Europe and Japan. These countries account for all of the rise in the demand claims against America's gold since the end of 1957 (when the deficit in our balance of payments grew large enough to be a problem). Today they hold 60 per cent of all these foreign-owned short-term dollar assets.

Furthermore, although foreigners used to worry that Europe would catch pneumonia if America sneezed, our imports from these industrialized countries have developed a remarkable degree of insensitivity to business cycle changes in the United States. During the 1958 recession here, for example, our merchandise imports from Western Europe and Japan actually *rose* by around $250 million, while imports from the rest of the world — primarily imports of raw materials — dropped by more than $260 million.

WESTERN Europe and Japan actually have little choice. They clearly cannot enjoy or benefit from the demise of the dollar as an international currency. The political implications can hardly be exaggerated. Dollar devaluation would be the equivalent to a cut in the price of all American goods and an increase in the price of all foreign-made goods; the consequences to Western European and Japanese foreign trade would be distinctly unfavorable, because the United States must then take business away from them. Meanwhile, the movement of money from the United States has an extremely inflationary effect in the "receiving" countries and greatly complicates the problems of their governments in keeping their own price levels in line.

Furthermore, any of the steps we may take to protect ourselves will cut into Western Europe and Japan's currently flamboyant prosperity. Tariffs will dent their sales of merchandise to us. Import quotas will have the same result. Restricting American tourists in the amounts they can spend abroad will hurt tourist business. A cutback in our foreign-aid program would reduce the ability of the underdeveloped nations to buy goods and services in Europe and Japan. A tight money policy in the United States, designed to raise our interest rates and deflate our wage-price level, would certainly lead to a sharp reduction in our purchases abroad and would attract short-term funds from foreign money market centers to New York.

SINCE protection of the integrity of the dollar, therefore, has the most vital political and economic importance; since the persistence of our balance of payments deficit can be tolerated for only a short time longer; since the question of American military bases abroad requires a political rather than an economic decision; since steps to restore the balance of our international payments must in any case affect foreign economies, and since Western Europe and Japan are currently in a very strong economic position vis-à-vis the United States, the conclusion seems remarkably clear-cut. These countries must contribute a larger share of the costs of the for-



eign bases and must transfer as loans or aid some of their surplus dollar balances to the underdeveloped countries to speed economic progress throughout the world. While political methods must be used to attain this goal, the goal itself is an economic one. The reluctance of our foreign friends to pick up part of the tab is understandable, so long as Uncle Sam shows no disposition to protect himself.

In essence, then, since the economics of the entire matter is so clear, the problem boils down to one of political leadership and skill. In this area, as in most others, we can only hope that the next administration will show greater ability and willingness to seize the initiative before the crisis reaches fever heat.

DEBATING the GREAT DEBATE

Despite the cynics, the Presidential campaign seems to have turned up a genuine issue after all: Who Won the Great Debate and Was It a Good Idea in the First Place? Certainly no other issue in the campaign has aroused so much popular passion — and not only among Americans. And oddly, public interest centers at least as much on the debate itself — an innovation in campaign techniques — as on its possible effects on the election.

So it is on the debate, and not on its possible result (difficult to assess even after the returns are in), that we asked the contributors to the following symposium to address themselves. It's no good asking us on what basis we chose the contributors; there was no principle involved, scientific or otherwise. Our contributors have this much in common, and very little else: they are all American, they are all intelligent, and they were all watching their TV screens at the appropriate times. — EDITORS.

Asking for a Job

Alan Harrington

[*Mr. Harrington, whose* Life in the Crystal Palace *was an interesting analysis of the white-collar worker in a large corporation, sees the Great Debate as a kind of "personnel interview" for the biggest job in the country.*]

New York City

THE JOINT appearance of Senator Kennedy and Vice President Nixon on television may be imagined as the first great, nation-wide personnel interview in our history. We have an Executive vacancy that must be filled. Two men have beaten out all other applicants for the job. Now we must make the final choice between them. Their qualification records are before us, and so are their scores on various tests of excellence that interested authorities have devised. There remains the significant, intuitive relationship that must be established between members of the hiring committee (in this instance, millions of us) and the job applicants. This is especially important when we are choosing a man for leadership of a big enterprise like a country — when mismanagement in the next four years can contribute to world bankruptcy.

For the first time since our country came into being, virtually everyone has had the chance to watch the candidates — if not in the flesh at least in close-ups larger-than-life — under merciless conditions in which the smallest fumble, mumble, hint of hesitation or drop of perspiration is instantly magnified and placed on the record beyond hope of denial.

In dual loneliness, Kennedy and Nixon have to deal with us. The TV cameras enable us to look across our desks at the calm or fidgeting applicant and see his mettle tested. We can see him, in effect, heckled, even if the heckling has turned out to be mild. We see Kennedy and Nixon placed under conditions of stress, the way the personnel people like to do it, and observe how the applicants think on their feet. (I think where job-testing for positions in private industry is concerned, putting applicants under stress, or artificial stress, can often be incompatible with a regard for human dignity. Since Kennedy and Nixon are public men, we may ask them to stand up to this sort of thing.)

Until this year, most of the electorate has had to judge the Presidential candidates' fitness by hearsay, press reports, the sound of a radio voice, or their TV appearance *under controlled circumstances.* A political speech made before an admiring audience that will surely applaud the candidate, or a cozy chat issuing from his library, has never given us an approximation of the whole man. Now, thanks to the Kennedy-Nixon TV confrontations, we are appreciably closer to the valid, intuitive "take," the wholly human — even though sometimes mistaken — feeling we have about someone whom we are going to accept or reject for a job.

Of course, the candidates knew this and therefore they projected themselves in a conservative fashion. Since neither cared to take the risk of spoiling their images, they refrained from entertaining us with any bold ideas about running the country. We longed for a surprise, a few laughs, a leap of imagination. Nobody thought to suggest, as someone did just the other day, that we abandon Quemoy and defend Matsu.

Admit, then, that no great intellectual advances were scored during these TV debates. Acknowledge that important issues were not clarified. The individual natures of the *men* involved were clarified, it seems to me, in small but telling ways. In the political pit of the TV studio, the man under tremendous pressure, with a nation of eyes looking at him, must reveal parts of his nature unintentionally when his opponent attacks. I think this is true whether the attack is rough or relatively decorous.

Both candidates showed themselves to be extraordinarily quickwitted in face-to-face confrontation. They can speak English. I felt that both demonstrated toughness. This is important, since the new President will have to keep his head when big fists are hammered on the table in front of him — real, physical fists. The TV debates did not change this voter's feeling about Nixon. But Kennedy came across to me as a great deal bigger, stronger and more mature person than I had guessed. The electronic impression: "He can handle himself." That's all that's new, but enough to make one TV observer want very much to vote for him, as opposed (a month or so ago) to deciding not to vote at all.

From this living room, the debates appeared to be a wonderful idea, most welcome. Did they say nothing to you? Then you can, in good conscience, refuse to endorse either candidate.

Imagine such a debate taking place eight years ago between candidates Eisenhower and Taft, and later Eisenhower and Stevenson. Would history have been changed? One thing is likely — if TV debates of this kind become a matter of American political custom, all future Presidents of the United States, whatever their principles, will at any rate be quick and articulate men.

TV Technique

Harvey Wheeler

[The author, who teaches political science at Washington and Lee University, examines the Great Debate in the light of the special characteristics of the communications medium in which it took place.]

Lexington, Va.

REGARDLESS of what happens on Election Day, it will be almost impossible to determine the electoral effect of the TV debates between Kennedy and Nixon. If Nixon wins, there will be no way of measuring how the Great Debate affected his victory. If Kennedy wins, Nixon supporters are certain to credit the debates with a large responsibility for the victory. But the case will be hard to make unless Kennedy wins in a large popular (not merely electoral college) landslide. Yet it is already apparent that this innovation will have extensive ramifications.

There is no such thing as a "neutral" medium of communication or exchange. Every different type of channel or conveyer imparts its own peculiar form to the material it conveys. The barbecue-Chautauqua favored the oratorical elder statesman and was especially susceptible to emotional and demagogic exploitation. Radio put a high premium on a pleasing voice and accent. Television is even more of a homogenizing mass medium. It has created its own symbolic language: certain shorthand stereotypes which carry a maximum audio-visual message at a minimum cost. Television is for this reason most efficient as a medium of communication when the material it is given has been pre-translated into its own peculiar symbolic language. The most deeply etched stereotypes of television are the "good guys" and the "bad guys" — the Jack Armstrong All-American Boy versus the shady trickster. Television concentrates the expression of these stereotypes on the face. There is little doubt that in his debate with Nixon, Kennedy has profited from his fortuitous facial correspondence with TV's pre-established model of the "good guy."

Moreover, television is a full-attention, leisure, relaxation medium. It sits you down; it requires that you have available leisure; it asks for your full attention. This means that television is intrinsically the medium of affluence and indolence—especially in the evening hours. Even the marginal worker becomes — figuratively—affluent and indolent as he takes his place before his set. Television converts its viewers into a white-collar audience, regardless of their non-television status.

The white-collar (or bureaucratic) class is superseding the laboring classes as the politician's crucial electoral target. Already we know a great deal about the white-collar, bureaucratic man. He is other-directed and status-oriented. He has a characteristic set of fears and aspirations. From this standpoint, Nixon had every reason to expect that a TV debate with Kennedy would be to his advantage; he had television's built-in white-collar bias going for him in the beginning. But it is hard to say that he maintained that advantage throughout the series.

The evidence already in from polls indicates that the unusually high number of "undecideds" was largely concentrated among the white-collar groups. And this is consistent with all we know of them. For all people, and for white-collar people in particular, a conviction about who is going to win has a determining influence on the decision on whom to be for. If Nixon had made a clearly superior impression in the first debate, it is quite likely that he would have reaped the potential advantage available to him from television's white-collar bias. But the fact that he did not—the fact that he came through in the pre-established image of television's "bad guy"—may have tended to atomize the distribution of the white-collar vote among the two parties.

TELEVISION has a built-in situational bias regarding style of delivery. The orator haranguing a partisan rally develops a special technique for that situation. It is a situation which responds to exaggeration and caricature. But when a TV debate like that between Kennedy and Nixon is staged, the audience has neither organic nor political homogeneity. There is no mass response to the speakers. The viewer, isolated and relaxed, is in intimate contact with each speaker by turns. It is the setting of a living-room conversation, not a mass rally. In such a setting all of the exaggerations which have a positive effect on a mass rally have a negative effect on the living-room viewer.

Nixon had long ago developed an effective oratorical technique for addressing mass partisan rallies. His great success with the "Checkers" speech probably deceived him into assuming that the same style was well adapted to a television debate. But the "Checkers" speech was over a moral issue, not policy questions. And in that speech he was by himself on television—unchallenged by opponent or reporters. Now, in the debate, the gestures which are necessary in a mass rally appeared stagey

and artificial; emotional issues which can be drummed into an organic audience of partisans seemed thin in an empty studio face to face with a pleasant Ivy-leaguer with a hair-trigger mind. It is this entirely unexpected failure of previously invincible methods which probably accounts for the bewilderment and shock which Nixon and his supporters displayed after the first round. In the three following rounds, Nixon progressively adjusted his style to the specific situational bias created by the debates. But even at the end he was not master of the situation.

Kennedy on television was the fortuitous beneficiary of his oratorical defects. He is not an orator. He seems temperamentally unable to develop an emotional theme. He addresses a rally gestureless, inflectionless and at a rate of speech so rapid as to render his arguments unintelligible. Reporters who follow him are unanimous in their opinion that the masses who gather to hear him are at their highest pitch of enthusiasm before he starts to speak—with enthusiasm ebbing steadily to the end. However, the very characteristics which tell against him on the hustings worked to his advantage in his debates with Nixon. His unadorned style of delivery fitted well into the viewer's living room. And although his rapid rate of speech prevented much of his content from being assimilated, what did come through was the picture of a bright, knowledgeable young man of great earnestness, energy and integrity.

In these first four debates, entirely accidental features in the styles of delivery of both men happened to favor Kennedy.

A Landmark?

Kenneth Rexroth

[*The last time* Nation *readers heard from Mr. Rexroth, poet, essayist and critic, he had decided to "sit this one out" (see issue of Sept. 24).*]

San Francisco, Calif.

THE GREAT DEBATE on the Great Debate has proven to be a lot more controversial than the Debate itself. There is a widespread feeling among journalists and other people in "communications" that it marks some sort of landmark. To mark the land in history you've got to have something remarkable. I have failed to notice any such in this instance. I have done a lot of inquiring-reporter scouting, and as far as I can find out, the man on the street feels the same way. The American Presidency does not represent a compact political group of any sort, but a coalition. Even the Roosevelt campaigns were struggles for an "uncommitted center." This quadrennial sales pitch offering the same enticements to the same potential buyers has a habit of overreaching itself. In the Willkie-Roosevelt contest, Wendell Willkie became more Rooseveltian than his opponent, and vice versa. After it was all over, Willkie summed it up: "campaign oratory." Since the Kellogg and Post patents expired, it has become impossible to tell one brand of corn flakes from the other. They are sold by appeals to outside interests which have nothing to do with nutriment — space cadets, rocketry, international adventure, the frontiers of science, romances of the American past, the curious folkways of outlandish peoples, all can be found on the side of the box, in six colors, any morning at breakfast. So with the Great Debate for the American Presidency — these are precisely the things that the boys have been debating.

Since any "firm" (as they say in Mad Alley) commitment to any important issue whatever would alienate some section of the uncommitted center — important, I mean, to their own lives, here and now, before their faces, like the bowl of breakfast food — these things, by mutual agreement of the PR men on both sides, are utterly taboo. A dignified soft sell, "Don't worry, you're safe, whichever of us wins," but with it just the faintest glitter of the three lures which long experience has proven most attractive to children — candy, sex and bloodshed, coupled with a forthright opposition to Sin. Every vote of a member of the Teamsters and the United Auto Workers counts, and every vote of every Northern liberal and Southern Bourbon, every cattle baron, every fly-by-night sawmill operator, every conservationist, every Taos *bohème* with her head full of Theosophical Indianism. About the only people automatically eliminated are the Negro pseudo-Moslems, the Prohibitionists and — guess who — the avowed members of the Communist Party. Both candidates are running full tilt against Fidel Castro and Nikita Khrushchev. Possibly, if these two gentlemen had not made such fools of themselves on television, there wouldn't have been any opponents available at all.

THIS brings up the one small demonstrable merit of the show. As time goes on, television may well purge American politics of gross ill manners. I know a number of MPs socially. In my life, I have met hardly any members of the House of Representatives I would care to invite into my home. Television destroyed Senator Joe McCarthy. It seems to be far crueler than the naked eye. Mr. Khrushchev's effect on Mr. Seke Touré, sitting alone in his hotel room, seems to have been far more shocking than the Soviet Premier's actual presence in the Assembly, and may well have changed history. I don't think there is any question but that it would be impossible today to run, much less elect, a gross buffoon, a ruffian, or even a boozy, good-natured rascal. The days of Warren Gamaliel Harding are gone forever. As Mr. Riesman's revolution seeps down through the base of the social pyramid, only Manhattan and the piney woods will still accept the ill-bred politician. Mr. Nixon and Mr. Kennedy are perfectly Other Directed, and they'd jolly well better be. In fact, their advisers have pushed this realization to the point where, in their Great Debate, they have spent most of their time other-directing each other. It has been an exercise in the one-upmanship of high-toned conformity.

ONCE IN a while the ugly facts of life do leak through the bland skin of Mad Alley — a kind of osmosis of the pressure groups. This usually is due to the fluff of an over-enthusiastic sideman, as they say in jazz. A notable instance is the Negro-in-the-Cabinet boner, a booby trap out of which all concerned backed with embarrassing haste. Another, and a rather startling one, is Matsu and Quemoy. I have never thought that Mr. Nixon stood a real chance, but if he had, this one error in salesmanship would probably have defeated him. James Reston and Drew Pearson may be more articulate than most people, but they are really pretty typical of the well-dressed, decently educated voter, no longer an insignificant minority. This episode has demonstrated pretty conclusively that there are pressures even more powerful than the smothering togetherness of Public Relations.

And, in this particular instance, the nature of those pressures is indisputable — the fortunately small minority of the unreconstructed war-hawks in the Pentagon and the very dirty money of the China Lobby. It is interesting to notice the good sense of the common man's response to the raising of this issue. The universal reaction has been that matters of global strategy, let alone what in this case, due to the small area involved, is really specific military tactics, is neither a fit nor a sensible subject for debate before the eyes and ears of the Chinese High Command. It is rather pitiful to watch the two ultra-smooth quiz kids try to bail out — each trying to get into the life boat first.

I think that, as far as public reaction is concerned, Senator Kennedy got over the side and away in the fourth round. It was interesting to watch the invitation to retraction. This may be the only spot in the whole show where simple truth was determinative.

The contrast between the radio broadcast and the visual presence on the TV screen was very sharply pointed up in the Polish question. I, for one, know perfectly well that the whole business had nothing to do with real international policy — it was just a play for the voter in Hamtramck and along Milwaukee Avenue. However, disembodied words roll by so fast that it is easy to misinterpret them in rebuttal — attention is just not so focused in radio. Faceless, the Vice President was able to put a policy of "roll back the Iron Curtain" into his opponent's mouth. I doubt if this was as effective in the sharper image of television. Likewise, and even more so, this was true of the dispute about intervention in Cuba. The Saturday morning papers all carried outraged cries from conservative politicos all over Latin America who presumably had not seen, but only heard, the show. I talked to no "man on the street," however simple, who saw the show and who took away the impression that Senator Kennedy had advocated military intervention.

Finally, although his handlers have certainly turned out a New Nixon, and overcome that fatal resemblance to Rudolf Hess, they have not succeeded in producing an "image," to use current slang, to match the Senator's air of passionate conviction, commitment and sweet ingenuousness. It may all be a show and it may all come out in the wash, but right now it is more convincing than ever was Charley Van Doren. The Vice President operates under one almost insuperable handicap. Did you ever take a baby into a whorehouse? All prostitutes are devoted wives and mothers at heart. As everyone knows, the higher up you go in the glass cheese boxes along Mad Alley, the less belief you find in the job. The brutal fact is, most of the Vice President's engineers of opinion are going to vote against him. This certainly blurs the "image."

Drawings by Dempster

ONE THING the show has not been able to overcome is the "lesser of two evils" attitude of the man on the street. My grocer is a young Lebanese, married to the daughter of a Near East statesman. He said, "All this foreign policy debate is so much wind. What the United States should do is give aid in kind — food, machinery, technical help — not in money. Nobody ever says that we are creating, all over the East, and probably in Africa, a class of criminals who run these governments and grow rich on American money while the people starve and turn Red. Nobody dares say this. Look at Laos—look at Iran. I think I'll vote for Kennedy; his bull last night was just a little bit closer to the facts."

Across the street lives an entertainer whom I've known since she used to dance for the delectation of Studs Lonigan and his friends in the Golden Lily at Fifty-Fifth and the El. She said: "I never voted in my life. The less our people let them know what we're thinking, the more scared they'll be and the more likely they'll do something. Look at that nonsense about Ralph Bunche in the Cabinet. Lodge no sooner got the words out of his mouth than he had to eat them. I sure am not voting for Johnson. Margaret Truman's husband says he's never voted in his life. He ought to know. What's good enough for him is good enough for me." So it goes.

The only enthusiasm I've met was

at a very rich and chic home in Pacific Heights where the A.D.A. had gathered for reassurance from "Arthur" that it was still really good ole Adlai who was running for President. They were all worried about the labor and Negro vote and advised Arthur to advise his friend to be a little more cautious. There wasn't a single Negro or a single labor leader in the place, although, believe me, there are a number of quite rich and quite chic ones available. Still, there was a quiet, warm glow of tempered enthusiasm. That Man was still running — for his seventh term.

Another 'Gimmick'

W. G. McLoughlin

[*Mr. McLoughlin teaches history at Brown University, and as the author of* Billy Graham: Revivalist in a Secular Age, *knows a good deal about oratory.*]

Providence, R.I.

I AM NOT impressed by the claims that the Great Debate technique has had a "revolutionary" or even a very significent new impact upon American Presidential campaigning. It seems to me that here is simply one more in a long line of technical devices which have modified, but not basically altered, our electioneering practices. Historically, this new use of television belongs in the same category with the changes wrought by the political use of the telegraph, the cheap daily newspaper, the railroad, the radio, the newsreel, the helicopter, the jet airplane and the straight television speech. The mere fact that the two men "confront" each other on the same platform (a confrontation more apparent than real) is by no means so dramatic an innovation as the first nation-wide radio speech or the first televised National Convention. Yet who would call these revolutionary?

As a matter of fact, the confrontations had more of the quality of an advertising gimmick than of a radical political departure. They were little more than a variation on the press conference and the televised interview. As might have been expected, both Nixon and Kennedy are sufficient masters of these question-and-answer games to find little difficulty in mastering this unimaginative combination of them. In fact, once the unrealistic, anticipatory excitement about the earth-shaking importance of the debates wore off, both candidates seemed to relish the chance to display their skill at this new parlor game. The measure of their ability, and of the artificiality of the device, was demonstrated by the repetitious nature of the answers to the questions. Before the debate was half over, I heard people saying in a tone of surprise, "But he said the same thing last time, and he used the very same words." The debates added no new elements to the issues under discussion, and the candidates quickly reworked their campaign speeches into the simple answers required for a ninety-second rebuttal. Even when a *soi-disant* "new issue" like Quemoy and Matsu was raised, it soon became obscured in a mass of qualification, backtracking, contradiction and *ad hominem* quibbling.

IT IS EASY to blame the format or the questions for the disappointing results, but no juggling of either could change the fact that there are only so many debatable issues, there are only two candidates, and by the end of July there were only two sets of stock answers which would be given to any question. In the few cases when a question was put that was too pointed for a stock answer, the candidates could, and did, refuse to answer it (as in the case of their prospective Secretaries of State). Other delicate or difficult questions were fobbed off with statements about a major speech on that subject next week or a white paper to be issued later or a committee to be appointed to study the matter after election. Conversely, it is not surprising that two of the most complicated issues in the campaign, religion and civil rights, were not even mentioned in the four debates, for the obvious reason that panel members knew the candidates would merely bury them under an avalanche of pious platitudes.

If I may have my own fling at the question of format, I would suggest the presence of a moderator of sufficient intellectual stature and prestige — Walter Lippmann, say — who could lead the discussion in such a way as to push aside the platitudes and irrelevancies and lay before the public the complex realities of the issues under debate.

DESPITE their limitations, however, I am not advocating that debates of this kind should be abandoned, even in their present form. At least, many more persons are now acquainted with the issues and the candidates than before, and also with the answers to the issues offered by both candidates. This is a gain, though not a revolutionary one — a gain, that is, provided you have faith in the power of the electorate to judge the candidates and their policies wisely. Many observers insist that "the peepul" are easily fooled by demagogues and pious frauds. They believe that the public votes for a father-image or a handsome face rather than for a Chief Executive of a great republic. I disagree. I have often been impressed by how shrewd the insight of the average American is into the personalities and policies of the respective candidates. I do not believe he is deceived by platitudes, or that he wants only a father-image to lull him into serenity. The intense public interest in the Great Debate is a tribute to the earnest desire of the American people to get as much information as they can in order to make the right choice in what they realize is a very important election. It is a pity that their interest was, on the whole, so poorly rewarded.

I do not share the fear that this kind of debate may bring forth comments on inflammable or internationally delicate issues which, diplomatically speaking, are better left unsaid. The Quemoy and Matsu issue was not new, and its discussion has not changed America's position. To my mind there is more danger that the superficial answers of the debaters will soothe the public (which is better at judging men than ideas) into complacency over important issues than that they will excite the public to hysteria. This is especially true in view of how close the two candidates are in almost all their policies. After all, the Big Debate seems to be not about goals, but means. Indeed, this me-too-ism is its most distressing aspect. But American political parties being what they are, it will probably always be a major part of our campaigns. In any case, whatever new technical devices our engineers and admen dream up will soon be mastered by the political professional and turned to his own uses. And ultimately, unless someone produces an electronic device that will read minds, assess policies and evaluate character, the electorate will still have to make the crucial decision on the basis of its own judgment.

Momentous Event

Don W. Kleine

[The author, winner of an Avery Hopwood fiction prize last year, teaches English at Cornell University. He has published a study of "personality" politics.]

Ithaca, N.Y.

IT IS hardly surprising that newsmen, themselves instances of the mass culture they help perpetuate, should have complained almost indignantly of how "dull" this campaign has been — as if a dull campaign were somehow a failure of the democratic process. Up till the first debate, the contest *was* low in entertainment value. Neither man charmed the heart like a Roosevelt, nor elicited anything resembling the tide of smug enthusiasm which swept Ike into office. And, as sheer entertainment, the debates also have proved tame fare. To be sure, the Vice President's solemn arraignment of Truman's profanity provided a moment of sardonic comedy. But otherwise, these historical meetings have been far from the blazing spectacles they might have been (and may some day be) with professional script and actors. Neither candidate unmasked the other as millions gasped and wept; there were no searing retorts, no icy rages; the exchanges did not even bristle much. It is as if the participants had tacitly agreed not to go too far, as if each knew how fearful the consequences of spontaneity might be. The Nixon-Kennedy debates were not, then, just that brisk pick-me-up the doctor ordered for a dull campaign. Theatrically speaking, they were failures. But their failure as theatre is one of the things that, to my view, places them among the truly astonishing and momentous events of our time.

Nixon and Kennedy are two of the most brilliant political personalities to emerge from the war. Within each is an uncannily efficient little engine driving the man forward past all obstacles. For shrewdness and nerve, one could hardly imagine two opponents better matched: each is the apotheosis of the "new" species of leader. And yet, despite their fascination with lighting and studio temperatures, these political geniuses impress upon one, from the first debate to the last, the amateurism of their presences. Especially in the first encounter, but also in subsequent sessions, each man is, within the framework of his abundant courage, scared half to death. Certainly neither is that creature whose emergence an age of mass communications had taught one to expect — the abominable showman, the unprincipled entertainer-politician coolly "projecting" a false "image" into the livingrooms of the naive masses. On television, Nixon's deadpan image projects, if anything, graven; Kennedy, smoother in style, seems only a little more adept.

CONTRASTED with the real professionals of mass media, with suave Walter Cronkite for example, there is something touching about the candidates' stances. An unintentional but (in such a context) unavoidable note of *hectoring* rings throughout the correspondents' poised interrogations. The cameras are harsh toward the distinguished victims. Recurrently, the Vice President is surprised in attitudes of gloomy unease, as if he had blundered into the studio on the way to the washroom; the Senator is revealed at off-moments to be wincing, as if in pain. In short, the debates indicate that a political leader is not, after all, a professional entertainer, that the two vocations are not quite yet identical.

Nevertheless, the candidates are adventurers. It is appropriate that men not yet old have set the precedent. This willingness to play a game the counters of which are luck, grace and passion, and the stakes of which are nothing short of everything, implies, I think, the kind of intrepidity we associate with the young. For have the risks of any single campaign appearance ever been so high as in these debates?

TELEVISION, a medium for nuance, cruelly magnifies the amateur's smallest untrue gesture. Nixon and Kennedy, both of whom have often appeared singly on this medium, were now addressing not only the mass audience but also that most dangerous audience of all, each other — and without rehearsed speeches. The hazards of presenting an ideological position in this framework are alarming. A false presentation — which is what an amateur's attempt to project *himself* might involve—can discredit not only the candidate, but also (and quite unjustly) his approach to those questions of historical gravity which now face the nation. So the candidates' air of gingerly constraint, and that absence from the debates of verbal fireworks which our television commentators — so eager to be amused — have so reproachfully noted, seem hardly surprising. What does seem remarkable is that the participants should have submitted themselves at all to this harrowing ordeal.

By submitting to the ordeal, however, both candidates have focused the issues of this election with high clarity. They have disclosed that, so long as our leaders *remain* amateurs, television, despite its dangers for the amateur, can render the national dialectic with unprecedented effectiveness. The debates were not entertaining; that is the nation's luck. Yet, since they exacted of the candidates a courage nothing short of Presidential, their dramatic fascinations were immense. One will not soon forget how the fade which closed each session revealed each man at his podium pilloried in loneliness — will any of *us* ever be, in quite that way, quite that lonely?

Football's Phantom Sophomore . .

by Murray Chass

NEXT TIME you attend a college football game, check off the sophomores on the players' roster. If you submitted your checked list for verification to the university's office of student records, you'd find—especially if the game you are watching is in the South—that a good share of these gridiron sophomores are really juniors.

The discrepancy is due to something which, in the arcane lore of college athletics, is called "red-shirting," an institution designed to get four years of college football out of a player even where the varsity eligibility rules call for a maximum of three.

This is how it works. A youngster comes out of high school with a long and distinguished record as a flying half-back or flashy lineman. He plays a year of freshman football for his Alma Mater (which doesn't count against his three-year eligibility as a varsity player). Now the coach has a problem. The youngster is good, but needs seasoning; and his varsity needs tackling fodder for its practice sessions. So the coach puts him into a red shirt, uses him to sharpen the tackling, passing and ball-carrying of the varsity in practice, but carefully refrains from using him in a regular game. Thus no eligibility time is used up.

That's the way the youngster spends his sophomore year. But he is not expected to take his lumps for nothing; along with his red shirt, he continues to get his regular "salary" — i.e., the scholarship which brought him to the campus in the first place, and which generally includes room, board and other perquisites of the favored athlete.

Seen in this light, it is an expensive red shirt the young man is wearing; but, in the end, the university and its generous alumni are well repaid. For, by the time the student is in his senior year (by scholastic reckoning, that is), he is only a "junior" on the football field, and thus still eligible for another year of varsity play. So he stays on (with continued benefit of scholarship, of course); and the coach, in exchange for the uncertain talents of a sophomore, gets those of a more mature, brawnier, more experienced fifth-year college man.

Red-shirting, in other words, is a kind of five-year plan for athletes.

BIGGEST booster of the red-shirt practice is probably the Southeastern Conference (where, not necessarily by coincidence, the best brand of college football frequently turns up). "Red-shirting is a necessity for survival in the type of football that is demanded today," a Louisiana State University official said. "To be truthful, our red-shirt program has not yet gained the stature that it has reached elsewhere, but we're doing pretty good." It turns out that, in this official's opinion, red-shirting provides "an incubation period wherein the progress of the player is watched to determine if he has the potential to become a college winner."

Not all red-shirting is premeditated, so to speak. A coach with a big squad may find that he has never used Benny Behemoth right through the first nine games of the season. There's a spot in the tenth game where he could use the youngster. But a minute's play could use up an entire year's eligibility for Benny. In most instances, the coach is likely to forego Benny's services for the moment. At Duke University (in the Atlantic Coast Conference), a player who "appears not to be ready to play more than a few minutes during the year in a substitute role" may make the choice himself.

At Texas Christian University, red-shirting is carried on in a "quiet way," according to a campus official. "We never premeditatedly 'hold' a player when we sign him to an athletic agreement after his high school play is completed," he explained. "Nor do we promise him a five-year scholarship, which is what the practice of red-shirting amounts to. Still, each year several of our youngsters never see varsity competition down through the end of their sophomore year."

Outside of the South, red-shirting is not too frequent a phenomenon, and where found is usually carried out on an individual basis rather than as a consistent, over-all program. At least two college conferences have deliberately outlawed the practice: the Big Ten did so by adopting, in March, 1958, a rule which stipulates that a boy is eligible for athletic competition only during a period of four calendar years following his enrollment; and, in the Ivy League, a student is ineligible for intercollegiate competition the moment his class graduates. The Eastern Collegiate Athletic Conference may follow suit; its council has recommended that the period of eligibility for athletes be reduced from the present five years to four. In all likelihood, the recommendation will be followed.

Still, the five-year plan for athletes probably won't be wiped out entirely until and unless the National Collegiate Athletic Association, governing body of the major colleges competing in intercollegiate athletics, takes matters into its own hands instead of giving discretion to its regional groups. The organization's Committee on Recruiting and Financial Aids has recommended that some type of legislation be adopted to reduce the practice of red-shirting. The matter will be taken under advisement at the NCAA's annual convention in Pittsburgh in January. But the delegates will be up against some formidable opposition to reform. Commissioner Lloyd Jordan of the Southern Conference states: "All our schools are in favor of red-shirting, and it hasn't created any problems. About half our schools are red-shirting, and the rest probably have done so at one time or another."

One alumnus of a Southern school to whom I repeated Commissioner Jordan's words nodded a vigorous assent. "Don't know what these do-gooders are talking about," he rumbled. "If they say four years of college is good for a young feller, why ain't five years better?"

MURRAY CHASS, a recent graduate of the University of Pittsburgh, is with the Associated Press.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Affluent Underdog

LABOUR IN THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY. By Richard Crossman. Fabian Society. 24 pp. 2/.
CAN LABOUR WIN? By Anthony Crosland. Fabian Society. 24 pp. 2/.
BEYOND THE WELFARE STATE. By Gunnar Myrdal. Yale University Press. 287 pp. $4.50.

Arnold S. Kaufman

IN MANY Western democracies parties of the Left are in crisis. Involved are fundamental disputes both about policies and organization.

The idealogues of yesterday's German socialism have become today's "realists." Drastic revision of both program and organization has transformed the Social Democrats beyond recognition.

Kennedy's disastrous effort to woo the South has borne bitter political fruit in the United States. The Johnson session of Congress has displayed the adulterous marriage between conservative Southerners and the bulk of Republican legislators with such crystal clarity that even those nice Northern Democrats who are forever apologizing for the North's having won the Civil War are beginning to get fed up. And it is doubtful that the party "realists" will ever forgive the Southerners for having committed the ultimate political sin — jeopardizing electoral success.

But the troubles in America and Germany are like quarrelsome tea parties compared to the tempest now raging on the British Left. It is one of the ironies of political history that the traditionally level-headed empiricists of British socialism should be locked in what looks increasingly like mortal ideological combat. One expected such things of the party of Lenin and Stalin, but not of the party of Hardie and Webb. As in Germany and America, the conflict is a product, not of failure, but of the very success of Welfare State politics.

Of course there are also failures in the background. The Labour Party suffered three successive defeats, each time by an increased margin of loss. This unprecedented series of misfortunes is the immediate cause of a hot conflict between factions for whom Anthony Crosland and Richard Crossman, both MPs, have emerged as main spokesmen.

But reading their brief, clear Fabian pamphlets it becomes clear that the root of the matter lies far deeper than reaction to defeat. At bottom the problem is that of adjusting practice to theory—current political action to ultimate political commitments in light of the welfare achievements of the last half century.

CROSLAND is convinced that unless the Labour Party transforms itself it must die. A fast diminishing proletariat, combined with a gradual smudging of class lines, is the result of growing British affluence. Electorally these developments are disastrous; a conclusion which all careful, empirical study bears out. If the process is permitted to continue much longer, the Labour Party's political effectiveness will be destroyed.

The blight can be halted in one of two ways. Either some external catastrophe, economic or military, can destroy confidence in the Conservatives, or the Labour Party can refashion itself in such a way as to transform its public image. As the first alternative is hopefully unlikely, the second is necessary. So Crosland argues that those aspects of program and organization which create the bad image must be changed. This means, in particular, repudiating general and indiscriminate commitment to nationalization, and counteracting the identification of Labour as the party of austerity. It also means loosening, but not severing, ties with the trade unions.

Crosland emphatically denies that he places political success above moral position. He insists, on the contrary, that it is irresponsibly self-indulgent to sacrifice the chance of political victory for the sake of pseudo-integrity rooted in a traditionalist attachment to outmoded program and organization. People have problems here and now. It is irresponsible to sacrifice the chance of coping with their present ills to millennial aspiration.

Crossman rejects this analysis completely. He believes it is neither desirable nor necessary to reconstruct the Labour Party — and certainly not along Crosland's lines. Thrusting shrewdly, he asserts that if he did agree with Crosland he would find it logically necessary to quit the Labour Party, then help the Liberal Party to become Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition. In particular he contends that extensive nationalization of production, distibution and exchange is as vital to the achievement of essential aims as Socialists have ever believed.

His argument is ingenious. Developing a theme which is all too familiar to Americans, he stresses the importance of the cold war. Converting Galbraith's thesis to suit his own purposes, he argues that, because the affluent democracies are unable to channel an adequate portion of their resources into social expenditure, the West in general, and Great Britain in particular, is bound to fall behind the Soviet bloc in any peaceful competition. Private oligarchies will block necessary projects at every turn. Eventually the electorate will get fed up. They will then turn to the Labour Party, giving it a mandate to implement its program even if the program is one which has remained virtually intact during the years spent in the political wilderness.

It is essential that the Labour Party remain substantially unchanged because what it is and what it stands for are good. In particular, the basic ill of the modern Welfare State, misuse of the community's resources, can be remedied only through nationalization.

According to Crossman, Crosland's program is theoretically wrong and, in the long run, politically disastrous. So the Labour Party should combine ideological fervor with tactical patience — and when the moment comes, strike — electorally speaking, of course.

ON THE WHOLE, Crosland gets the better of the debate. He is right in insisting that it is deeply irresponsible to forego the possibility of remedying short-term ills. In an imperfect but tolerable and fairly progressive society it is wrong to ignore present hurts for the sake of alleged integrity.

Crosland is right in attacking the shibboleth of nationalization. It is not clear that public ownership is the indispensable condition of a proper channeling of social expenditure (certainly Galbraith does not believe this), or that it is even a particularly good way of achieving economic *control*. The distinction between *ownership* and *control* can never be sufficiently stressed. Like those who advocate the "property-owning democracy," Crossman neglects it. It does not follow, of course, that public

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ARNOLD S. KAUFMAN, who teaches philosophy at the University of Michigan, is now completing a book on the problems of responsibility.

ownership is necessarily useless or bad. Indeed, there is less justification for being dogmatically *against* it than there is for being dogmatically *for* it.

On the other hand Crosland fails to answer Crossman's shrewd thrust. This is partly because he is unwilling even to contemplate a really radical reorganization of the Labour Party's traditional relationship to the trade union movement. It becomes increasingly clear that the trade union's preponderant power within the party's highest councils is more responsible for perpetuating the "bad image" than any other single factor. That this is so was long concealed from the party leadership because fairly right-wing elements dictated trade union support of that leadership. But the ascendancy of such men as Frank Cousins, chief of the left-wing Transport Workers Union, has made the real instability of present arrangements only too clear to Gaitskell and his followers. The Liberals have emphatically stated that the essential condition of any genuine *rapprochement* is precisely the dismantling of those traditional ties. Of course, Crosland's unwillingness to contemplate this reorganization does differentiate his position from that of the Liberals. However, his key arguments tend on the whole to justify the Liberal demand, and he offers no reasons for rejecting it.

BUT the fundamental inadequacy of both pamphlets is excessive preoccupation with practice to the neglect of theory. Paradoxically, Crossman's belligerant socialism is inspired by a deep conservatism — a desire to retain intact the convictions of the party's founding fathers. On the other hand, though Crosland's moral seriousness is evident in everything he writes, it tends to be overwhelmed by tactical preoccupations. Crossman fights vigorously to renew an old dream; Crosland to extend old achievements. Neither inspires his conception of political action with a new vision appropriate to the changing conditions of the modern Welfare State.

Gunnar Myrdal has, however, written a wise and lucid book which both authors would do well to take to heart. In *Beyond the Welfare State*, the Swedish economist sketches a program designed to cope with the Left's crisis of achievement. With calm which only rarely betrays the deep passion that motivates him, Myrdal argues that the Left should develop a program which aims, first, to enrich the Welfare State by increasing the element of participatory democracy within it, and, second, to build what he calls "the Welfare World." All other questions of policy should be treated as subordinate to these overriding aims once basic welfare achievements have been consolidated and extended.

What is so impressive about Myrdal's book is its perspective. Briefly tracing the development of the Welfare State through two stages, he describes the first as having involved piecemeal intervention by the state, the second as the emergence of more coherent forms of planning. Like Crosland, he denies that public ownership is the key to the full development of this second stage. In it a harmony is created through cooperative effort and through collective bargaining in its widest sense. That kind of planning has not yet been fully achieved anywhere, but already the problems that lie beyond this second stage are becoming apparent. The Welfare State may be satisfactory, but it is not richly satisfying; a third stage is required. To transform the shallow Welfare State into a truly good society the creation of a genuine democracy of participation is necessary. Like John Dewey, Myrdal believes that it is necessary to reconstruct the social order so that individual human beings come to play an effective role in the creation of policies, institutions, of the very values that shape their lives. This devolution of power must be achieved without dismantling that structure of laws and institutions which enables coherent planning. Myrdal does not minimize the difficulties. He does stress the necessity.

The other great requirement of the third stage is the effort to create the Welfare World. Achievement of this goal is even more difficult than creation of genuine participatory democracy. This is so, first, because industrial growth in the underdeveloped nations must be pursued along a fundamentally different path from that taken by the developed nations of the West; but, second, "the democratic Welfare State in the rich countries of the Western world is protectionist and nationalistic." The very achievements of the Welfare State frustrate efforts to create the Welfare World. National integration promotes international disintegration.

THOUGH frankly Utopian, Myrdal's vision of what lies beyond the Welfare State is deeply realistic. He never permits himself to forget that politics is ultimately about the effort to build a social system in which individuals can lead full, meaningful lives. When minds are full of ingenious political arguments, full of large abstractions like "public ownership," "electoral image," "social expenditure," "affluent society," and so on, it is easy to forget this, easy never to see it, but, above all, easy to say it without taking it to heart — without permitting it to transform one's estimate of the present and vision of the future in a genuinely radical way. The fundamental things in political life are always simple — and hard to grasp. It is in regard to these simple matters that both Crosland and Crossman tend to fail, especially the latter. And it is in this respect that the strength of Myrdal's analysis principally lies.

Even so, a nagging note of skepticism persists. Creative, responsible participation can help make men *truly human*— to use Marx's neglected phrase. But what are the limits of social action? Myrdal is implicitly optimistic about finding political remedies for all pervasive human ills. C. Wright Mills has explicitly claimed that underlying all widespread personal discontents are structural defects and that these can be remedied through social action. Is such optimism — which is, after all, the optimism of the Western radical ever since the Enlightenment — too rosy? Do widespread discontents exist for which no political remedies are possible — which can be dealt with only through moral effort combined with clinical therapy? But perhaps we should postpone these irritating speculations until we are well beyond the Welfare State. For surely to get beyond is our immediate task.

Youth

(From the Spanish of Pablo Neruda)

Acid and swordblade: the fragrance
of plum in the pathways:
tooth's sweetmeat of kisses,
power and spilth on the fingers,
the yielding erotic of pulps,
hayricks and threshing-floors, clandestine
recesses that tempt through the vastness of houses;
bolsters asleep in the past, the bitter green valley,
seen from above, from the glasses' concealment;
and drenching and flaring by turns, adolescence
like a lamp overturned in the rain.

BEN BELITT

Among the Rats

LA GUERRE D'ALGERIE. By Jules Roy. Julliard (Paris). 9 nouveaux francs.

W. S. Merwin

My tears ran through your laughter.
My wound bled in me alone.

My house, to me, is a fierce beast.
I wander on the roads without rest.

If you have eyes
I hope your eyes fill with tears . . .

—From an Arab song quoted in *La Guerre d'Algérie.*

THIS IS a painful book and it is partly for that reason that I feel I must write about it at once, though it may not be readily available yet outside France and certainly cannot have been translated into English, since the French edition is just out.

Jules Roy was born in Algeria in 1907, of a family of French *colons.* He spent twenty-five years in the French army, rose to the rank of colonel and was decorated six times. He left the army several years ago in order to be able to write freely. But when he went to Algeria last April in order to see for himself, insofar as he could, where the truth lay, he did not take with him an essential scorn of the military. On the contrary, he went feeling a certain nostalgia for the army itself—a sentiment composed of old habits and of memories of the last war—and a sympathy for the difficulties of the individual officers in Algeria. Nor did he go with his mind closed to the *colons.* He had his own childhood to remember. And he has (or had) many friends among the Algerians of European descent. His own brother and sister-in-law still live in the country to the south of Algiers. And M. Roy himself has neither the background nor the character that would have permitted him to ignore the legitimate case of the small farmers of French ancestry who were born in Algeria and have no place else to go.

Neither did he go to Algeria with the intention of gathering anti-government propaganda. Feeling that what information he might glean might conceivably be of use to de Gaulle (it seems more than likely that the French government itself must depend almost entirely on military sources for its knowledge of what is going on in Algeria), he requested, and received, a letter of recommendation from the *cabinet de l'Elysée.* Apart from that, his idea was not met with encouragement on all sides. "You're going to Algeria, just like that? What a weird idea. . . ." His son was moved to ask him, "Where's that going to get you?" On the other hand there was a sense of indebtedness to his friend Camus; he could not forget that before his death Camus had declared his intention of going back to Algeria. And there was Roy's own inconvenient, uneconomical, and even perhaps hazardous distaste for feeling ashamed.

THE *cabinet de l'Elysée* must have realized fairly early that they were in for a disappointment in M. Roy's account. If his articles on the Algerian war in *Le Monde* this last summer had not tipped them off, the tenor of his testimony would have leaked out in other ways. He finished *La Guerre d'Algérie* in August, and it was then turned down by several publishers before Julliard accepted it. When the printers began to set it up, the police arrived on the scene and they stayed for two weeks. However, they have not seized the book yet, nor the issues of *L'Express* in which a digest of it is being serialized as I write this report.

But by their lights they have good reason to feel qualms about it. Not that the author deliberately concentrates on torture or on any of the atrocities which were brought to light by H. Alleg and others in the *Gangrène* affair, and which obviously are still going on. M. Roy's treatment of such acts is, if anything, more damning than further detailed descriptions would have been. He assumes that the reader already knows about these horrors and about the special activities of the D.O.P., and he simply refers to them in passing and remarks that thousands of witnesses could testify to them if it were ever necessary. Apart from the chilling effectiveness of this sort of minimal reference, the author was prompted, no doubt, to adopt it for at least two reasons. In the first place he wanted to see the general situation rather than the extreme instance, however compelling. "I was afraid of owing my ideas about Algeria to particular cases. Therefore I asked to see the norm, the average. In some sense, the usual." And then, if he devoted a great deal of detailed description to tortures and atrocities, there was always the possibility that his book might be seized, and everything else that he had to say about

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W. S. MERWIN is a poet whose work has appeared frequently in these pages. His latest book is The Drunk in the Furnace, *just published by Macmillan.*

— the man
— his work
— and its
meaning . . .

JOSEPH
CONRAD

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non-conformity

by Osborn Andreas

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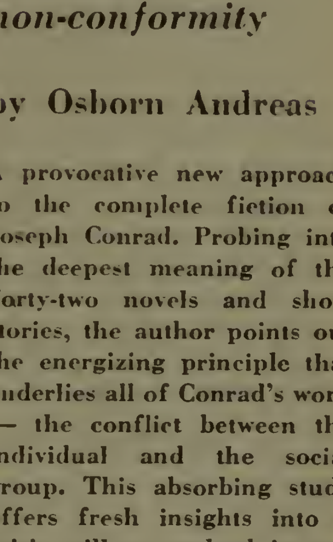

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Algeria suppressed along with the particular horrors.

And in fact M. Roy's over-all picture of the Algerian war is more valuable than any single detail, and that is saying a great deal when the details are reviewed. I think, for example, of this one:

> Just then I noticed, beside a near-by hovel, a twelve year old girl, naked under a coarse shirt which hung in rags. She was standing upright with one ankle tethered to a stake, like a donkey. She moaned, lifted up her arms to implore heaven, gave vent to long sobs which she would suddenly break off to burst out laughing and hitting her belly. Then she would start up the merry-go-round all over again. . . .
>
> "What's that?" I asked.
>
> The old man touched his forehead several times.
>
> "There are more like that down there," he said. . . . "The airplane bombardments, near Souk-Ahras. Two years ago."

So much for the war *à la* Goya. There are the other kinds of details, the descriptions of the frontier, the faces of the young Arab men in the displaced-persons camps, the camps themselves, the attitudes of the officers and others, the thickness of skins, and here and there the glimpses of hope.

And the author who recounts them and who through them presents a picture in depth of one man's experience of this war and its implications, does so, in the end, in naked anger. Not, I must say at once, in the sort of dazzled passion which delights in over-simplification. Never, for instance, does he minimize or excuse the brutalities of the F.L.N. It is the whole view of this civil war that has touched off the indignation of this obviously honest, equable and civilized man. His very reluctance to take the part for the whole, and the never-evaded conflict of his own loyalties, render his account moving and credible. They do more than that. They give his eventual indictment of French policy in Algeria unquestionable authority. It is scarcely surprising that, having come to condemn the war unreservedly, M. Roy's ire should be most fiercely provoked by the justifications which are presented for its continuation, and in particular by the argument that the French army is defending the West.

> "This West which you talk of," I said, "why do you want to be the only one to defend it?"
>
> "The whole army thinks as I do."
>
> "Then why doesn't the West defend this army at the U.N. . . .?"

A great part of the second half of the book is a free-ranging imaginary reply to these justifications, addressed to the captains in Algeria who at one time were M. Roy's own comrades-in-arms. They haunt him. When he is not addressing them, a great part of the time he is talking about them. Not only the worst of them, but also the ordinary career officers who have been distorted by the necessity of justifying the situation in which they have found themselves:

> It would be a beautiful sight, the Algeria of these gentlemen, the French Algeria of the D.O.P., with permanent regroupment cities, refugee camps in perpetuity, and suburban villas complete with bathtubs, electrodes, and dictaphones for spontaneous confessions. And why not all of France, if this organization is bidding fair to be the educator of the West. . .? What is the West, captain? How do you propose to defend the values which it represents to you with the arms which are distributed to certain of your comrades? How do you propose to defend moderation with massacre, justice with injustice, liberty of thought with indoctrination. . . . You wish the Arabs would love you and you wonder why they seem reserved. It's because they recall the captains who have gone through their villages ahead of you and who defended the West with pure hearts and their boots full of blood.

The passion, in case I have not yet accurately represented it, is that of a man who has had the courage to acknowledge his own shame and to act on it and speak his mind, who wants peace and wants it now, and believes not only that it is possible, but that any other course is degrading, criminal and eventually suicidal. It is this conviction which has driven a son of *colons*, after twenty-five years in the French regular army, to his uncomfortable decision:

> Between those who were hungry and those who could not eat all that was set in front of them, between those who bombed and those who lost their minds under the bombings, my choice was made. . . .
>
> Captain . . . at the moment when that caricature of negotiations which we witnessed this summer was just getting under way, I received a letter which spoke of you and your comrades, saying, "They're desperate." . . . As desperate as these men whom I've seen? You make me laugh, captain! . . . There is no longer anything in common between you and me . . . and if one day, in the sights of your tanks and planes you make out, among the rats* in rags a big bastard of your own race, with white hair, it will be me. Don't hesitate. Push the firing-buttons on your machine guns. You'll have accomplished a great deal, that day, for the cause of the West.

It's anybody's guess what will happen to men with M. Roy's sort of courage if the storm that now appears to be hanging over France ever really breaks. But at this moment particularly, and for reasons many of which are much nearer to home, it is heartening when somebody, anywhere, feels that way about injustice and is prepared to say so, giving chapter and verse.

**Colon* and French army slang for Algerians.

Nothing Is Static

NEW POEMS 1960. By Witter Bynner. Alfred A. Knopf. 134 pp. $3.75.

Winfield Townley Scott

WITTER BYNNER'S name has been known to a considerable public longer than that of any American poet now alive. Sandburg is a couple of years older than Bynner, and Frost seven years older, but neither of these now gray eminences in our literature was published in 1907, when Bynner's first book appeared and his reputation rapidly spread. But what is of real importance — what is as exciting as it is astonishing — is that *New Poems 1960* seems the finest of all his books. This at the age of seventy-nine.

I wish most of all that young readers, to whom Bynner may be scarcely more than a name from the remote past, will examine this book. They will find that their assumed corner on all that is experimental and new in poetry is not perfect. For here, from an old poet, are strange, difficult, illogical, surrealist poems — more "away out" in their authoritative integrity than many a hard-pressed *avant-gardist* could ever determinedly manage.

Yet these brief, free-verse poems are explainable from traditions that date back more than forty years in Bynner's work. His poetry, to be sure, has been influenced at various times by many traditions — seventeenth-century lyrics, Housman and the somewhat odd admixture of Whitman, among others —

WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT is a poet whose latest collection, Scrimshaw, *was published last year by Macmillan.*

and this no doubt is why Bynner has not yet been defined or placed: he has been, as it were, too various. But other strands, analogous amongst themselves, have woven a particular cord — the strongest and most beautiful — through his poetry, and they culminate in these new poems. These poems, it is true, came compulsively from nowhere, scribbled hurriedly between sleeping and waking, over a period of months; semi-dream poems, impervious to the revisions of fully conscious day. None the less it is evident that the subconscious shaped them out of a long-pursued craft.

The strands I speak of are easily isolated. They start in the imagistic era which Bynner joined when, with Arthur Davison Ficke, he perpetrated a hoax upon it: the extraordinarily successful "Spectrist" school of free verse. Everybody was fooled by it and he himself was captured by it, for he extended the style in his serious — and hitherto best — book, *The Beloved Stranger* (1919). By then, however, the method had been deeply enriched by his collaborative translations of Chinese poems, collected (1929) as *The Jade Mountain* — translations which, as Kenneth Rexroth remarked in *The Nation* recently, are fully as lovely as Pound's; and, one may add, as Waley's.

This, then, is the poetic background of *New Poems 1960*: of their brush-stroke brevity and their condensed imagery. Yet nothing is static. Staircases form and dissolve, beds glide out of windows, water and animals intermingle, up and down or absence and presence intermingle and reverse. It is really difficult, though, to explain how these surrealisms achieve their tone of poignant age and loneliness. The suggestiveness is infinitely subtle, indefinable and haunting.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

IT IS always a pleasure to listen to Sean O'Casey's prose. Another opportunity to do so is provided by *Drums Under the Window* (Cherry Lane) which Paul Shyre has arranged from the third volume of the collected autobiographies, "Mirror in My House." It is a fully orchestrated prose composed of elements from the St. James Bible, the Elizabethan dramatists, James Joyce and the long tradition of Irish blarney. What a feast for the ear.

The events from this particular section of the O'Casey books are not as dramatic or as touching as they are in certain of the other parts. Still, the meeting of an Irish club which comes to debate the outrage on national pride committed by Synge's *The Playboy of the Western World* — the indecent word "shift" was held to be particularly heinous — is a first-class bit of burlesque. There are other good moments of broad comedy and mild pathos.

What is disappointing in this most recent and honorable attempt to spread the O'Casey gospel is the technique of putting the readers on their feet, as if what they were doing was acting, when as a matter of fact they are merely illustrating the text rather skimpily.

FIORELLO is an enjoyable musical, put together by George Abbott, Jerome Weidman, Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick. They have now made another musical, *Tenderloin*, (46th Street Theatre) which I found wholly uninspired. An opportunity seems to have been missed, in this transcription of a novel by Samuel Hopkins Adams, because New York from Boss Tweed's time through to Mayor Gaynor's administration (1910-1913) must have been a picturesque place in its mixture of mud and opulence, crudity, depression, depravity and high-toned sanctimoniousness.

I myself remember the last flashes of Dr. Parkhurst's fulminations against vice in the New York *Journal*. I was a little boy then and in my mind the era is identified with my home on the lower East Side where my father, a Russian-born doctor, presided over what seemed to me a citadel of culture amid the knifings and shootings of neighborhood thugs. There he explained socialism, the demagoguery of William Randolph Hearst and the fine points in the writings of Tolstoy, Turgenev, Mark Twain, William Dean Howells. No doubt about it: there were classes in those days and a class struggle (the struggle of one class to acquire the status of the other), and societies in which the classes are sharply differentiated are always colorful and pulsating with drama.

But, alas, our theatre has hardly ever reflected that period adequately. (There is a touch of it in *The Iceman Cometh* and obliquely in Mae West's pieces, as in the trashy plays of Owen Davis: *Bertha the Sewing Machine Girl* or *Fanny the Pretty Typewriter*.) I came to *Tenderloin* with expectations of some gamy high jinks, only to find Maurice Evans (as a sort of Reverend Parkhurst) struggling with dull songs and flat lines. The reader will pardon me for taking a moment to indulge in personal reminiscence: they have a better flavor than *Tenderloin*.

AN EVENING WITH MIKE NICHOLS AND ELAINE MAY (Golden) is the work of intelligent and proficient entertainers. Elaine May, who really knows how to characterize through voice, speech and a scrap of costume, is something of an artist. It is she, I believe, who writes

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those portions of the material not mutually improvised. The jokes are easy and good: I liked her as the movie star who was soon to appear in a new MGM spectacular *The Big Sky*, the life story of God. I liked Mike Nichols when, as a Southern playwright named Alabama Glass, he described his forthcoming play as being about a man unjustly accused of not being a homosexual. The heroine of this significant document is devoted to alcoholism, prostitution and giving herself airs. I liked both Nichols and May in the teen-ager sketch wherein the discussion of the young folks' educational futures interrupts epic bouts of sexual preparation.

It is usually as difficult to endure a whole evening of jokes — even when they include ten-second parodies of Sagan, Dostoevsky, Erskine Caldwell — as it is burdensome to sit on at a party where each of the guests feels constrained to tell funny stories, but Nichols and May know when enough is enough.

THE SEASON is still young and I look forward to good things, but I cannot help musing over the fact that a few years ago some of our hopeful thinkers spoke of the American theatre as "the best in the world," and now in the fall of 1960 the most favored productions thus far have been *The Hostage* and *A Taste of Honey* (from London), *Irma la Douce* (from Paris and London) and *Becket* (from Paris, directed by an Englishman, with an English star).

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

AT CARNEGIE HALL, the New York Philharmonic gave the world première of a work by Lukas Foss which surely belongs in the company of the most important compositions by contemporary Americans. Entitled *Time Cycle*, it is a large, grandiloquent, colorful piece based on texts by Auden, Housman, Kafka and Nietzsche. In this performance, it employed the full orchestra, a soprano soloist and a four-piece improvising ensemble, which played interludes between the orchestra-vocal sections according to a ground plan prescribed by the composer. Despite the complexity of Foss's over-all conception, every note and measure of the piece sounded as if it were carefully integrated with the whole. Indeed, *Time Cycle* struck me as being one of the most completely "achieved" compositions I have heard in a long time.

Lukas Foss was born in 1922. Although he has not heretofore been known as a serial composer, this work was organized according to serial techniques, the least frequently used (according to Foss) being the 12-tone row. Since I have not read the score, I shall let technical discussion rest at this point. But the *sound* of *Time Cycle* is "serial," incorporating the characteristics of an extremely angular vocal line (especially in the opening song), a pointillist method of using thematic material and color, and a general atmosphere that relates to the works of Berg and Webern. Along with these elements from the serial school, however, Foss uses swatches of frank harmony, bits of motoric writing and transition techniques which have been available to composers at least since the eighteenth century.

The miracle (and an inspired composition always seems a miracle) is that all these elements fit together, that they fuse into a style possessing variety as well as unity. Even the improvised episodes relate with perfect smoothness to the total picture, so carefully are they styled and seamed. According to the composer, these episodes are not essential parts of the composition. They are merely an "added attraction," "spontaneous commentary on the songs, which will normally be performed without them." That is a pity. In the performance I heard, they were just as beautiful and sensible as the rest of the music, and provided delicious areas of a delicately different mood. Without them, *Time Cycle* would have seemed a smaller, perhaps a slightly less amazing piece.

Time Cycle is an *espressivo* work, designed to communicate and evoke emotion. That is a fact immediately in its favor. Too often, serial writing sounds self-consciously preoccupied with the techniques of composition. The opening song, set to W. H. Auden's *We're Late*, suffers a bit from this trouble, and is the least convincing of the four. Any number of people could have written it, and the rigidity of the vocal line is just as unappealing as is the rigidity in all such pieces. After that point, however, *Time Cycle* takes an entirely different aesthetic path, moving through handsome, contrasted and powerful moods. Once past the first song, *Time Cycle* becomes an emotional entity, and a compelling one.

This work is the first product of the Ford Foundation's performer-composer commissioning project to be heard in New York. The young American soprano, Adele Addison, was asked to select a composer who would write a piece for her. She picked Lukas Foss and the choice was inspired. It was no more inspired, however, than her performance. She has one of the most beautiful voices in America, and the refinement of mind and musicianship that she brought to this performance was sensational. Every note was velvet. No matter what the technical difficulties, every note was absolutely on pitch.

Leonard Bernstein and the orchestra dealt with their part of the proceedings with similar certainty and elegance. I have never heard the Philharmonic play with more delicacy, nor give a performance more charged with authentic feeling. The Lukas Foss Improvisation Chamber Ensemble (Richard Dufallo, clarinet; Charles Delancey, percussion; Howard Colf, cello; Lucas Foss, piano) responded in the improvised episodes with exactly the same qualities of emotionally charged technical perfection. Their playing confirmed my feeling that there is no real spiritual disunity between some forms of modern jazz and contemporary serious music.

WERNER EGK'S *The Inspector General* has received a lambasting since its American première by the New York City Opera. I offer a dissenting opinion: *The Inspector General* is one of the most solidly amusing comedies I have seen. It has good melodies, good ensemble numbers, a sophisticated and handsome orchestral accompaniment, and a sense of musical-theatrical parody of the highest order. From time to time, the music is more Stravinskian than the work of a mature, contemporary German ought to be. There is an unattractive *a capella* section in the second act. But aside from these two minor reservations, I find *The Inspector General* a parodistic comedy that is, musically, far more interesting and sophisticated than Gilbert and Sullivan (whose specialty was not far afield) or Johann Strauss, who begged the point by writing operettas.

The Inspector General should not be judged in terms of *Aida*. It is based on a Russian-soil comedy, and this production, designed by William Ball, gives it an appropriate Maggie-and-Jiggs twist. It is hilarious as a stage piece, and the music is cultivated. What more is wanted from a simple comedy?

FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE GREAT fun of *The Entertainer* is to watch Laurence Olivier being so shockingly unlike himself. It is almost impossible to recognize that most recognizable of faces behind the mask of vulgarity; the voice is a brilliant solo of strangulated fraud; every gesture is an affront to the traditions of serious romance that won Sir Laurence his knighthood. It is virtuoso miscasting.

Nevertheless, it is miscasting. An actor should work in a wide spectrum, but he should not push beyond his natural bent to the point where a performance becomes a triumph over incongruity and characterization is abandoned for sleight of hand. I came from *The Entertainer* perspiring, not from the stress intrinsic to John Osborne's exercise in sentimentality, but from sympathetic participation in Olivier's struggle to forswear himself.

I do not suggest, however, that the picture be remade with a more suitable actor in the title role. I doubt that it was worth making in the first place. Mr. Osborne's reputation as the scourge of the British Establishment will not survive many such exercises in treacle. *The Entertainer* suffers from Osborne's customary weakness—what you learn of his characters in the first five minutes is all there is to know. Sympathy is solicited, not on the ground of deepening insight, but merely from proximity. No one, the feeling seems to be, can hang around Archie Rice very long without feeling sorry for him. I felt sorry for myself. And the sociological implications, the suggestion that Welfare State permissiveness is responsible for moral defectives like Archie, come to nothing because Archie is not a substantial being. He is a personification of Osborne's well-known anger.

JULES DASSIN, the director from Middletown, Conn., who quit Hollywood after several successful pictures to make *Rififi* in Paris and *He Who Must Die* in Crete, has now sent us from Piraeus a comic morality, *Never on Sunday*. Homer Troy, an "amateur philosopher" from Connecticut, has come to Greece to see if he can discover the point at which the genius of the Golden Age, and thus of all the West, took the wrong turn. Almost immediately he finds himself under the spell of Ilya, a girl of the town whose two tenets of business are that she never sets a price and never entertains a man who does not attract her. She is the adored playmate of the entire shipbuilding proletariat of the port of Athens. Homer sees in Ilya the pure spirit of Greece turned corrupt. Against all the evidence, he is convinced that she is miserable, and he undertakes a rehabilitation which, for a fortnight, spreads despondency along the docks and in the cafés of Piraeus. In the end, though, Homer succumbs to Ilya's incorruptible hedonism and takes farewell of the Isles of Greece with a greater affection for Aphrodite and less regard for Aristotle.

Ilya is played by Melina Mercouri (she was the Magdalene of *He Who Must Die*), who brings to the part an abundance of joy that makes the darling prostitute almost plausible. She is surrounded by a company of male Greeks who match her vitality and her lust for everything in life that can be touched or tasted or sung. Huge, laughing, dancing, brawling sea rovers, they seem straight from the deck of the "Argo." The scenes in which the Greeks gambol together are a refreshment and a liberation in these queasy times.

But Mr. Dassin has the misfortune to cast himself in the role of the American. It is distressing that a man endowed with a directing skill so deft and witty should permit himself to stalk destructively through the delicate make believe he has created. He strives for ironic whimsy and he achieves oafish cuteness. Nevertheless, Dassin's work from behind the camera is so lovable, and in its way so shrewd, that one must put up with his gaucheries out front. He operates on a shoestring, and probably he was the only American in town.

WITH *The World of Apu*, Satyajit Ray concludes his trilogy of modern India. In this picture, the son of the family, his student days completed, is testing and unfolding his writing talent in the world of free impoverishment. Fate, and his generous heart make him a bridegroom; marriage makes him a lover and breadwinner; fate again bereaves and maddens him. The film reaches peace, and the saga comes to an end, with the young man's realization that he must bow to the will of existence. It is the lesson that his father, that mystic clown, was practicing a generation earlier in *Pather Panchali*, the first of the sequence.

Ray's trilogy is a noble statement of the content of life, told with the simplicity of greatest wisdom. It is, however, remote from our Western attitudes and responses, and the fact that several of the figures in the narrative are partly "Westernized" only etches the difference. There is something endearing about the young scholars who treat each other with the stern intellectual affection they suppose appropriate to university men, and who succeed only in looking like a happy scene from *La Bohème*. The fact is that they are never less Western than when they play at being Coleridge.

If our age survives and we continue to exchange our works of imagination across cultures, we shall have to develop a new way of looking at art. No one can expect to respond from within to all the expressions of the human spirit. If it troubles us that a work as warm and poignant as Ray's trilogy somehow fails to summon our participation, it may be that we are asking

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too much of ourselves. In the West we cannot build epics on the theme of submission. What we can do is understand that a great people sees life in these terms and enjoy the æsthetic consequences of their insight. The attitude is like that of an honorable man attending services in a temple not his own. Here on earth, too, there are many mansions.

JEAN RENOIR's *Picnic on the Grass* is concocted from the excellent notion that Pan is not the god to knuckle under to artificial insemination without a fight. Eugenic theories are sent spinning in a gale quite literally whipped up by the great goat, and the idea has on paper the most enticing possibilities.

Unfortunately, it turns out to be a paper thesis. The performers look ill at ease—unconvinced by their own antics and a little embarrassed—and Renoir's direction searches about in the attic of valid old styles for a workable mood. It is not easy to understand how a director as great as Renoir could persist in such a blunder; it would be easier to forgive him for it if he had not appropriated the title of Manet's masterpiece. *Hubris* is the word for it.

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ART

Fairfield Porter

THE exhibitions of Ad Rheinhardt at Parsons and Section 11, of Joseph Fiore at Staempfli, and of Cy Twombly at Castelli indicate an assimilation of the Oriental influence in American art. This influence began with the opening of Japan a hundred years ago, and showed first in the work of Whistler and the water colors of Winslow Homer. It appears in a distinctive attitude toward nature and art, something like this: man's relationship to nature is not one of domination, but adaptation; nature is not an object of material conquest, and aesthetics instead of science is the mode of understanding it. From adaptation follows passivity, which leads to subtlety.

Rheinhardt takes the idea of non-objectivity quite literally. His tall new paintings appear at first sight almost evenly black — then you see that they are divided with absolute symmetry into rectangles in a cruciform pattern. The difference between one color and another is very slight and there is no play of textural variation, except as much as one sees on velvet, brushed in opposite directions. Rheinhardt is not non-objective in order to express the nature of nature or his medium more sharply: like Whistler he could say that the last step in the completion of a painting is to cover all traces of how it was done. Whistler is the painter Rheinhardt resembles most closely. Like Whistler he takes from the art of the Far East its decorativeness. In some of his early paintings the vertical rectangle is made up of a zigzag of horizontal strokes recalling characters incised horizontally on Chinese bowls. The red is Chinese, and the favorite enclosing shape is that of a hanging scroll, or of a screen. Chinese art was Byzantine in its adherence to tradition. Rheinhardt would like to see the establishment of a new and strict Academy. He believes that the proper subject for art is aesthetics, and to the humanists or the socially conscious who say in their various ways that man's chief concern is man, he might answer that man in his smallness should behave with decorum.

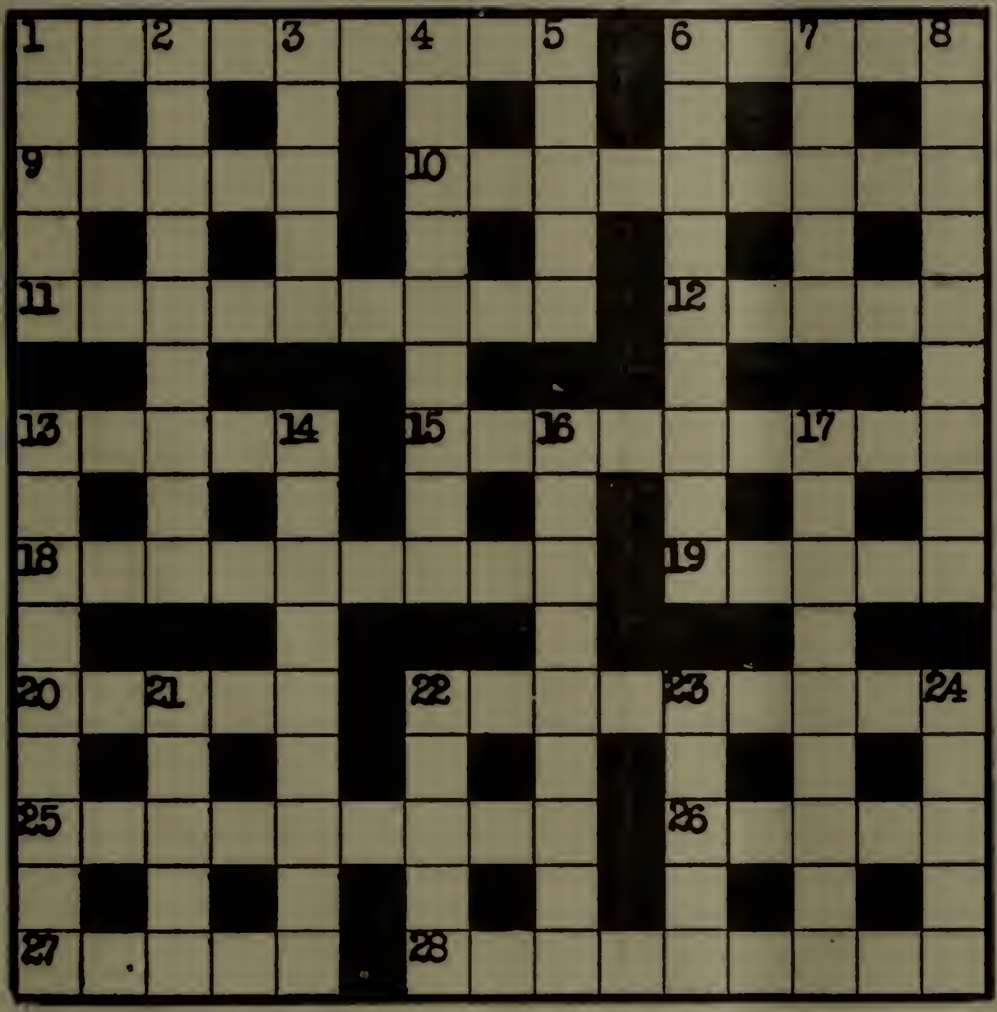
THAT subtlety is not exclusively an oriental virtue, however, can be seen by looking at the Giacomettis across the hall in the Janis Gallery. The figures sitting in rooms, emerging and melting into the gray surroundings, have as narrow a color range as Rheinhardt's abstractions. They are defined by a web of white and dark lines of a delicacy equaled by the closeness of the two colors, warm and cool; the subtlety is obvious and rich. In Rheinhardt's paintings, once you have penetrated his darkness like a mask worn at a fancy dress ball, and found the subtlety of color relationships which do not oppose warm to cool, everything is there on the surface, there is is no more; quite the contrary to Giacometti, who keeps on revealing himself.

Fiore's more or less abstract landscapes seem to express the oriental view that man's value inheres in an equality to the other small parts of an immense whole. The paintings, done from memory, are unspecific as to place. He is specific about such things as the quality of a storm from the sea in Maine, the Maine light, the way the land is divided from the water (which is different on different coasts), the blackness of a north wind, the color of deep water over rocky bottoms, the green of short and intense summers; and that nature is continuous beyond any aspect of it. Some painters conquer nature through aesthetics in arrangements of objects. Fiore does not usually paint separate things — isn't a valley, a storm, weather, light, a relationship? His paintings as a whole are less objects than Rheinhardt's, since the relationships imply that each painting is in a sense a fragment. His color, remembered from observed relationships, points to no object or place, but only to itself; and its beauty, that leaves out all dullness, lies in its aesthetic accuracy. Where Rheinhardt expounds the decorum of the aesthetic point of view, Fiore gives an example of it.

TWOMBLY also exemplifies the importance of the little. His little things are not parts of a nature that dwarfs man, but the little things that people do compared to a much larger world of all human activity. He is a humorist, too accepting, too adaptive for satire. For satire, after all, is an angry assertion of man's failure to be heroic. Twombly's huge white paintings are like walls on which incomprehensible dirty jokes have been scribbled—jokes which turned into art even while they were being put down; a few numbers; a few touches of pink and blue—the doodles in a telephone booth. Like Fiore, he exemplifies the importance of the little in the equality of the small details. In Fiore's paintings these are color atoms; in Twombly's graphic and textural paintings, the atoms are tactile. He expresses himself in the quality of his touch, which is humorous, respectful and very appealing.

Crossword Puzzle No. 888

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Where one gets the sign for a short pause, and nods in an off-hand manner to the troops assembled. (9)
6 and 13 down Exercises in the key of B, perhaps, are not exactly illegal! (5, 9)
9 They should be hard tips. (5)
10 These letters out of focus have to be willing to give. (9)
11 Having several planes in the air, Dr. L.? (9)
12 Certainly a town has a right to loyal service! (5)
13 Called for, as a book might be. (5)
15 Rough roads, even with this, might imply hard work. (9)
18 Not even with this quality? (9)
19 How some letters are classified? (5)
20 If the sort of reputed auto-arrester is here? (5)
22 Attack in the spirit of wanton slaughter. (9)
25 Register with Benny Goodman, when he plays "Sweet and Low."
26 Certainly not drowsy at a keen party! (5)
27 This well might be either a boat or a flower. (5)
28 Stationed for use as quickly as possible after venomous attack. (9)

DOWN:

1 An obscure trace of it might be used in proof. (5)
2 How the bird sang over Hallie? (9)
3 Passage of Man, by the sound of it.
4 Varying circumstances of the Frogman? (9)
5 This boat sounds somewhat less than standard to such as Morgan (5)
6 This coal's a poor substitute for a classical commentator! (9)
7 Surprise your friends with what was built for Minos! (5)
8 Moved in retrograde fashion. (9)
13 See 6 across
14 Are those with low I.Q. like 7 down?
16 Hang out, perhaps, like that which we all turn to, which proves uninteresting. (3, 2, 4)
17 Antagonistic. (9)
21 Self-proclaimed statement of importance? It's mad! (5)
22 A rope spinning act on the stage?
23 What the heroine of Iolanthe was to give. (5)
24 Rows of wrappers. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 887

ACROSS: 1 Obituary column; 9 Fulgent; 10 Indents; 11 Railed; 12 Advances; 14 Dust mop; 15 Meets; 17 Entry; 19 Reactor; 21 Giantess; 23 and 1 down Change of fortune; 25 Scholar; 26 Alewife; 27 Hard-boiled eggs. DOWN: 2 Ill wind; 3 Uselessly; 4 Ruth; 5 Child's play; 6 Lydia; 7 Manacle; 13 Impresario; 15 Matchhead; 16 Shapeless; 18 Trachea; 20 Running; 21 Gash; 22 Tiled; 24 and 8 Galluses.

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CAN MANKIND CONTINUE TO LIVE WITH THE BALANCE OF TERROR?

From the searching mind and compassionate heart of a top-ranking Belgian diplomat and research engineer comes a warning and a challenge to all mankind: a warning to face the truth about the dangerous game of nuclear war strategy, where the stakes are the lives of every one of us; a challenge to change the course of events and eliminate "The Balance of Terror" before it is too late . . .

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NO CARTE BLANCHE TO CAPRICORN
The Folly of Nuclear War Strategy

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Is defense possible in a nuclear war? "Public opinion in most countries does not yet realize that in the domain of nuclear strategy the only technically obtainable goal in matters of national defense is defense of the deterrent itself. **Defense of the nation, of its citizens, of its cities . . . is an impossibility.**"

Is "limited war" feasible? "From retaliation to retaliation, the caliber of the weapons used would constantly increase and the theater of operations grow continuously . . . total war would soon be reached..."

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Does the public have the power to decide its own fate? "We witness a sort of abdication of political power before technology, of the civilian agency before the military . . . [passivity] tends to give carte blanche to certain civilian and military personnel."

THE FOLLY OF NUCLEAR WAR STRATEGY
EDOUARD LE GHAIT
NO CARTE BLANCHE TO CAPRICORN

116 pp. /Cloth.2.95

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THE
NATION

NOVEMBER 12, 1960 . . 25c

America Reaps the Whirlwind

CUBA'S INVASION JITTERS

Carleton Beals

TWILIGHT for TRUJILLO

Stanley Meisler

THE WHITE HOUSE AND THE REINS OF POWER

A Review by George Dangerfield

LETTERS

'Gambling, Inc.'

Dear Sirs: I think Fred J. Cook has done a very thorough and futile service [in "Gambling, Inc., Oct. 22 issue] for the public, which will simply react with a "My, my those crooks!" and promptly send another $10 for Turf Tips, Jockey Room Secrets and other gold-plated guarantees for the fourth at Gulfstream. I don't think legalized gambling is the answer, but I do think that in states like Pennsylvania, where there is a state monopoly on liquor, if off-track pari-mutuels with track odds were installed and operated by state employees, we could kill the bookie by the simple device of a five-year minimum sentence for anyone convicted of operating a book in the state.

JEREMIAH P. SHALLOO
Dept. of Sociology, U. of Pa.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs: The excellent article, "Gambling, Inc.," by Mr. Cook, certainly presents a factual account of the corruptive influence of commercialized gambling from one coast of America to another. The report is well documented and should alert the public to the great evil stemming from this social and political problem. The article should serve as a valuable source of information to those interested in the problem and it performs a genuine public service.

VIRGIL W. PETERSON
Operating Director
Chicago Crime Commission

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs: I found Mr. Cook's article, on first reading, most informative. As a retired Treasury agent who sent Mickey Cohen and Benny Binion to prison, had considerable to do with the Jack Dragna case until his indictment was wiped out by his death, and having more than a passive interest at one time or another with the Wertheimer brothers, Buggsy Siegel and some of the others, it appeared to me that Mr. Cook had done his work very well.

DAN E. GOODYKOONTZ
Executive Director
Houston Crime Commission

Houston, Tex.

World Between Covers

Dear Sirs: I believe that *Nation* readers will be interested in the Seventh Annual World Affairs Book Fair to be held at the Foreign Policy Association-World Affairs Center, at First Avenue and Forty-seventh Street, New York City, from Nov. 11 to Nov. 19. More than 1,000 books, ranging from children's picture books to learned analyses of economic trends, will be on display.

The Foreign Policy Association-World Affairs Center is a non-profit educational organization for citizen education and constructive participation in world affairs, and our annual book fair is designed to further this goal.

JOHN W. NASON
President, FPA-WAC

New York City

Second-Class Visitor

Dear Sirs: I fought with the U.S. Fifth Army in Italy in World War II as a second-class GI (they gave dark green uniforms to all who, like myself, came from the Italian underground). Now I seem to be entitled to what I might call second-class visitorship.

This is my third visit to the United States as a special correspondent for the Rome leftist daily, *Paese Sera*. I fall into the C-2 visa category—i.e., I can go to the U.N., but not down to the Village, or up to Harlem, or West of Central Park—on the basis of my political affiliations in Italy.

Nevertheless, on my earlier trips I was able to obtain special permission to travel outside this orbit, across the country, in fact. The outcome of these travels was a book which some of my liberal friends have declared to be too "pro-American." I have recently expressed my conviction that the election of Senator Kennedy should be greeted in Europe as a healthy development in American politics. . . .

When I asked, a few days ago, to be allowed to travel again across the United States to cover some aspects of the electoral campaign, my request was flatly rejected by the State Department. . . . I had never thought that friendship and good will could be so unrewarding in a period when the problem of rebuilding American prestige abroad seems to have become a major issue for the Presidential candidates.

G. CORSINI

New York City

Irrefutable Truth

Dear Sirs: Geoffrey Barraclough's review of *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* [*The Nation*, Oct. 29] should be "must" reading for anyone old enough to read. His indictment of the German people is historically correct and no attempts at whitewash can change this irrefutable truth. It is indeed tragic that our policy makers, in the interest of expediency, turn their backs on this obvious fact.

MEYER GOLDMAN

Chicago, Ill.

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THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

The Lesson of the Campaign

This is written on the eve of the election; and, as after a six-day bicycle race, everyone is glad that the campaign is over. From an ideal democratic standpoint, it was a nauseating exhibition. By tacit agreement the really important issues, domestic and foreign, were ignored or given the stereotype treatment. There was never any real debate. The appeals to the electorate, if not on the lowest possible level, hovered close to it. Reason was submerged in emotion, most of it so palpably phony that at times the candidates seemed to be caricaturing themselves. The only way an informed voter could bring himself to cast a ballot for either was to excuse half of what he said on the ground that surely he didn't mean it literally, but was just following an accepted technique. To the end, Mr. Nixon remained the more obnoxious in his tactics and tirades, and in many cases that was the ground of choice — a sort of electoral shotgun marriage. The only ones who were really happy in this campaign were the bobby-soxers, who thought Senator Kennedy was just a doll, or the matrons who identified themselves with Mrs. Kennedy or Mrs. Nixon.

Yet it was an instructive four months for those willing and able to look political reality in the face. This is the way things are in the United States in the seventh decade of the century, and these are the circumstances that liberals, radicals, progressives, humanists, dissenters and the like must resolve to cope with, or take to collecting stamps or breeding pigeons. What else, when you come down to it, could have been expected? We live in a mass culture in which politics are carried on with the same marketing techniques that sell tooth pastes and home appliances. The candidate, like the advertiser, cannot afford to antagonize any large group or interest. When he is forced to talk of unpleasant things, he must promise to restore (or prolong) the happy state of affairs which existed when his party was in power. Such remedies as he offers must be specious, since real remedies are expensive and involve difficult choices. He must not debate, for that would involve coming to grips with realities that would surely frighten away voters who prefer to believe that everything will turn out all right if only we don't resort to thinking. It is safer and more practical for the candidates to follow the tried and true methods of the mass media from which the great majority of the voters get such information as they bring to the polling place.

Is this cause for despair? *The Nation* does not think so. Large organizations and vested interests are not incubators of new political ideas — particularly not in a period of rapid social change. But by the same token, the power of ideas was never greater. The trouble is that liberals, radicals, progressives, dissenters, et al., have not known how to exercise the power which they incontestably possess; either they have not understood their role, or they have defaulted. Theirs is the role of the permanent opposition, the permanent third party in continuous session. But this is not the role they play; rather they sit on the sidelines, hoping that some idealistic Knight Errant will emerge, by some miracle be nominated for the Presidency and then go on to win — thus relieving them of all direct individual responsibility. If this campaign was — as indeed it was — a vacuum, it is largely because there was no effective pressure on either candidate or either party — the pressure of ideas, of new proposals, of moral standards. There is no point in bewailing the current mode of politics; the problem is to discover how the individual can make his influence felt in the new dispensation. Nobody takes the free-wheeling intellectual seriously in politics because nobody has to — at the moment.

The War Against History

The war in Algeria is now in its seventh year. The French are no longer issuing casualty figures, but a year ago the dead numbered over 170,000. The French now have 500,000 soldiers tied down in Algeria. France, not a wealthy country, and a first-class power only in retrospect, is spending about $2 million a day in trying to conquer an Algerian guerrilla force which, according to the French themselves, has never exceeded 35,000 men.

Obviously the Algerians cannot hope to win a military victory — but the past six years show that a French victory is equally an *ignis fatuus*. As the war grinds on, new perils arise, and almost all of these threaten France and the West. The internationalization of the conflict is in prospect. Khrushchev received Algerian representatives cordially while he was in New York, and promised them aid. In Tunis, 30,000 Tunisians shout "Down with America!" and "Down with NATO!" at a mass rally, and U.S. State Department officials confess their concern over the "desperate note" that has crept into recent statements by President Habib Bourguiba. In Casablanca, leftists riot in protest against the government's consent to a French military base in Morocco. Not only Moslem but neutral sympathies everywhere are with the Algerians.

The United States is involved not only through its alliance with France, but because the whole Moslem world is aware that the French are carrying on the Algerian war partly with American equipment. The United Nations is involved because, if it remains impotent through six years of fighting in North Africa, how can it expect to be effective in the more explosive emergencies that are sure to crop up?

As for General de Gaulle, to whom many Frenchmen looked for salvation in 1958, time is fast running out. The Army's loyalty to him has always been conditional. France is torn between the "Algeria is French!" fanatics and the larger faction which wants an end to the war at any cost. The whole temper of the times is against a French victory; the release of the other French colonies in Africa is testimony enough. Whatever de Gaulle does, his perils are great; but he has already gone too far along the course of autonomy to surrender to the Algeria-forever-French fanaticism. His best chance is to make another attempt to negotiate with the Algerian Provisional Government, the F.L.N., which has agreed to abide by the free choice of the Algerian people. French rightists undercut de Gaulle's original offer by demanding that self-determination be exercised under French Army control and by insisting that the rebels first "lay down their knives." When Ferhat Abbas, the Algerian Premier, replies, "We are not going to lay down our arms on vague promises of a self-determination the application of which is to be entrusted to an Army, an administration and a police force that condemn the principle of self-determination itself," he not only means it, but he makes sense as far as all the world outside of the French die-hards is concerned. With the record in this form, de Gaulle must make another effort.

The Efficacy of Terror

That torture became passé with the Inquisition is an illusion which the Algerian war has dispelled. In that gruesome conflict, the Algerians have specialized in assassination, the French in torture, although both methods have been used by both sides on occasion. And neither has worked. The two sides have received advice on this subject from widely disparate sources in the past week or two. Maurice Cardinal Feltin, Archbishop of Paris and Vicar General to the French Army, issued a pastoral letter outlining the duties of Roman Catholics in the field. All excesses must be "severely repressed," His Eminence cautioned; police operations must never replace legal processes, illegal executions are prohibited, the search for intelligence data, while indispensable, "must be carried out by legitimate methods and respecting the principle of man's dignity." The Cardinal's preachment against military brutality is complemented by a fatherly talk which Mao Tse-tung gave to Ferhat Abbas on the latter's visit to Peking. As reported in *L'Action* of Tunis, Mr. Mao told Mr. Abbas that the Chinese Communists never killed a prisoner in their wars with Japan and the Kuomintang. "Only an unceasing effort at persuasion is profitable," Mao said. "It is a mistake to believe that by physically eliminating traitors or enemy prisoners, you can serve a revolutionary cause." Disloyal Chinese were captured, "re-educated," and liberated. Some enemies were not easily re-educated and, when necessary, the process was repeated a second or third time.

Mao's advice is worth pondering, even though it comes from a Communist. The twentieth century is scarcely so superior in morality to the fourteenth that terror will be abandoned on humane grounds, but if it fails to work, its exponents may have to re-educate themselves.

No Substitute for Policy

We admire the individuals in France who have used non-violent means to protest French policy in Algeria. We applaud the Aldermaston marchers who have registered a dramatic criticism of British defense policies in the teeth of much scorn and abuse. But "unilateral disarmament" is not a policy; it is a slogan. In Britain, the unilateral-disarmament advocates, by ducking the issue of what American policy should be, can make an extremely plausible argument. In essence they say, "let the Americans handle the deterrent." Doubtless this suggestion carries great force in Britain.

On October 10-13, the International Cooperative Alliance held its 21st International Congress in Lausanne, although readers of the American papers would never have known it. The I.C.A. is an old-established organization with deep roots in the national life of a great many countries. It is truly world-wide in membership and affiliation: Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and the USSR were represented, in addition to the United States, Great Britain, France and many other nations. A. P. Klimov of the Soviet Union was, in fact, elected third vice president. By and large, the type of thinking that prevails in the I.C.A. is "social democratic"; the organization is not in any sense "pro-Soviet" or "soft on communism." The peace resolution adopted by the congress is simple, short and cogent. After declaring that "the creation of conditions which will weaken the will to aggression, reduce tension and open ways to peaceful coexistence of all nations, irrespective of their economic and social systems, must be the overriding aim of world statesmanship," the resolution recommends: (1) Resumption at the earliest possible moment of negotiations for a general agreement on universal and complete disarmament under an efficient system of inspection and control; (2) Acceleration of all measures together with an increase of resources enabling the United Nations to assist newly emancipated peoples in their economic and social progress; (3) Reinforcement of the authority and effectiveness of the U.N. as the indispensable means whereby the security of all nations, and especially the dignity and independence of those nations which have recently attained self-government, can be guaranteed.

There is nothing novel about these recommendations; quite the contrary. But they have the special merit of stressing the need for a policy — a policy which could form the basis for an American peace movement.

See Montana Now!

Marvin Miles, the enterprising space-aviation editor of the Los Angeles *Times*, does not usually go in for resort plugs, especially outside of California, but he has recently made an exception in favor of the beautiful and rugged state of Montana. Meeting up with Brig. Gen. Alvin C. Welling, head of the Army Corps of Engineers Ballistic Missiles Construction Office, Mr. Miles received a briefing and a detailed map, duly reproduced in the *Times*, showing the Minuteman missiles which will be emplaced in Montana in 1962. It will be an "underground forest" of sixty-foot, solid-fueled, nuclear-tipped rockets standing in sub-surface silos, "ready for instant reprisal assault." Or perhaps just for assault. Mr. Miles follows convention in emphasizing that the Minuteman is a good missile, which will be fired only in self-defense, in contrast to the bad Soviet missiles which we are trying to deter from aggression, but defense is not built into any weapon and how it is to be used depends on men, not on missiles.

All right-thinking citizens, however, will rejoice at the news that in the Great Falls area launch alone, 150 Minutemen will be deployed. These are only the in-the-ground variety; in Montana, as in other states, mobile Minutemen will be mounted on trains and the trains will tour the country, keeping the Soviets guessing as to their whereabouts and keeping Soviet spies in work. Further reassurance will be furnished by the information that the Minutemen in the Montana missile field will be sufficiently separated so that one enemy warhead will destroy only one Minuteman launcher. However, the enemy is reputed to have a generous "overkill" capacity, even as we have, and it is possible that in the pursuance of his nefarious designs he might allocate a few hundred, or even a few thousand, megatons to the Montana missile field alone. If so, there would not be much left of that part of Montana — to look at, that is: the place would be a crater a few hundred feet deep and a few hundred miles across. Those who like Montana the way it is might, therefore, consider a vacation there before 1962, and be sure to take your camera along.

Love in the Jury Room

The practice of satire is in disuse, though the occasions crying out for it have never been more numerous.

In London late last month *Lady Chatterley's Lover,* that most subpoenaed of novels, went before a jury of nine men and three women who would try once again to decide whether or not Lawrence's earnest classic was obscene. The prosecutor declared, predictably, that the book did indeed "tend to induce lustful thoughts," that "it sets upon a pedestal promiscuous, adulterous intercourse." Attorney for the defense (Penguin Books, Ltd. was before the bar) urged, with similar lack of originality, that Lawrence was a great believer in marriage and "wholesome" union. He asked the jury to "read the whole book as you read an ordinary book from beginning to end."

Mr. Justice Byrne agreed that such a reading was necessary and adjourned the case for a week to give the jurors time to get on with the job. Also, because "at home you might have distractions," he ordered the jury to assemble each morning in the jury room for this literary exercise. The spectacle of nine men and three women officially convened to read *Lady Chatterley* and peering over the tops of their tidy Penguin editions to note which members of the group were showing the perspiration of lust or indicating a willingness to mount the promiscuous pedestal, is as wryly humorous a symbol of our time as a satirist could reasonably desire.

CUBA'S INVASION JITTERS . . *by Carleton Beals*

CUBA HAS intervention jitters. Cuban leaders, who know history much better than do U.S. politicians, recall that when President Taft ordered American citizens out of Mexico in March, 1913, there followed the assassination of one of Mexico's most honorable Presidents (one who had been badgered and conspired against by North American corporations), and the setting up of the brutal, anti-revolutionary government of Victoriano Huerta.

Cubans recall their own recent history. When, in 1934, Grau San Martin — a mild reformer — had the temerity to impose a minimum wage of $1 a day in Cuba and tried to reduce electricity rates from 25c to 17c a kilowatt-hour, the island was ringed with thirty U.S. war vessels; two cruisers sat out his entire administration in Havana Harbor, their naked guns pointing up O'Reilly Street. Cubans recall how U.S. Ambassador Sumner Welles, who had ousted dictator Machado and set up the short-lived De Cespedes government, conspired with the Fascist A.B.C. terrorists and Fulgencio Batista to overthrow Grau and put in the illegal Carlos Mendieta government, with its ensuing terror and bloodshed.

They recall more recent history: the secret consultations by U.S. Ambassador Earl E. T. Smith with Minister of War Tabernilla to replace the tottering Batista regime with a military junta. But unlike the machinations of Ambassador Henry Lane Wilson in Mexico and those of Puerifoy in Guatemala, Mr. Smith's maneuverings came too late to shortchange the Castro revolution.

Castro's revolutionary government knows that Washington has declared implacable economic warfare on Cuba, that its goal is the overthrow of Fidel Castro whatever the cost. Some months ago, Castro's officials got hold of copies of placards being secretly printed by U.S. Ambassador Philip W. Bonsal. This is the house of an American citizen, the placards read, and the text went on to ask that both citizens and property be respected *not by the government of Cuba, but by whoever might have authority*. Now Washington has suggested that Americans get out of Cuba. In Cuba, this was taken to be the first step in an armed intervention scheme. It was also so interpreted by every ex-Batista assassin and exiled plotter.

CARLETON BEALS has been writing on the Latin American scene for nearly four decades.

Cuba has become somewhat accustomed to U.S. Congressmen rampaging up and down Latin America, spreading propaganda that the Havana government is Communist; they are used to the worst elements of the Batista regime being permitted to deliver the same message in the committee rooms of the Senate. They have become somewhat inured to the hate campaign in the American press. They were even braced for Washington's latest economic step, the final cutting off of U.S. trade.

But recent U.S. moves have been more serious. The lid is apparently off once more for planes based in the United States to violate Cuban territory, to scatter literature, to land rebels and weapons, to destroy cane fields and factories. The Cuban government charges that the Escambray band of rebels was supplied by arms dropped from a U.S.-based plane.

The Cuban government is worried about two other developments. It alleges that a fleet of army transport planes has been assembled in Guatemala for probable attack on Cuba (just as planes and equipment had previously been assembled in Nicaragua and Honduras for the overthrow of the Arbenz government in Guatemala). Cuba is also concerned with the rapid build-up of military strength and materiel in Haiti, where the shaky terroristic government of Duvalier is sustained by the biggest U.S. military mission in all Latin America.

MUCH OF THE tense situation in Cuba pivots on the U.S. Naval Base at Guantánamo, controlling the port which the Americans chose as their invasion point in the Spanish-American War. Given present-day weapons, including atomic submarines, the base no longer has the strategic importance it once enjoyed as a defense outpost for the Panama Canal. Today it is chiefly a vacation paradise for tired Marines and top brass — and, as U.S. Navy spokesmen have indicated, a point from which the United States can seek to dominate the political life of the Caribbean people.

The manner in which the base was originally obtained — by means of the bayonet-imposed Platt Amendment — presumably would be out of date in this era of universal national emancipation. And for use of this fair spot wrested from the Cubans, the United States has been paying the generous sum of $2,000 in gold annually to the Cuban government — less than the apartment rent of some of our State Department officials. (In contrast to this rental figure, a Cuban official estimates that personnel on the base have cleared at least $1 million in black-market money operations since Castro came into power. It was through this back door, Raul Castro believes, that Sergio Cárbo, publisher of *La Prensa Libre*, was able to get over $500,000 out of the country before skipping out.)

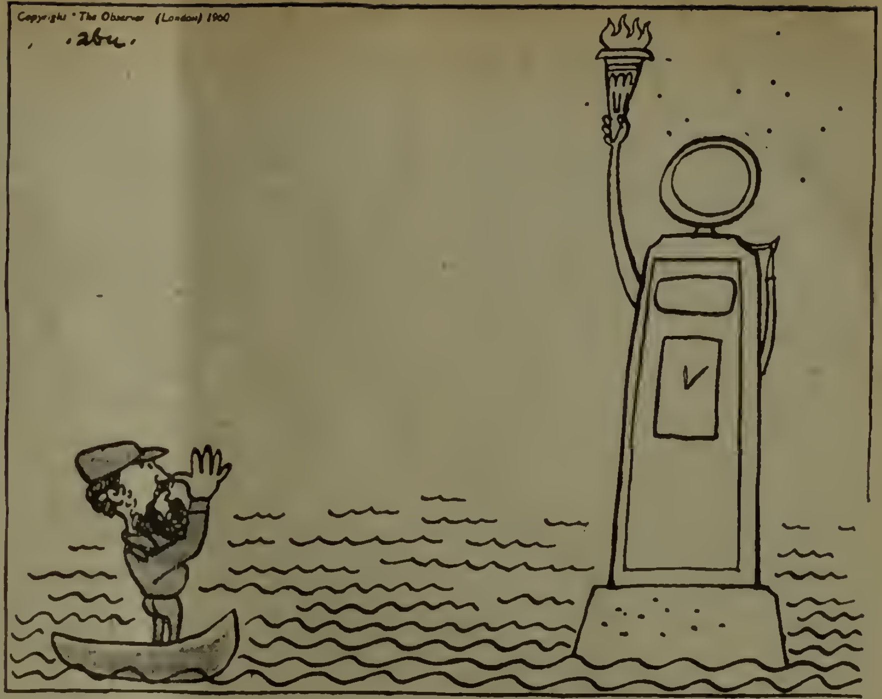
WHAT THE Cubans most fear is a fake assault on the U.S. Guantánamo base as a pretext for armed intervention. The Cuban militia has ringed the base not in order to attack it, but to try to prevent any such trick maneuver by land. But the air is something the Cubans cannot control. They consider the U.S. news reports that Cuba has been painting some of its own planes with U.S. insignia a very sinister matter. Acting Foreign Minister Carlos Olivares Sánchez, replying to a U.S. protest, declared the report "malevolent and false," revealing "criminal espionage activity" aimed at embarrassing the Cuban regime. On its side, the State Department has told the press it fears that the Cubans are deliberately trying to provoke an American attack. Whatever the truth, the Cubans really fear that the United States is maneuvering to use Guantánamo as a pretext for invasion.

Even if an attack occurred, the Cubans may be wrong in believing that immediate armed intervention would follow. A state of quasi-belligerency between the two countries would permit the United States to blockade the island and starve the Cuban people into submission. There are indications that a clique in Washington, chiefly military, wishes to set up such a blockade and seize all shipments from iron curtain countries. Such a course could bring about armed clashes with the Soviets, who might attempt to protect their shipping with warships and submarines.

Besides threatening world conflict, our Cuban policy has broken the New World front. Each hour that our punitive blows hit Cuba, we lose support from the people of Latin America; and even the support of "loyal" governments grows shaky. Peru, to which we offered a fair-sized loan to induce it to initiate the recent San Jose conference of American states, has now refused to accept the money; instead, the Peruvian Congress is considering four laws for seizure of American oil property.

NOR does Latin America feel easy over our attempt to cut off Cuba's trade with the Soviet bloc. Many of our sister republics have extensive trade deals with Communist countries. Brazil has set up a $200 million trade deal to get rid of surplus coffee. Argentina made a $100 million deal in return for which Russia obtained oil exploration and drilling rights. Uruguay has been selling a third of her national product to Eastern Europe. Chile has been negotiating a deal to trade copper for oil. A number of other countries have trade arrangements. This trade is necessary, for the United States would bankrupt itself if it guaranteed to take all Latin America's surplus raw materials at proper prices. Indeed, Washington has never before complained in this regard. Even Batista had sold nearly two million tons ($180 million worth) of sugar to the Soviet Union.

Latin American ill-feeling toward the United States has been building up steadily, especially since the Washington-engineered overthrow of Arbenz in Guatemala. The resentment flaring today — in every country — at our Cuban policy needs no Castro propaganda to feed it. Today there is scarcely a government to the south of us that dares criticize Castro or to defend our policy towards him. Unless our policy is rectified, and soon, a revolutionary wave of unprecedented proportions is likely to shake the entire continent; and if Castro's revolution is broken by us in Cuba, the Organization of American States will also be smashed.



THERE IS nothing to hope for from either Presidential candidate. [This was written before the election.—Ed.] Nixon upholds the present punitive policy and seeks the overthrow of Castro, even if he disagrees with Kennedy's wild proposals to promote revolution in Cuba. The Democratic candidate's own twelve-point program for Latin America, seemingly so concrete, is actually pompous and vague, showing little knowledge of the present state of affairs to the south. Neither candidate is aware, apparently, that a Princeton University poll in Cuba as late as August showed 85 per cent of the people behind Castro and the revolution.

Indeed, the baiting of Castro's Cuba by both candidates represents an interesting reversal of the traditional political situation. Washington has always discounted criticism from Latin American politicians as demagoguery designed to win Latin American votes. Now, as Cuba's Foreign Minister, Raul Roa, has pointed out, Cuba is being used as a scapegoat by U.S. politicians busy garnering U.S. votes. Considering the relative strength of the two countries, it is a pathetic spectacle.

Of course, Castro is doing considerable baiting of his own; and by virtue of the very size of the Goliath he is defying, he is probably getting more mileage with the maneuver than either Kennedy or Nixon. Castro probably knows this, and it may be that he has deliberately whipped up a war scare in Cuba. At a time when the opposition to him — financed generously by funds from abroad — is getting organized, he might very well find public demonstrations in his favor a useful weapon.

The Presidential candidates quibble about prestige. Prestige with whom? Franco's Spain? Duvalier's Haiti? Somoza's Nicaragua? The stooge governments of Asia? Our cold war against Castro is losing us the battle for all the neutral and independent new countries of the world. Cuba, indeed, may be our last chance to prove that we intend something better than a Hungary, a Cypress, an Algeria; Cuba could be our last chance to save face, and also prestige, with the people of Latin

America. Unhappily, the signs are that we intend to proceed on our present path of folly.

We shall fail in Cuba even if we do manage to put in a counter-revolutionary government. Such an anti-Castro regime would either fall to a "revolution of the streets" which would make Fidel seem pale pink, or it would maintain itself on the basis of a terror worse than that of Batista. Will we then support a bloody dictatorship of the Right, despite our protestations that we are against dictatorship of all kinds? For that matter, if we are really against dictatorship, why do we pick exclusively on Cuba? What about Trujillo? What about Franco? Why do we pick on a government which promises, for the first time in Cuban history, to make possible a decent living for its people?

It would seem that there are wiser policies open to us. Egged on at long last by the Cuban revolution, we have promised Latin America some aid, at present a piddling $500 million (we've given nearly $2 billion to Franco alone). But at least this money now is to be used not for private enterprise, but for land reform and social welfare. If we really believe in land reform for Latin America, and intend to help pick up the tab for it, then why not pick up the tab for Cuba and guarantee her agrarian bonds? This gesture would cost us little more than what we should have paid for the use of the Guantánamo Naval Base all these six decades. It would certainly be cheaper and more sensible than bringing a possible world war close to our shores, breaking the hearts of the Cuban people, and perhaps fomenting a dozen Cuban revolutions elsewhere in Latin America. The whole deal would cost us less than the development of one of our newfangled moon-rockets.

Perspective on the Sobell Case . . *by William M. Kunstler*

SOME MONTHS ago—June 20 to be exact—a half-page ad in *The New York Times* asked for the release of Morton Sobell, currently ending the first decade of a thirty-year sentence for conspiracy to commit espionage. Sponsored by a group of distinguished Americans which included Max Eastman, Maxwell Geismar, the Rev. Donald Harrington, the Rev. John Haynes Holmes, Dr. Horace Kallen, Murray Kempton and Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr, it reproduced excerpts from the remarks of seven speakers who, a month earlier at New York's Community Church, had urged the commutation of Sobell's sentence. What made the appeal particularly significant was the fact that its participants included an Indiana Congressman, an erstwhile perennial candidate for the Presidency on the Socialist line, a writer of national prominence and a well-known civil-liberties lawyer. At long last, the cause of the electrical engineer who had been convicted with the Rosenbergs was being espoused by a varied—and increasingly respectable — body of opinion. In the light of this metamorphosis, perhaps a long and searching look should be taken at the substantive case against Sobell.

Ten years to the day before the appearance of this ad, one William Danziger, who had attended City College with Sobell, visited him at his home in Flushing. Sobell informed Danziger that he was taking his family, which consisted of his wife and two children, to Mexico City "for a vacation." Two days after this visit, the Sobells left the United States by air. Several weeks later, Danziger received two letters from Mexico City in Sobell's handwriting which contained enclosures which he was requested to forward to certain of his former classmate's relatives. Each envelope had a different name in the return address box — "M. Sowell" on the first and "M. or Morty Levitov" on its successor.

During his stay in Mexico, Sobell visited the coastal cities of Vera Cruz and Tampico, calling himself first "Sand" and then "Salt." He registered for the flight from Tampico back to the capital as "M. Solt." A Mexico City neighbor, Manuel Giner de Los Rios, remembered that Sobell had, toward the middle of July, asked him for directions to both seaports. Sobell told de Los Rios that he wanted to leave Mexico "because he was afraid to return to the Army . . . since he has already seen a war, has experienced a war." Specifically, Sobell said that he was fearful that he would be picked up by the American military police if he remained in Mexico any longer.

Early on the evening of August 16, four Mexican security policemen seized Sobell in his Mexico City apartment. Eight hours later, he found himself seated between two armed guards on the rear seat of a large Packard which headed northward and crossed the border at Laredo, Texas. There, he was handcuffed and taken to the office of James S. Huggins, a United States Immigration inspector. Although Huggins could not remember who gave him the information, he wrote the words "Deported from Mexico" on Sobell's record card. The prisoner was then turned over to FBI agents who had been waiting in Huggins' anteroom. Five days later, Sobell was transferred to the Tombs in New York City where, on October 10, he was indicted, with Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, for conspiring "to communicate, deliver and transmit [to] . . . the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics . . . documents, writings, sketches, notes and information relating to the National Defense of the United States."

This, in short, was the "flight" evidence against Sobell. Although, upon

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the advice of counsel, he did not testify in his own behalf, he maintained, in an affidavit submitted in an unsuccessful attempt to obtain a new trial, that his trip to Mexico was just what he had told Danziger it was, a summer vacation. It was only when he read of Rosenberg's arrest on July 17 that he seriously considered returning to the United States. He had become increasingly disturbed about "conditions in the world" and this had led to his use of aliases on his letters home and while traveling in Mexico. District Judge Irving R. Kaufman warned the jury that "evidence of flight does not create any presumption of guilt although it is a legitimate ground for an inference of a guilty mind, if the jurors conclude that such inference is justified."

THERE was only one witness who testified as to Sobell's involvement in espionage, an old friend named Max Elitcher who had been the best man at his wedding. To understand the part played by Elitcher at the trial, some knowledge of the chain of events that led inexorably to the arrest of the Rosenbergs is indispensable. Igor Gouzenko, the defecting cipher clerk at the Russian Embassy in Ottawa, turned over some classified Soviet files to the Canadian government in September, 1945, which revealed that Dr. Alan Nunn May, a British scientist, had given Russia its first uranium samples. May was arrested in England and pleaded guilty to having violated the Official Secrets Act. His notes belatedly flushed out Klaus Fuchs, a German-born physicist, who had worked on the United States Manhattan Project at Los Alamos, New Mexico. Fuchs confessed and identified an American chemist named Harry Gold as the courier who had been his contact with Anatoli Yakovlev, a Soviet agent in New York. Gold, in turn, admitted that he had once served the same function with David Greenglass, a former enlisted machinist in the "E" shop at Los Alamos. Greenglass, who was Ethel Rosenberg's brother, confessed that he and his wife, Ruth, had transmitted certain information about the atom bomb to Gold, but insisted that his brother-in-law Julius had persuaded them to do so.

Thus, there was a direct line from one admitted participant to another until the trail stopped with the Rosenbergs, who denied to the end that they were criminally involved with May, Fuchs, Gold, Yakovlev or the Greenglasses. Assuming the Rosenbergs to be guilty as charged (and I think that they were), it would seem that Sobell's conviction can be justified only if the government produced sufficient evidence of a criminal connection between him and someone in the chain that led from May to the Rosenbergs. This was Max Elitcher's role.

Elitcher, who was the prosecution's lead-off witness, had attended City College with both Sobell and Rosenberg in the late thirties. In 1939, when he and Sobell were employed by the Navy Department's Bureau of Ordnance, they had shared an apartment in Washington. Shortly after the two men had started living together, Elitcher testified, Sobell had recruited him into the Communist Party. They had attended party meetings regularly until Sobell left Washington in September of 1941 to take courses leading to a Master's degree at the University of Michigan.

Elitcher had not seen or heard from Rosenberg, who had been a class behind him at City College and whom he hadn't known very well, since graduation. Suddenly, in early June of 1944, Rosenberg visited him at his home in Washington and asked him to see what he could do about obtaining "military information" for Russia. Sobell, he was told, was also "helping in this matter." When Elitcher mentioned this visit to Sobell in late August, the latter "became very angry and said, 'he should not have mentioned my name . . . he shouldn't have done it.' "

THE Sobells were married in March, 1945. That summer, Elitcher, who was on a vacation in New York, spent one night at Rosenberg's apartment in Knickerbocker Village, a Manhattan housing project. At that time, Rosenberg said that he had been discharged from his job with the Signal Corps "for security reasons" but that he had learned, with some relief, that his dismissal had been caused by his Communist Party activities and not by "this espionage activity."

In September, Rosenberg visited Elitcher again in Washington. The conversation was much the same as it had been in June of 1944. Russia had "a continuing need for new military information" and Elitcher was asked to help in obtaining it. "I said I would see and if I had anything and I wanted to give it to him, I would let him know." Three years later, in 1948, despite the fact that he had turned nothing over to Rosenberg, Elitcher said that both Julius and Sobell urged him to change his mind and not leave Washington as he had planned because somebody was needed "to work at the Navy Department for this espionage purpose."

BETWEEN 1941 and 1944, Elitcher met Sobell on two occasions when the latter visited Washington. The next time that he saw his former roommate was on a vacation trip to Kumbabrow State Park in West Virginia just before Labor Day, 1944. It was at this time that he and Sobell had discussed Rosenberg's June visit. Sobell, Elitcher said, became very agitated that Rosenberg had mentioned his name. Although Sobell's fiancée and the witness' wife were also on the trip, neither one was present at this conversation.

In early 1946, Elitcher visited Sobell in Schenectady, where the latter was employed by General Electric. At this time, he testified, Sobell asked him whether he could have some classified reports about a fire-control system on which Elitcher was working for the Navy Department. He had also urged his guest to "see Rosenberg," that it "had to do with this espionage business." When the witness finally saw Rosenberg in "either the end of '46 and possibly, '47," he informed Julius that he was "perhaps in a more receptive frame of mind for him." But, instead of being received with welcome arms, he was warned not to contact Rosenberg until further notice because the latter "felt that there was a leak in this espionage, and because of that there were precautions being taken by him."

In 1947, Sobell accepted a position with the Reeves Instrument Corporation in New York City. At the end of that year, Elitcher met him in a Third Avenue restaurant where Sobell asked him for the names of "any engineering students that I might know, who were progressive. . . ." Then he asked Elitcher whether his wife knew anything "about this espionage business." When he was told that "I thought that she might know," Sobell said, "Well, that isn't good." How much Helene Elitcher "knew" still remains a mystery.

In June of 1948, when Elitcher informed Sobell that he had decided to leave the Navy Department, he was told not to "do anything about it before you see me. I want to talk to you about it and Rosenberg also wants to speak to you about it." Both men then urged him to remain with the Bureau of Ordnance, advice which Elitcher promptly disregarded. In fact, with Sobell's help, he began working for Reeves the next October.

One afternoon in late July, Elitcher drove his family from Washington to New York, where they were to stay with the Sobells until they could locate "a permanent home." Outside of Baltimore, the witness said, it appeared to him that he was being followed by several cars. He arrived at Sobell's Flushing home some time between nine and ten that night and promptly told his host about his suspicions. Sobell became very angry and said "that I should not have come to the house under those circumstances." When Elitcher protested that he had no other place to go, Sobell said that he would have to deliver something to Rosenberg that night, something that looked to Elitcher like "a 35-millimeter film can," and which, his host informed him, was "too valuable to be destroyed and yet too dangerous to keep around."

Despite the fact that Elitcher had just completed a tiring two-hundred-mile drive, Sobell insisted that he accompany him to Manhattan. After crossing the East River, they drove to Catherine Slip, a street that led to Rosenberg's apartment in Knickerbocker Village. While Elitcher remained in the car, Sobell took the can out of the glove compartment and walked off in the general direction of Knickerbocker Village. He returned some thirty minutes later, and started back to Flushing. On the return drive, Elitcher asked him, "Well, what does Julie think about . . . my being followed?" Sobell told him not to worry about it as Julius had told him that he had once talked on the telephone to Elizabeth Bentley (who was then busy testifying before several Congressional committees) but "he was pretty sure she didn't know who he was and therefore everything was all right."

For the next two years, the two families lived side by side, as Elitcher was successful in locating a house next door to Sobell's. He knew that his neighbor had "a Leica camera, and an enlarger and material for processing film," and that he occasionally took material out of Reeves in a briefcase, but "what the material was, I do not know." He had last seen him in June of 1950, when Sobell told him that he was going to "bring their daughter to visit Washington." The next thing he knew, the family was gone. This, in brief, was Elitcher's story.

JUDGE KAUFMAN told the jury that if "you do not believe the testimony of Max Elitcher as it pertains to Sobell, then you must acquit the defendant Sobell." Was Elitcher's testimony, uncorroborated as it was, capable of reasonable belief? Was it enough to supply the "guilty mind" necessary to transform the "vacation" to Mexico into a "flight"? The witness, who freely admitted that he had lied as to his Communist Party membership in a sworn application for government employment and hoped that he wouldn't be indicted for perjury (he never was), told a story that, with the exception of the Catherine Slip episode, consisted solely of a few discussions with Sobell about some extremely nebulous espionage. Even if one accepts the mad dash to Catherine Slip (which Elitcher omitted from his first two written statements to the FBI and from his initial testimony before the federal grand jury) at face value, there is no evidence whatever as to the contents of the can Sobell supposedly took with him, or that it was even delivered to Rosenberg. Except for Rosenberg, no witnesses were present at any of these crucial conversations with Sobell, although some of them occurred when other people were in the immediate vicinity. One of these persons — Mrs. Elitcher — was never called to the stand, although she was nearby when Rosenberg first visited her husband in June of 1944 and again when Sobell had railed against Rosenberg in Kumbabrow State Park three months later.

The late Judge Jerome Frank, who voted to give Sobell a new trial, thought that Judge Kaufman had committed reversible error in not pointing out to the jury that Elitcher's testimony was capable of supporting "either of two inferences, i.e., that Sobell agreed only (1) to transmit certain kinds of military information to Russia or (2) that he agreed with the other conspirators to transmit 'any military information of all kinds.'" The district judge did not, in Frank's opinion, make it clear to the jury that, in order for Sobell to have become a member of the larger—and atomic—conspiracy, he would have had to agree to transmit all kinds of secret information and "not just certain kinds which he knew about."

Lastly, assuming that Elitcher was telling the truth and that Judge Kaufman's charge was, as a majority of the Court of Appeals thought, entirely correct, then one is left with the argument that the thirty-year sentence was much too severe for the offense proved. In sentencing the Rosenbergs, Judge Kaufman was influenced by the fact that their crime was, in his opinion, "worse than murder" in that "in putting into the hands of the Russians the A-bomb years before our best scientists predicted Russia would perfect the bomb," they had "altered the course of history to the disadvantage of our country." But as far as Sobell was concerned, the judge admitted that "the evidence in the case did not point to any activity on your part in connection with the atom-bomb project." Yet he sentenced the defendant to thirty years in prison, with a gratuitous recommendation against parole.

On the other hand, Doctors May and Fuchs, who admitted that they had been instrumental in giving the secret of nuclear fission to the Russians, received ten and fourteen years respectively and both have been released. David Greenglass, who confessed that he and his wife had transmitted a great deal of Manhattan Project information to Gold and Rosenberg, was sentenced to fifteen years, and is scheduled for release on November 16, while Ruth Greenglass was never prosecuted. Even Colonel Rudolph I. Abel, whom *The New York Times* described as "the highest ranking Soviet spy ever caught in this country," received the same thirty years meted out to Sobell. In fact, when one considers that Sobell spent the first five and a half years of his confinement in maximum-security Alcatraz, his sentence was, to that extent at least, even more severe than that of Abel, who was sent to Atlanta.

According to Section 4202 of Title 18 of the United States Code, "A Federal prisoner . . . wherever confined and serving a definite term of over one hundred and eighty days, whose record shows that he has observed the rules of the institution in which he is confined, may be released on parole after serving one-third of such term or terms. . . ." Since Sobell was sentenced on April 5, 1951, after being under arrest since August 16, 1950, under a literal interpretation of the law he should, as a model prisoner, be eligible for parole on April 4, 1961. The Department of Justice, however, by deducting some 487 days which he spent in New York City's West Street House of Detention while his appeal was pending, maintains that his release cannot be considered until August of 1962.

Granted that Sobell signed an election not to commence service of his sentence so that he could be in New York during the preparation and argument of his appeal, the Department's interpretation of Section 4202 seems unduly harsh, and it would appear that, despite Judge Kaufman's stricture against parole, the Board of Parole has the power to effect his release on or after April 4, 1961. Whether Sobell's present position is considered from the viewpoint of the tenuous nature of the evidence against him, the alleged failure of the trial judge to charge the jury correctly, the disparity of sentences for more serious offenders, or as a matter of common humanity, that power should be exercised.

PAYMENT BY STATUS . . *by Edward W. Ziegler*

EVEN THOUGH the consumer price index inches higher and higher, executive salaries and stock options have more than kept pace. The same is true of executive and sub-executive "status" payments, which in many ways are as important as the hard cash to industrial managers.

The fact is that in industry today there are more high-sounding titles, more soft-feeling emoluments and more well-paid sinecures than at any time in recent history. Executive washrooms, deep-pile carpeting, company-owned Cadillacs and special hunting lodges are typical status rewards for top management in America. Even British executives are cashing in on the lush age of corporate perquisites. According to the London *Observer's* columnist, Pendennis, in the new *Daily Mirror* building in London, "The lifts for the public and staff travel 800 feet a minute. The private lift for the chairman, Cecil Harmsworth King, travels at 900 feet a minute."

In Dearborn, Michigan, where Ford Motor Company executives are meeting these days to plot their sorties into the 1961 market, putting greens atop the flossy company headquarters lie close-cropped and ready, should the rigors of hard planning become intolerable.

And in Union Carbide's recently completed corporate cathedral on Manhattan's Park Avenue, there are fifteen *acres* of inch-and-a-half Dynel carpeting, in addition to 3,000 brand new desks — 400 of ordinary wood for ordinary executives, and a few, for top management, of finest teak.

These are not random omens, by any means. As a matter of fact, when a corporation sets out today to build itself a new headquarters building, it can parcel out its status payments in rigidly controlled increments. Thus you can fairly well gauge the magnitude of the. stars in Union Carbide's firmament by matching floor number with department. At the very peak of the corporation's shining new 53-story building, of course, is the water tower. But just below that are the top corporate administrative and finance officers (on the 52nd floor). Trailing off toward the street floors are the lawyers (48th floor), plastics department (46th), research administration (43rd), tax department (42nd), management services (37th), and patents department (33rd). Tenants occupy the 25th through the 13th floors, and below that come lower status Union Carbide departments

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such as general accounting (10th), traffic and purchasing (6th), and personnel (4th).

At another New York City corporation that is housed in a more modest, 30-story building, there is such an obvious hierarchy of departments by floor that some members of middle management talk of the "Gamma-15 Effect," which is their way of describing the distinct drop-off in status of people below the 15th floor. According to their scheme, people are ranked according to the "Brave New World" system: alpha being a superior status holder; beta, above-average; gamma, average; delta, below-average; and epsilon, abysmally low in status. You can tell the difference, they claim, simply by listening to the amount of noise on each floor. "Deltas make about three times more noise than betas," they explain.

Because Madison Avenue's buildings are somewhat squat by comparison with the newer buildings of Park Avenue, a corner office on that street often assures occupants nothing better than a view of three other buildings. But at that, there is enough of a status increment between such an office and the office of a junior executive to keep everyone approximately in his place. A junior executive typically gets just one window. If he gets two windows he will probably find that there is a column obstructing his view through one.

A young manager who won a promotion at one Manhattan corporation headquarters to an outside office (with a window) was soon visited by a man from stores who asked him what kind of a picture he would like for his wall. "They offered a bowl of fruit, a sailboat, or a landscape for a man of my rank. But I like Utrillo, which is only for top executives, so I said 'no thanks.' He sort of shook his head and left." The next day, the young manager says, his secretary got a call from stores asking if he was sure he didn't want a picture. "Those poor guys will probably never be able to explain the inventory discrepancy."

THE PETTY politics of status have seeped all the way down to the worker. He isn't a worker any more. He's an "employee." By the same token, the district manager isn't a district manager any more. Chances are he's a vice president. Even chairmen and presidents are popping up with increasing regularity.

Borg-Warner Corporation has forty chairmen or presidents — one for each of its divisions. IBM has seven presidents. Firestone Tire & Rubber has twelve. Burlington Industries has twenty-four.

When you begin to tally the vice presidents, the number becomes three-digital. Status inflation has carried 111 men at New York's Bankers Trust Company to the level of vice presidencies. Of course the banks started the title inflation in the first place, but if they started it, Madison Avenue is bidding fair to finish it.

THE former chairman of a modestly large advertising agency with annual billings of $30 million successfully kept the number of vice presidents in his agency down to a mere half dozen. He says: "I wasn't going to have a dozen or two dozen of 'em the way some of the other agencies did. If you create that many big titles, you get caught in a vicious circle." If a man has six or eight men reporting to him, the ex-chairman says, that is no great problem. "But double that and what do you have? Utter chaos. If you have to review the operations of a dozen or sixteen men you don't have time for anything but keeping abreast of what's going on." The ex-chairman's old agency now has twenty vice presidents. And, as he says, "That's small time today." Cunningham and Walsh has fifty vice presidents; Foote, Cone & Belding has sixty-nine; McCann-Erickson has 122; J. Walter Thompson has 132. "Now any old client can have a vice president to talk to. It impresses them. But I can't understand why. It's about as hard to talk to an advertising agency vice president as it is to talk to a cabby."

In manufacturing industry, as in advertising, there has also been a jungle-like growth of both committees and committee chairmanships. Chairman of the plans committee, chairman of the finance committee, chairman of the executive committee are all common titles. The former agency leader has something to say about them, too: "It gets utterly baffling to find out who is really a top man and who is just an old flunky who graduated from Princeton in '28, like the boss."

STATUS INFLATION goes twelve echelons deep — from topmost executive all the way to the lowest hourly worker. There is a thick undergrowth of high-sounding titles that begins when the worker becomes the "employee," when the janitor becomes the "sanitor," and when the soap salesman becomes the "district representative."

The clerk-typist has also vanished. Now she is at least a "secretary," and probably is a "Gal Friday." As one might expect, the British stick closer to our common literary roots. In a recent number of the *New Statesman* in the "Appointments Wanted" column, a woman advertised her services as a "Woman Friday." Beachcombing was not her object.

IBM has staged a rhetorical breakthrough of its own. It has found a stunning new title for a low-echelon post in its advertising apparatus. The new man is a "Creative Administrator," which, on the face of it, is made of two mutually exclusive words.

With the growth of such new titles, and with the unquestioned improvement in job security that Americans now enjoy, it is not remarkable that droll inefficiency, which sometimes borders on hopeless muddle, characterizes a large part of industry today.

The president of a medium-sized Midwestern steel fabricating firm, for example, called up a management consultant in 1958 with great agitation in his voice. "Send us someone—quick. We've got a tremendous bottleneck here . . . we can't seem to get anything out on schedule." The management consultant came. But he stayed only a few weeks. He had found the bottleneck. It was the president himself.

In such a case, that's where the inquiry stops. But if the bottleneck had been a senior vice president, the president could have availed himself of any number of possible remedies, the most unlikely of which would be to fire the deadhead. According to management experts, of every ten top executives, two are top-notch men — aggressive and alert. Six are satisfactory — good but not spectacular. The two remaining are utter misfits.

Should such an incompetent at last arouse the ire of the president, the boss is likely to force an early retirement — if the deadbeat is anywhere near retirement age. And, as a large West Coast corporation likes to do, the announcement of the retirement might be made in these terms: "Harry K————, regional vice president for the Northwest, has announced his intention to retire November 15, to fulfill a long-cherished ambition to go prawn fishing in Oceania." *The Wall Street Journal* reported that a Connecticut company created the title "fiscal secretary" for an aging treasurer; that a chemical company assigned a branch manager to write a company history; and a "veteran official of a big transportation company was placed in charge of 'rules and methods.' "

Dun's Review, at about the same time, discovered that "small and medium-size companies . . . tend to face up to the problem most directly. They'll put a man on notice and let him go if he doesn't measure up. Large companies, on the other hand, are likely to evolve elaborate camouflage techniques and go to great extremes to keep a man on. . . . Despite the tough-sounding pronouncements they may put out for public consumption, most executives are softies when it comes to a situation in their own offices."

In the meantime, *Fortune* reported that "high office takes high polish these days, and nice guys *do* finish first. As any old timer competent to testify will tell you, sometimes nostalgically, business manners in the U.S. are vastly better than they used to be. . . . As far as corporate life is concerned, businessmen seem to have developed the capacity to disagree as pleasantly as they agree. . . ." The article went on to note that "there is a certain fascination in the formalities preceding the deal, and it does often seem that the ritual is enjoyed for itself." And in these happy, polite, easy days, "few executives . . . ever give much thought to the cost of acting out these rituals."

Perhaps there is no better way to measure the new inflation-status *Zeitgeist* than to behold the printed matter on which the big businessman thrives: publications such as *Fortune*, *Business Week*, *Dun's Review* and, of course, *The Wall Street Journal*. *Fortune's* formula makes business sound like an idle gambol on the Big Rock Candy Mountain. *Business Week's* pattern makes of business a series of cryptic charts, graphs and subtle rapprochements. *Dun's Review* evokes an endless buzz of stolidly groping committees. And *The Wall Street Journal* hints that the festivities could reach an appropriate peak if only the federal goon squad in Washington would evaporate. About two degrees south of the Big Rock Candy Mountain (toward the charts, graphs and rapprochements) lies reality.

It is softer, more tolerant and more expansive reality than ever before. If one didn't know better, he would almost be tempted to charge the neo-Deweyists with mass infiltration. As in school, so in business: everyone plays, everyone gets a prize. At any rate, that's the way it seems. Meanwhile, the executive grows in stature and in favor, but wisdom-wise (or wise-wise, if you will), he seems to be progressing backward at Mach 10.

TWILIGHT FOR TRUJILLO . . *by Stanley Meisler*

THE UNITED STATES hovers over the Dominican Republic these days, waiting eagerly for a reward. The reasoning is simple: Everyone sees that the regime of Generalissimo Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina is tottering; everyone knows the State Department nudged it a bit; surely, after the crash, the new regime will embrace the nudger.

But, in the chaos and anger that will follow the fall, there will be no embrace. The sudden anti-Trujillo policy of the United States and the dramatic condemnation of the Dominican Republic by the Organization of American States (OAS) at San Jose have come too late to avert what State Department planners fear most: an anti-American, Castro-leaning successor to Trujillo. For thirty years, the United States has bolstered the brutal tyranny of *El Benefactor*. Now that his enemies have him on the run, the United States has jumped to their side. For the final push, this new aid may be accepted and used; but the United States will receive in return only a few cold stares, a polite nod, contempt, smoldering bitterness.

However, there are degrees of bitterness and contempt, and the exact character of the post-Trujillo regime will depend on the forces used to overthrow the Generalissimo. Some signs indicate that the new regime may not be as bitter or as loud as the

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Castro regime, though there is no doubt that it will be revolutionary. The sixty-nine-year-old Trujillo, who has changed the map of the country by renaming mountains, lakes, cities and streets in his honor, is too egotistical to relinquish power voluntarily. And, in the atmosphere of the Trujillo era, elections would serve only as a device to perpetuate his power. They would be meaningless without educating the people for democracy, without freeing the channels of the press and radio, without calming the fear that suffocates those who oppose him. Since no one trusts Trujillo to accept these conditions, no one believes that a new regime could succeed the tyrant by orderly process. Either an invasion or a rebellion will bring the era of Trujillo to a close, and this despite the fact that both have been tried and both have failed in the past.

IN JUNE, 1959, a band of 200 Dominican exiles and sympathizers, trained as guerrillas in Cuba and fired by the example of Fidel Castro, invaded the Dominican Republic. All were quickly wiped out. The docile capital of Ciudad Trujillo remained docile as the army and the peasants on the coast picked off the invaders one by one. Trujillo merely had to promise a bounty for each body to crush the invasion.

I discussed the futile attempt recently with an exile in San Juan, Puerto Rico. A nervously loud twenty-six-year-old, he had been trained in Cuba and assigned to join the second wave of invaders. But the second wave, informed of the destruction of the first, never left Cuba. Undaunted, the exile still saw Castro's way as the only way to overthrow Trujillo.

He admitted two major obstacles: few guns, little unity. One source of armaments dried up last year when the Castro government reversed its policy of encouraging invasions of unfriendly neighbors. And the exiles, scattered in Caracas, Havana, San Juan, Miami and New York, have splintered into countless talkative political organizations. "I could spend all afternoon just listing the names of Dominican groups in exile," said the young exile.

But more than guns and unity will be needed for a successful invasion. When the exiles sailed into the Dominican Republic, no one in Ciudad Trujillo rose to join them. Perhaps if a small band infiltrated and organized in the mountains, it might slowly attract support and fervor as Castro did in the Sierra Maestra. But a direct assault on the coast would have little chance of success unless the underground rose at the same time.

THE underground may be the key to the riddle of the Dominican Republic's future. It evidently counts middle-class businessmen, industrialists, professionals and intellectuals as its core. Close relatives of government officials and army officers are included. Last January, the underground was three days away from its scheduled assassination of Trujillo when the secret police began the arrests that ended the rebellion.

The government said it arrested 220 plotters, but other sources claim thousands were jailed. Whatever the number, it is believed that two-thirds of the movement escaped detection. "And they are better organized now than they ever have been," a close observer of Dominican political activity reported to me in Ciudad Trujillo.

Events since January have tended to solidify the ranks of the underground.

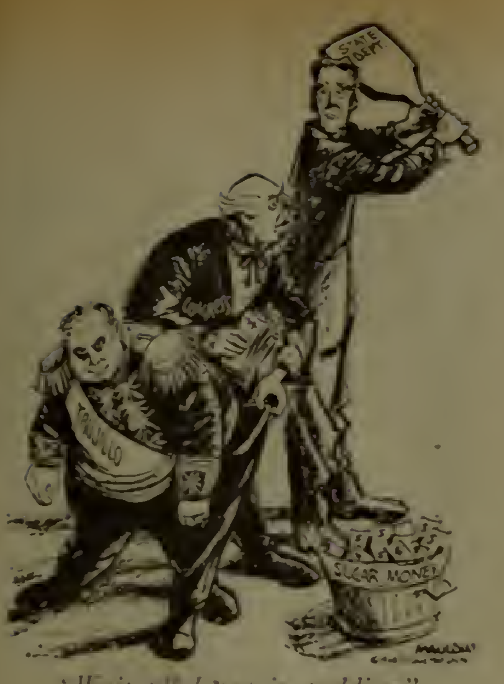
First of all, the arrests and brutal treatment of the plotters and respected middle-class men and women aroused the Catholic Church; the six bishops of the Dominican Republic quickly issued a pastoral letter deploring the regime's refusal to respect human rights. While the Church has quieted its anger in recent months, its publicized opposition to the excesses of the regime has tended to make underground activity more palatable to the middle class. Second, the economy, weighted by heavy arms purchases and tangled trade relations, has plunged into a depression that frightens many businessmen around Trujillo. They are rushing into the underground in the hope of saving their fortunes. With its ranks swelling, the movement may be ready soon to attempt another assassination. Unless Trujillo flees, it probably will succeed.

Trujillo would surely face invasion or rebellion today even if the OAS, bolstered by the change in State Department policy, had not condemned him and ordered the breaking of diplomatic relations. Nevertheless, the action at San Jose was not useless; it has quickened events. Trujillo's immediate reaction was to screw down his clamp on criticism, a move that enrages the intellectuals. The experience of the Dominican Popular Movement (MPD) illustrates the effect of the OAS on Trujillo.

In June, as part of a program to convince the world that the Dominican Republic practiced democracy, the Trujillo regime promised a free hand to its opposition. Two exiles in Cuba, Máximo Antonio López Molina and Andrés Ramos Peguero, took the government at its word and returned to Ciudad Trujillo, brandishing an anti-Trujillo manifesto and waving a flag that cried, "Liberty or Death." They organized the MPD. The government-controlled press welcomed the movement with so many banner headlines that some Dominicans suspected the pair were Trujillo plants. But evidence mounted to prove them genuine.

I INTERVIEWED López and Ramos a few days after the OAS condemned Trujillo. They and other followers huddled on the dusty, rotting top floor of a small building in a bustling business district. Sentinels, wearing dirty shirts, baggy pants, and shoes without socks or laces, clutched spears fashioned from an old iron gate and guarded the door, the windows, the side balconies and the roof. I had to step past an arsenal of lead pipes to find the two leaders.

Since the action at San Jose, their lot had grown hard. The newspapers had ceased mentioning the movement. The government had confiscated their only car. As a precaution, Lopez and Ramos had decided to stop recruiting new members; now they expected an attack by the government at any time. There had been government attacks before, with paid civilians clubbing MPD members and tearing up the head-



"*Wait till I put in padding.*"

quarters. In this way, Trujillo tried to show that it was the angry, loyal populace, not his police, who would not tolerate opposition to *El Benefactor.* Nevertheless, López and Ramos professed optimism. Ramos picked up a lead pipe. "We will win through the truth and this," he said. López nodded.

Five days later, a mob of 300 Trujillistas, armed with sticks, stones, clubs and knives, attacked the MPD. Police looked on as they sacked the headquarters and clubbed twenty-two MPD supporters into the hospital. The government press called it, "the people's justice," and the MPD leaders were thrown into jail. Trujillo no longer felt it useful to show the world that he tolerated an opposition. His action, however, has tended to harden the opposition.

THE OAS has also affected Dominican stability by instilling more fear and panic into the country's businessmen. Actually, the San Jose resolution imposes no sanction on Dominican trade. The suspension of trade in arms is meaningless since the United States, the chief source of Dominican arms in the Western Hemisphere, imposed an arms embargo on the Caribbean more than two years ago. But the resolution gives the OAS council the power to "study the feasibility and desirability of extending the suspension of trade with the Dominican Republic to other articles."

The Dominican economy has sagged since the ascension of Castro in Cuba. A fearful Trujillo spent $88,000,000 on armaments last year — more than half the national budget — and an austerity program came in the wake of the purchases. Then the world prices dropped for sugar, coffee and cocoa, the Republic's chief exports. And, in the last few months, Venezuela has succeeded in blocking shipments of vital oil from Curaçao, Aruba and her own refineries to the Dominican Republic. Any further entrenchment of the economy, besides recruiting more businessmen into the underground, might send the unemployed masses, until now loyal to Trujillo, into the streets.

IF TRUJILLO falls soon, as almost all observers in Ciudad Trujillo assume he will, what will be the attitude of the new regime toward the United States? "It will be Dominican," one exile told me, "not pro-American or anti-American." Then he proceeded to offer a long list of grievances against the United States, the same list presented by almost all anti-Trujillistas. Foremost is the occupation of the country by the U.S. Marines from 1916 to 1924. Dominicans, justifiably or not, invariably describe this experience as harsh and cruel and reeking with rape and plunder. Furthermore, Dominicans do not forget that Trujillo is a product of that occupation. The Marines trained the future dictator and when they left the country he was assistant commander of the national police. Nor do they forget that the United States has actively embraced and bolstered the tyrant for almost the entire thirty years of his reign.

The present sudden change of U.S. policy is largely discounted by the Dominicans; they assume that the State Department went along with the San Jose resolution, not so much to topple Trujillo as to have a precedent for attacking Castro in the future.

With these grievances, no successor to Trujillo — even if he is "Dominican, not pro-American or anti-American"—is apt to be a warm friend of the United States. But circumstances could temper bitterness. For one thing, unlike pre-revolutionary Havana, Ciudad Trujillo does not look like Middletown, U.S.A., with every shop and enterprise bearing an American label. The Dominican Republic is a satrapy of Trujillo, not of American capitalism. The American image may also be improved by an ironic twist in Trujillo policy. The former self-styled defender of the Western Hemisphere against communism has decided to let Radio Caribe, a Dominican network, purchase news dispatches from the Russian agency, Tass, so that "the Dominican people will receive true information not influenced by the pressure of Yankee imperialism." This new unleashing of venom against the United States may convince some anti-Trujillistas that Yankees can't be all bad. In addition, the upper middle class, if it controls the revolution, may stifle its bitterness and look to the United States to stabilize the new regime with economic and moral support.

BUT there is no certainty that the upper middle class, even if backed by the army, will control the revolution. Some students of Dominican politics predict ten years of chaos. Out of this chaos, a government closely allied to Cuba probably would emerge. But another strong man or an OAS-supervised government also might result.

Chaos in the Dominican Republic would enflame the entire Caribbean. In Haiti, underground opponents of another American-supported tyrant, President Francois Duvalier, want to mount an invasion of Haiti from the adjoining Dominican Republic once Trujillo falls. Duvalier might call on the United States for aid, while Castro might rush help to the rebels. The State Department would find all its props under Caribbean dictators fallen and the islands, like the Belgian Congo, in dangerous turmoil.

In any case, the Dominican Republic is about to enter a new era, perhaps crackling with chaos, perhaps teeming with anti-Americanism. But the era will not be sullied by Trujillo. And that, for the Dominican Republic, will in the long run outweigh any chaos.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The White House and the Reins of Power

THE POLITICS OF UPHEAVAL. By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Houghton Mifflin Co. 749 pp. $6.95.

George Dangerfield

THE NEW DEAL was irretrievably pragmatic. It has been described (by Carl N. Degler) as a "congeries of contradictions, naïveté, humanitarianism, realistic politics, and economic horse sense": which is to say that it defies description. One should add that, since we have not yet produced that welfare state which it so valiantly attempted to bequeath to us, it is still alive. Eight years of Republican administration have not exorcised — have not seriously attempted to exorcise — its powerful, enigmatic and admonishing spirit. Nor has the Democratic Party ceased to resemble a leaderless party in search of a Roosevelt.

Mr. Schlesinger's discursive approach to the past of this living entity is not calculated to make that past much less confusing. Probably no living historian is more competent than he to deploy the *dramatis personae* of an era of profound and lasting change. Certainly no historian has his quite astounding gift for mingling analytical with narrative history. But the mixture, while it is vivid and exhilarating, is more apt to intoxicate than to satisfy. Judging by the three volumes he has now presented to us, we can say with some confidence that he has embarked upon a major adventure; but that, like every major adventure, it will have to be done all over again. Perhaps when the world is at peace, should the world ever be at peace, we can look back on the New Deal with the clarity which comes from no longer having to live with it.

In the meantime, here is Schlesinger's impressive and tumultuous work in progress. *The Politics of Upheaval*, covering the years 1935-1936, is altogether too multiform to be handled in a single review. The best one can do is to attempt to extract from it what would appear to be its two main themes.

The first theme—which is central to our times and (if the future is calculable, which I doubt) to our calculable future—is the grand theme of Presidential initiative. Without exactly indulging in Presidential cultus, one can say that the New Deal is the most exciting example in all our history of the axiom that (the words are Harold Laski's) "the initiative of the president is the keystone of the whole arch of the federal structure." The book opens with the President in the uncharacteristic position, for Roosevelt, of being unable or unwilling to exercise initiative. The NRA and the AAA were grinding to a halt: the first was controlled by the manufacturers, the second by the processors. The President, lost among his advisers, was helpless and voiceless. As if in response there arose—or became more audible—an extraordinary clamor of dissent from the Right and from the Left, which Schlesinger describes with strength and brilliance.

NOTHING illustrates the nature of the New Deal so well as the fact that it was more influenced by the demagogues of the Right than by the radicals of the Left. The radicals of the Left, in whatever part of the ideological spectrum they could be placed, were too doctrinaire for the New Deal's pragmatic mind. The demagogues of the Right—Coughlin, Huey Long and that White Knight, mild and mad, Dr. Townsend—appealed, as Schlesinger demonstrates, to the old largely self-employed lower middle class, which had been robbed of respectability and hope (that is, of status) by the Great Depression. The voice of the demagogues, always wild and often wicked, was none the less the authentic utterance of despair; and organized despair, in times of crisis, has its effect upon a sensitive government. There is a possible connection between Huey Long's Share-the-Wealth and Roosevelt's attempt to use taxation as a social instrument; and it is certainly true that the Townsend movement hastened (though it did not initiate) the New Deal's social security program.

What really galvanized the Presidential nerve, however, was the Supreme Court's unanimous action in striking down NRA in *Schechter Poultry Corporation v. U.S.*, the famous "sick chicken" case of May, 1935. NRA was really an incubus; relieved of its weight, the President scored a remarkable legislative success in the summer of 1935. But the troglodyte (or Adullamite) majority in the Supreme Court came back with a series of sweeping decisions which were apparently designed to abolish the twentieth century in favor of the nineteenth, and to paralyze anything that resembled progressive action on the federal or state level. Roosevelt replied with a thrilling, an extraordinary triumph in the landslide election of 1936; and with the words that have never been forgotten — "We have just begun to fight."

The action of the Supreme Court, which its liberal minority regarded as the most disastrous in the Court's history, might almost be said to have been predicated on the belief that Roosevelt's resilience in the summer of 1935 was not significant. The majority of the Supreme Court, in other words, by setting up a negative government of its own in the fall and winter of 1935-1936, conveniently symbolizes yet another axiom: that when the President fails to exercise initiative, he leaves a gap which nothing can fill but which somebody or something will always try to fill.

ACTUALLY, the President had begun to fill the gap, not merely with his legislative program of the summer, but also with the manner in which that program was written. This subtly undermined the majority in the Supreme Court. The Holding Company Act of August, 1935, for example, was a more complicated piece of legislation than the National Recovery Act of 1933, but it was a masterpiece of the lawyer's art. It impressed the reactionary justices as law, whereas the National Recovery Act seemed to them to be mere exhortation. If the New Deal's laws continued to be drawn up in this new manner, which "thought through every point with technical punctiliousness and always showed a meticulous regard for legal continuities," then the Court, however out of date its majority might be, would not be able to invalidate the New Deal's program. And there is enough evidence to suggest that, before Roosevelt's "court-packing" scheme startled the nation and perhaps the Court, this was actually taking place.

The change of style in legislation meant a change from the legal rhetoric of Donald Richberg, for example, to the

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legal craftsmanship of Benjamin Cohen. This leads to the second main theme of *The Politics of Upheaval*: the passing of the First and the institution of the Second New Deal. The First New Deal perished in the ruins of NRA and AAA (the latter's processing tax and productions controls were declared unconstitutional in *U.S. v. Butler* of January, 1936). Its leading figures were Richberg himself, Raymond Moley, Adolf Berle, Hugh Johnson and Rexford Tugwell. The leading figures in the Second New Deal were Felix Frankfurter, Benjamin Cohen, Thomas Corcoran, Marriner Eccles, James Landis, Lauchlin Currie. Schlesinger calls them the Neo-Brandeisians, which is as it may be: "neo" is often the prefix to a nonce-word. Like the leaders of the First New Deal, they did not agree among themselves: Roosevelt thrived upon disagreement. But they had enough in common for Schlesinger to suggest that their thinking bore some vestigial resemblance to that of Woodrow Wilson's New Freedom.

The First New Deal had become a sort of gigantic but frozen Progressivism —a huge glacier, moving with intolerable slowness toward an unattainable objective. It could be derived from the New Nationalism of Theodore Roosevelt; it offered America a planned organic Bigness, in terms of a happy association between Government, Business and Labor. "We have turned our back on competition," Tugwell wrote in 1934, "and have chosen control." The Second New Deal, however, believed that in a controlled capitalism, capitalism was bound to seize the machinery of control.

No doubt all references to New Nationalism or New Freedom are to some extent verbal only. The New Nationalism might perhaps have seen some frantic likeness to itself in the First New Deal: the sort of likeness which a small man might observe in some tall distorting mirror. The New Freedom, a grand and abortive effort to restore competition by destroying Bigness, would have recoiled from the Second New Deal in fastidious disgust. The Second New Deal, in its political language, paid a generous lip service to the New Freedom; but it really made no attempt to reduce Bigness to fragments: the result would have been horrid. What it did was to accept Bigness, but try to make it efficient by reviving competition within a framework of strict social ground rules. "The First New Deal," Schlesinger writes, "characteristically told business what it must do. The Second New Deal characteristically told business what it must *not* do." Its emphasis was less upon reform, and more upon recovery. It was, in effect, the announcement of a conservative revolution—an effort to save capitalism from itself.

Here *The Politics of Upheaval* leaves it. As for Presidential initiative, Roosevelt is left in full command—riding, with an extraordinary dexterity, the winds of council he himself had whistled up. In his way, he personified them: the Roosevelt-haters, now vocal in the land, recoiled from him as invalids recoil from a strong east wind. It is not perhaps necessary for a great President to be a man of profound or brilliant or far-reaching intellect: but it is a sign of a great President that he attracts brilliant intellects and welcomes them and knows how to make them work for him. As for the Second New Deal, we shall presumably discover in the next volume, or rather in the volume after the next, how the "mixed economy," which Schlesinger praises and which was the New Deal's legacy to us, was underwritten by war, as it now is by defense. This was not the case with the years 1935-1936 which, for all their vitality and pertinence, mark an end as well as a beginning. For Roosevelt, in his second Inaugural of 1937, which was their culmination, made no mention of foreign affairs. He had not yet been obliged to admit that our way of life was becoming internationalized. *The Politics of Upheaval* deals with a period in which we were still looking for salvation within an isolationist setting. In that respect, it is a discourse upon an antique world.

A Unified Theory of Malaise

GROWING UP ABSURD. By Paul Goodman. Random House. 296 pp. $4.50.

OUR VISIT TO NIAGARA. By Paul Goodman. Horizon Press. 252 pp. $3.95.

Webster Schott

TIME AND AGAIN, while reading Paul Goodman, memory kept playing back Ernest Jones's remark about the genius of Sigmund Freud. It led, said Dr. Jones, "to looking at mankind in an essentially new way, although what he discovered was not in itself so very new."

So it is with Goodman. *Growing Up Absurd* is nothing less than the first full-length statement of a unified theory of the malaise of contemporary United States society. It relates such seemingly unrelated phenomena as the organization man and the juvenile delinquent; the waste of human resources and the disappearance of patriotism; the fix, boondoggle and legal swindle and the dehumanization or destruction of the community; the wholesale disaffiliation of sensitive youth and the compromised revolutions of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. To read the evening newspaper, switch on the television set, or go to work tomorrow morning is to know exactly what *Growing Up Absurd* is about. But to lend Mr. Goodman your mind is to commit yourself to never seeing life in the same way again.

Mr. Goodman is terrifying. Utopians usually are when we take them (or they take themselves) seriously. And Goodman is all the more terrifying because he is a rational Utopian who has most of the analytical apparatus and theoretical formulations of modern sociology, psychology, historiography and aesthetics at his finger tips. His documented, relentlessly pressed argument that "the accumulation of the missed and compromised revolutions of modern times, with their consequent ambiguities and social imbalances has fallen, and must fall, most heavily on the young," making it impossible for the young to mature into responsible, socially constructive adults, is the most alarming —

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Pedigrees

Considering the Conqueror's
Fish-eyed, rabbit-chinned
Progeny, chests and brains aped from the pigeon,

The Mayflower's spreading heritage
Of turkey wattles,
Crowned heads correct above skins of weasels,

The scions of robber barons
(Only too often
Rats constructed around livers of hens)

Those sports half hog, half horse,
The wallowing gentry,
Dowager ducks, titled ungulates,

What bestiality can we call our own,
We the ordinary
Descendants of Nobody?

W. S. Merwin

and the most comprehensible and well-reasoned — account to date of what has happened to our youth since the depression.

The more one contemplates Goodman's field theory of American culture in the mid-twentieth century, the more widely relevant and valid it becomes. Certainly an elementary reason why Soviet hegemony, social as well as economic, is spreading faster than we can calculate is because there is national as well as personal meaning to the Soviet worker's job. There is a profound relationship between the lost goals of syndicalism and equalitarianism and the disastrous course of events for the United States in Cuba. There is even a connection between Goodman's concept of the pre-structured society — in which the young are either held immobile or driven completely out — and the logical absurdities of the New Theology, which has so rigidly structured its archaic terms that its ambiguous theories cannot deal with modern experience and consequently drive men either back to fundamentalism or completely out of any religious movement.

Must we go back to the beginning? Back all the way to the lost revolutions to give the young a society that makes sense, to put wealth to real use, to have meaning and honor in work, to create a high standard of living we are not ashamed of, to bring social justice to those who have been shamefully left out, to prevent the frauds of advertising and public relations, to find love which matches the urgency of sex? The terror I find in Mr. Goodman is that he is not only right about our social illness, but also right to demand an impossible renascence of idealism and primitive common sense as the best and perhaps only hope for my children.

FORTUNATELY (he would be unbearable otherwise), Mr. Goodman is slightly schizoid like the rest of us. When we reread the less impassioned paragraphs of *Growing Up Absurd* in the light of his American stories and community pieces in *Our Visit to Niagara*, his drive seems to be not a lust for the impossible but a plea for the detecting and selecting of alternatives that are humanly constructive. "Useful" is a word that turns up repeatedly in these stories. The point of "A Senior Concert" is learning to find the truth and to live with it. The heart of "Jeremy Owen," one of the finest pieces of short fiction Paul Goodman has ever written, is: "Foster excellence. Approve of it, even if it hurts, and give it chances to be used." The motive behind "Bathers at Westover Pond" is the exaltation of motive:

> She's alive there because there wasn't a sufficient reason for her to die, it wasn't worth it. That's it. That's it. It takes a stronger justification to die — more shame than that! or failure of duty! or such happiness lost that it's not worth living on again. *Where* do you have it? Where do you *see* it in this country?

Whether or not in our twentieth-century infirmary we are prepared for them, the laws of nature will give us our revolutionary sports, and the laws of thermodynamics will give them effect. Whether or not Paul Goodman's vision of new possibilities for the good life in the United States will prevail is important; but the activist Utopian mood of Goodman — demanding that we seek solutions by viewing all of our experience as if it *were* new and subject to our will — is infinitely more important. It commits us to the future. It requires that we *continue* history at a time when the scholastic pack of our social critics counsels resignation to history.

One Touch of Genius

KILVERT'S DIARY: Selections from the Diary of the Rev. Francis Kilvert, 1870 to 1879. Edited by William Plomer. Macmillan. 3 Vols. 1305 pp. $20.

Kenneth Rexroth

THE old unhappy far-off things that move us most are those that happened just a little while ago. Kenneth Alsop, the bright young fellow of the *Daily Mail* and the *Spectator* knows everything about the American twenties. He dumfounded me one night by giving a day-by-day account of the Starr Faithful case. Me, too, I'm susceptible to the British late nineteenth century and the Edwardian epoch, though not in exactly the way John Betjeman is. My favorite town in all Britain is Ludlow, where, when the bells of St. Lawrence sprinkle their hours on the town, you can almost see A. E. Housman being hung in the market square. Few books have given me greater pleasure than *Windmills and Millwrighting* by Stanley Freese, all about the last few of those engines in Britain and full of words like spattle, sponds, stives, talthur, twibill, uplongs, temse, pintle, quant, sackboy, rhynd, jogsery, brayer. It's a lovely book.

Francis Kilvert was a country curate, mostly in Radnorshire and Wiltshire. His attitudes and opinions were commonplace, his style was modest except in a few set passages of description, his life was uneventful. Yet he is one of the great diarists. Partly it is that he is perfectly typical — but all sorts of too, too, typical people have kept diaries. Kilvert was unusual in just those qualities that make for a good diarist and in no others. He was completely accessible to his own experience. He was exceptionally sensitive — neurologically, not metaphorically as the term is used: he had fine, acute nerves and knew how to interpret their information. The art of interpreting your nerves is, I guess, what is best called sensibility. Open eyes, sympathy and an intelligent heart — what more do you want of a human being?

One of the characteristics of the people of Wales and the West is that they have a special genius for their own kind of dignified intimacy. Belloc said they had the wisdom of the rocks and the oldest kind of song. There is this in Kilvert's words — not the slightly sick intimacy of Richard Jeffries, but an elusive, masculine quality that seems to be going from the world. He must have been a wonderful friend, more precious than rubies.

The beautiful countryside, one of the most idyllic on earth, the brightly focused people, almost all of them good, and comic and tragic—and that special thing that makes the Victorians so strange to us, an ease and confidence in their position at the center of history—could you ask more of a bedside book? How lovely to grow drowsy amongst high woods overlooking the colored counties, meeting milkmaids and munching wind-blown apples.

There is almost no American literature of low life that is convincing, although, God knows, there is plenty that isn't. We are too puritanical a people to write gently of whores and cannon-girls, and dips and yeggs and burley queens. Sinners excite us. We don't seem to do very well with the good people and the good life either. Almost no authors whom the intellectuals take seriously believe that such exist. Whom do we have? I suppose we could say that Kilvert was a lesser artist by far, but a sweeter, mellower, prose William Carlos Williams. We need somebody like that, badly. Since we can't produce him, we have to import him, across the sea, from another time.

KENNETH REXROTH, a frequent Nation *contributor, is the author of* Bird in the Bush (*New Directions*).

Refugees in Time: The Goncourts

THE GONCOURT BROTHERS. By André Billy. Translated by Margaret Shaw. Horizon Press. 352 pp. $6.50.

THE GONCOURT JOURNALS. Lewis Galantière, editor and translator. Doubleday. 377 pp. $1.25, paper.

Mina Curtiss

IN THE history of literature the Goncourts are not great figures. But as influences in their time they were important. Their novel, *Germinie Lacerteux*, drew praise from Zola and was, indeed, one of the first and most influential of the Naturalist novels. They revived an interest in the eighteenth century by their biographical and critical works. Before anyone else they introduced the cult for Japanese art which so strongly influenced the Impressionists. But, as Monsieur Billy says,

> They were refugees in time, misanthropists, misogynists, melancholy, bored, disgusted, out of their element in their own century, irascible, arrogant and highly-strung, pleased with themselves and dissatisfied with others, proud of their own aristocratic temperaments and their acute sensibility, embittered by the obtuseness of critics and the public, sceptics in regard to all political and religious dogmas, if not deliberate atheists or materialists, artists living only for art, ambitious for success while despising it, in short unadapted to happiness, they were above all neurasthenics.

Yet they did succeed in living up to their ideal of the highest type of "honest man of letters, steadfast in his convictions and contemptuous of money."

This cut and bowdlerized, incompetently edited, hack-translated version of André Billy's biography, *The Goncourt Brothers*, is likely to enrage specialists and bore the general reader. André Billy, novelist, journalist, biographer of Sainte-Beuve, Diderot and Balzac, member of the Goncourt Academy, is an authority on the Goncourts, having supervised the editing of their recently published *Journal*, complete in twenty-two volumes. Although the publisher's blurb tells us that "These have yet to appear in their monumental entirety; meanwhile Monsieur Billy's study can be regarded as the Goncourts' definitive biography," this very biography serves as introduction to that exhaustive compendium of gossip, anecdotes and opinions which offers the most vivid, if not the most reliable social history of the Second Empire and the early Third Republic.

Both the Goncourt brothers and André Billy deserved better of their English publishers. (The American edition is produced from sheets brought from England.) The hundred or more pages cut from the French edition, or summarized, make such inroads on M. Billy's basic structure, omit so many of the comments which gave unity and liveliness to his book that the resulting volume is full of *non sequiturs* and frequently unintelligible. It costs $6.50.

FOR $1.25 there is available a paperback volume of *The Goncourt Journals: 1851-1870*, brilliantly edited, translated and with an introduction by Lewis Galantière. This edition also includes ninety pages of witty and illuminating biographical notes on most of the now-forgotten people who figure in the text. The general reader who is interested in the subject will find himself both instructed and delighted by this selection from the journals, which has only one flaw. Certain statements made in the original 1937 edition have not been changed and are now anachronistic.

MINA CURTISS is the author of Bizet and His World *(Knopf). She is working on a biography of Edouard Manet.*

Immune from Fevers

THE BURDEN OF SOUTHERN HISTORY. By C. Vann Woodward. Louisiana State University Press. 191 pp. $3.50.

George Mayberry

THESE EIGHT essays, written since the publication of *Origins of the New South* in 1952, "contribute to an understanding of the collective experience [of the United States] and the distinctive character of the South." A deeply rooted Southerner, Woodward is also an American democrat and of the company of men who "have established some measure of immunity from the fevers and prejudices of their own times, particularly of those bred of nationalism, with its myths and pretensions, and those born of hysteria that closes the mind to new ideas of all kinds."

That statement was part of the tall order for the historian that Woodward delivered in 1953 in his presidential address before the Southern Historical Association, and for the most part he has handsomely measured up to it in these

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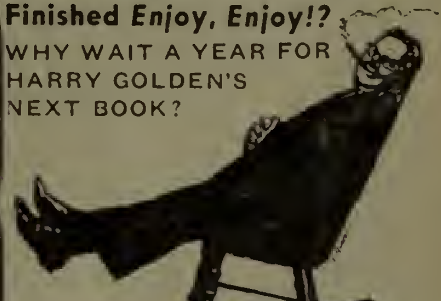

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essays. Happily, the most parochial of the pieces is the earliest chronologically —"John Brown's Private War," based on a lecture delivered (lightly one hopes) in Vermont. It is the fairest Southern appraisal I know of the madman and the myth, but it is too much of a Richmond attorney's brief to belong with the rest of these essays. It is refreshing to turn from it to "The Populist Heritage and the Intellectuals," with its advice to the latter to "resist the impulse to identify all the irrational and evil forces he detests with such movements because some of them, or the aftermath or epigone of some of them, have proved so utterly repulsive. He will learn all he can from the new criticism about the irrational and illiberal side of Populism and other reform movements, but he cannot afford to repudiate the heritage."

EACH of these essays represents the historian in a double role: as recorder and commentator. Thus Woodward duly notes the fact that Lincoln was a segregationist and adds the opinion that the Civil War historian of today should "try to keep in mind the humility that prevented [Lincoln] from ever falling in with the notion that he was the incarnation of the Archangel Michael." But after reviewing the sorry record of "Equality: The Deferred Commitment," Woodward concludes that the time is overdue for the almost forgotten debt to be paid in full. In his necessarily brief review of Reconstruction he contributes to that payment by an admiring judgment of Black Reconstruction; at the same time, to the Negro intellectual of today who tends to look back upon it as "if it were in some ways a sort of Golden Age," he says, "I seriously doubt that it will ever serve satisfactorily as a Golden Age—for anybody. There is too much irony mixed with the tragedy."

Irony and tragedy, indeed, are the touchstones of Woodward's reading of Southern history in relation to the larger national experience. Against the American experience of abundance, success and innocence is set the South's history of poverty, failure and guilt, "a heritage that is far more closely in line with the common lot of mankind. . . . The South once thought of itself as a 'peculiar people,' set apart by its eccentricities, but in many ways modern America better deserves that description." Such generalizations give dimension to the two literary essays in the volume: one on the Southern renaissance of the last thirty years; the other a presentation of Melville's "Clarel," Henry Adams' *Democracy* and James's *The Bostonians* as "Southern Critiques for the Gilded Age." Although his taste and feeling for artistic values set these far above the general historian's usual discussion of literature, Woodward shows a tendency in the latter essay to use literature indiscriminately as documentation without evaluation; most notably he discusses "Clarel" without any suggestion that it is one of the worst poems ever written by a literary genius.

While the book contains a lively and apt quotation from Louis Armstrong and an annotation by Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, there is no other recognition of the Negro's contribution to Southern or, for that matter, American culture. But since Woodward is otherwise eminently fair in his judgment of the Negro, this may be taken as an unintended oversight of the elliptical method of the interpretative essay. He is color blind in the best sense of the term, which is not only a desideratum for a man but an asset for a historian.

GEORGE MAYBERRY is an editor and a social historian. He has written introductions to novels by Theodore Dreiser and Robert Penn Warren, and to an anthology of American prose.

LETTER from LONDON

Tom A. Cullen

HOLLYWOOD sustained the cruelest blow of all on October 5. On that date Elizabeth Taylor, Hollywood's highest paid star, stepped before the cameras for the opening sequence of *Cleopatra,* the $6 million spectacle which 20th Century-Fox is making at Elstree studios, Hertsfordshire, England, which is 6,000 miles from the Sunset Strip. (The original script called for Miss Taylor to step into a bath of asses' milk, but this scene has been postponed "until the cast become better acquainted," the studio explained.) *Cleopatra* is the biggest and most expensive film ever made in the British Isles, and it is being made with British labor. The cameramen, the sound technicians, the hairdressers, the electricians, the extras and the studio carpenters, all are British, as are Miss Taylor's two leading men, Peter Finch and Stephen Boyd.

Old-timers can remember when super-spectacles and sunken baths, with or without asses' milk, were Hollywood's specialty. Only Hollywood could build the colossal sets, only Hollywood had the special-effects cameras, the makers of hair lace, the know-how, the golden de Mille touch. But now British technicians have mastered the complexities of Todd-AO, and the famed Hollywood know-how is the property of studios from Warsaw to Athens. Now Hollywood goes to Rome for *Ben Hur,* to Madrid for *King of Kings,* to Athens for *Leonidas, Lion of Sparta* and to Jordan for *Lawrence of Arabia.* Hollywood studios will spend close to $60 million on films made abroad during the coming year; many of them will be made at studios in or near London, with location work on the Continent.

"I make films in England, not because it's cheaper, but because the public demands authentic backgrounds," Spyros Skouras, president of 20th Century-Fox, told a London press conference recently. According to Skouras, movie-goers, and Americans foremost among them, have suddenly become world-minded, take a passionate interest in foreign places and foreign faces. For the 1940 Oscar-winning *How Green Was My Valley,* Fox built a Welsh mining village in Hollywood, but now the public will not be fobbed off with such a simulacrum. For the 20th Century-Fox film version of D. H. Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers,* the pop-corn-eaters were taken right to a Nottingham coal-face, and the extras were recruited from Lawrence's native Eastwood and spoke with authentic Welsh accents. The Egyptian pyramids, the slums of Naples, the bomb rubble of Berlin, and all those Geisha girls — the public cannot get enough of them, according to Skouras.

SOME of Skouras' more cynical colleagues take a different view. Authenticity, they claim, is being used as a smoke screen to conceal the economic advantages of filming abroad. Many of the American films are "runaway" productions in the same sense that the New England textile factories which fled South at the beginning of this century were fugitives from the union scale. Why else, they ask, are British actors, directors

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TOM A. CULLEN, who grew up in Long Beach, Calif., within sight of the studio where Mack Sennett comedies were made, is on the London staff of an American news-feature syndicate.

and technicians being given preference over the native Hollywood product? Why was a film like *Suddenly, Last Summer*, which has a New Orleans locale, made in England? And *The Inn of the Sixth Happiness* — why was a Chinese village complete with mud huts constructed for this film in Wales? And now 20th Century-Fox is planning to convert Swiss playwright Friedrich Duerrenmatt's *The Visit* into a full-blooded Western, to be shot in England, presumably on the wind-swept plains of Dartmoor.

Producers I have talked to estimate that they can save as much as one-third on production costs by filming in England. Studio rentals here are cheaper. So are actors, technicians and studio labor. I doubt, for example, that the combined salaries of Peter Finch and Stephen Boyd for *Cleopatra* would equal one-fifth of the fee Elizabeth Taylor is being paid for this film ($1 million for seven months). Small wonder then that such British actors as Finch, Boyd, Laurence Harvey, Kenneth More, Dirk Bogarde and Peter Sellers are being groomed as international stars to replenish the aging Hollywood stable of the Clark Gables and the Gary Coopers; and that a talented Briton such as Jack Cardiff is upgraded from studio cameraman to director of *Sons and Lovers.*

CHEAPER space and labor are not the only inducements for filming abroad. There is, for example, the Eady Plan, which is a direct subsidy from the British government. By using 80 per cent British studio labor, American producers become eligible for a rebate on box-office receipts when their films are shown here, and this can boost their British takings by as much as 40 per cent. Foreign governments, it seems, cannot do enough to encourage the Hollywood runaways. Recently, Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth gave permission to 20th Century-Fox to film the Household Guards in color for a sixty-minute documentary. Spyros Skouras was so tickled with the results that he ordered the documentary expanded into a full-length feature to be title'd *The Queen's Guards*. "Thus we are getting a million-dollar picture for half the price," one of his minions boasted to me. When Skouras approached the Greek government for permission to film *Leonidas, Lion of Sparta* (re-titled from *The Battle of Thermopylea*), the Karamanlis government not only offered him 6,000 Greek soldiers for free, but suggested that the troops could make their own costumes.

Fairfield Porter

An exhibition of new paintings by Fairfield Porter is being held at the Tibor de Nagy Gallery, 149 East 72 St., New York, until November 26.

Another explanation for the sudden rush to film abroad was given to me by writer-producer Carl Foreman, who has such outstanding films as *Champion, High Noon* and *The Men* to his credit. "Hollywood makes fewer films these days, and these are made more and more by independent producers, who simply rent studios and hire actors for the one film," he explained. "This means that actors, writers and producers need no longer live near the film factories. They are free to travel, to see a bit of the world, and jet planes have made this easy."

FOREMAN, himself, has just returned from Rhodes, where he has been filming *The Guns of Navarone*, starring Gregory Peck, David Niven and Anthony Quinn. For this $5 million epic the Greek government opened its arsenal, lending Foreman twelve destroyers, 4,000 Greek troops, tanks, planes, helicopters, howitzers and mortars, as well as generals and admirals as technical advisers. The Greek government is also spending $100,000 to boost tourism in connection with the film's release.

Foreman believes that the Hollywood "break-out" has been a good thing. "The Hollywood actors and producers who work abroad have become more sophisticated, in the good sense of the word," he says. "They have become aware of world problems." On the other hand, he views the eclipse of Hollywood as the world's film capital with mixed feelings, thinks that the federal government should subsidize the American film industry, just as it does other "sick" industries. "Every country in Europe subsidizes its film industry in one form or another," he points out, "and this subsidy extends to co-productions that are made with American finance."

He would like to see foreign producers make films in Hollywood, thus reversing the present trend. He would also like to see a national film school established in America for the training of actors and technicians. "Poland has established such a school, and some of the most exciting films today are coming out of Poland." Foreman concluded with this warning: "Most of our big-name stars and producers are in their middle forties and in their fifties, and they are making films for audiences in their twenties and thirties. Hollywood is still a world symbol, but if it doesn't take steps to revivify itself the center of film gravity will inevitably shift from America to Europe and the Far East."

DESIGN

Walter McQuade

This essay is the first of three by Walter McQuade on exhibitions of contemporary design being shown in New York this fall. Later issues will carry his comments on collections from Denmark and from Germany.

ENTERING the Seventh Regiment Armory at Park and 69th Street to see the recent show there, "Decoration and Design: 1961," the visitor passed through an interior of great character in itself— the hooded, evocative stairway and outer hall of the old building. Built in 1880, its varnished wood paneling shuns sunlight and fresh air. The artificial lighting is from clusters of handsome yellow globes suspended in the mellow dimness; these are lit now by electric bulbs, but are probably not much brighter than when they covered the original gas flames. All about you on the walls are regimental souvenirs and such things as war casualty lists of the Knickerbocker Grays, grown up and gone to men's wars. It is a somber, stiff, martial place, but with the respectable charm of old soldiers.

The exhibition in the drill hall of the armory was anything but convincing, however. Even yielding the point that trying to furnish a fake living room or bedroom or office for people to file past in the middle of an armory is a difficult task, the show as a whole struck me as an incitement to the extravagant, empty gesture. Perhaps the situation destroyed the individual; each interiors expert knew he was competing for attention with rooms next to his on either side and across the aisle. The exhibitors all strained toward the spectacular or retreated into coyness: too much lime nubbiness in the chartreuse upholstery, too many birds in the wallpaper — attention, attention, look, gape, grin. In the end, the hard-working decorators actually suggested the cruel image which they despise: a group of semi-professionals dedicated to commercial frivolity, quaint hat designers.

There are plenty of bad decorators around, but the trade can't be considered a cliché any more. Many of the good ones prefer the designation, interior designer, and earn it. The subtle ones do very humane things with rooms, particularly in the non-perfunctory use of color.

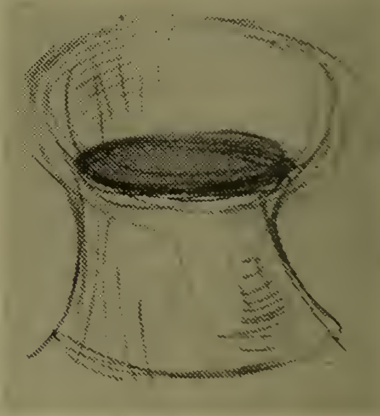
Yet when an architect is told that a decorator has been called in to finish off his building, his usual reaction is a betrayed shudder, and when you consider some of the exhibit rooms up there at the armory, you could easily understand the convulsive reaction. There was, for instance, a bedroom entitled "Arsenic and Old Lace" which featured a valentine-shaped mattress, and was described by its designer as

Chair by Charles Eames

> An enchanting bedroom of filmy lace from floor to ceiling with an arsenic green carpeted platform featuring *the pièce de résistance* — a lush lavender heart-shaped bed, sheltered by lavender lace curtains, forming a niche and perfect setting for black and white print grouping on white walls behind bed.

The good things in the show had to be unearthed beyond the piles of leopard pillows, African primitive sculptures, transparent plastic chairs, Buddhas, teeny tables and china pugs. Charles Eames's big leather and plywood armchair and footrest stood alone in muscular dignity in one room setting, a hunting dog among pomeranians. The McGuire Company showed some wicker chairs I eyed for next summer — generous woven baskets on stable upside-down basket bases. And the decorators' props frequently were of enticing quality, particularly the old rugs used to garnish a number of the sample rooms, exceptionally nice old orientals. Their exotic, worn beauty wasn't automatic — someone picked them out, someone with a real eye.

One exhibitor whose talent evidently is too driving to leave him much time for cynicism is the fabric designer and merchant, Jack Lenor Larsen. His prints and weaves bring an astonishing new vitality to this hackneyed field. Like all designers in the field, he searches in far lands for "inspiration," but when he settles on something, instead of watering it down or vulgarizing it, he adds real design whammy. Sometimes he does this by enlarging the pattern, sometimes by exploding the color. He can also deliver a very underplayed, quietly beautiful fabric, although even in these you sense his restlessness —he tries to make the quiet colors burn. Some of his things approach the richness of the oriental rugs, in a more theatrical way. He makes his dream world vital, not heart-shaped.



McGuire chair

A Poem, A Distraction

A poem, a distraction, an escape from the narrative.

I say the day is a prison
I say the hours are jailers
(and the merciless minutes).

Toss, toss
On the waves of profit & loss
Die, die
In the valleys of sell & buy.

Is that child a woman, is that woman a child?
Is that love's own bosom, the mild and beneficent Pacific?

Wondrous West, glory of the unknown
Bottomless depository of hope and tomorrow.

Is that love's own bosom, that tumult
And rising, the wild expectancies
Leading to a wilderness of yesterdays?

Hush! there are monsters abroad.
Wall up that man, Edgar!
But far off the silence is eternal
Great birds prey spellbound over the desert —
Sand hollows, ocean pockets.
Far off the silence is eternal
Death in shallow graves
Dreams beyond desire.

Meyer Liben

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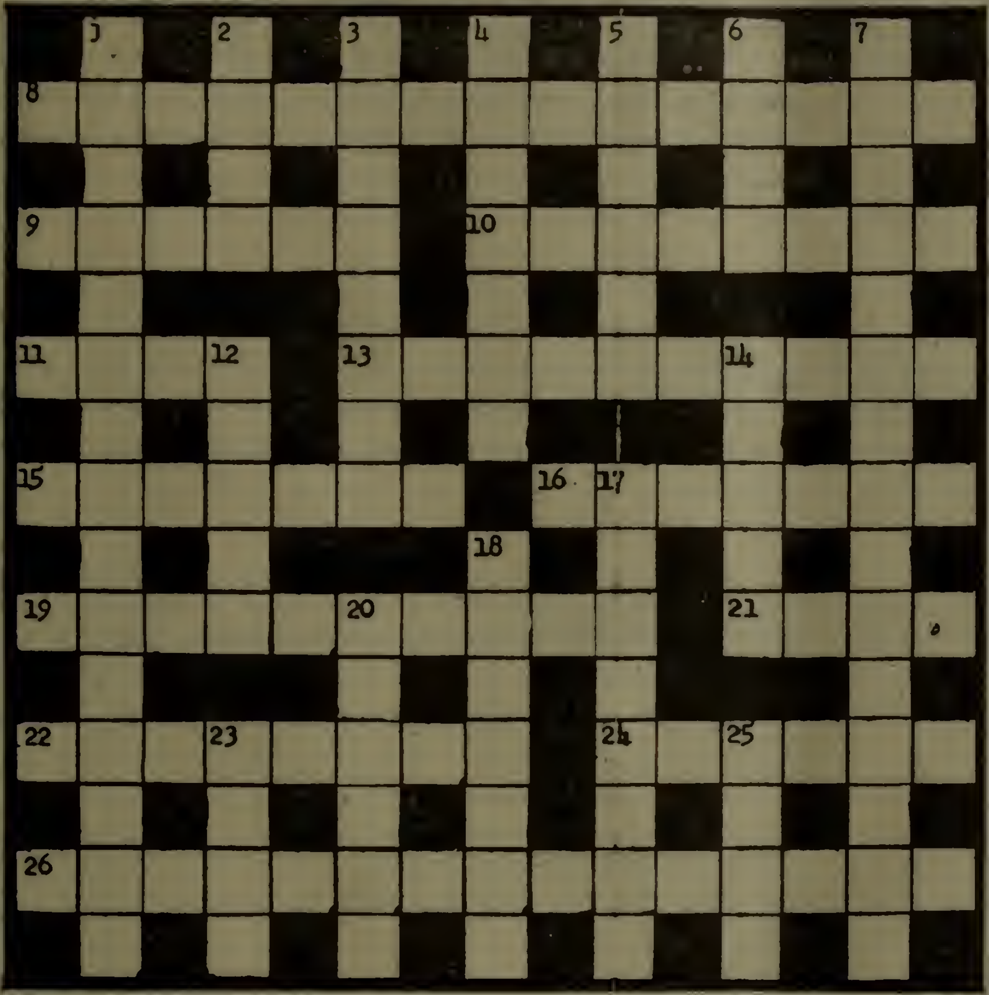

ACROSS:

8 The condition of one paw might be illegal. (9, 6)

9 See 6 down

10 Payments for the filter part. on board? (8)

11 and 12 down You might find a suitable arrangement is when two make a fairy tale. (4, 5)

13 Might imply a bad boy to a girl, but it's still required! (10)

15 Their habit patterns should be avoided. (7)

16 Check your profit—you've a good deal here. (7)

19 Havelock Ellis said such activities are not mere national property. (10)

21 To be full of suitable return. (4)

22 Particular places—i.e., the sort you might recognize. (8)

24 To speak once again about the fuel supply? (6)

26 Slang term of approbation, like what might end up in a pickle! (4, 2, 1, 8)

DOWN:

1 Might involve the judgment of brass. (7, 8)

2 One might use some sort of foot measure to do it. (4)

3 O.K. what's on the wine list—it could have been brought back with you from abroad. (8)

4 Gets out of doing something, as those who reputedly pop off! (7)

5 Having a gown in disorder? (6)

6 and 9 across What to do with sad men. if you want to institute compensation. (4, 6)

7 Legal boundary disputes aren't easily classified! (10, 5)

12 See 11 across

14 Drunk, perhaps, in miserly fashion. (5)

17 The goal of one, as an alternative to the presidency? (8)

18 A stray calf, fit to be found in distress. (7)

20 Kipling implied this could be raised in Saudi Arabia. (6)

23 A formation of 22 without an unusual type of fish. (4)

25 How to get information out of a shoe? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 888

ACROSS: 1 Commandos; 6 and 13 down Sharp practices; 9 Rocks; 10 Vouchsafe; 11 Trihedral; 12 Liege; 13 Paged; 15 Endeavors; 18 Assymetry; 19 Typed; 20 Thief; 22 Onslaught; 25 Chalumeau; 26 Awake; 27 Speed; 28 Antidotes. DOWN: 1 Caret; 2 Mockingly; 3 Aisle; 4 Divergent; 5 Scull; 6 Scholiast; 7 Amaze; 8 Precessed; 14 Dumbfound; 16 Dry as dust; 17 Oppugnant; 21 Irate; 22 Opera; 23 Award; 24 Tiers.

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THE NATION

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LETTERS

Easy Way Out

Dear Sirs: That tearful lady with $1,000 whom Fred J. Cook describes as a horrible example of victimization by gambling ("Gambling, Inc.," *The Nation,* Oct. 22) turns out to be ripe Gorgonzola, straight out of "Ten Nights in a Barroom." If you really want to see a sad figure, you should have seen me right after I bought Pyrites of Poverty, Ltd., in the Canadian mine-stock market. But nobody has suggested raiding any stock exchanges. . . .

Mr. Cook proves what a great many already knew — that horse-racing is the biggest money sport in the country. But instead of hiring paid accusers to try to get convictions, why not legalize and tax this lush source of new money? Make it a state monopoly with civil-service people running the show, perhaps with an assist from the Internal Revenue Department. It is the only way to eliminate, with one stroke, every single evil listed in Mr. Cook's screed about gambling.

ARTHUR LOCKWOOD

Ridgefield Park, N. J.

[*Anyone who has suffered the buffetings of the mine-stock market is likely to look upon other types of gambling with a less jaundiced eye. But Mr. Cook demonstrates that you can't win at the race track either — even the legal, honest one; and he demonstrates, further, that the crime rate rises, and most normal business declines, wherever gambling is legalized (see "Gambling, Inc.," pages 308 ff., Oct. 22 issue). — Ed.*]

Moral Money

Dear Sirs: Fred J. Cook's splendid article on gambling [*The Nation,* Oct. 22] has earned him some kind of a medal. Since, however, chauvinism takes precedence over patriotism in these cold-war motivated times, Mr. Cook will just have to be content with having his article read over and over again. I have already passed my copy of that week's *Nation* on to six other people.

I offer only one sour note: in the form of a question, though, and not in any way critical of Mr. Cook's article. Where is the line drawn between immoral money and moral money? How much *less* moral or corruptive is gambling money than, say, "speculating" money, or stock market money, planned-obsolescence money, vicuna money, deep-freeze money, etc.?

One may argue that moral money does not corrupt to the extent that immoral money does—that murders, gang wars, narcotics peddling, prostitution, etc., are derivatives of immoral money. When nuclear weapons and armaments in general constitute so great a percentage of our moral money—without which it is questionable (or at least unproven) whether the underworld *or* overworld could survive—I for one wonder if any line can be drawn at all.

ROBERT E. REARDON

New York City

[*Copies of "Gambling, Inc." are available at the following prices: 1 copy, 50c; 10 for $4; 50 for $17.50. Write to* The Nation, *333 Sixth Ave., N. Y. 14, N. Y.*]

We Didn't Say 'Jr.'

Dear Sirs: After complaining of the dishonest I. Q. programs of the TV industry, you state in your November 5 issue (with some sarcasm) that "The ship of state has lifted her keel from the rocks of false encyclopedism, and sails in the calm roadstead of Maverick. . . ."

Well, what's wrong with that?

MAURY MAVERICK, JR.

San Antonio, Tex.

Genteel Non-Conformity

Dear Sirs: In his "Medical Ethics and the Cold War," published in *The Nation* of October 29, Dr. Victor W. Sidel does not identify the psychiatrist involved in the Mitchell case, nor is it revealed that Mitchell did not see the psychiatrist as a patient, but as an expert with whom he could discuss his own theories on psychiatry. Hence, from this relationship, the psychiatrist could rationalize his revelations to the House Committee on Un-American Activities on the ground that there was no confidential relationship between patient and doctor. The Directory of Medical Specialists indicates . . . that the psychiatrist involved was certified as a specialist in his field in 1956. He is, therefore, relatively young in his field and could be more vulnerable to pressure than one who was more firmly rooted economically. . . .

What about medical ethics themselves? . . . Could it be that ethics in medicine, law or the ministry reflect the socio-economic relationship of society? And if society is threatened (as Dr. Sidel touches upon lightly, and from the other pole: in the case of the German physician under the Nazis), where the ethics? Dr. Sidel speaks of conscience and ethics (that word again) taking precedence over law. But I thought that Dr. Sidel said that lawyers, like ministers, have a privileged relationship which has been recognized and protected by law! . . .

To me, all this is symptomatic of our time: challenge conformity, but . . . in a genteel way, in birds-and-flowers exposition rather than the one-syllable, four-letter word.

HARRY E. BELLER, M.D.

Miami, Fla.

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THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

Mr. Kennedy's Opportunity

A man may aspire to the Presidency for a number of reasons — ambition, vanity, love of country, love of power, a sense of responsibility, and so on. But, whatever his motives, he cannot justify them, even in the privacy of his own mind, unless he is resolved to promote the welfare of a majority of his fellow Americans and the long-range interests of the country as well as he can. In short, he must take his oath of office literally if he is to succeed, in his own estimation and the verdict of history. This opportunity Mr. Kennedy now has, and to a degree shared by few of his predecessors. A majority of his fellow citizens, taking him at his word, have avowed their receptivity to the basic idea of dynamic progress and the subsidiary ideas needed to make it a reality. They have repudiated the essentially static philosophy of the Republican Party and embraced new leadership. Not only new, but young leadership: Mr. Kennedy is the youngest man ever to be elected to the office. He symbolizes the rise to power of a new generation. He will exercise the powers of office with a Legislative and Executive branch of his own party. He has the benefit of advisers whose intellectual caliber is notably higher than that of President Eisenhower's subordinates and friends. He can afford, also, to be above all considerations of personal interest and respect for wealth as such: he is wealthy in his own right and, in due course, will inherit more wealth than any President before him.

No one ever assumed the office under brighter personal auspices or with a finer opportunity to cope with its enormous difficulties. This opportunity began on the morning after the election; when the President-elect awoke from dreams to the reality of his situation, his first resolution should have been to forget the political garbage of a sorry campaign and to resolve to deal with the problems of the United States in adult fashion. The policy changes which under the American electoral methodology could not be debated, did not on that account disappear; they must soon be faced. The evasions and distortions which both candidates employed to seduce what Senator Robert A. Taft invidiously referred to as the "stenographer vote," must now give place to hard thinking and courageous action. Mr. Kennedy not only can afford to be courageous now; he cannot afford to be anything else. Mr. Kennedy is intelligent and energetic; probably these considerations are clear to him. If so, he should have a successful administration. *The Nation*, which has seen many Presidents come and go, wishes him godspeed on a journey perilous to him and to all of us.

Analyzing the Results

In next week's issue of The Nation, *Louis H. Bean, economist, political analyst and author of* How to Predict Elections, *will analyze the results of last week's "cliffhanger" vote. If you are not a* Nation *subscriber, and your local dealer does not handle* The Nation, *you may order your copy by mail from us, enclosing 25c.*

Losses and Gains

Both ideally and as a practical matter, a campaign should enlighten the voters — provided the objective is the welfare of the country. The Presidential campaign just past fell far short in this regard, in what the candidates said and in what they left unsaid, and in the tactics they used and countenanced. But there were also some notable gains.

One was the further deep dent made in the one-party system in the South. The beneficiaries of the system may repair some of the damage, but it will not be quite the same again. Despite the fact that Mr. Kennedy carried a number of Southern states, he is not the bondsman of the Dixiecrats and, as a political realist, he is not likely to reward the Quislings in his party. The defecting Dixiecrats should not receive so much as a single fourth-class postmastership from the President-elect, who has few past favors to pay for and little expectation of new ones. The Dixiecrats who lined up for the Kennedy-Johnson ticket in the end did so not out of loyalty to the Democratic Party but because they had become convinced its nominees would win.

In the future, the influence of the Dixiecrat element will decline relative to the influence of the liberal South, including the growing political strength of Southern Negroes. Mr. Kennedy intervened — showing imagination and courage—in the Martin Luther King, Jr., case where a Georgia judge had revoked the Rev. King's probation on a traffic violation and sent him to the state penitentiary. In fact, Robert Kennedy's direct communication with the judge was improper, but the uproar which might have been expected failed to develop. Segregation is losing ground, and Mr. Kennedy helped. The Negro now knows that his interests lie with the Northern, liberal wing of the Democratic Party.

Another development which may assuage the frustration of liberals is that the Catholic bugaboo has been laid, once and for all. Like racial segregation, which it resembles in kind, it was a disgrace to the country. Its dissolution will add to America's international prestige and lift a burden from its conscience. Mr. Kennedy met this issue head-on, frankly, logically and courageously, and by all indications he gained more votes than he lost.

The Roman Catholic Church came out ahead, not only because the outcome demonstrated that a qualified Catholic could be elected, but because the clergy and laity alike behaved with notable wisdom and restraint. One instance was a pronouncement by Msgr. Franklyn J. Kennedy, editorial manager of the *Catholic Herald Citizen*, which is published weekly by the Archdiocese of Milwaukee and the Dioceses of Milwaukee and Superior. Despite much urging, the *Herald Citizen* refused to support either candidate. "We are confident," said Msgr. Kennedy, "that our readers would think it highly improper for a Catholic paper — published under the direction of one Archbishop and two Bishops — to come out in favor of one candidate over the other." And in Puerto Rico, where the bishops overstepped their proper bounds, they were deservedly rebuked by the Catholic electorate — and again the Church gained, although the bishops did not.

Finally, the press as a whole, while largely supporting Nixon editorially, gave the Democrats a fair break in its news columns. The Democrats are reported to feel that they received the fairest press treatment of recent decades. Some of the interpretive journalism was not only fair, but brilliant. Whatever redounds to the credit of the press redounds to the credit of the country; let us hope that the gain will be held.

Are We Training Cuban Guerrillas?

Fidel Castro may have a sounder basis for his expressed fears of a U.S.-financed "Guatemala-type" invasion than most of us realize. On a recent visit to Guatemala, Dr. Ronald Hilton, Director of the Institute of Hispanic-American Studies at Stanford University, was told:

> *1.* The United States Central Intelligence Agency has acquired a large tract of land, at an outlay in excess of $1,000,000, which is stoutly fenced and heavily guarded. Dr. Hilton was informed that it is "common knowledge" in Guatemala that the tract is being used as a training ground for Cuban counter-revolutionaries who are preparing for an eventual landing in Cuba. It was also said that U.S. personnel and equipment are being used at the base. The camp is said to be located in Retahuleu, between Guatemala City and the coast.
>
> *2.* Substantially all of the above was reported by a well-known Guatemalan journalist, Clemente Marroquin Rojas, in *La Hora*, a Guatemalan newspaper of which he is the director. His article appeared in violation, it is said, of a Government prohibition against any public discussion of the matter.
>
> *3.* More recently, the President of Guatemala, forced to take cognizance of the persistent reports concerning the base, went on TV and admitted its existence, but refused to discuss its purpose or any other facts about it.

The American press — even media with accredited correspondents on the scene — has apparently remained unaware of the public commotion the subject has aroused in Guatemala. Not even President Ydigoras' TV statement that a secret base exists has been reported in the United States, so far as we know. We ourselves, of course, pretend to no first-hand knowledge of the facts; nevertheless, we feel an obligation to bring the subject to public attention. If Washington is ignorant of the existence of the base, or, knowing that it exists, is nevertheless innocent of any involvement in it, then surely the appropriate authorities will want to scotch all invidious rumors and issue a full statement of the real facts. On the other hand, if the reports as heard by Dr. Hilton are true, then public pressure should be brought to bear upon the Administration to abandon this dangerous and hair-bramed project.

There is a second reason why we believe the reports merit publication: they can, and should, be checked immediately by all U.S. news media with correspondents in Guatemala.

Meanwhile, Dr. Hilton informs us that he will publish additional details of his findings in Guatemala in the November issue of the *Hispanic-American Review*, published by the Institute of which he is the director. The sooner the truth emerges, the better for all concerned — the United States, which now stands accused; the Cubans, who assert fear of an imminent invasion, and the Guatemalans, who appear to be thrust into a perilous quarrel not of their making.

More Blessed to Receive

Among the multitude of problems which beset the United States, two related ones are most troublesome. Paul Heffernan, a financial writer of *The New York Times*, asks in that paper where the $6 billion in monetary gold which the United States has lost since 1948 has disappeared to, and who is to help Uncle Sam pick up the tab for aid to the underdeveloped countries. The answer to both questions is the same: West Germany. In 1948, when the rescue operation in West Germany was well under way, the formerly erring, but free and capitalistic country, had no gold reserves. She was in debt to the ears. Now this showcase of free enterprise, her debts forgiven by her former enemies, possesses $6.5 billion in gold. The transfusion has become painful to the donor, but the West German financial interests are happy. The debt capital forgiven by the United States is being loaned out at high interest rates — 6 per cent in Greece, for instance. "So go the incredible financial miscarriages of the postwar period," writes Mr. Heffernan. "The war victor pays reparations to the loser by forgiving debt. The loser lends out the forgiven debt capital in the land he ravaged. The victim of the ravagement pays 6 per cent interest to the war ravager for the use of capital donated by the war victor." And the loser gorges himself with gold siphoned off from the victor.

When the technically victorious Uncle Sam humbly asks the victorious loser for help, he is sternly rebuffed. Chancellor Konrad Adenauer protests that he cannot afford to tax the West Germans in an election year, and he always has an election year coming up, or the danger of a recession, or some other impending calamity. Later this month, Secretary of the Treasury Robert Anderson and Under Secretary of State Douglas Dillon will travel to Bonn to present their petitions to the Chancellor in person. They may even threaten to slash local purchases of supplies for U.S. troops stationed in Germany, or to send home the families of U.S. servicemen. To reduce the occupation troops, of course, is unthinkable: everyone knows that West Germany would immediately be overrun by the Russian hordes. It is safe to predict that the lame-duck Secretaries will get little satisfaction from the perpetual Chancellor, although it is not ruled out that he may throw them a symbolic bone or two so that they will not have to go home conspicuously empty-handed. But the job of getting the affluent West German capitalists to shell out is a job for President Kennedy, and good luck to him.

The Resurrection of Valkyrie

When the B-70 bomber was "cut back" by the Administration of "Old Infantryman" Dwight Eisenhower last January, the howls of the Air Force and the prime contractor, North American Aviation, resounded through the land. Thousands of subcontractors and the West Coast newspapers joined in the outcry. The B-70, christened *Valkyrie* by North American, was to fly at three times the speed of sound at an altitude of 70,000 feet; it was the darling of the World War II generals of the Air Force. *The Nation* was not greatly impressed, however, for 2,000 miles an hour is still only a fraction of a ballistic missile's speed; what was even more to the point, the aircraft could not be ready for action until 1965 or later — probably later. The Old Infantryman seemed to have a pretty good case, as long as one did not happen to own airplane stock or have some other partisan interest in the matter.

The decibels of protest were such, however, that *The Nation* remarked that *Valkyrie* might have life in her yet, and so it has turned out. Eight days before the election the Old Infantryman relented and shelled out $265 million in fiscal 1961 funds to permit construction of two combat-equipped B-70s, as well as the two stripped models originally allowed for. The decision was immensely popular in Southern California, where unemployment in the air-frame industry is a major headache. A four-day market rally was set off in Wall Street in the stocks of North American Aviation and some of its major subcontractors (G.E., Westinghouse, I.B.M., etc.). One who did not join in the chorus of rejoicing was Jack Kennedy. Although Democratic sentiment had favored *Valkyrie* and her anguished sponsors, and the Democratic-controlled Congress had increased the Old Infantryman's $39.2 billion defense budget by $662 million, Mr. Kennedy assailed the Administration for a "transparent political maneuver to increase Republican votes."

Well, the votes weren't quite enough, and Candidate Kennedy will soon be President Kennedy. If the resuscitation of *Valkyrie* was a "transparent political maneuver," should she not, in fairness to the taxpayers, now be taken out of the iron lung from which, in any case, she will probably never emerge? She is little more than a set of plans on paper (and some not even on paper). By the time this prodigy of the Air Force can become a weapons system, missiles will have made aircraft obsolete. Here is one of the items that belong on the President-elect's crowded agenda.

FALL BOOKS

New Trends and Old Hats

Terry Southern

THE CULT of *bigness*, in its various attitudes, is by now a well-annotated American disease of which most symptoms and many causes appear to be fully understood. This sickness, however, as it applies to that brief lamplight called "contemporary literature," does not derive, as is generally supposed, from the great Victorian plague. It stems from aborted notions of Joyce and *Moby Dick* — sources of influence to be celebrated solely (should one judge by the content of our current fat serious novels) for their use of prefatory quotes and their bulk.

And yet the truth is that regardless of how warm or high the promise and ceremony with which it is weighed out, ten pounds of bear-grease (to extend a metaphor of Anthony West's) can never really equate to a drop of royal-jelly. Here then the first, perhaps terrible, confrontation: how many people can even know what royal-jelly is? or, knowing, not suspect its properties? In short, for how many, rich and poor, is a life-long diet of bear-grease irrevocably in the cards?

The bloated format of our novels is most usually a panicked attempt to bolster the otherwise rather shaky impression that anything worth saying is being said; like the meandering speech of a lying man who must talk about anything under the sun except the crime itself. It also has to do with the basic *merchandising* problem of the publishing business; "the industry is geared," as they say, "to handle a four-dollar product," so the novelist is pressured into conforming to a wholly artificial format. And that this should be for the sake of futilely resisting (from the industry's point of view) the inevitable transition from hard cover to paperback (where the requirements are not so inflexible) makes the fatness of these novels all the more distasteful.

Wright Morris
Ceremony in Lone Tree. Atheneum Publishers. 304 pp. $4.

Herbert Gold
Therefore Be Bold. Dial Press. 256 pp. $3.95.

James Purdy
The Nephew. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. 210 pp. $3.95.

John Barth
The Sot-Weed Factor. Doubleday & Co. 806 pp. $7.50.

William Styron
Set This House on Fire. Random House. 507 pp. $5.95.

William Goyen
The Faces of Blood Kindred. Random House. 167 pp. $3.50.

John Updike
Rabbit, Run. Alfred A. Knopf. 307 pp. $4.

Even the work of authors who show an excellence of skill and spirit sufficient to clear them of this sort of base weakness is inflated by the contagion of bigness. The latest novel of Wright Morris, *Ceremony In Lone Tree*, is a good example. Here he has created an extremely interesting situation: a solitary old man is living on in an abandoned town, long after all the other inhabitants have left; it is the story of his daily life there, and of a reunion of some of the former residents on his ninetieth birthday. The situation is a curious, freakish one; it is a highly *creative* situation, because it is immediately open to every potential: surrealistic, introspective, symbolic — many of which are realized. But why has Wright Morris appropriated 304 pages for a story to which no European writer could, in all taste and conscience, devote a third as many? Mr. Morris has written twelve novels since 1945, a fairly professional average for a writer who is not merely professional. All of his work has that certain "seriousness" of intent and "idiosyncrasy" of style characteristic of authors whose preoccupations lie elsewhere. That he would choose then to mutilate a beautifully simple and engaging situation by stretching it into a book longer than *The Stranger* and *Miss Lonelyhearts* put together was not a decision based on insecurity or possible sales. To understand it, as indeed to understand it in the case of the other books listed above—which, with one exception, are of a length even more wildly disproportionate to their substance than Mr. Morris' book — one must consider the essential difference between American and European literature. And this might best be described as the difference between *idea* and *idiom*. The European writer who seriously approaches his career does so in much the same way he would prepare for any other profession: by diligent study of what has gone before. His exclusive concern is the *treatment of themes*; this is not a *literary* consideration, but a *philosophical* one, because here it is the question of idea which is paramount. When at last he sets pen on paper—other than in *exercise du style*—he is familiar with the existing treatments of all themes, both grand and minor. His mind has become some kind of fantastic mechanical thesaurus: mention a *theme*, that is to say a formalized idea — from "abortion" to "Zionism" — and, on the lighted and well-anchored board of his mind's eye, giant selection wheels start to revolve, columns appear, slots fill, and across that board, like credits on a screen, pass all the ways in which that particular idea has been composed and framed, from Homer to Genet. His own growth as an artist depends upon what new context he is able to provide for existing themes, and not, like the American, upon the discovery of *new* themes — because for the European writer there is no such possibility.

THE American, on the other hand, becomes a writer when, as Nelson Algren says, "there is nothing else he can do." He stumbles onto the profession, and then he stumbles onto the *idiom* — that is, he moves along without conscious direction, getting caught up, repeatedly and intensely, by a particular vernacular, a particular attitude, a particular scene or milieu, and then simply reporting it, aware in only the most abstract way that it could be significant in the sense of *idea*. This is as true of our heavyweights as it is of our deadwood. Certainly Faulkner and Hemingway are the paragon of example — writers whose approach to idea is emotional and instinctive: it is non-verbal in speech and it is non-expository in writing. People who have talked with these men or who have read

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TERRY SOUTHERN is the author of The Magic Christian (*Random House*) *and* Flash and Filigree (*Coward-McConn*).

them closely know that they have neither the inclination nor capacity for the pure ratiocination devoid of both personality and cultural values that is common to the most highly evolved European writers. One would be hard put, in fact, to find two writers with less training, in the European sense, for their work than these, our most lauded contemporaries.

In terms of attitude, somewhat the same may be said of Henry Miller, whose literary influence is now probably greater than either Faulkner's or Hemingway's, for although his work deals very much and very directly with ideas, it scorns the classic programmatic approach — to the extent, for example that he wrote (with Michael Frankel) a two-volume analysis of *Hamlet* beginning: "I have never read *Hamlet* . . . ," an opening which would doubtless have snapped Sainte-Beuve's lobe, and yet the work is surely one of the most penetrating ever written on the subject. In fact, if one follows the textbooks it is apparent that what has most distinguished "serious" American literature, from Cotton Mather up through the milestones of Fenimore Cooper, Whitman, Wolfe, Saroyan, Kerouac, etc., has been its intuitive approach against a backdrop of innocence, though always extremely positive, like a cheerful folk song. Major work which has been the exception — where *idea* dominates *idiom* — such as in that of Poe, James and Eliot,[*] is readily identified, even along with its authors, as belonging to Europe. Even the very strong work which has been held to treat ideas — that of Dreiser, O'Neill and Sinclair Lewis — can be seen in this context as actually limited to instinct and idiom.

IN TERMS of the general level of the work itself, such a limitation cannot be without severe disadvantages. The European writer, for example, almost never makes a complete fool of himself with the intrusive self-laceration also typical of our own "serious" novels — the nostalgia, romance and other wholly negative qualities of which make for precisely the opposite of "serious." This form of negation, lacking even the discipline of cynicism, is the "seriousness" of a child in a tantrum. In its blindness to the actual terms of existence, and in its disregard for the creative possibilities of personal imagination, it reflects the ego of a puppy and the morality of a sieve.

And yet, viewed in another light, this notion that our writers, or at any rate the good ones, take up their trade merely because there is nothing else open to them, is similar to the fact of American Negroes becoming athletes and musicians—in that when the work is good it is very good indeed. This is because, untrained, they do not know how to follow; unschooled, they do not know what to copy; they know only that they have got to make it with this one possibility; so, in the combination of drive and self-reliance, they are apt to come up with something new.

The recent monstrous novel of John Barth, for instance, *The Sot-Weed Factor*, could scarcely have been written by a European, because it involves a *new* concept rather than a variation on an existing one. This is probably the longest work (due to its oversize pages and small type) of comparable seriousness to appear since Elias Canetti's *Auto-da-Fé* — a work of similar inspiration, though one generally considered unacceptable to the average reader because of its Kafkaesque flavor. What we have in *The Sot-Weed Factor* is an achievement somewhat on the order of getting a story published in the *Saturday Evening Post* which *should* have been published in *Weird Tales*. Or, seen in another way, there are passages in Bach about which eminent musicologists argue as to whether the mood is joy or sorrow. *The Sot-Weed Factor* appears to have this same sublime flexibility. It presents itself as a "historical novel," or again, as a "joke on historical novels," and each guise is strong enough that the work may be, and is, read as either. It is also, like *Finnegans Wake*, a proof of what cannot be done, or else the reason for no longer doing it; theoretically at least, the existence of *The Sot-Weed Factor* precludes any further possibility for the "historical novel." This does not mean that the book is one to be especially recommended; readers familiar with the extraordinary art of Mr. Barth's earlier novel, *The End of the Road*, will probably find *The Sot-Weed Factor* prolix and overwhelmingly tedious. This is, of course, an integral part of the book's destructive function, as is its prohibitive price ($7.50) and its grotesque length — sections of which seem designed, specifically, to *bore one to tears*; Mr. Barth's sense of humor, in short, is an extremely advanced one. *The Sot-Weed Factor* is perhaps more a literary event than a book, and it should be approached warily.

ANOTHER writer who has the devil's own mischief on his side is James Purdy. In *The Nephew* we are brought into the suburban home of an eighty-year-old couple, brother and sister, who are about as interesting as Ma Perkins and her friend Shuffle. It is, in fact, as though Beckett's *Endgame* had been adapted for soap opera, with the setting changed to a quiet tree-lined street in Des Moines. One is very nearly suffocated by the opening pages of a dray-horse gentility, and then, on page 21:

> Sometimes, after they had done battle together, as they had tonight, he would hear her later furiously breaking wind in her bedroom. . . .

Here we have a genuine surprise; it is an instance of the difference between the creative and the merely literary. That which is merely literary can achieve surprise only within its own predetermined framework: i.e., a son may "unexpectedly" murder his father, or the heroine-saint may suddenly be revealed as some kind of sex-nut — anything, in short, that has already been done by Shakespeare or Dostoevsky. But the genuinely creative surprise goes beyond the immediacy of character or event; what it does to *The Nephew* on page 21 is to wreck the entire structure of the story up to that point, by giving it a new and intolerable (on its previous terms) dimension. This is much more like *life* than it is like *literature* because it involves change or growth of the whole rather than the part; and that such changes are apt to be abrupt, uncontrollable, and even somewhat mysterious, is recognized by all but the very young.

Mr. Purdy, like Mr. Barth, has a highly developed and often deceptive sense of the absurd; his work continues to show an intense fidelity to his own particular perception of things, and whether or not this assumes a too highly personal form for most tastes, it is none the less upon this kind of alliance that any strength of American writing depends. No novelist, and especially no American novelist, can profitably pursue literature — life is the only quarry.

At the conclusion of *Therefore Be Bold*, the new novel by Herbert Gold (who, somewhat earlier, gave us *The Man Who Was Not With It*), is an italicized note reading: *Begun in Paris 1950/and Cleveland 1952/and Port-au-Prince 1954/and Detroit 1956/Com-*

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[*] The work of Henry James does not really qualify as an exception; it may be included in the sense that it is not *representative* of American literature; this is, however, merely because James went farther afield in his infatuation for idiom. Consequently, what appears as "ratiocination" in James is less cause than it is effect.

pleted in New York City, Ithaca, Salt Lake City, and Reno 1959-1960.

Ever since publishers learned the sales figures of *Ulysses*, they have doted on this sort of thing — "Gives it *class*," they say. Actually, one may be reasonably convinced, out of respect for the author, that it was intended as a joke. Its strict unfunniness, however, necessitates discrediting it as such; it is, in fact, a good example of *literary* humor as opposed to genuine or *creative* humor.

The book itself is also a purely literary endeavor — an eight-year salvage job, according to the note, and concerning the joys and tribulations of adolescence. It is a book which, in a child-centered culture like ours, should have no trouble finding a sizable readership merely by virtue of its genre; and there is no particular reason to anticipate that these readers will be disappointed.

Mr. Gold has published five novels and two volumes of short stories at the age of thirty-six, so that it must be assumed he knows what he is about. Still, considering some of his earlier work, one cannot but wonder if a book like *Therefore Be Bold* is not a mistake. Another such novel as this and Mr. Gold will have become a professional in every sense.

ANOTHER recent mistake, on a much grander scale, would seem to be the extremely long novel of William Styron, *Set This House On Fire*. If, as Camus said, the only really serious philosophical question to be pondered is *suicide*, then it is hardly too much to say that the only serious literary question is *communication*. In terms of art, this would of course mean communication of a highly individual order, something which would stem from unique and deeply personal impulse faithfully projected. The probabilities of response to the projected image are nothing more nor less than the risks of the whole undertaking, but the fact remains that unless the image is a genuinely personal one, the possibility of communication is ruled out in advance.

Mr. Styron's is an undeniably strong and individual talent; there is every indication that he crippled it in *Set This House on Fire* by writing from a literary orientation instead of from a personal one that would allow imagination free rein within a carefully disciplined framework of craftsmanship — and that would seem to be a fundamental responsibility for a writer of his status and opportunity.

The story itself, like the basic situation of *Ceremony in Lone Tree*, is curious and engaging, with fine possibilities for suspense, cross-purpose action and unusual character relationships; but again, as in the case of Morris, these possibilities are buried beneath superfluous matter — through which, only in the occasional passage, image and episode, is one's eye caught by something that glitters.

Mr. Goyen's book of stories, *The Faces of Blood Kindred*, should be of real interest to his devotees, if, probably, to few others. He is an author

Home for Thanksgiving

I bring myself back from the streets that open like long
Silent laughs, and the others
Spilled into in the way of rivers breaking up, littered with words,
Crossed by cats and that sort of thing,
From the knowing wires and the aimed windows,
Well this is nice, on the third floor, in back of the billboard
Which says Now Improved and I know what they mean,
I thread my way in and I sew myself in like money.

Well this is nice with my shoes moored by the bed
And the lights around the billboard ticking on and off like a beacon,
I have brought myself back like many another crusty
Unbarbered vessel launched with a bottle,
From the bare regions of pure hope where
For a great part of the year it scarcely sets at all,
And from the night skies regularly filled with old movies of my fingers,
Weightless as shadows, groping in the sluices,
And from the visions of veins like arteries, and
From the months of plying
Between can and can, vacant as a pint in the morning,
While my sex grew into the only tree, a joyless evergreen,
And the winds played hell with it at night, coming as they did
Over at least one thousand miles of emptiness,
Thumping as though there were nothing but doors, insisting
"Come out," and of course I would have frozen.

Sunday, a fine day, with my ears wiped and my collar buttoned
I went for a jaunt all the way out and back on
A street car and under my hat with the dent settled
In the right place I was thinking maybe — a thought
Which I have noticed many times like a bold rat —
I should have stayed making some of those good women
Happy, for a while at least, Vera with
The eau-de-cologne and the small fat dog named Joy,
Gladys with her earrings, cooking and watery arms, the one
With the limp and the fancy sheets, some of them
Are still there I suppose, oh no,

I bring myself back avoiding in silence
Like a ship in a bottle.
I bring my bottle.
Or there was thin Pearl with the invisible hair nets, the wind would not
Have been right for them, they would have had
Their times, rugs, troubles,
They would have wanted curtains, cleanings, answers, they would have
Produced families their own and our own, hen friends and
Other considerations, my fingers sifting
The dark would have turned up other
Poverties, I bring myself
Back like a mother cat transferring her only kitten,
Telling myself secrets through my moustache.
They would have wanted to drink ship, sea and all or
To break the bottle, well this is nice,
Oh misery, misery, misery,
You fit me from head to foot like a good grade suit of longies
Which I have worn for years and never want to take off.
I did the right thing after all.

W. S. MERWIN

who represents literary orientation on a very high level: there is a silken, almost ephemeral, delicacy in his manner that is too reminiscent of James for it to be taken very seriously these days. This is unfortunate because the stories are often pervaded by a sense of mystery and terror that may well be unique to the work of this particular writer. There is no trace of humor in these stories nor, evidently, in Mr. Goyen's perception of things. Should he ever manage to introduce such an element, it might easily cause a breakthrough of the literary shell and into something all his own, which could well prove fascinating.

Rabbit, Run by John Updike is perhaps the most carefully written of the novels considered here, and it is probably the most wholly literary in the sense that it is a story which has been told and retold a dozen times: i.e., he whose fondest memory is of the game in which he scored twenty-eight points against Exeter shall surely come to realize the emptiness of self and modern life. It is that kind of work in which the ingredients (including three ounces of *earthy dialogue* and a heaping big spoonful of *compassion*) are consciously added as though preparing a small stew, and the canisters from which they are drawn are the past works of a hundred hands. But there is more to life than Literature, and surely there is more to creative literature than novels which suggest otherwise.

Marquand and O'Hara: the Novel of Manners

Louis Auchincloss

HORTENSE CALISHER once told me that, as a writer, she envied me my family. It was her idea that the layers and layers of cousins, concentrated in Manhattan and belonging to a tribe that had done business there for a century and a half, should be grist for any novelist's mill. And so it might have been, a hundred years ago, in a world where family meant something broader than parents and children and where nepotism was a fact and not a bogey. But today, when it is considered rather pedantic to emphasize any relationship more distant than that of first cousins, the different branches of a large family have little more in common than what everyone has in common, and what is that for a novelist?

Perhaps I should state that I am not hankering after any good old days. I have no desire to return to a New York where servants slept in unheated cubicles on the top of drafty brownstones, with an evening off every second week, and where W. A. Croffut, in his public eulogy of the Vanderbilt family, could describe the old Commodore as one "puffed with divine greed." But every writer has two points of view about the society in which he lives: that of a citizen and that of an artist. The latter is concerned only with the suitability of society as material for his art. Just as a liberal journalist may secretly rejoice at the rise of a Senator McCarthy because of the opportunity which it affords him to write brilliant and scathing denunciations of demagogues, so will the eye of the novelist of manners light up at the first glimpse of social injustice. For his books must depend for their lifeblood on contrast and are bound to lose both significance and popularity in a classless society.

SUCH great social novelists of the last century as Balzac, Dickens and Trollope attempted nothing less than a reproduction of contemporary society. Even Jane Austen, who limited herself to a village, described in *Emma* a goodly portion of it. Yet, however crowded and variegated their novels, the writers of the century share a common denominator of clearly defined class feeling. Usually it is the author's feeling against the class immediately above him in actual life. Those prickly governesses of the Brontë sisters, those impecunious daughters of Jane Austen's country gentlemen, those rural young men in Balzac and Thackeray whose purses are too small for metropolitan pleasures, those hungry curates in Trollope, may all glare resentfully up the social ladder, but they also stare rather condescendingly down it. One wonders if Victorian fiction could ever have attained its bulk without keeping its nose firmly buried in the rich trough of Victorian snobbishness. Not that barriers were impassable. The whole drama of Victorian fiction is just that they *were* passable. But you knew when you were passing.

If you made a fortune in the city and married a duke's daughter, everyone knew you were taking a great step. Nowadays any presentable young man may aspire where he chooses. He may fail, but he will not be considered presumptuous. The foreshadowing of the novelist's difficulties is seen in Trollope's *The Duke's Children.* In 1881, it was already not a sufficiently terrible thing for the son of the Duke of Omnium to marry an American to make a novel of it. One feels old Trollope's disgust both with the fact and the loss of subject matter.

But, of course, there was more than snobbishness at the base of the nineteenth-century novel of manners. There were all the things that go with snobbishness, or, rather, that go with the hierarchical society in which snobbishness is bred. There was fierce prejudice (or idealism, depending on the point of view); there was bigotry (or religiosity) and a passionate concern with the niceties of deportment and the chastity of women. The fiction of the era is peopled with fascinating extremists, magnificently logical and magnificently unjust, whose stubborn obsessions and murderous jealousies result in the most appalling catastrophes. Where would the English plot have been without the violently opposed marriage, or the French without the duel? Say what one will about sentiment and prolixity, it was still a pretty good show.

The public, anyway, loved it, and the public still does. It is a commonplace that the psychological novel, or the stream-of-consciousness novel, or the symbolic novel, has never enjoyed even a small fraction of the popularity of the novel of manners. The book clubs today clamor for a big meaty story about some phase of contemporary society, told from varied points of view and filled with graphic detail. Witness the sale of Allan Drury's study of the United States Senate, *Advise and Consent.* It is my simple thesis that the failure more generally to produce this kind of novel is not attributable to the decadence or escapism of mid-twentieth-century writers, but rather to the increasingly classless nature of our society which does not lend itself to this kind of delineation. I do not mean by this that we are any duller than the Victorians, but simply that the most exciting and significant aspects of our civilization are no longer to be found in the distance and hostility between the social strata.

JOHN P. MARQUAND was engaged in the Balzacian task of drawing a picture of contemporary American society through a series of fictional biographies. He gave us a good tycoon, a bad tycoon, a gen-

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LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS is a lawyer and a novelist; his most recent novel is The House of Five Talents *(Houghton Mifflin).*

eral, a news commentator, a trust officer, a successful playwright, a Boston Brahmin of the old type and one of the new. Except for the Brahmins, the subjects are apt to be of middle-class New England origin—often from a town called Clyde in Massachusetts—and their past hovers over their heads, even in the days of their triumph, like a miasma. They are never free of the sense of social distinctions bred into them in childhood. Afraid of condescending and afraid of being condescended to, they are haunted by the idea that they have not alighted on just the right rung of the social ladder. Into their make-up goes a strange mixture of ambition and humility, with some of the drive of the parvenu and some of the resignation of an old English servant. When I think of them, I think of two characters, acquainted from boyhood, facing each other awkwardly over the gulf created by the success of one, as in *Women and Thomas Harrow*, when the local boy returns to buy the big house on the fashionable street and employs an old schoolmate to replant the garden.

> "Hello, Jack," Tom Harrow said.
>
> "Hello, Tom," Jack Dodd said. "You're looking good."
>
> There must have been some sort of reverse explanation of why he was pleased that Jack Dodd should call him Tom. He could never be wholly at ease with Jack Dodd or with others of his contemporaries there in town, when he could deal with people in any other place in the world adroitly, affably, and without the slightest sense of strain.

It is not a coincidence that the finest novel of a writer so obsessed with the problem of class consciousness should be concerned with the past. The late George Apley's dates are 1866 to 1933, and he is born at the summit of a formidable Boston pyramid of classes which would have provided Trollope with as rich material as Barsetshire. We are shown the warping of Apley's character by the forces of property and position, we see him lose his early struggle for independence and the Irish girl whom he wants to marry, and we see him settle down at last in defeat to a life of bird watching, civic duties and the arid satisfaction of denouncing a new world. Yet for all his flag waving and for all his bitter prejudices, Apley remains a man of courage and a man of heart. His defeat is brought about by a wholly sincere veneration for the opposing forces. To have married Mary Monahan would have cost him the esteem of every human being whom he has been brought up to admire and disqualified him for the position of leadership that he believes it his duty to take up. The defeat of such a man holding to such a creed is not tragic but it is pathetic, and pathos has a bigger place than tragedy in the study of manners.

H. M. Pulham Esquire proves that the passing of a single generation has stripped the conflict of its pathos. Why should Harry Pulham (who might be Apley's son), a war hero, working in an advertising agency in New York, not marry Marvin Miles? His family might have frowned and criticized her dress and speech, but they would have come around soon enough. Such marriages were every-day affairs in the twenties, even in Boston. Pulham himself recognizes the change in the times when he assesses the social opportunities which his friend, Bill King, has passed up:

> Bill would actually have got on very well at Harvard, I think, if he had cared about trying. It was true that he did not have any connections, but if he had gone out for something besides the Dramatic Club, such as the Lampoon, or even the Crimson, and if he had bothered with the people to whom I had introduced him and who usually liked him, he would very possibly have made a Club.

We see what has happened. Bill King doesn't *want* a club, and Marvin Miles doesn't want Pulham. The shoe is now on the other foot. The trouble is that if Marvin doesn't want him, the reader isn't going to want him very much, either, for Marvin is a shrewd girl. Pulham's problem is not, like Apley's, that he is caught in the vise of a social system, but that he is endowed with neither humor nor imagination. It is a bit difficult to believe in a decorated war hero who is afraid to ask the family butler for an extra glass and so disclose to the world below stairs that the woman he loves wants a drink before dinner.

AFTER *Pulham*, Marquand was permanently struck with the problem of creating heroes who had to be strongly influenced by less and less influential environments and who at the same time would not strike his readers as Casper Milquetoasts. He solved it partially with the gentleman hero of the suburbs, a kind, earnest, patient man of an absolute but rather wearisome integrity, a faithful husband and adoring father, who plods through a dull life in a sleep-walking fashion, prodded by a nervous, suspicious wife who has invested her emotional being in local standards of success and is terrified that her house of cards will fall in if she allows her husband, even in joke, to question the least of her adopted values. Charley Gray in *Point of No Return* and Bob Tasmin in *B. F.'s Daughter* both fail with their first loves because they don't push hard enough, thus perhaps deserving the fate of being pushed about by their second. A few words uttered or held back might have turned the scales in Tasmin's relationship with Polly Fulton. Yet he moodily blames his ineptitude on his inheritance:

> I've always been a goddam gentleman, and I've always been afraid not to be one. Let's put it on my tombstone. That's my whole obituary.

In the later novels the function of each hero's elaborately described background becomes even fuzzier. What does that drug store in Vermont have to do with Melville Goodwin's wanting to be a soldier? And how does Willis Wade pick up the habit of sentimentalizing his motives and calling everything "lovely" in a bleak Yankee community like Clyde? Marquand seems to be tracing Willis' hunger for success to his family's move into the garden cottage on the great estate of the aristocratic Harcourts, a thoroughly Victorian situation. Bess Harcourt is as haughty as Pip's Estella, and poor Willis achieves his financial goal only to have her fling in his teeth a bitter Victorian epithet: "Get out of my way, Uriah Heep!" The moral seems to be that to such as Willis, the world of the fine old Harcourts, with its traditions of loyalty and integrity, will be forever closed. To such as Willis, yes. But why? Not because of his ambition or even his business methods, but because of his drooling sanctimoniousness. If he had faced Bess Harcourt boldly, like a John O'Hara hero, and flung in *her* teeth that he was closing down the Harcourt mills because they didn't pay, she would have rewarded him as O'Hara ladies reward such heroes. What she really condemns him for (and who wouldn't?) is that he reads the Harvard Classics fifteen minutes a day and boasts about it.

My favorite of the novels, after *The Late George Apley*, is *Point of No Return*, perhaps because it dramatizes just the point that I have been trying to make — that the paralyzing effect of a class-conscious background is largely illusory. Charley Gray can be liberated from Clyde only by returning there and finding that Jessica Lovell is about to save herself from middle-aged spinsterhood by marrying Jackie Mason, who was born further down the social ladder than Charley himself. The poor old past is now revealed to him in all its smallness and sterility, as sad and foolish as Jessica's neurotic, deluded father who once

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told Charley that money made on the stock market was not the same as inherited money. So Charley goes back to New York and the Stuyvesant Bank, strengthened in the discovery that his youth was dominated by puppets, and finds that the promotion of which he has despaired has been assured him all along, that his rival for the bank vice presidency has been as illusory as Clyde. His trip has had the effect of a psychoanalysis. But when the function of a character's background is only his misconception of it, the novel of manners has become a psychological novel.

I DO NOT wish the reader to assume that I think we have attained the classless society. I am aware of the plight of Negroes in the South and of the terrible differences that still exist between rich and poor in our large cities. But every sociologist comments on our enormous suburban white-color population and its habit of classifying the different strata of which it is composed by such artificial standards as number of automobiles or television sets. I do not deny that people can care passionately for such things or that their caring is a proper subject for a novelist, but surely it is thinner material than what the Victorians had to deal with. Today we have snobbishness, but it is not *class* snobbishness. It is the snobbishness of groups for other groups, like cliques within schools. Surely it engenders a different degree of resentments. Surely there is a difference between the resentment of the man who has not been asked to dinner and that of the man who has been thrown down the front stairs. What I find out of proportion in the novels of John O'Hara is the significance which he attaches to the former.

In the strange, angry world that he describes, the characters behave with a uniform violence, speak with a uniform crudeness and make no appreciable effort to control lusts which they regard as ungovernable. The most casual meeting between a major and minor character will result either in an ugly flare-up or a sexual connection, or both. It is impossible for an O'Hara hero to order a meal in a restaurant or to take a taxi ride without having a crude interchange with the waiter or driver. Even the characters from whom one might expect some degree of reticence — the rich dowagers, for example — will discuss sex on the frankest basis with the first person to bring the subject up. And in Gibbsville or Fort Penn the first person to bring it up is the first person they meet.

A great deal is said about each character's exact social position, perhaps because it is so difficult to determine it from his habits and conversation. Everyone does everything, and everyone knows that everyone else is doing it. But that does not mean that the shibboleths of an older society are dead. Far from it. The code of an earlier culture, though only dimly remembered, is superstitiously venerated. O'Hara's men and women dance around the Victorian traditions of class distinction and sexual restraint like savages around a cross left by murdered missionaries and now adorned with shrunken heads. The hatred of the immigrant who coughed his lungs out in a coal mine is kept alive in the hatred of the rich Irishman who can't get into the Lantenengo Country Club. And although the O'Hara hero knows that sexual liberty is now the rule, he clings to a dusky little hope that the magic of the marriage vow will somehow safeguard his spouse. Thus Robert Millhouser in *Ourselves to Know*, a man versed in the ways of prostitutes, who has married a nymphomaniac half his age with full notice of her vicious propensities, shoots her dead without a qualm when he discovers that she has been unfaithful.

FROM TIME TO TIME there emerges from the jungle a superman or superwoman, the darling of the author, to dominate the scene, such as Grace Caldwell Tate in *A Rage to Live* and Alfred Eaton in *From the Terrace*. They differ from their contemporaries in that they have a little more of everything — more sex appeal, more brains, more money, more social position. But, above all, they have more defiance. They look the universe in the eye and spit. They are defeated in the end of their chronicles, but only by accumulated envy; they have not been able to learn that the other beasts in the jungle cannot endure the sight of so many advantages. Grace Tate might have been able to live in Fort Penn with a husband, but as a beautiful widow she is hounded out of town as an unmated lioness is hounded out of the pride by the others of her sex. And Alfred Eaton, for all his brilliant capabilities, is condemned to a life of idleness because he is too plain spoken. The *hubris* of O'Hara's superpeople is not that they have offended the gods. They have offended the grubby little people who share their faults but resent their success.

If O'Hara were consciously trying to describe the chaos of a society where each individual flouts the moral code, yet applies it with brutal bigotry to his neighbor, and where the inhabitants of every town play at being masters and serfs like boys and girls in a school play, dressed up in wigs and bangs. He might be a more important novelist than he is. Surely it is a damning picture of the contemporary world. But my trouble is that what he seems to be doing, underneath all the violence and bluster, is to be writing an old-fashioned novel of manners where the most important thing about any character is the social niche in which he was born. Each hero must start the race of life with a particular ribbon pinned to his lapel, and he will never be able to take it off, whether he be proud of it or ashamed. To O'Hara, in other words, it really seems to matter if he belongs or does not belong to the Lantenengo Country Club.

IF BACKGROUND is everything, background must be described in detail, and O'Hara's descriptions amount almost to inventories. A friend of mine, who was brought up in a Pennsylvania town similar to Gibbsville, assures me that these descriptions are remarkably accurate. But I question their significance. When I learn that Mary Eaton's father wore "pince-nez spectacles with small bows, a blue and white polka dot bow-tie and a Tau Beta Pi key on his watch chain," that his "tan kid oxfords were polished and he had on black silk socks with a thin white stripe," I do not immediately realize that he is half businessman, half professor. I can think of too many lawyers and judges and doctors who might be guilty of the same combination. Nor do I really see the difference in Fort Penn between those who say "the Tates" and those who say "Sidney and Grace." Nor do I really believe that Mary Eaton's Rowland blood would make her "automatically acceptable" to anybody. When Grace Tate tells Roger Bannon that it would take her a lifetime to explain the difference between him and the men in the Fort Penn Club, I wonder if at the end of the lifetime he would know. But she teaches him more than she thinks with a single word:

> "A lady? What do you know about a lady? Where would you ever learn about a lady? Have you ever seen one? You contemptible son of a bitch, you wouldn't know a lady if you saw one."
>
> "Yes, I would. You're a lady, and probably you're acting like one."
>
> "Oh, Jesus."

When he takes for his hero a Gibbsville aristocrat of the old school, O'Hara, like Marquand with George Apley, writes his most successful novel of manners. Joe Chapin, in *Ten North Frederick*, is a man who has been brought up with high ideals (though this is largely blamed on a passionately posses-

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sive mother), and he is unique among O'Hara characters in that he seeks to live according to his own somewhat fuzzy conception of the old moral code. He is faithful to his wife, conscientious and high-minded in the practice of law and active in civic affairs. The tragic flaw in his character is an irrational desire to become President of the United States. Many men have been so obsessed, but few have suffered from Joe's peculiar delusion that he can attain his objective by the simple expedient of attending meetings of bar associations. The other characters are puzzled as to what Joe is up to and, indeed, it takes all the genius of Mike Slattery to guess it from the nature of Joe's activity. When Joe, in his late fifties, finally decides that the time is ripe to throw his hat in the ring, he offers Mike $100,000 for the nomination of lieutenant governor. Mike quietly pockets the money for the party, and Joe is left to drink himself to death. It is difficult to be sympathetic with a man so deluded, and it is not clear that Joe's ideals at the end are any higher than Mike Slattery's, but the contrast between the two men is always vividly interesting. We see Joe against a background of privilege and Mike against its opposite; we see the even greater disparity between their wives; we see Joe fumble, out-maneuvered, and fall into the clutches of his wily and contemptuously pitying opponent, and we learn more about the forces of the society that has placed the two in conflict than in a whole volume about polka-dot ties and fraternity pins.

WHEN I turn, on the other hand, to the defeat of Julian English, in *Appointment in Samarra*, I can understand it only in terms of a compulsion to suicide. Taken as such, the novel is certainly a powerful description of self-destruction, possibly one of the most powerful ever written. But again I am troubled with the nagging suspicion that this may not be what the author intends. Is Julian meant to be destroyed by himself or by Gibbsville? Does his instinct to antagonize lead him surely to the most dangerous persons, or is their envy of his looks, his breeding, his easy manner and apparent success what makes them hunt him down? Had Julian lived elsewhere than in Gibbsville, that lumber yard of chips on the shoulder, would he have perhaps survived? But these speculations are idle. Julian belongs to Gibbsville, and it is never difficult to find enough hate in Gibbsville with which to destroy oneself. From one end of town to the other the populace fairly throbs with hurt feelings. Al Grecco provides its motto as he drives through Lantenengo Street early Christmas morning and lowers the car window to shout out at the darkened homes:

"Merry Christmas, you stuck-up bastards! Merry Christmas from Al Grecco!"

Perhaps it is the motto of O'Hara himself and of the contemporary novel of manners.

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The Tedious Autumn of Grandpa Solomon

Harvey Swados

Returning in 1959 to an old preoccupation with matadors, fiestas and the local delicacies of Spain, Ernest Hemingway and a party of friends toured the country in the wake of two great contemporary bullfighters who were appearing in a series of "matches" to determine supremacy. He describes the journey in the forthcoming The Dangerous Summer *(Scribners), three chapters of which were published recently in* Life. *Hemingway's unslaked appetite for blood, manly affection and fried eels has moved our correspondent to recall the season he has just spent following two stylish gladiators through the autumn landscape of the United States.*

THEY SAY if you can stay away from American politics for a year you can stay away from it forever. I had tried, God knows, but here were the great debates coming up in the country I loved best next to my native Liechtenstein. I talked it over with trusted American friends who had fought on both sides of the Chicago Black Sox scandal (concerning which I had written a little thing that had earned me a Swedish prize) and they agreed that I might honorably return to America if I kept my mouth shut about sports and stuck to politics.

So we drove down, a little party of eleven of us, through Quebec and into Vermont. We were touring in two cars, a cinnamon Gatti-Casazza equipped with woofer and tweeter, and a Meneghini-Callas whose platinum roof rack bore our hamper of Cokes[1] and cheeseburgers[2], since we had been warned by well-intentioned friends that both delicacies had deteriorated in the U. S. in recent years. It struck me at first as an expedition just a touch presumptuous, but I soon came to find it terribly amusing to tool about with these two vehicles, both owned by a successful tenor friend with the unpolitical name of "Red" Smelton. It was that kind of year.

We ate and drank well, although our chauffeur, a beardless veteran of the Mille Miglia, the Monte Carlo Grand Prix, and the Soap Box Derby[3] refused to drink Cokes while he drove, arguing that the gas gave him double vision. But when we arrived at Vermont the weather was grim and so was our reception. The Immigration Inspector was chewing gum. This was customary but not reassuring. Through a series of happenings and events in the course of leaving and returning to Liechtenstein as well as in political trips to Monaco, Andorra and San Marino, I had overcome this instinctive fear of the uniformed man, as a personal problem, and had been able to communicate this to others.

---

[1] Internationally popular beverage (pl.), its invention and secret formula claimed by America.

[2] Ground meat and melted cheese sandwich. American gourmets insist that cheese be placed atop and not underneath ground meat.

[3] Despite its title, a non-political, uninhibited annual fiesta in Dayton in Ohio, led by fearless youths careening downhill in homemade conveyances at breakneck speed. Author participated in several.

Just the same I was uneasy because there was no reason for my wife to learn fear from these uniforms because of what I had written about the Chicago Black Sox, even though Sheba had been sensible enough to procure letters of introduction to the Chairman of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee from the U. S. Ambassadors to El Salvador, Guatemala and Liberia (all partly owned by her father). So there was a little moment of truth when the Customs Inspector drew from our luggage a copy of my *Collected Works*, in the translation by K. C. (Casey) Knickerbocker, a burly young comic book writer of great gifts who had been in our lives for a long time, and who now stood solidly by my side. I had brought along a few thousand copies to barter for aged steaks and youthful rabbits[1], but there it was in his hand nevertheless, a uniformed hand. Those who have been in the hands of uniforms will know what I mean by a uniformed hand. It should not be mistaken by those with shaky English for an unformed hand, or *mano malformato*.

"Are you related to Grandpa Solomon?"

"I am of that tribe."

"You *are* Grandpa Solomon."

I drew myself up tight and hard in my Keds sneakers and extended my hand. "Get off my back, Jack," I replied, deliberately lapsing into the argot of the American man of letters. But he knew he had me through Sheba and Casey and Red Smelton, and he jammed a ballpoint into my outstretched hand. "Sign." He pointed to the flyleaf. "For my kids." When there are other lives involved, you turn stoic in a way that would hardly be thinkable if you were alone. I signed.

But now we were in America, and we drove hard and well, down through those marvelous New England rocks. At the ancient walled city of Albany we paused to eat well and talk well with Winsome Bankteller, a business associate of Red Smelton's, who took us all to a simple but manly lunch of the countryside in a cool, vaulted cave known as Fallout Spa. (It has since become infested with tourists from Eniwetok, the Marshalls, Siberia and the Sahara, but that is once again the inevitable story of the despoliation of a

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[1] A playful Solomonic euphemism for American airline stewardesses.

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virgin area by the invading hordes. It is a depressing story but it is not my story and I am not going to make it worse by revealing the names of all the restaurants in which we ate well.) I was eager to discuss with Winsome his recent unsuccessful fishing expedition, but I had promised to steer clear of sports and so I asked him about the two politicians whom I was about to observe. He told me some of the damnedest things I ever heard, but I swore I would not reveal them, which is part of the reason why we remain good friends, and why the campaign that was to take place was so ruthless and terrible.

From there we roared south along the Thruway, pausing only to refresh ourselves at a restaurant named for Howard Johnson, an old eating partner of more carefree days, where we drank tea brewed in bags and ate frozen breaded shrimp in small baskets, as many delicacies are served in this proud and food-loving country.

So we arrived at the Palisades which were not good as they had been in 1919, they seemed to have shrunk somewhat, at least in my estimation, except for one thing which made it a historic moment. It was our first glimpse of the two candidates, Noxon and Candy, who were to meet mouth to mouth across this river and into the trees beyond, and who with their respective retinues were drawing up the ground rules. The Hudson Debate was to be followed by a Mississippi Debate and a Missouri Debate and I could not be neutral, partly because I had had some small part in the Lincoln-Douglas Debate and also because I had known Candy's grandfather and known him well, when he was young and working in politics with a controlled anguish and purity of line that were very emotional.

So I was biased in favor of Candy and I soon became convinced that he was truly the greatest, even though I knew all too well from my earlier intimacy with William Lemke that it can be dangerous to become too friendly with a politician when you know how good he is and how much you will have to lose if anything happens to him.

Noxon was naturally convinced that he was the greatest and it is true that in the course of his career he had been very suave indeed, often doing the truly dangerous thing with his opponents, and killing well. There was the money, too, but I do not think that that was all any more than it was simply the desire to impress the handsome oil men and beautiful movie actresses around him. Now here he was watching Candy coolly cutting up the commentators, some of whom did not want to fight, it is true, but others of whom charged blindly and died well, slipping in their own blood.

Noxon knew he was in for a Donnybrook[5] and the knowledge worked on him in a way that made him careless so that I was unhappy as you can be only when you have known and loved politicians, when he was tossed by an enraged commentator into the Hudson where he bled internally and then externally, exuding more blood than you would think or hope that a man's veins could hold.

Until now Candy had had things pretty much his own way, partly because he owned the entire east bank of the Hudson. He knew all too well that this was not going to be true of the Mississippi, if only because his grandfather had been outbid by a combine of Noxon's supporters. He knew, too, in the way that a politician will because he lives always with sudden death, that Noxon having been injured would be more daring than ever, and the knowl-

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[5] Not to be confused with either flowing streams or Old Donnybrook, American beverage similar to Coke.

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The hilltop whitens toward the stars in open land;
thieves would be seen up there. Here below between the slopes
the aisles are all in shade. Up above where there's plenty
and the land belongs to men who have no troubles, nobody climbs:
here in the dampness on the pretext of going for truffles
they come inside the vineyard and plunder the grapes.

My old man has come upon two grape stems thrown
among his plants and tonight he grumbles. The crop's already short:
day and night in dampness nothing comes but leaves.
Between the plants at the line of the sky bare ground is visible,
daily robbing him of sun. Up there the sunlight burns
all day and the land is chalky: even in the dark you see it.
There no leaves come, the sap goes all to the grape.

My old man, leaning on a walking stick in the wet grass,
holds one hand clenched: If the thieves come tonight
he'll leap to the middle of the rows and break their backs.
People who deserve the treatment of beasts, they are;
besides, can they go telling about it? Now and then he lifts his head,
sniffing the air: out of the darkness he seems to feel
a smack of earthy odors will arrive — freshly dug truffles.

Up above on the little hills that spread to the sky
no stain of shade is cast by trees: the grape trails the ground
it weighs so much. There no one can stay hidden:
on the summit the shapes of trees are outlined,
black and sparse. If he had his vineyard up there
my old man could stand guard from the house in bed,
with his shotgun pointed. Here at the bottom not even a gun
serves him, for in the darkness there is nothing but leaves.

NORMAN THOMAS DI GIOVANNI

edge made him restless. I should add that Candy was a little long in the tooth, at least for one so young, just as Nixon was a touch stiff in the neck for one so flexible.

SO AS we [illegible] our way across America to the Mississippi to our [illegible] appearances I sought to distract Candy in some ways that were serious and in others that were not serious but just funny rather.

"Grampus," Candy said hoarsely in Hamtramck, where he was resting his throat from the strain of seventeen [illegible] appearances, "when I have sold the east bank of the Hudson you and I will become limited partners and we will buy California."

I could tell when Candy was joking even though most of his fellow-Americans could not, for several reasons. Whenever he called me "Grampus" or "Moneybags" he was joking, and in addition he knew that the major part of my capital was tied up in Swiss banks and that even if I could liquidate those holdings we could barely afford Southern California between us to say nothing of Northern California.

It was good in Hamtramck, an independent principality within the confines of Detroit and thus reminiscent of Liechtenstein. For this and other reasons which are too personal to go into, Casey and I decided to teach Candy the Liechtensteiner Polka. This was very foreign to Candy but since his reflexes are phenomenal and he is very fast at sidestepping and backtracking he was soon executing an acceptable polka with Casey. And with Sheba. It served to keep me in shape for the novel I was [illegible] and to keep Candy from thinking about the next debate which could have been a fatal error. We were to have been joined here by the advance guard of a one-[illegible] of the Candy adherents, Frank, Dean, Shirley, Sammy, Mia and Peter, but Sheba and I vetoed this on the grounds that so much intellectual stimulation might have devastating effects on Candy's carefully husbanded inner resources.

Sheba threw a wingding of a party for Candy and me in Elkhart. I might not have noticed I was [illegible] if Sheba had not made it so important and so pleasant but that party drove it on. However I am not writing about myself here so I had better get on to the party decor and appetizers, which consisted of bleeding hearts strung across the main street of Elkhart and [illegible]

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pudding in the great refectory. After we had eaten and smelled well, Casey and Red and Candy and I amused Sheba with a new variant of the British pub game of darts. Baring our midriffs, we inserted bloodsuckers in our navels and presented ourselves alternately, in profile, as targets for poisoned darts which we aimed through Chinese blowguns. It is remarkable how you will suck in your gut when someone is firing a poisoned dart through a Chinese blowgun at a bloodsucker in your navel even though it is part of the fun to appear relaxed and nonchalant.

ALL TOO SUDDENLY we were in Rock Island for the Mississippi River Debate, surely the greatest of all. Noxon, anxious to erase his Hudson wound, won the toss and swiftly demonstrated his mastery over the questing commentators, responding to their thrusts with a series of intelligent and tranquil maneuvers that won the crowd completely. Of course the crowd did not remember as I did such immortals as Charles G. Dawes and Paul McNutt, and so they were willing to believe they were seeing the greatest.

Nevertheless when it came Candy's turn he rose to absolutely unheard of heights of majestic beautiful prowess as the newscasters roared out, stomping and pawing, in the sudden quiet. He executed an about-face[8] with a classic stately simplicity that made me hurt and went on with magic control almost without drawing a deep breath into a passage of hyperbole of such serenity and controlled purity of style that I was reminded irresistibly of the immortal Jack Pearl[9] in his finest hours.

The commentators were aroused and dangerous now and I was close enough to smell their sweat and to see when their hackles rose that they had not been tampered with or fixed in any way. They came at him with bravery and he did the truly dangerous thing, responding superbly with newspeak and doubletalk until they were all but hypnotized by the almost unbearably emotional arrogance and suavity of his beautiful sculptured passes. You have to try to understand that a politician has no chance to correct his art as does a painter or a writer. When he knows intuitively that his fancy footwork is great it takes hold of him so that nothing else in the world matters.

So it was with Candy. Obsessed by his glorious dream of a reply that would satisfy absolutely everyone, he drove himself into a final burst of rhetoric that surpassed anything I had ever experienced. His voice gave way, and I am not ashamed to say that I burst into tears, even though I was the first one to reach him, even before the cameras had switched over to Noxon.

We led him, sobbing and reeling, to the dispensary, where the eminent Latin throat specialist, Dr. Silencio Castro, who had ministered to distinguished revivalists and auctioneers, was waiting with sutures and clamps. "Hold him down here, Grandpa," said the doctor. "I've got to close his mouth at once."

Candy raised his hand imperiously. "No, I will do it myself," he whispered.

The doctor shrugged. "You will be unable to talk for six days."

Candy fainted before our eyes. Over his young body I demanded of Silencio Castro, "Did you have to tell him?"

"Man, he is a politician. A brave one."

"Will it be bad?"

"It will be bad."

"And the pain?"

"The pain of silence will be bad. It is the big pain as you well know. You know how to manage your famous pain, Grandpa. Therefore I will put you in charge of this fine boy. Will you know what to do?"

"I will know."

I thought about Candy's grandfather and about my resolve never to love another politician. But Silencio was right, this had to be done and I was the one to do it. So Candy and I retired to Tipton, Iowa, where I read to him continuously from my *Collected Works* with no other sound but the wind whispering in the cornstalks. I am not boasting or bragging, simply recording what happened when I say that in only four days Candy was moving his jaws with his accustomed arrogant bravery, and in five days was out-talking me with rapidity, with such superb and magic control that I had to leave off.

My task was done. Sheba and I left Tipton by chartered jet for Tirana, one of my favorite places, to watch the ferociously contested local Albanian elections. There were more debates to come between Candy and Noxon, but regardless of the forecasts I knew in my own heart what the verdict of history would be, and I could not bear to be there to see the humbling of Noxon.

HARVEY SWADOS is the author of False Coin *and* On the Line. *A selection of his short stories,* Nights in the Gardens of Brooklyn, *will be published in January (Little, Brown).*

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[8] *Volte face* to *aficionados.*

[9] Baron Munehausen. Better known in democratic America by his commoner name.

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Joseph Waldmeir

WORLD WAR II was the most devastating war ever fought. Millions of people, combatant and non-combatant, were killed or maimed. Legally and extra-legally, identity and manhood were traduced and destroyed — the corpse in uniform, whether in the heat of an island jungle or in the snow of the Hurtgen forest, retains little more dignity than the emaciated and naked corpse in a common grave at Dachau. War is hell; that war was a fearsome holocaust, and though the war ended fifteen years ago, the peace has not yet begun. We live in a state of anxiety fed by the inconclusiveness of Korea, by the apparent aimlessness of every nation's foreign policy, and by the nuclear-age realization that any future war may truly be decisive. For these reasons — the hellish past, the uneasy present, the beclouded future — most of us want to know the facts within the events which began in 1936 in Spain and ended in 1945 at Nagasaki; we need to know what the war was all about, and if it was a justified hell, what the justification is. A book concerned with a great human catastrophe should tell us something about it, should even teach us something about ourselves and about the world in which we now live and will live.

By and large, the good American fiction of the Second World War satisfies such demands. Though the novels seldom make an explicit moral or political point, their implications are not difficult to discern. Fiction cannot contain more than so much social documentary and remain art. But the very limitations of fiction as history or biography or analysis are virtues. The good fiction writer tries to give as much as is necessary about a limited field of action for that action to ring true. For practical as well as artistic reasons, he takes certain liberties with the physical facts of the war, telescoping or disregarding many of the details which the historian or the biographer would find significant. He wants the reader to take from his book not only the specific detail of rounds fired, ally and enemy killed or wounded, objectives taken or lost, but also an awareness of war which includes yet transcends these details. And what contributes most to such an awareness is the fact that the details matter to somebody.

In fact the fiction writer's main advantage over other war writers is not that he can control his details — the important majority of the facts cannot be tampered with — but that he has control over his people. His characters can be composites, archetypes of good and evil. They can be typical Nazis like Col. Pettinger in *The Crusaders*, or typical American Fascists like General Cummings in *The Naked and the Dead* — or, conversely, they can be typical liberal dilettantes converted finally to active idealists like Lt. Yates and Lt. Hearn in the same two novels. The fiction writer, too, can borrow the attributes of real people to fit into his characters; thus, Otto Skorzeeny shines through Pettinger, and George F. Patton shines through the figures of Gen. Farrish in *The Crusaders* and General Mallon in Ned Calmer's *The Strange Land*. And out of this combination of hero, villain and historical situation—a combination over which the writer has tight control — can grow a powerful and convincing moral lesson, and strong suggestions for its application. Without ever sounding like Jean-Paul Sartre, both Stefan Heym and Norman Mailer convey the almost existentialist conclusion that individual responsibility is the only answer to humanity's problems with itself.

THE American non-fiction writers—historians, personal historians, documentarians, correspondents, commentators — face a different sort of difficulty in attempting to satisfy the reader's demands. They all must stick rigidly to the facts of campaigns, battles and skirmishes; and they must deal with real men, not composites, in real situations. While these restrictions serve well to fulfill the reader's primary demand for verisimilitude, they may at the same time seriously hamper the communication of any meaning to be found in the catastrophe of war. Some of the war correspondents, documentarians and commentators have tried to fill both demands; however, most of the non-fiction writers have been content to serve as memory prodders and gap fillers, making clear those things which were never clear before — things like the over-all tide of battle of which the individual GI could never be aware at the time.

Legitimate histories can do both things well, provided they are written eloquently enough and possess some sensitivity to war as a human drama. The straight accounts of logistical fact, of statistics,

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JOSEPH WALDMEIR, who contributed an essay on World War II fiction to an earlier special book issue, teaches English at Michigan State University.

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which constitute the bulk of the official histories, are pedestrian and deadly, dully cold. But books like Louis L. Snyder's *The War*[1], Robert Merriam's *Dark December*, C. Vann Woodward's *Battle for Leyte Gulf*, and Martin Caidin's just published *Black Thursday*[2], are far from cold and dull, yet remain historically accurate. I have chosen these four out of a multitude of possibilities because they span the branches of service, the theatres of operation and the key battles very well. Snyder's book is "a concise history" of the war on all fronts from 1939 to 1945; *Dark December* is concerned with the Army during the Ardennes crisis, the greatest battle of the European war; *The Battle for Leyte Gulf* is an account of the climactic naval engagement of the Pacific war, the success of which assured the recapture of the Philippines and the ultimate defeat of Japan; *Black Thursday* recounts the bloody daylight bombing raids on German industrial centers during 1943, culminating in the bloodiest of them all, the October 14 blasting of Schweinfurt by B-17s and B-24s.

THE WAR, which has just been issued, stands apart from the other three by virtue of the monumental task which it attempts. Its jacket calls it "an exciting, swift-paced narrative" which "makes electrifying reading." That is true; *The War* is certainly good reading, though Snyder has not the professional ability of Martin Caidin to select, work over and compress his material, and consequently, *Black Thursday* is a more readable book. But though it is electrifying, *The War* is not the "complete, well-balanced, judicious" history which another of the jacket's blurbs calls it. The history of the Second World War simply cannot be encompassed in such concise terms as 537 pages demand; the necessary superficiality becomes most apparent when one notes the breadth of detail present in the other three histories of aspects of the war. In addition, Professor Snyder is here far from being an objective historian. Quisling is for him an "oily collaborationist"; thousands of Americans reacted to Pearl Harbor with: "'Why, the yellow bastards!' Others exploded with variations of 'We'll stamp their buck teeth in!'" While most readers with long memories will tend to sympathize with Snyder's biases, many will see them as unfortunate anachronisms in a historical account.

But withal, Snyder's is an important and useful book: it is to date the only history of the war in one volume. Furthermore, it is the only one of the four books considered here that includes some speculation about the lessons to be learned from the war. Professor Snyder views with alarm the resurgence of nationalism and xenophobia since 1945. He shows that these were two of the major causes of World War II, and his "Aftermath" sounds a serious warning.

The other three books satisfy somewhat better than Snyder's our first demand to know what happened. Woodward and Merriam make use of all available materials — including captured Japanese and German documents and postwar interviews with enemy officers — to set forth the background, courses and results of their respective battles. Caidin, who used the enemy point of view skillfully in his *The Night Hamburg Died*, does not repeat that device here. Yet he does not stint on details. We learn how many bombers were involved, how many aborted, and for what reasons, and what was the effect of the raids on German industry. And Caidin makes the story of the Schweinfurt adventure every bit as fascinating reading as W. W. Haines's *Command Decision*, the novel built on the raids. *Battle for Leyte Gulf* is the most detailed of the three accounts, and therefore seems to be the most accurate. If the book has a fault, it lies in being too detailed — the untutored reader cannot follow the technical language and approach at many points. But the same reader cannot help being impressed by the industry and excellent organization of the book. Perhaps because the Battle of the Bulge was somehow more dramatic than the naval engagement at Leyte — as, in fact, the war in Europe was ideologically more dramatic than the war in the Pacific — *Dark December* is more exciting reading despite Merriam's occasional propagandistic cuteness.

IT IS possible, of course, to make war history exciting by the intentional use of these cutenesses or by making it gung-ho, as was done often during the war for propaganda or public relations or otherwise "patriotic" purposes. The best of a bad lot — W. L. White's *They Were Expendable*, Ted. W. Lawson's *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo* and Ross S. Carter's *Those Devils in Baggy Pants* — thrived on such gimmicks. Consider the General in the "Preface" to *Thirty Seconds* who says to the Lt. Col.: "'But listen here, damn you: as soon as you *do* bomb Tokyo you get the hell back here to Washington and go to work!'" Books like these three merit consideration primarily so that we may judge by contrast the value of the legitimate histories.

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[1] Messner, $7.95.

[2] E. P. Dutton, $4.95.

Personal histories — biographical and autobiographical works, and memoirs — have the same general drawbacks as the public relations histories, complicated by some additional drawbacks of their own. In the first place, they are usually written about or by, or ghosted for, a serviceman exceptional by reason of rank or action. Audie Murphy's *To Hell and Back*, for example, besides being excessively gung-ho, is far too personal an account to speak to the reader of the things he wants to know. It is not a book about the American soldier during the war; it is a book about Audie Murphy who, by his own testimony, was an extraordinary soldier. Similarly, the many war memoirs, both Allied and enemy, which have appeared over the past sixteen years, have not been written by or for the garden-variety serviceman. Most of them concern high-ranking officers, few of whom were actually fighting servicemen. The facts they deal with are the facts of grand strategy, mass movement, or behind-the-scenes maneuvering. It is as if the memoirist and the soldier had been in two different wars. Furthermore, the memoirist frequently has an ax to grind; he feels compelled to defend his strategy or to attack the strategy of other Allied officers. We are all familiar with the running feud between Montgomery and Eisenhower over the best way to have brought Germany to her knees; the sniping continues, with Monty firing the most recent salvo (*The Memoirs of Field-Marshall Montgomery*). We are familiar too with "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell's three-front battles with Chiang, Mountbatten and F.D.R., (*The Stilwell Papers*); and with *Wedemeyer Reports*, in which the replacement for Stilwell opened a new front in the attack on F.D.R., accusing him of turning China over to communism and of instigating a senseless war with Germany. The second-guessing provides somewhat interesting reading, but says very little to the reader who wants to know what the war was all about and what it meant.

Finally — except for *The Stilwell Papers* whose informality, preserved in the excellent editing of Theodore White, is refreshing — such books are notoriously ill-written, even if ghosted. This excerpt from the two paragraphs in *Crusade in Europe* which Eisenhower devotes to the horrors of concentration camps is a fair sample of the quality:

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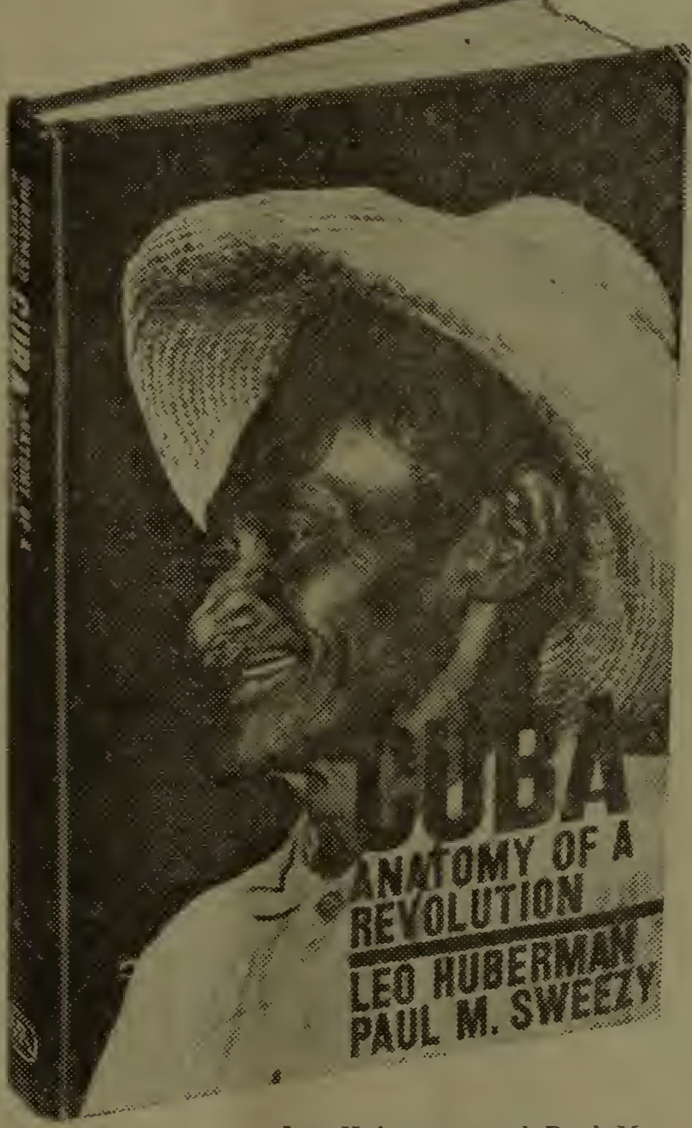

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evidence of Nazi brutality and ruthless disregard of every shred of decency. Up to that time I had known about it only generally or through secondary sources. I am certain, however, that I have never at any other time experienced an equal sense of shock.

One wonders how many readers can share Ike's shock on reading this flatly unfeeling statement.

WAR CORRESPONDENCE, when it was done well and honestly, succeeded admirably in conveying emotion to the reader and in charging that emotion with meaning. The photographs and some of the text of Robert Capa's *Slightly Out of Focus*, the cartoons and text of Bill Mauldin's *Up Front*, the columns by Martha Gellhorn collected in *The Face of War*, and Richard Tregaskis' *Guadalcanal Diary*—which I list here because it reads like correspondence though the book was not printed piecemeal — are among the very best. When the correspondence was done poorly it was either fearsomely gung-ho and sentimental (asserting, for instance, that all soldiers are afraid, that the highest bravery is the conquest of fear and that all American soldiers are astonisingly brave) or it was simply blah. It seems that every correspondent, however small his gifts, had a book contract in his pocket when he boarded ship or plane for a theatre of operation. The two fundamentally good writers who erred occasionally in the first direction were Ernie Pyle (*Here Is Your War* and *Brave Men*) and John Steinbeck (*Once There Was a War*). The writers who erred in the second direction were legion.

The correspondents faced problems which the other non-fiction writers were spared because they did their writing for publication while the war was in progress. As Steinbeck puts it in the Introduction to his collected columns:

> The events set down here did happen. But on rereading this reportage, my memory becomes alive to the other things, which also did happen and were not reported. That they were not reported was partly a matter of orders, partly traditional, and largely because there was a huge and gassy thing called the War Effort. Anything which interfered with or ran counter to the War Effort was automatically bad.

I said above that the non-fiction writers were more restricted than the fiction writers because they had to stick to the facts. The correspondents were the most restricted of all because they had to stick to the facts which were given to them or which were non-censorable. Still, they could do a fine job of satisfying our first demand without hampering the war effort. Capa says pridefully that "the soldier who looks at [Capa's] shots of Troina, ten years from now in his home in Ohio, will be able to say, 'That's how it was.'" And Mauldin's Willie and Joe still evoke the same recognition.

Some of the war correspondents tried to get at the meaning of the war; none succeeded better than Martha Gellhorn in her column for April, 1945 ("Das Deutsches Volk") and May, 1945 ("Dachau"). Anger, pity, terror inform each word. But most of the correspondents steered clear of ideology. They were reporters, and though they might have seen the war as a crusade by a group of individuals committed patriotically to the human race in its struggle against inhumanity, they were aware that most of the soldiers did not see it that way, or if they did, did not say so. If this bothered them at all, as reporters they ignored it; they might, like Ned Calmer and John Hersey, turn novelist (*The Strange Land* and *A Bell for Adano*) to get it off their chests.

THE documentarians have tried to get at meaning and emotion by a more direct means than any of the other non-fiction writers. They are, in fact, not writers at all, but editors and compilers; collectors usually of first-hand accounts of some phase or aspect of the war. When well done, the documentaries succeed better than most of the other non-fiction in satisfying both of our demands; though for the most part they lack both the H-hour X-platoon Y-objective kind of facts, and the explicit discussion of war aims and consequences. They succeed by giving the reader most of the available elements on the basis of which an emotion is founded and a meaning is reached.

Don Congdon has edited two fine documentaries: *Combat: Pacific Theater* and *Combat: European Theater;* and an excellent one, *The Taste of Courage*[1], has just been brought out by Desmond Flower and James Reeves. Congdon has collected a number of first-hand accounts of the major battles in each theatre. Some are written by professional correspondents, most by skillful non-professionals; but they all ring of authenticity in the way that only a first-hand account can. Since there is seldom any gung-ho in the truth about combat, there is no gung-ho here. These are simple, honest accounts of how it felt to be there. The meaning of the war as such is not discussed, but it seems to me that there is much significance in the fact that none of the writers argues that we should not have been there. Flower and Reeves's "conspectus" is a much more ambitious undertaking than either or both of the *Combats.* It covers the war from 1939 through 1945 in Europe, Russia, the Pacific and the CBI Theatre, and it includes not only reports of battles by Allied participants and observers, but items ranging all the way from memoranda from Hitler to his generals to accounts of the personal feelings of housewives of Allied and enemy nations at moments of terror. It is a remarkable book of some 1,100 pages, full of hope and fear and bitterness and joy. You cannot read it without coming very close to the feeling and meaning of war.

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[1] Harper, $10.

The Taste of Courage is good enough to rank just behind a book which it dwarfs in size but hardly in impact or meaning: John Hersey's *Hiroshima.* This volume is both documentary and correspondence, and in its strong message, it is also commentary. It sketches the lives of six survivors of the A-bomb drop from August 6, the morning of the bombing, to August 18. I am certain it is unnecessary to summarize the book here; suffice it to say that, more than any other of the non-fiction works about the war, *Hiroshima* most completely satisfies our demands to know what happened and the meaning of the happening. The shock experienced, even in rereading it, is far from enjoyable.

THE FINAL category to be discussed is commentary. I have saved it until last, not because it deserves a place of prominence above the other categories, but because it is in the commentaries that we find the summary statements and the explicit attempts to apply the lessons of the past to the present and future world.

Many books on the general subject of war's causes and aims appeared during the war; with few exceptions, they were second rate. One of them—Arthur Miller's *Situation Normal*—deserves attention. It was written during 1944 while Miller toured armed forces training areas as part of his research for writing the screen play of Pyle's *Brave Men.* Miller discusses various types of training and trainees, occasionally getting at characters and dramatic incidents which proved useful to his screen play. But somewhere along the line, he was sidetracked from his main objective into a consideration of the ideological causes of the war. He doesn't say anything startlingly new, but what he does say and the way he says it is so obviously sincere that one is convinced of its truth in the context of its time. He says that the war was being fought not for "'free enterprise,' as the well-known ads of our big industries maintain"; nor for "the words 'Keep America the Same,' as a certain automobile company insists"; but "for our Belief. And that Belief says, simply, that we believe all men are equal." He says that in the soldiers' criticizing and griping, the war "almost sounds like a property owner's war, with either side acting like the other if their real estate holdings were reversed. And yet you know, listening to the way they speak, that they do not want it to be merely a property owner's war because it is a mockery to die for property alone. They know in their hearts that there is evil in the other side, and that something in our country would prevent us from ever acting like the enemy." *Situation Normal* is well worth reading in order to get hold once more of that certainty of justification which motivated so many of us to fight the war as if it were a true crusade.

This knowledge of evil in the other side lay at the heart of the liberal dilemma from 1936 until America's entrance into the war. The two horns were pacifism and anti-fascism, and they became increasingly difficult to reconcile with the movement of the war away from Spain and toward the Continent, and with the bombing of Pearl Harbor. The best way to resolve the dilemma was to become pro-World War II while remaining fundamentally anti-war as a means of solving man's problems. This was easy to do provided one hated fascism sufficiently. The best example of an American liberal writer's ability to make the resolution is Irwin Shaw who, in 1936, produced his pacifistic play, *Bury the Dead,* and in 1948, brought out the clearly pro-World War II novel, *The Young Lions.* Among the non-fiction writers, Martha Gellhorn most clearly embodies the dilemma. In the commentary "Introduction" to *The Face of War* she asserts that she was a rabid anti-Fascist from her days of reporting the war in Spain through 1945; the assertion is supported by her columns, particularly the two mentioned earlier. But in the same "Introduction" she insists that she does not understand the argument that one must fight for a principle "against tyrants and slavery" since war solves nothing.

The Face of War appeared in 1959, but I hardly think that Gellhorn has become less anti-Fascist over the past

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fifteen years. With the growing possibility of nuclear warfare, however, she has become more pacifist, and it is nuclear warfare that she has in mind here. The Second World War was terrible, but it may have been justified. There is no justification for the next war. Principles are not worth the destruction of the present generation nor the poisoning of the next. As Martin Caidin put it in *The Night Hamburg Died:* "But even the debacle of Hamburg will be as nothing against the holocaust of thermonuclear bombs. For the sake of mankind's future existence, have we heeded the lesson?"

Not many of the war writers have dealt with this, the second of our demands, as specifically as Gellhorn and Caidin, and they confine their discussion to brief introductions. None of them has dealt with it as carefully as some of the non-war writers, such as Rex Tugwell in *A Chronicle of Jeopardy* and C. Wright Mills in *The Causes of World War Three*. Still, the truly good war books in each category can satisfy both of our demands, implicitly if not explicitly. Out of a tremendous mass of material, I have chosen those books which best illustrate either the fulfillment of or the failure to fulfill the demands. Three of them—*The Taste of Courage, Black Thursday* and *The War* are just now in print. Many other fine books, both American and foreign—and some not so fine—would have to be included in an exhaustive list (see Appendix A to Snyder's *The War* for a relatively complete listing).

A Slouch Toward Bethlehem

Marcus Klein

Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world
—The Second Coming
W. B. Yeats

Doom: A Bibliography

Gina Berriault
The Descent. Atheneum. $3.50.

Constantine FitzGibbon
When the Kissing Had to Stop. W. W. Norton. $3.95.

Walter M. Miller, Jr.
A Canticle for Leibowitz. J. B. Lippincott. $4.95.

Mordecai Roshwald
Level 7. McGraw-Hill $3.75.

Nevil Shute
On the Beach. William Morrow. $3.95. New American Library. Paper. 50c.

THINGS fall apart. The rough beast that Yeats knew, its hour come round at last, slouches toward Bethlehem and is making remarkable progress. For Yeats the beast was the omen of the apocalypse, the fearful convulsion of the last of twenty centuries, the cataclysmic yielding, at Bethlehem, of one cycle of civilization to another. But that was years ago. Yeats died. The beast is nearer now, almost so near you can touch it, and we know that it may be rougher, and much sooner, and much more decisive than William Butler Yeats, a powerful dreamer, could ever dream. The breath of the very last holocaust is hot in our faces, tickling our nostrils. No one not severely catarrhal can fail to know it is there. The bombs are already aloft, radioactive fallout is in the breeze, and munching cows munch strontium-90.

And it just might be the case that what confusion has invoked cannot be revoked, that the beast is no longer to be caged, that there is nothing any more that good will and strenuous effort can do. All the sensible simplisms—ban the bomb, under enforceable agreement mysteriously arrived at, without agreement, disarm, be unilaterally moral—are overborne by terrible exploding facts. Things have got very complicated. The roasting sinners in the old Scottish sermon turned toward heaven and cried "O Lord, we did not know," and the Lord answered in His wisdom, "Well, ye ken th' noo."

Too late.

Too late? That is never an answer for the enterprising, as of course it should not be. *Something* had better be tried. Of course, Satan's hosts roused themselves up from hell itself to build Pandemonium and debate their doom, what had happened and what doom was to come. They were angels, we can't do as much, but we can raise our lesser

---

MARCUS KLEIN, who teaches in the English department of Barnard College, has contributed criticism and fiction to Hudson Review, Western Review *and other periodicals. He is now completing a study of the novel since mid-century for publication by* Meridian.

pandemonium, we can do our bit. As first of all—maybe last of all—we can vigorously alert each other, become really aware of the fact that we and all our hope of progeny may soon be blasted. Anything less would be irresponsible. And if we can just get ourselves aroused enough, why there is no telling. . . . Become "aware of the problem," as the best and most liberal among us do say, though what we are to become aware of may not be precisely a problem now.

Our chief of state, for instance, though given to mumbling and soft answers, does offer exemplary awareness. He is sincere and responsible. So is our next chief of state likely to be, and so is *theirs*, and so is the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy. There are omens everywhere and the least one can do is read them. Many do. James Reston haruspicates. Arthur Krock slyly series. Edward R. Murrow converses with spirits and Gabriel Heater explores his dreams. Also there are colorful individual rousings—the voyage of the *Golden Rule*—waggling fingers of humane physicists, statistical researches, movies, international petitions and mass demonstrations which, no matter what their political colorations, testify, all of them, to urgency, indeed the last extremity, and the squeezing need for awareness.

And novelists write apocalyptic novels. Generally poor ones, a current handful suggests—except that obvious sincerity is always dignified—and containing an astonishing sameness of novelistic inspiration, but honestly devoted, all of them, to waking us from dangerous slumber, to shocking us into knowledge of the peril. Which they should be able to do superbly because such is the notion of every novel of deliberate propaganda—fiction is so sweet a bait, you sit down to eat a tasty tidbit of a story, and, whoompf!, before you know it you're choking on gobbets of uncooked truth. Not that novels really work that way, even when they are meant to, but there have been novels that have precipitated social action. They can do it. Novels bring bad news. It is their business. Even bad novels can do it.

But the novels at hand, well-meaning as they most certainly are and urgent and rich in gloom, don't. Not for any

A Poem of Despondencies

We go whatever route to run un-
    obstructed. "A city without seasons"
may bug a man who needs thunder storms,
snow, frost-bitten leaves to drive away
stagnant August.
Kêres, dirty little things that fill the air
    obscure a weather's message.
What softness massage festering reason?
    In Scotland fairies
coverd with hair scare girls and
prepare twisted paths into the mire,
    false landscapes, blight light,
    sour dawn, noon or near night
to reflect heart's discontent or
    raise vapors from sexual treasure
as gold rots in the ground sprouts fever.
This green is obscene, seeded
    where the will moves not, no
    stout stalk leaf of the grass
but the green kêres, in fury, fly
    up from bog of
—insatiable under the hand urge?
It's the fearful rising where the cock
    won't rise
that sickens the eyes, tricks
    the domestic poseur.
Black bile not blood drips
    from the enclosure.
This is the way the land lies.
As who from dreams as from marsh
    wakes.
They are mosquitoes biting wet flanks
    of natural flesh.
Did you? Did you? Who? opend the damnd
    box? But
I hate locks. I wish I could give you
    such openness,
filths, upswarms of fervor, to hold.
A man held so, up-
held we see in staind unmoving
sea moved sustaind in
Hell,
mannd against calm.

Robert Duncan

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lack of horrors. Nor are the horrors, as one might suspect, mere creepy delights. They offer no werewolves, no vampires, and, considering that they take place in years ranging from 1962 to 3781, they are modest in their gadgetry. Their whole strategy is the probable and they figure the probable very closely. There is, it happens, a two-headed lady with a six-legged dog in *A Canticle for Leibowitz,* which is the only one of these novels to contain rocket ships, inhuman automation, *mutatis mutandis,* but that is the longest stretch. Other horrors are closer to what we know: the mass vomiting and diarrhea of radiation sickness (*On the Beach, Level 7*); mass euthanasia (*On the Beach, A Canticle for Leibowitz*); the claustral prospect of mankind moving for generations into sheltering caves (*Level 7, The Descent*); the collapse of civilization into a new dismaler dark ages (*A Canticle for Leibowitz*); the ineluctability of absolute destruction on earth (*Level 7, On the Beach, Leibowitz*); the Russians (*When the Kissing Had to Stop*). And this is real stuff, it rings true to one's own knowledge and imagination, and there is no perverse joy to be found in it, it is authentically ghastly. When doom cracks, it is surely going to sound very much like this.

At the same time, and loaded so with ghastliness, there is something very innocent about this fiction. Boom though it does with atomic blasts, it is unexciting—unexciting, it must be, because it keeps itself so pure in so pure a rage of testifying, and so far from the horny facts.

Because it appeals to innocence which no one any more has. Its entire action —Fitz Gibbon's novel notably excepted—is an injuring of incredible innocents. The hero of each but one of these books is the same hero: a deep-down decent, artless fellow, unsophisticated, unpolitical, unassertive and ready for wonder, of no more than middling intelligence, come to us from Iowa. And his name, in Miss Berriault's incarnation, is Arnold Elkins. (In Mr. Roshwald's it is "X-127"; in the late Nevil Shute's, it is Dwight, but it might as well be Gregory Peck; in Mr. Miller's he is a series of abbots over several centuries in the life of a monastery and he has several superadded abbatial charms, like jolliness, unsuspected worldliness, a command of Latin, a look of wisdom and a propensity for amusing lapses from clerical dignity, but he is much the same man.) The last fellow in the world to be associated with holocaust, the Wrath of God, or crimes of violence. (In a couple of instances, the last fellow in the world.) Nor did he rig quiz shows, commit with his neighbor's wife—Fitz Gibbon's novel again excepted; he kept his hand out of plackets and his pen from lenders' books.

What outrage then when the thunder claps, the missiles whine, and that unoffending he begins to vomit. Poor innocent unimplicated worm! The catharsis of innocent worms is not our catharis and this is not tragedy, it is sentimental melodrama. But poor worm anyway. In this special case certainly we ought to be stirred. And we might be—but it is with that call to be stirred that these novels really end. The innocent has some further innocent suggestions, but he lives and dies primarily in order to stir us, to make us aware until we will tremble with awareness.

Wake up, America! *Wachet auf!*

But look around, is there anybody who is not already scared half out of his wits? We are wide awake now and quaking, and nobody likely to read these novels *needs* further to be alarmed. These holocausters are in fact a little rude and certainly redundant. Make us "aware of the problem"? We are entirely aware. Are things even worse than we thought? No, that absolutely cannot be the case. If anything is likely to make us ignore that awful bomb, it is just this frenetic activity of reciprocal alerting. The voice of the prophets raised to a certain pitch obscures the voice of doom. All this good will and all this liberal activism create false security rather than alarm. What we are desperately in need of is an idea, even a bad idea, just something not a cheap idea. Not another whir of the siren. The great rough beast is here and upon us and at this ultimate shift there is nothing so irrelevant as prophecy unless it is an invitation to a mass meeting. These outraged-citizen novelists, shrill or wheedling, arch or intense, bent on creating an outraged

As the Children Quarreled

As the children quarreled
Their childhood swirled away.
Mother turned aside
Weeping all that's ever lost.

Gross words, gross thoughts
Explode in the boy's brain.
Away swirls the dream
Out of which he was born.

All that's conceived in love
Wastes with its own breath.
Conception is the whole—
The rest swirls away to death.

M. L. Rosenthal

citizenry, are unexciting because things are worse than *they* think. They are living, for all their imaginative leap of centuries, in 1945, if not 1935. The task is not more and more awareness, the issue is not susceptible any longer to moral gestures, and no din of pious propaganda is going to tumble down walls.

Not that they have no ideas, these doomsters. They have some. Further cause for alarm. Hopeless ideas, and because so hopeless, more terrifying indeed than all their other horrors.

Nevil Shute opposed to catastrophe simple British decorum, a wonderful discipline in non-realization, and contempt for the silliness of nations squabbling, he supposed, over questions of honor. "I mean," says boyish Peter to girlish Mary, "if a couple of hundred million people all decide that their national honor requires them to drop cobalt bombs upon their neighbor, well, there's not much that you or I can do about it. The only possible hope would have been to educate them out of their silliness." "But how could you have done that, Peter? I mean, they'd all left school." His answer is: newspapers.

Mordecai Roshwald supplies tokens: Mother and Sunshine. The young rebel of the story goes mad for love of his mother. ("He was rather a pleasant fellow before he became mentally unbalanced.") The hero loves sunshine. The rebel and the hero share ideas of Love and Freedom. Which are respectable ideas, but lofty beyond the importunate necessity. "Life and love are spreading," says tousle-headed X-127. "Give them a little space to take root, a beginning, and they will conquer the world!" Like crab grass. The novel is dedicated to Dwight and Nikita. Fellows, are you listening?

WALTER M. MILLER, JR., supplies the Church. It was the Church that once through a time of relapse preserved learning and civilization—that is not an unimpeachable argument, but it has general truth—and it can do it again. At the end of this novel, and with the coming of the Bomb the second time round, a new Immaculate Conception occurs, one-half of that two-headed woman, and the Church sends off microfilm and its own nucleus in a rocket ship. Bizarre, but the Church will go on going on, the soul so guarded is unquenchable, in these ashes of ours of accumulated sins is a new phoenix. There is indeed, if you look at it that way, something bracing in the holocaust, a promise of health: "When the world was in darkness and wretchedness, it could believe in perfection and yearn for it. But when the world became bright with reason and riches, it began to sense the narrowness of the needle's eye, and that rankled for a world no longer willing to believe or yearn." Perdition is a term of spiritual progress. The world is about to be torn apart again "that Man might hope again in wretched darkness." This is no time for scoffing secularists, but Mr. Miller's is a comic view of the sundered atom which amounts to withdrawal from all immediacy. One wouldn't want the wretched darkness in order to prove his hopeful theology.

The Descent is a novel ineptly devised, patronizing and stone deaf to the rhythms of ordinary speech, but Gina Berriault is ablaze with constructive suggestions. And she can fix responsibility: foggy thinking in Washington, demagoguery, big business, selfish labor interests, Luce Publications, Inc., Public Relations, Motivational Research, optimism, beauty contests, intellectual pettiness in the academy and Billy Graham. For a wonder she does not include the violence on television, there isn't much that escapes her knowingness, but then hers is a very short novel forced to accommodate, too, the legions of light. Which are: irresistible demonstrations, principally at Hiroshima, stupendous petitions, non-violent sabotage, militant pacifism and Albert Schweitzer. Her Arnold Elkins becomes possessed of a plan—one evolved, and that is important, by qualified technicians—for compulsory total disarmament and conversion to peaceful pursuits. It is a sanguine plan, a serious plan, and one

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that sets Arnold back on his heels, but that is all of the plan there is. Details aren't Arnold's business, he is enthusiastic, and Miss Berriault is impatient of them. At her novel's climax Arnold's thirteen-year-old daughter demands unilateral disarmament.

When the Kissing Had to Stop is a different matter, and it is refreshing. It is by far the best of these novels and independent of them a very good novel, the most thinking of them, the most thorough, the most engaged, the most severe and the least liberal. It votes Tory. But in this raging company, it is prophylactic. Its special doom is political and pre-nuclear. England one evening becomes a Soviet satellite—panicked by the possibility of the Bomb and eroded by mass demonstrating, by a rage for neutralism, and in its weakness preyed upon. Mr. Fitz Gibbon is a little smug in his reactionary foresight, but he proposes a possibility in British politics, and if it is not one this year in our own, it anyway suggests a real complication in innocent protesting. The rage to testify is open to manipulation, one needn't be Rep. Francis Walter of Pennsylvania to spot Stalinists behind the arras.

But spy-hunting is a drug and a dangerous pastime, too. Meanwhile there is that slouching great beast, heavy and hungry, here and right upon us and blotting out all horizons.

A good citizen will do *something.*

What?

Vote?

Arnold Wesker: 'A Sort of Socialism'

Ted Hughes

PLAYS about the working class are hardly new, but it is a new thing and a development of the last three or four years that writers from the working class or near it, such as John Osborne, Harold Pinter and Arnold Wesker, should be not merely noticeable in the London theatre but supplying it with the most interesting and intellectually respectable pieces.

These three are precociously skilled technicians; however, the similarity ends there. Osborne, when he writes about the working class, writes of its conflict with other classes and brings such a generalizing flair to this that *Look Back In Anger*, reading more and more like an allegory, seems as much the projection of the mind of a generation as the chosen subject of one writer. Neither Pinter nor Wesker has the same sweep, though maybe both direct their gifts with more individuality.

Pinter evidently takes his cue from Beckett. In *The Birthday Party* and *The Caretaker*, Beckett's senile or insect despair has become a three A.M. suburban malaise where the personality decomposes according to Jung, and language has retrenched to a system of animal reflexes, nervous tics and a desperate stage of self-delusion over an opening gulf of nothingness. This mixture may sound risky, and for all the gravity of his theme Pinter's polish does carry an effect of lightness. But to my mind he holds the salient, with his dialogue, in whatever the English theatre may have at present of an *avant-garde.* The intensely dramatic and at the same time intensely musical exchange that he achieves makes up a kind of sinister poetry — the one successful scion of Eliot's "Sweeney Agonistes."

Arnold Wesker, born in 1932, is the youngest of the three. Of his trilogy, the three plays by which he is known, *Chicken Soup With Barley* appeared in 1958, *Roots* in 1959 and *I'm Talking About Jerusalem* in 1960.* This summer the Royal Court Theatre presented the entire trilogy. This is how Wesker describes his work:

> A number of themes bind the trilogy together. Basically it is a family; on another level it is a play about human relationships; and on a third, and most important level, it is a story of people moved by political ideas in a particular social time.
>
> There are many theories about Socialism. *Chicken Soup With Barley* handles the Communist aspect. *Roots* handles the personal aspect, that is, Ronnie [one of the characters] feels you can only teach by example. *I'm Talking About Jerusalem* is a sort of study in a William Morris kind of Socialism. If you like, the three plays are three aspects of Socialism, played out through the lives of a Jewish family. . . .

From one point of view, Wesker merely uses each of these "aspects" to fill out

---

TED HUGHES, the English poet, has lived and taught in both the United States and England. His latest colleciton is Lupercal *(Macmillan).*

* *The Wesker Trilogy.* Jonathan Cape. 21 s.

a play, and from another point of view, he makes a judgment about each of them: Communism cheats the Communist; William Morris Socialism is impracticable; the "personal" method works — and seems, in fact, the only method by which socialism fulfills any of its aspirations.

This last is important. Wesker is a man with a message. In published articles he makes no secret of his political education and concerns. Then what is his message? A sort of socialism? He would say so. It is necessary to keep an eye on that phrase "a sort of socialism," because in plays so stuffed with other much more recognizable forms of socialism, it might be given a wrong meaning.

At bottom Wesker is a naive lyrical poet, full of joy, in love with individuals and all the minute details of their lives, and with the moment-to-moment chance to live. He is also an analytical realist: he sees how people neglect their chances, let their feelings die, lose contact with life and with each other, sinking into routine and indifference. In the collision of the poet and the analyst lies his suffering. He can't just give people up, he loves them too much, but he can't bear to see the way they let themselves down either. His "socialism," his message, takes the form of a desperate public exhortation — wake up and live.

THE MAIN criticisms against Wesker have been leveled at this moral vehemence and the rhetoric it sometimes excites him to. It can be argued, however, that this very vehemence is the root of his gift. The occasional rhetorical explosions are a small price to pay for what comes with them.

The distinction of Wesker's writing is the utterly convincing and deeply moving quality of its realism. Wherever he presents life, whether it is only a card game or an elaborate cottage tea, he is first-rate. This is not just a surface realism; one becomes aware of reality stretching away in space and time, a world of topographical, historical, social and political details, suggested without noticeable effort, in support of characters who are themselves thoroughly alive. Wesker's ear for working-class speech ranges through the whole variety of working-class minds and emotions. Together with this, he possesses a musical gift: his passages of dialogue sometimes take on the inevitability of a delicate kind of poetry, and this is directly related to the most remarkable thing about these plays and certainly the thing to be grateful for: the flood of love which sustains them.

It is interesting to assess just how well these masses of impartially created life enforce his propaganda and realize his message. In *Chicken Soup With Barley*, Wesker presents a working-class Jewish family, the Kahns, through the crises of their affair with communism. The play opens in London's East End in 1936, on the day of the October fourth riot in which the Kahns and all their friends take part, leaps ten years, shows Ronnie Kahn maturing into a passionate idealist, Socialist by birth as it were, shows the family breaking up and the friends scattering as the fever of the cause cools in all but Ronnie and the mother, and ends in December, 1956, when Ronnie returns home demoralized, his illusions having gone down with Hungary.

In this play, the voice of the exasperated poet of joy in Wesker is obviously Sarah Kahn's. Her rhetoric has nothing to do with communism. It speaks for the right to live and love, the fight against the insidious paralysis of indifference, idleness and fear. And behind Sarah, as if the whole play has been a parable to demonstrate the truth of her words, is the example of her husband, Harry: the weakling, the liar and petty thief who ran away from the riot to take shelter with his mother, who can't keep a job, who fails in all his family responsibilities. By the last act he has become an almost speechless and incapable paralytic.

In the last play of the trilogy, *I'm Talking About Jerusalem*, Ada and Dave Simmonds, Ronnie's sister and brother-in-law, make a heroic attempt to live out their socialism by producing handmade furniture in a lonely corner of Norfolk. The furniture is hard to sell, and eventually they are forced to return to London. Their hopes and disappointments are portrayed in Wesker's usual moving way, and this play contains some of the best moments in the trilogy. At the start and finish, however, *Jerusalem* succumbs to Ronnie's rhetoric. Nobody defies him, as Sarah did in *Chicken Soup With Barley*, and it seems that Wesker's own certainties are baffled here by the disappointed retreat of the Simmonds. His message seems to have crept humbly into their determination to go on as best they can in London, without illusions. At the end Ronnie can muster no more than a despairing "We're bloody mad to cry," shouted at the abandoned fen darkness.

Roots, the middle play of the trilogy, is the best artistically, and here too the message works most forcibly, with the surest grip on reality. The spokesman for Wesker in this play is Ronnie, as we hear him through the voice of Beatie Bryant. He speaks rhetoric, but if its outsize demands did not continually challenge the characters in the play there would be no play. And there is a powerful play — one with wider implications for life at present in England than grows out of either of the others.

ROOTS is about a Norfolk family of farm laborers, the Bryants, bedded in routine, inarticulate, existing in a mean repetitive round of gossip — dead to any world beyond their own flat fenland horizon. Back to this family comes Beatie Bryant, the daughter, who works as a waitress in London where for three years she has been living with Ronnie Kahn. Everybody expects him to marry her and so does she. Toward the end of her two-week holiday Ronnie is to come and meet her family.

Beatie doesn't return home as a simple country girl: for three years Ronnie has been trying to change her, to rouse her from her rural doze, to make her talk, listen to music, open her mind, get concerned with the politics that run our lives, to wake up and live. He hasn't quite managed, but he has succeeded in giving her an agonizing conscience about her mental and spiritual torpor. Now that she arrives home and finds herself slipping back naturally into the old ways of speech and idolence, she turns her self-criticism, or rather Ronnie's criticism of her, onto her family.

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control: Ronnie speaks only through Beatie, as she quotes and mimics him, in more or less, but less and less, humorous demonstrations:

> "You can't learn how to live overnight. *I* don't even know," he say, "and half the world don't know but we got to try. Try," he say, "'cos we're still suffering from the shock of two world wars and we don't know it. Talk," he say, "and look and listen and think and ask questions." But Jesus! I don't know what questions to ask or *how* to talk. . . .

Ronnie sounds like a pain in the neck, but the whole tension of the play lies between his demands for vitality in people, for responsibility, open-mindedness and alertness, and the inadequacy of these country people to supply them or even to understand what they're all about. The growing apprehension of Ronnie's arrival and of his disgust when he sees what Beatie's family are like, what sleepy creatures they are, and the consequences for her, focuses our own exasperation on the dull, grim, spiritless round of this country existence.

When it becomes clear that the very mental stagnation Beatie has inherited is the main cause of Ronnie's jilting her, the conscience he has planted in her makes one wounded effort and wakes her up: she finds herself "talking"—in sheer rage at her family for having, as she supposes, lost her "the best thing" she ever had. Hers is a tirade against rural stupor and the degrading soporific commercial trash it laps up and encourages by lapping up. Ronnie's rhetoric has taken over. We now face an open journalistic assault of sentiments which Wesker has published elsewhere, outside drama, urging action against the huge ruminant sleep of the English working class. The play contains Beatie's outburst up to the moment where suddenly she hears herself and utters the last words exultantly: "God in heaven, RONNIE! It does work, it's happening to me, I can feel it's happened, I'm beginning, on my own two feet—I'm beginning. . . ."

In this finale Wesker is not merely demonstrating the "personal" method, but turning it directly on us—the moment when his critics hunch their shoulders.

IT OUGHT to be remembered, though, that these plays are not intended to be relaxation for a super-sophisticated audience. Wesker's ambition, I take it, his "socialism," consists of trying to raise the cultural standards of the working class and to open their minds. His rhetoric, his message, is aimed at a presumably resistant working-class public. The marvel is that, with such aims, he has been able to produce a realistic drama which is for the most part so pure and moving.

In this concern with the working class and in this direct propagandist appeal to them, *Chicken Soup With Barley* invites comparison with Odets' *Awake And Sing*. This immediately points up not only the solidity of Wesker's work, the complexity and truth of it, but also the comparatively permanent quality of its "message."

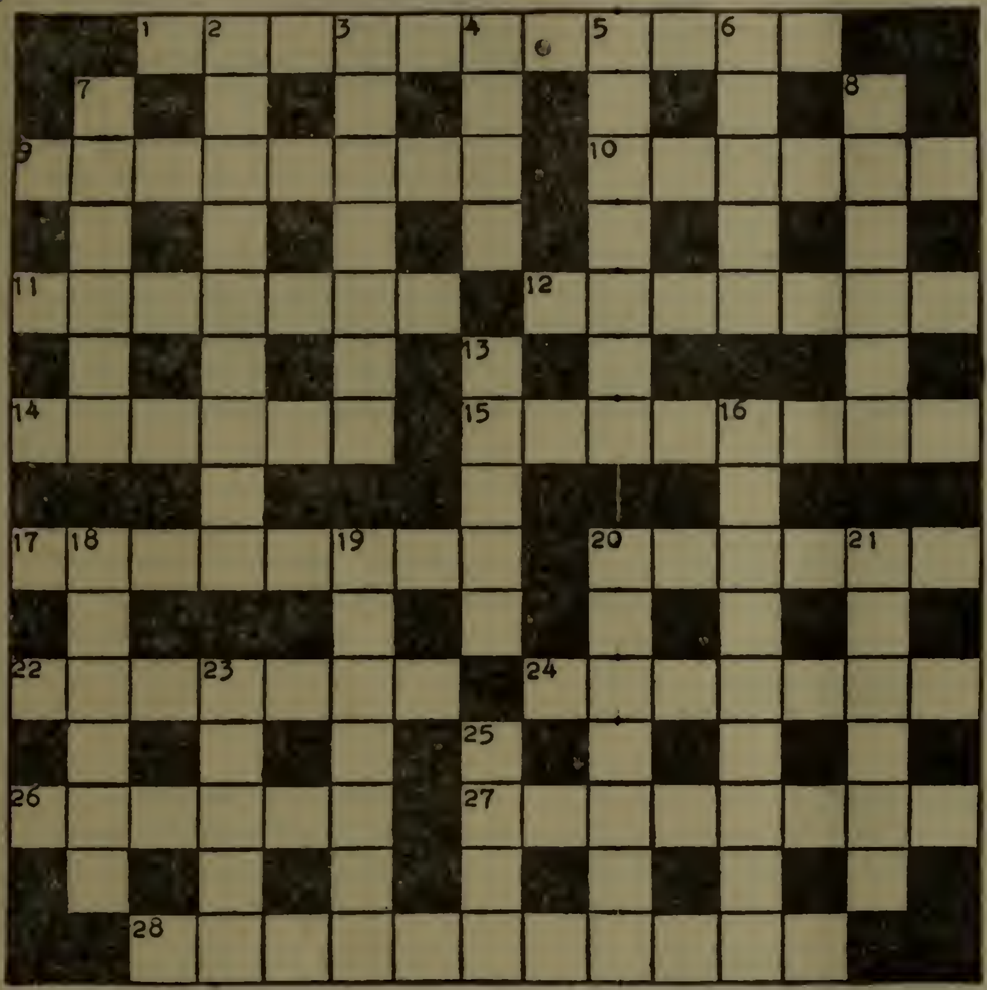
Superficially the similarities between the two plays are striking: the poor Jewish family during the depression, the dominant mother, the weak father, the tough-minded sister who gets married, the hopeful son, the cloud of Communist dreams. Beyond that, and in everything that matters, they are unalike.

First of all, in the treatment of politics, the cloud of dreams in *Awake And Sing* seems to be within the author's head: his play is straight political propaganda, sucking us into the cloud, impressing us with the horrifying complacent voracity of the capitalist Morty and with the pathetic sufferings of the impoverished Berger family. The play replaces a political speech with little more subtlety than the same author's *Waiting For Lefty*, which ends beseeching all the listeners to "STRIKE! STRIKE! STRIKE!" *Chicken Soup With Barley*, on the other hand, in its dealings with politics, is a purely historical play: the cloud of Communist dreams is within the heads of the characters, and we see it blow off toward Russia, leaving them all drafty and emptied.

The difference between the plays in this matter of politics is that between a man expressing his own excited opinion and a man creating a world of people full of changing opinions. In *Awake And Sing*, Morty's attitude to life, and Jacob's and Joe's—the only characters who do have an attitude to life—are gathered up into the politics of Marx: gathered up, that is, into the play's political propaganda. Otherwise, the play is morally neutral. *Chicken Soup*, however, gathers the whole of itself into Sarah Kahn's passionate warning: "If you don't care you'll die." *Awake And Sing's* propaganda turns out to be a very temporary political opinion; *Chicken Soup's* turns out to be a permanently true and urgent statement about life. And this illustrates the difference between the socialism of Odets and that of Wesker. Wesker's is something close to a poetic intuition—a concern with the life at the root of all parties and opinions.

Crossword Puzzle No. 890

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 A thickened mass one man fabricates for security on the line. (11)
9 What the winner of the race turns in—and how! (8)
10 Once important in the play of a number of Romans with the son of Isis. (6)
11 An oyster might suggest how to stem the flow. (7)
12 Hardly a time for amusement, for the real accompaniment to amusement is uncertain. (7)
14 Concedes something to be fit, but not exactly by design. (6)
15 They might constitute a few words of introduction. (8)
17 These are refined in taste. (8)
20 In the course, perhaps, of stroke prevention. (6)
22 Proving oil is mixed with many a sort of balm? (7)
24 But uniformed servants are not necessarily so impolite. (7)
26 See 5 down
27 Granny is not so good a security risk! (4, 4)
28 Certainly not a valuable quality. (11)

DOWN:

2 Does being dull make a bad girl cheat so? (9)
3 See 16 down
4 and 25 down Watches some products of mine in unpleasant surroundings. (8)
5 and 26 across Just imagine where your bets might be placed, and you should find its prospects pleasing. (7, 6)
6 Cervantes said marriage is one. (5)
7 Somewhat less than a famous manner, the extremes of 9 might be next. (6)
8 If this clergyman were given a brief account at first, it should be true. (6)
13 Fit in a short and sudden manner. (5)
16 and 3 down A close comparison might imply the takers have a lack of understanding. (2, 5, 2, 7)
18 Your friend with the hat looks rather peaked! (6)
19 When we learn the hard way, a fine part of library service may be missed by it. (7)
20 The business of being worried? (7)
21 Noised about as one with an inventive mind. (6)
23 I'm sad and disturbed, as one with a peculiar touch of it. (5)
25 See 4 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 889

ACROSS: 8 Concealed weapon; 10 Stipends; 11 and 12 down Snow White; 13 Obligatory; 15 Addicts; 16 Bargain; 19 Scientific; 21 Teem; 22 Especial; 24 Repeat; 26 Cool as a cucumber. DOWN: 1 Command decision; 2 Scan; 3 Passport; 4 Weasels; 5 Owning; 6 and 9 Make amends; 7 Borderline cases; 14 Tight; 17 Accuracy; 18 Afflict; 20 Thirst; 23 Eels; 25 Pump.

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LETTERS

Still, He's President

Dear Sirs: I said Kennedy would lose because he was a Catholic. I was wrong. That is why he won.* My other point is sustained: that the "difference" between the two candidates was so minute that it would lead to frustration and indecision. A candidate winning by less than 1 per cent of the popular vote is no hero. I feel that those who convinced me finally to vote Democratic will have more to explain than I.

George Kauffman

Berkeley, Calif.

**Louis H. Bean agrees with Mr. Kauffman. See page 408 of this issue.* — Ed.

Nevada's Governor Speaks

Dear Sirs: The Nation's special issue on "Gambling, Inc." [Oct. 22] undoubtedly represents an industrious reportorial effort on the part of its author, Fred J. Cook, but the chapter on Nevada is badly out of focus. Gambling in one form or another is legal in at least twenty-five other states. At least six other states derive more tax revenue from legal gambling than does Nevada. Every state except Nevada has some form of illegal gambling. . . .

As noted, gambling is legal elsewhere, but nowhere is it controlled to the degree which exists in Nevada. The success of that effort is illustrated by the simple fact that so many of our 13 million visitors last year had been here before. People do not return again and again without knowing they receive an honest deal. . . .

Mr. Cook's unsupported assertion that "legal gambling in Nevada is bankrolling the underworld" can only be classified as naive. Using the author's own figure of a $9 billion gross to *illegal* gamblers in other states, a little arithmetic shows the $182 million grossed by Nevada gamblers last year is only about 2 per cent of the total. Subtract from this a $67 million annual casino payroll, another $25 million for entertainment, and still more millions for advertising, rent, lights, heat and other overhead, and you wind up with a net which would look like penny ante poker winnings to the underworld syndicate of which Mr. Cook writes.

To the author's allegation that Nevada casino operators take in far more winnings than they report, I can say only that an expert staff of auditors and investigators, empowered by law to be in on the "first count" of any casino at any time, haven't been able to find evidence in support of such rumors.

Grant Sawyer
Governor

Carson City, Nev.

Numbers Paradox

Dear Sirs: Your comments on the American Cancer Society's efforts to educate the young [editorial, Nov. 5] points up what well may be the greatest paradox of our current American culture. On the one hand, we are subjected to a barrage of near nostrums to cure imaginary ills; on the other, we are importuned to smoke one of many competing brands of cigarettes, the effects of which have been proven to be harmful.

As a nation brought up on what "three out of five" or "seven out of ten" think and do, we do not seem to take the American Cancer Society's numbers game very seriously.

Morris A. Huggins

Scottsdale, Ariz.

Miners Ask Help

Dear Sirs: We are entering the seventh month of a long and bitter strike in the Coeur d'Alene mining district in northern Idaho. The primary company involved is the Bunker Hill Mining Company, which has taken out tens of millions of dollars in profits in the last seventy years. The average wage of an underground miner is a little over $2 an hour. We haven't had a wage increase for two years. We asked for an 8c an hour wage increase for a two-year contract, the same as 95 per cent of the metal mining industry has won. The company has thrown the book at us. They have organized strike-breaking citizens' committees. They control the only newspaper in the main area of the strike, and we are hard put to get our point of view printed.

Also, until a few weeks ago, the union bore the full responsibility for supporting our 2,200 workers and their families. Finally, Idaho's Governor Smylie, after 5½ months, did bring in some state relief, but it's so inadequate that the main burden is still on our shoulders. The foulest blow was when the school district refused to start their hot-lunch program for 1,200 children because 377 of them didn't have the 25c a day for the lunch.

Our morale is good and we are determined to fight until we have decent wages and working conditions. Anything that your readers can do to help financially would be deeply appreciated. It would also help if they would write to Emmett Solomon, chairman of the mining company, urging him to negotiate with our union. Mr. Solomon can be reached at the Crocker Anglo Bank, Montgomery and Post Streets, San Francisco, California.

Paul Maness, President
Coeur d'Alene District Miners' &
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VOLUME 191, No. 18

THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

Mr. Nixon in Opposition

That section of the press and radio that thrives on sentimentality treated the Kennedy-Nixon meeting at Key Biscayne as if the two were Remus and Romulus, suckled by the same she-wolf and reconciled after a brotherly falling-out. Actually, although the participants were close-mouthed after the conference, it seems to have carried considerable political significance. If one underlines the word "opposition" and its cognates in the opening paragraphs of Mr. Nixon's statement, the meaning becomes clear—brotherly love is to be subordinated to political reality. We had our differences during the campaign, says Mr. Nixon, and those differences were based on principle. The differences we are going to have in the next four years will not be based on personal considerations, i.e., they will likewise be based on principle, therefore they will be important. "I have a responsibility as the leader of the opposition at this time," Mr. Nixon continued, "and I would like to say that as the leader of the opposition it is my responsibility to see that our opposition is constructive . . . [but] where the new Administration advocates policies that we disagree with . . . it is our responsibility vigorously to oppose them." Mr. Kennedy was stated to be of the same mind: "The Senator agrees that that is the proper role of an opposition party and of an opposition leader." And so on, at considerable length.

This is all to the good, and when Mr. Nixon argues further that the American system "works better when the opposition is vigorous and constructive," *The Nation* not only agrees with him, but thinks he is understating the case. Opposition is the lifeblood of democracy, and there has been far too little of it in the post-World War II functioning of the government. It has been a most disquieting symptom that principled, thoughtful opposition has been rare: the only major dissent occurred in the Presidential campaign of 1948, and there it was swamped. A flaccid acceptance of the righteousness and permanence of cold-war policies is a most dangerous abnegation of party responsibility. There is no excuse for a national or quasi-national government except during a shooting war. Parties should stand on their own feet, even in the field of foreign policy, or democracy becomes only a façade for government by military and plutocratic groups.

The Republican Party's duty of opposition does not mean that Mr. Kennedy should not be free to follow the Franklin D. Roosevelt precedent and include Republicans in his Cabinet. But such appointments, if made, should be on the basis of merit, not in an effort to disarm the opposition. What *The Nation* would like to see, regardless of who holds office, is meaningful debate on the great questions that confront the world. There is nothing to indicate that Mr. Nixon will initiate such a disputation, nor that Mr. Kennedy will give him occasion to do so in the area of the cold war; but at least the principle has been recognized.

Reversing the Reversal

In the excitement of the Presidential election, public attention was directed away from two major defeats suffered by the United States at the United Nations. The first came on a motion, backed by Ghana, Nigeria and Guinea and supported by the Soviet bloc, to postpone further debate on the Congo issue so as not to interfere with the work of a U.N. conciliation commission consisting of representatives of fifteen Asian and African countries. On its face, the motion was procedural. But the Belgian representative took advantage of the occasion to launch a bitter attack specifically against Rejeshawar Dayal, the Secretary-General's special representative, and generally against the role of the U.N. in the Congo. The ensuing debate found the United States aligned with Belgium in what was widely interpreted as a reversal of American policy. The Nigerian delegate made an eloquent plea, directed in part by name to the United States, urging the great powers not to involve Africa in the cold war. "I beg of the great powers," he said, "to forget their greatness for the time being and be as small as Nigeria, the baby of the Assembly. Have pity on the Africans. What benefit will derive to anyone if speakers in this Assembly attempt to score points while people are dying? It would be a sad thing if the great states were to use their positions in the Congo to start the cold war again. We don't want that. In this I am supported by all the Afro-Asian countries." The motion to postpone, opposed by the United States, was carried by 48-to-30, with 18 abstentions.

The second defeat for the United States came when the Afro-Asian bloc forced postponement of the scheduled election of Portugal to the Security Council by a vote of 51-to-38, with 9 abstentions. Previously, the U.N.'s Trusteeship Council had passed a resolution requesting Portugal to supply information to the U.N. "without delay" on her overseas territories in Africa and Asia. The vote was 45-to-5, with 24 abstentions.

On these two occasions, then, the Afro-Asian bloc, with Soviet support, lined up against the West on issues affecting Africa, thereby reversing the apparent "victory" which the West had won on the Congo issue at the opening of the session. In effect, American policy had veered from support of the U. N.'s role in the Congo to support of the African policies of our NATO allies, Belgium and Portugal (the Algerian issue is likely to provide the next test). But subsequently, on November 15, the United States apparently veered once more, this time back to its original pro-U. N. position, by rejecting a Belgian assertion that the U. N. operations in the Congo had been a failure.

Perhaps a clue to this reversal of the reversal may be found in a recent television interview in which Senator Mike Mansfield stressed the ingredients of an American policy toward Africa: isolate the continent from the cold war; avoid bilateral pacts; insist on multilateral-aid agreements in which the Soviet Union would be asked to participate. If Senator Mansfield spoke with the concurrence of the President-elect, it is a good omen. In any case, why not let the fifteen-nation U. N. commission attempt to work out a settlement in the Congo based on the proposition that the regime finally installed should agree to cooperate with the U. N. in good faith for a stated period of, say, five years?

A Summit on Oil?

Soviet oil reserves, J. H. Carmical reveals in *The New York Times* (November 11), are nearly twice those of the United States and some 20 per cent of the world's total. The Soviet Union exports oil to the extent of about 2 per cent of the world market; before World War II, it had 14.3 per cent of this market. With reserves amounting to some 60 billion barrels, or nearly ten times the pre-World War reserves, the Soviet Union announces its intention of regaining its former status as a supplier. The market primarily aimed at is Western Europe, which has manufactured goods to sell and which must import oil. The Soviets are building a 40-inch pipe line to the Baltic, East Germany, Czechoslovakia and Hungary, capable of transporting 800,000 barrels of oil a day. Another line is being built to the Black Sea. When completed in the next two or three years, the oil pumped through this system will be available to countries of both the Soviet bloc and Western Europe. A barter deal has already been concluded with Italy, which has refining capacity in excess of its own requirements. Italy can re-export Soviet oil to the Common Market countries of Europe, and so can other Common Market countries.

At a press conference in New York, Stepan I. Kuvykin, head of a Soviet delegation that had toured American oil fields, made no bones about all this. The Soviets want 14.3 per cent of the market and mean to get it. Asked how he thought the Arabs would react to the seizure by the Soviet Union, their dear friend, of a part of their Italian market, Mr. Kuvykin smiled and said, "Ask the Arabs."

These tidings suggest that there might be something, after all, in the theories of those despicable cynics who have argued that the politics of oil operates at a higher level of integration than the petty politics of nation states. The Russians adore the emirs and sheiks of the Arab world, but oil revenues are something else again; the Italians are loyal allies of the United States, but not necessarily of Standard Oil; the Soviets abhor "imperialism," but insist on their share of the world oil market in a manner that suggests they may yet join the international oil cartel (as they have already joined the diamond cartel).

Some people, of course, will regard Russia's new oil activities with alarm. Our own blood pressure remains undisturbed. Soviet oil will be traded at the equivalent of $1 a barrel, f. o. b. the Soviet Union, while comparable prices of U. S. oil would be $2.75 and of Middle East oil, $1.85, which suggests that consumers of all lands may benefit from cheaper oil—at least for the time being. As for the future, who knows? Competition in oil may lead to a sub-Summit conference at which a measure of international understanding may be achieved.

'Fullest Possible Consultation'

It is hard to imagine anything more fatuous than Mr. Macmillan's idea that there would be consultation between the British and American governments before the *Polaris* submarine stationed at Holy Loch would go into action. Worse, in the event of nuclear war the overwhelming likelihood is that there will be no preliminary discussion of any kind between civilian heads of government, or civilians of any grade or authority whatever. Clemenceau's dictum that war is too important to be entrusted to the generals is as dead as

Clemenceau himself. The next World War, if there is one, will be run by generals and admirals, and perhaps by majors, lieutenant commanders and lieutenants, and it would be well to have no illusions about it.

The Economist for October 29 contains an article, "Exploding the Nuclear Humbug," written by an anonymous correspondent "lately with the British Forces in Germany." The writer reports that the officers of the British Army of the Rhine, 55,000 strong, were rightly despondent about their chances of handling anything more than a frontier incident, but now that they are being equipped with medium nuclear artillery they are feeling much better. "Commanders are delighted with their new weapons and make no bones about saying that they will use them if ever their troops are being overrun in land fighting. Training is now almost exclusively concerned with the use of tactical nuclear weapons to control the battlefield. Increasing responsibility for deciding when to use these weapons is being put on such relatively junior officers as brigade commanders."

The Army of the Rhine also is getting away from the idea that it is defending a line and not an area. As their ambitions rise, "The soldiers are quite determined not to leave it to the politicians to tell them when to fire the weapons. The idea of political control raises the blood pressure of these professionals." After talking with them, *The Economist* correspondent's blood pressure went up, too. "An alarming business," he found it.

The situation is a technological one and it is the same on the sea as on the land. Here is the nuclear submarine *George Washington* putting out for the Arctic shores of the Soviet Union with sixteen Polaris missiles ready to fire, each carrying a hydrogen warhead. Her total fire power is greater than that of all the explosives used by both sides in World War II. Her skipper is a Commander named J. B. Osborn. Presumably he is a dependable man, but no one is dependable enough to hold the fate of mankind in his hands. Suppose, by some aberration, misunderstanding or "catalytic" action on the part of a third power, that he should fire his missiles—could President Kennedy recall the warheads? When the press and radio extol these goings-on as great triumphs for peace and the survival of the free world, they are spewing forth drivel, no matter how sincere their views. What is actually happening is that all social authority is being ceded to the military, and when the crisis comes the ostensible centers of power will be found to be impotent.

Blackjacking the Press

Great institutions are not invulnerable. When *The New York Times* is unfairly attacked, the public — including a large section of the press — assumes that the world's greatest newspaper is well able to defend itself. But if the *Times* is unable to extricate itself from the trap sprung upon it in Montgomery, Alabama, other publications may sooner or later find themselves similarly caught. Consider the facts. The *Times* printed an ad appealing for funds to aid the defense of the Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., who, at the time, was preparing his defense to a charge of non-payment of state taxes (he was subsequently acquitted). The ad came to the *Times* from a reputable advertising agency. It was sponsored by a committee which numbered among its endorsers Dr. Ralph Bunche, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, Norman Thomas and A. Philip Randolph. The text of the ad, the accuracy of which *The Times* had no reason to question, proved ultimately to have contained a single misstatement: the dining hall of Alabama State College for Negroes in Montgomery had not been padlocked as a result of student demonstrations, as the ad charged. L. B. Sullivan, a local police commissioner who was not mentioned in the ad, elected to regard the misstatement as a reflection on his reputation as a public official. He sued the *Times*, and certain other defendants, for $500,000 damages, which an all-white jury has just awarded him. It is conceded that the commissioner had not been damaged, i.e., that his reputation had not been impaired. It is also clear that the purpose of the action was to punish the *Times* and not to redress an injury. "Newspapers have got to tell the truth," the commissioner's counsel argued to the jury. "One way to get their attention and the attention of everybody else who publishes a newspaper is to hit them in the pocketbook." The more so, of course, when the form of the action, for all practical purposes, insures a verdict for the plaintiff.

The Montgomery formula is so simple and effective that it is certain to be applied elsewhere. It has always been possible for a community to apply murderous pressures to a local publication, but it has not been so easy to bring the "outside" publication to heel. Now this loophole has been closed. For example, should a community in any of the fifty states feel aggrieved at some uncomplimentary reference to its mores in a "foreign" publication, it could always find some local official willing to bring an action for damages. Where local prejudice is strong, the results of such an action are likely to be foreordained; after all, the purpose is not to compensate the plaintiff, but to punish the interloper.

So far, the press has been in no hurry to spring en masse to the defense of the *Times*. Yet just as Commissioner Sullivan is not the real plaintiff in Montgomery, so the *Times* is not the real defendant; the unnamed defendant is the press itself, in all sections of the country, South as well as North. A dangerous precedent is in the making.

WHY KENNEDY WON . . *by Louis H. Bean*

BEFORE I explain why I think the election of Senator Kennedy is the result of Catholic pride winning over Protestant prejudice, let me set the political stage as it appeared at the beginning of 1960 in the months before the conventions. A close election was then already in prospect. With the nomination of Senator Kennedy to oppose the Vice President, the Catholic issue became a reality. It was commonly believed that this presumed handicap, added to the Republicans' allegation that in Nixon and Lodge they had a team of maturity and experience, made it fairly certain that the country would again turn down a Catholic Democrat as it did in 1928. The whole election process from conventions through the TV debates was an effort to equalize the "images" of the two teams, thus making more certain that the outcome would be close. But a careful reading of the 1928 experience applied to the prospect of a close election, and ample evidence that in 1960 the number of Catholics voting for a Catholic would outweigh the number of non-Catholics voting against him, indicated to me that we would find Kennedy on the winning side.

What was the evidence of a close election in 1960? And did voters in 1960 behave as they did in 1928 on the religious issue?

EARLY this year it was reasonably clear that the two parties were more evenly divided than in 1956. The Democrats rated 42 per cent in the 1956 popular vote for Stevenson, but at least two major factors which contributed to Stevenson's defeat would play no role in 1960. These factors were Eisenhower's popularity and the Suez crisis. On the basis of the evidence described below, I concluded that the 1960 Democratic potential strength was probably about 50-52 per cent instead of the 42 per cent of 1956, and that even though this represented an 8 to 10 percentage-point gain over Democratic strength in 1956, it foreshadowed a close election, with considerable doubt as to the winner. Before 1948, we used to figure that a Democratic candidate had to have at least 52 per cent of the popular vote to win.

The basic evidence consisted in the fact that Stevenson's 45 per cent vote in 1952 fell short by about 5 percentage points of the vote he should have had in view of the total vote cast for Congressional candidates. This shortage I attribute primarily to the complex of Republican advantages in 1952 which may be summed up in the phrase "Eisenhower popularity." In the 1956 election, Stevenson's 42 per cent fell short by about 10 percentage points of what he should have had in view of the Democratic vote for Congressmen. From the Gallup and other polls during the last few days before the 1956 election, we know that Eisenhower's curve against Stevenson jumped by about 5 percentage points with the development of the Suez crisis. Thus 5 points for Eisenhower's popularity plus another 5 points for the impact of the international situation on the course of the campaign meant that Stevenson's potential strength in 1956 was 50 to 52 per cent instead of 42. Economic prosperity like that of 1956 was expected to last well through 1960. Even though the unemployment rate might tend to be somewhat above that of 1956, the fact did not alter the general appraisal of a close election. Furthermore, a 10-point Democratic gain for 1960 was also indicated in polls I had occasion to conduct in March of this year on the probable strength of a Stevenson-Kennedy ticket that might arise out of a convention deadlock.

The convention choices of Nixon and Kennedy did not alter the prospect of a close election. Kennedy chose Johnson to make sure of carrying the Southern states, while Nixon countered by selecting Lodge to present the voters with a ticket of "maturity and experience." The first impact of these choices appeared to be a gain for the Republican ticket, especially in California, New York and in the North Central industrial areas, where anti-Johnson feeling prevailed. But the national and local public-opinion polls showed no major shift in either direction and corroborated the prospect of a close election by revealing that political sentiment was divided evenly in all major regions.

KENNEDY did not succeed in cutting down the Republican claim of greater maturity and wisdom in international affairs until the first TV debate. This and the subsequent debates made it quite clear that each party had chosen a relatively young man of ability and great intellectual capacity. The net effect of domestic and international issues raised in the debates, and the way they were repeated and handled many times in speeches all over the country, was to equalize the standing of the two candidates in nearly all respects, leaving the one major difference that could not be removed: religious affiliation.

The farm belt was supposed to be in revolt against Secretary Benson's efforts to lower farm price supports, organized labor and "organized" management were supposed to be very active in getting voters to register and vote, and the Negro voters were expected to shift to Nixon because they were supposed to dislike Senator Johnson, and dollar-minded people were supposed to be frightened by the threat of inflation if Kennedy were elected. Nevertheless the polls kept on showing close races in practically all states, and all public-opinion pollsters were of necessity careful to indicate that they could not tell what the final outcome would be.

In spite of efforts by both candidates to remove the religious issue from the campaign, there was ample and continuing evidence that the issue was dividing voters in much the same way as it had done in 1928, and that many more voters than

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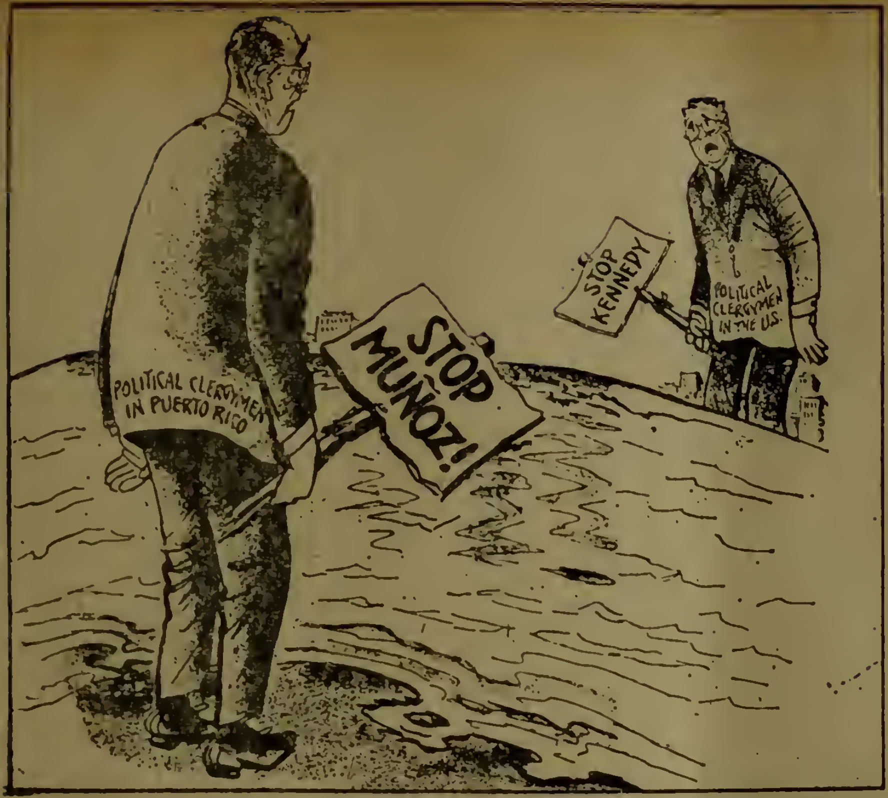
STOP MUÑOZ!
POLITICAL CLERGYMEN IN PUERTO RICO
STOP KENNEDY
POLITICAL CLERGYMEN IN THE U.S.

Herblock in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"We didn't do so well either."

usual were undecided chiefly because of it. Yet this very issue, it was clear to me, was the key to the election.

For a long while, in fact ever since James A. Farley indicated a willingness to oppose Roosevelt's third term in 1940 and was advised that a Catholic couldn't be elected, I have held the view that in a close election a Catholic Democratic candidate could win. This conclusion was based on my statistical study of the impact of the religious issue in the voting in 1928, state by state. While most people still believe that Al Smith lost because of his religion, my findings showed that his being a Catholic brought him more votes in the Northeast than turned away from him in the South and Midwest. Religion gave him a net advantage, but not enough to offset the fact that in 1928 the country as a whole was only about 45 per cent Democratic. Had the two parties rated about 50-50 in 1928, I believe Al Smith would have won. The reasoning behind this is that if the national vote is evenly divided, Northern states will tend to be Republican and Southern states Democratic, but the net advantage of Catholic support would have put more Northern states in Al Smith's column than the one state of Massachusetts which he gained. The simple fact is that a 10-15 point gain in some of the populous Northeastern states, where most Catholic voters are located, far outweighs 20 to 30 point losses in Southern states with fewer votes, popular as well as electoral.

AS STUDENTS begin digging into the details of the 1960 results, they will find many facts on which they will say the outcome depended. For example, it has already been suggested that Kennedy obtained the election by winning Texas because of Southern reaction against the rough treatment given to Mrs. Lyndon Johnson by Dallas hoodlums.

In all states where the election was won or lost by narrow margins, similar specific episodes will be cited. But the overriding feature in this election is extremely similar to that of 1928: states where Catholics are relatively numerous gave Kennedy more support than he would have had were he not a Catholic. In other states his support was reduced.

The table on this page may be taken as a tentative illustration of the way the religious issue affected the vote. It should be borne in mind that the vote figures used are subject to change as final tabulations become available. The figures on the Catholic segment of church membership are those of the National Council of Churches, and while not quite up to date are usable as a rough measure of Catholic concentration if not as a measure of actual voting strength. The pluses and minuses in the middle column represent in percentage points by how much the Democratic vote exceeded or fell behind what one would normally expect when the national vote divides 50-50 as it did this year.

Note that in Rhode Island, where Kennedy received 65 per cent of the vote, I estimate a plus of about 18 percentage points. In Massachusetts, he received 61 per cent of the vote and a plus of about 18 points. In Connecticut, where he received 54 per cent, the plus amounted to about 9 points; in New York, where he received 53 per cent, it totaled 6.

Kennedy pluses also show up in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Illinois and California where, on the basis of latest counts, he received approximately 50 to 51 per cent of the votes cast. Here the pluses range between 2 to 7 percentage points. The fact that these pluses occur in states with the heaviest Catholic concentra-

Democratic Percentage of Popular Vote for Kennedy and Catholic Proportion of Church Membership in Selected States

	% vote for Kennedy	% points above or below normal[1]	Catholic % in total church membership
N.C.	52	—14	2
Tenn.	46	—15	3
Okla.	41	—15	8
Va.	47	—20	8
Ky.	47	— 8	20
Kan.	40	— 4	23
Ind.	45	— 5	27
S.D.	42	— 5	29
Mo.	51	— 4	31
N.D.	44	— 3	34
O.	47	0	41
Wis.	48	+ 1	46
Pa.	51	+ 2	46
N.Y.	53	+ 6	50
Ill.	50[2]	+ 7	50
Mich.	51	+ 9	52
Calif.	50[2]	+ 2	54
Conn.	54	+ 9	62
N.J.	50[2]	+ 5	64
Mass.	61	+18	72
R.I.	65	+18	78

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[1] For any national Democratic percentage there are corresponding state percentages. The plus and minus figures are based on state percentages corresponding to a 50 per cent Democratic vote nationally.

[2] Approximate.

tions definitely suggests that at least a number of these would today be in the Nixon column were it not for the additional support from Catholic voters. With the latest count giving Kennedy 300 electoral votes and a popular vote of only 50.1 per cent, it is clear that the religious factor worked tellingly in his favor. Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New York supply 73 electoral votes to Kennedy's total of 300, which represents a surplus of 31 votes over the required 269. The other three states—New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Illinois — supply 75 electoral votes.

Conversely there are eleven states with relatively few Catholics where anti-Catholic bias was sufficient to reduce Kennedy's percentage below 50. These states, Florida, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Indiana, Oklahoma, Arizona, Nebraska, Utah, Montana and Oregon, represent a total of 84 electoral votes. Thus the religious issue apparently added more electoral votes to Kennedy's column than it took away. Without this net gain, Kennedy would not have had the required minimum of 269.

The relationship shown here may be summarized by pointing out that states having about 60 per cent Catholic church membership gave Kennedy approximately 10 per cent more of the popular vote than he would have received had the religious factor not been present; states having only 20 per cent Catholic church membership tended to give him 10 per cent less of the popular vote.

There are many factors that will need to be examined in detail before we will have a completely satisfying analysis of what happened in this election. For example, in the light of the religious element, the outcome in Maryland and West Virginia was surprising, while in the farm belt Democrats were greatly disappointed. There the reason seems to be clear. As Donald Murphy of *Wallace's Farmer* has pointed out, farmers normally tend to look to the Democratic Party for income, to the Republicans for peace. The religious issue added to their concern about peace and prevented Kennedy from getting the kind of farm support that Truman obtained in 1948. Other examples are the apparent failure of the "labor vote" to rise to the pre-Eisenhower Democratic levels, and the apparent failure of Nixon's efforts over the years to increase Republican support among Negroes.

I KNOW that many will be surprised by the main point of this analysis — i.e., that on balance Al Smith was actually helped by the religious issue and that it was this same factor which gave Kennedy his winning electoral margin in an unusually close popular vote. The general tendency is to look upon the religious factor in terms of its most dramatic manifestation, the activities of highly prejudiced persons and groups, which came to light in this election as it did in 1928. But prejudice is only one side of the religious-issue coin, and not as important as most people think. In fact, when one balances the Protestant anti-Kennedy vote against the Protestant pro-Kennedy vote in this year's election, the net is a gain for Kennedy. According to a Gallup pre-election poll, Protestant voters were expected to go 40 per cent for Kennedy, Catholic voters 79 per cent for him, and Jewish voters, 78 per cent. This represents a 3-point gain over Stevenson's percentage among Protestants and Jews, and a 28-point gain among Catholics.

We need to sharpen our notions as to religious prejudice in politics. "Prejudice" does not cover the subject; a more important aspect is pride. When Jews vote for a Jewish candidate, it is not because they expect that David Ben-Gurion will give up his job of running Israel and move to Albany or the White House. It is a matter of pride, as it was in the case of German-Americans voting for Willkie in 1940. So I think it was pride that led many Catholics to vote for a Catholic, Kennedy, but prejudice that led those Protestants who are traditionally Democratic to vote against him. And many more, I believe, voted from pride than from prejudice.

THE JOB AS PROPERTY . . *by William Gomberg*

HARRY BRIDGES of the West Coast Longshoremen and Paul St. Sure of the Pacific Maritime Association have just pioneered a new agreement on work rules that is greatly influencing the pattern of settlements of outstanding disputes in this area of labor-management relations. Morris Weissberger of the Sailors Union of the Pacific, as well as the West Coast Teamsters Union, whose work is closely tied in with the Longshoremen, are already taking steps to make use of the Bridges-St. Sure pattern.

The longshoring industry has been subjected to extensive, forced-draft technological changes within a very short period of time. More changes have taken place in the last few years than in all of the time since the power derrick was first developed.

Close attention to shipping led the defense arm of the federal government to conclude that the bottleneck in making more effective use of available shipping was the turnaround time required to load and unload the ship. The Maritime Administration and the Department of Commerce requested the National Research Council of the National Academy of Sciences to set up a special group to study the problem. A maritime research advisory committee was created to look into a proposed program aimed at revolutionizing shipping design. Now under way, this program is leading to ships designed to operate with a much

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lower seagoing complement than presently required for a full crew, and a much smaller longshoring gang to load and unload. In the meantime, private research has led to newly designed ships that have revolutionized conventional practices for manning both the seagoing complement and the longshoring gang.

Completely new methods of handling cargo through "containerization," "unitization" and "fishy-backing" materially decrease the demand for longshoremen. With the conventional break-bulk cargo methods, large gangs of longshoremen were required to load and unload the sling loads. With the new methods, only two men may be required where sixteen were once used.

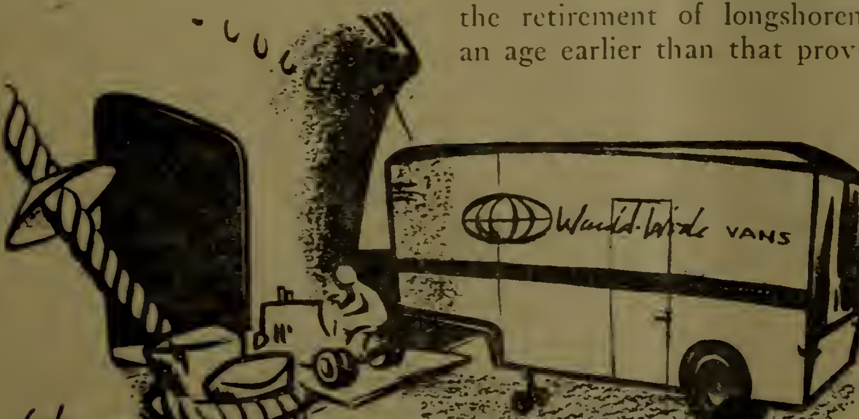
Containerization and unitization are techniques for prepackaging cargo at the factory, loading it once on a truck, then unloading the container from the truck by placing two lines on either end and swinging it into the hold of the ship. The use of this method eliminates all of the tedious loading and unloading that is characteristic of break-bulk methods. Fishy-backing treats the truck trailer as the container. The trailer itself is driven onto the ship, virtually eliminating altogether the need for longshoremen.

AS THOUGH all of this were not enough, the National Research Council set up a separate Maritime Cargo Transportation Conference to streamline the conventional methods of break-bulk cargo handling. After looking for a research site where they would receive the most hospitable treatment from both unions and management, the group chose the San Francisco waterfront. Although the usual types of friction developed over details, all involved now agree that the two years of investigation were fruitful.

Pacific Coast ship lines like Matson and Grace have maintained their own research departments that have been using the newest research techniques to revolutionize methods of handling shipping. Under the new agreement, all of these methods may now be used without restrictions.

In anticipation of the Bridges-St. Sure agreement, the Bridges union had negotiated a preliminary one with the employers' group in July, last year, under which the employers declared themselves ready to set up a $1.5 million fund to be used as recompense to workers for all of the labor-saving devices that had been introduced up to that time. In the preliminary document, no basis was provided for the distribution of the money; both the union and management looked upon the fund as a token payment by employers in recognition of the union's equity in a solution to the problem of technological displacement. Such a solution is now advanced in the second, detailed agreement.

This provides payment by employers of a sum of $5 million annually for five years (the original $1.5 million is to be added to the total) into a fund to protect workers against displacement. Specifically, the money will supplement wage payments for work opportunities lost by increased mechanization for all presently registered longshoremen and clerks, minus the normal attrition; in other words, it will finance what amounts to a guaranteed annual wage-payment plan for the remaining labor force. In addition, the fund will be used to provide for the retirement of longshoremen at an age earlier than that provided in the Social Security Act. After twenty-five years of service, reached at any age up to sixty-two, a longshoreman can retire voluntarily and receive $220.00 per month until his Social Security payments begin, at which time an adjustment is made. On the other hand, workers who reach age sixty-two with twenty-two years of service must retire with payment of $320.00 per month until Social Security payments begin (at age sixty-five), when an adjustment is made.



In return, the employers have bought back practically all of the work rules tending to retard the introduction of labor-saving devices. What is most interesting in the agreement is a sentence referring to any anticipated stoppage over possible safety violations: "The union pledges in good faith that health and safety will not be used as a gimmick." Lacking other protection in their contracts, labor unions have been habitually using the alleged imperilment to health and safety as their main argument against the introduction of labor-saving devices

THE significance of this agreement is the rational way it treats the problem of worker displacement by the frank recognition of the workers' property right in his job.

The new program for severance payments of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union is very closely related to the same concept of the job as a property right. The union is endeavoring to include within its contracts a provision for the accumulation of a fund that will be paid to the workers in the event that an employer goes out of business. This is particularly important for older workers in an industry where, it is estimated, there is as much as a 33 per cent turnover in the number of employers going in and out of business. Hitherto, it has been taken for granted that a liquidating enterprise had only two responsibilities: for its liabilities to the bondholders, and for its equities to the stockholders. Now a new property interest is established: the enterprise also becomes responsible for the property loss of its workers. In other words, a basis for assessing the property value of a job begins to emerge when we think in terms of capitalizing the earning power of the job of which its holder is deprived.

The signing of the Bridges-St. Sure agreement marks employer acceptance of this basic idea. Hitherto, practically all discussions of work-rule problems have proceeded upon a set of assumptions implicitly accepted by both sides. Management has implied that it is entitled to a level of worker effort just short of the worker's physiological and psychological limits. The trade unions never openly rebelled against this concept; rather, adapting their arguments to it, they usually couched discussion about rules in terms of health and safety. If the problem of unemployment through technological displacement was raised at all, it was never in terms of work rules, but in terms of reducing the number of working hours and raising the hourly pay. Health and safety became a game which both parties played. The employers would express righteous indignation that health and safety were gimmicks seized upon to disguise "make work" rules. The workers doggedly would continue to try to assert an emerging property right which they seldom acknowledged even to themselves. The rituals of our society were not yet ready to accommodate this job-property concept; and so, conservatively, the workers sought to attain their objectives by complying with the conventional rituals.

IN A SENSE, both the leadership of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union and the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union have extended the property right of the worker in his job. Their whole approach is one of capitalizing the worth of the job in exchange for the worker's title to it. It is an answer to the question: How do you "phase out" those members of the work force whose jobs have become obsolete? It is an extension of Professors Commons' and Perlman's theory of jobs as property rights to a new area of collective bargaining. And it is a tribute to the paradox of America's cultural pluralism that an avowed Marxist should be pioneering the property concept for workers in America's pragmatic experimental society, and thereby earning encomiums on the editorial pages of papers like the San Francisco *Chronicle.* We are presented with the paradox of Harry Bridges cooperating to streamline free enterprise while conservative bodies like the International Typographical Union are still struggling with a membership that refuses to surrender rights to "bogus," the make-work practice of reproducing for the scrap box already set-up advertising.

The Bridges-St. Sure pattern answers some important questions, but it leaves unanswered the most important one of all: How can a rising population continue to share in an economy when the number of jobs upon which it must depend seems to be steadily going down.

Professor Charles C. Killingsworth testified before the Senate Subcommittee on Employment and Manpower that, despite the millions of words written on automation in the last ten years, there is very little solid information on its ultimate effects. He sees all of us as sitting complacently behind a Maginot Line of nineteenth-century ideas: for example, the popular belief that inventions and mechanical improvements always create more jobs than they eliminate. The problem of automation cannot be answered by the labor movement alone, and perhaps it is a tribute to their good sense that they recognize the fact. Meanwhile, they are striving to take care of their own.

THEY WALKED FOR PEACE . .

by *Clayton C. Barbeau*

San Francisco

"WE'RE mercenaries," one of the pipers told a reporter that October day, "just paid to do a job." And, kilts flapping, pipes yowling, they started out from the War Memorial Opera House followed by over 2,000 non-kilted, non-mercenary marchers. Of no specific age group or type, the walkers yet seemed happily united; smiles were everywhere. "I think the turn-out was better the last time, we had about 5,000 then," a white-haired, scholarly looking man observed. A little Negro girl of about six or seven walked ahead of him bearing a sign reading: *Mary, Mary, quite contrary/Where did your garden go?* While the white woman holding her hand bore a placard which said: *H-Bombs Kill Kids.*

Monitors with blue arm bands hurried ahead to post themselves at intersections and see that the traffic signals were observed. "Two abreast, please," one monitor was urging, "two abreast, leave room for the passers-by." But there were few passers-by along this part of the route; there were only automobile salesmen, standing in front of the shrines to the latest models, staring at us. *Set the Pace for Peace,* a sign exhorted them. *Join us,* another implored, but without evident success. The salesmen did accept the leaflet that the woman ahead of me was handing out. A young boy was thrusting the same leaflet upon motorists waiting for the green light at intersections.

"Go back to Russia," a voice said near my ear and a man with a Nixon button on his lapel cut through the procession and hurried on his way.

A photographer dropped to one knee, adjusted his camera and took a pot shot at the marchers as we waited for the light to change so that we could cross Van Ness. A small band of people were stranded on the island in the middle of the

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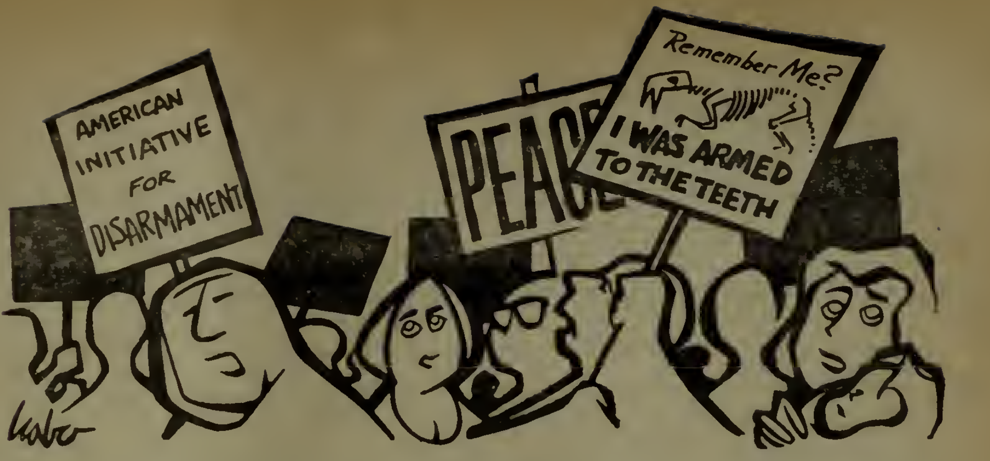
thoroughfare and, in their midst, a bobbing poster read, *Frankly, I'm worried.*

The light changed and the monitor stepped into the street and urged the people across. "Don't pay attention to hecklers," he said. "Just smile and continue on your way."

"It's longer than I thought," somebody said, "look."

And I looked back, too, to see that the file behind us extended along Van Ness for at least six blocks. The head of the column, with its bagpipers, was now about six blocks ahead of us.



THE woman in front of me proffered leaflets to all whom we passed. About half of them preferred to look the other way, as if our passage embarrassed them. Others accepted the printed sheet. A photographer, balanced on the bumper of a car, snapped the column. We passed a bar. The men standing there already had leaflets and one of them said: "Vote for Kennedy; he'll give you peace." Another shouted at a bearded walker, "Hey, Castro, why aren't you in Cuba?"

We passed a theatre where people were going in for a matinee. They scurried past us, blind to a sign reading: *Radiation means Contamination means Extermination — Ban the Bomb.* Did they fear contamination from us? A stern-looking woman of about seventy, dressed in an expensive black suit and wearing a rhinestone lapel pin that spelled out Nixon, shouted at us: "Go to work! Then you'll have peace." Her young male companion scanned us expressionlessly.

A young man in a corduroy jacket leaned against a car and smiled. "It's really inspiring to see so many rational people," he said. "And all in one place."

"Why don't you join us?" asked the lady handing him a leaflet.

"I will," he responded as he took the leaflet. But he did not look at it. Instead, he continued to stand there shaking his head and smiling happily at the passing parade.

As we approached Union Square, the passers-by were more expensively dressed and shopkeepers stood in doorways to peep out at us. Three women dressed in the peak of fashion were so engrossed in conversation that they entered the column and walked with us for almost half a block before one of them noticed anything. They scampered to the sidelines in confusion.

A matron glanced at the offered leaflet and struck at it violently. "I don't want peace at any price," she nearly screamed. One man glanced up at the sign that read: *Dona Nobis Pacem* and muttered, "Communist dupes." A white-haired woman and her husband each accepted a leaflet from the girl as we paused at another intersection. Then they joined our file, right in back of me. "I don't think they'll mind if we get in here," the old woman said softly.

WE PASSED the front entrance of the St. Francis Hotel. I looked back and saw a sign I had not noticed before: *Peace not Pandemonium.* Across the street, parts of the parade were filing into Union Square. The slogans bobbed up and down among the hedges: *A State with the H-Bomb Is like an Idiot with a gun; End the Arms Race Save the Human Race; A world without war or A war without a world; Destroy the Bomb.*

As the rally assembled in the square, the marchers were led in song by a group on the rostrum. An elderly man in a large, crudely scrawled sandwich board dazedly watched the invasion. *Jesus is coming SOON* his sign read, and cited texts on the need for abolishing Sunday and giving up the eating of pork, fowl and blood, among other things.

After all the participants were settled on the lawn, a Unitarian minister announced that both the local Democratic and Republican headquarters had been asked to send speakers to give their parties' views on disarmament, but neither side had accepted. Each of the two major candidates had been asked to send a statement. Vice President Nixon had failed to respond, but Senator Kennedy had sent a long telegram setting forth his views, which was read aloud.

Then Bob Pickus, executive secretary of Acts for Peace, spoke. Ben Seaver of the American Friends Service Committee and Ross Flanagan, assistant peace secretary, added their comments. Three salesmen in an expensive clothing shop across the street listened from draped windows of their second floor. A Kennedy caravan blasted past.

All of the speakers insisted that there was a path open other than war or surrender, but that our government has not been taking the initiative in exploring this third route: disarmament and the abolition of nuclear weapons. Again and again it was pointed out that the amount of money spent on the pursuit of peace is infinitesimal compared to the amount we spend on war preparation. Our per capita expenditure for the U.N., one speaker said, is 60c a year; our annual per capita expenditure on missile development and the arms race is approximately $291.

After the speeches, the children were given blue balloons with the words *Voice your vote for Peace* on them and the crowd began to disperse.

The street evangelist climbed upon a bench and harangued the departing crowd, telling them that Sunday was a day dedicated to sun worship and that we were all doomed unless we abolished it. Citing chapter and verse, he smashed his fist into his palm again and again. "The end of the world is imminent," he cried.

Just as I was remarking the absence of the Communists and their newspapers at our rally, a leaflet was handed to me bearing the imprimatur of the Communist Party of California. Now I, too, left, walking the concrete covered hills towards my home. I wondered why I had come. . . .

And then I remembered how Americans had often held the German people responsible for not speaking up when they saw where the policies of the Hitler regime were taking them. I knew now that I had come along because I wanted to do something for peace, if that something was only to walk for one mile through the city of San Francisco on a lovely fall day.

But I am still troubled, because I know that peace will require a greater sacrifice than this.

KEEPING FIT by MIMEOGRAPH . .

by Barry Schweid

PEOPLE have prayed to the Almighty for many things. Primitive man prayed for rain for his crops, the children of Israel prayed for deliverance from Egyptian bondage. And now a Presidential commission, dear to the heart of President Eisenhower, would have the youth of America pray that they may put aside flabbiness.

The evangelism that emanates from the press releases and the speeches of the President's Council on Youth Fitness combines, in its magical style, the Lord's Commandments and "virile strength." The council's tracts are more than faintly reminiscent of Dr. Norman Vincent Peale (who is quoted in one). Characteristic is a document titled "A Prayer for the Fitness of Youth." Complete to the proper "Amen," printed in a type face often employed by publishers of religious tracts, and with a sketch of hands clasped in prayer, it intones:

> . . . We pray that we will achieve and maintain human fitness, embracing the dignity of work, the initiative to strive, the courage to seek opportunity, the incentive to improve our moral fiber, the power of will and self-discipline, together with the strength of body in which all men's faculties are housed.

First-ranked among council missionaries is Dr. Shane MacCarthy, a political scientist and lecturer who once was identified with the Central Intelligence Agency. With the intensity of an aroused Billy Graham looking sin smack in the eye, MacCarthy deplores the youth that thirsts after "an illusion of security."

Talking with MacCarthy in his comfortable suite in the General Accounting Office Building in Washington is like being closeted with a preacher who has the key to man's salvation at his fingertips. This dedicated man delays a White House appointment long enough to emote on the "decay of dry rot" he sees gnawing at America's youth. He really must rush off, but not before one final point: "Youth fitness may be the keystone to America's survival."

The inspirational process is enhanced by a tour of the council offices, including a room papered with multicolored posters of children of the unflabby variety at play, keeping in trim, mentally alert, physically fit and morally strong.

The council has been telling the youth of America to get up and go since 1956, when an Eisenhower executive order noted that "It is imperative that the fitness of our youth be improved and promoted to the greatest possible extent." MacCarthy, a native of Cork, Ireland, who was naturalized as an American in 1935, was sworn in as executive director in September, 1958. The President's interest in the council is expressed in a letter from Vice President Nixon, read at the ceremony by Sherman Adams. "Personally," Nixon wrote, "I want to thank you for taking on this important assignment in a field which is so important to the youth of our country, and which carries with it the close personal interest of the President."

In establishing the council, the President at once limited its power and expressed a philosophy long identified with him—the struggle for youth fitness should not be an "overriding federal program"; rather, "the fitness of our young people is essentially a home and local community problem." Thus, the council has come to think of itself as a "catalyst" and has difficulty enumerating achievements with which it can be credited directly. Its function is that of a missionary, to "activate, urge and shove youth-serving agencies and the communities to get on the ball," as one council official put it. The word "fitness" is stressed. According to MacCarthy, it is quite a word, for it embraces "all factors in the human being: senses, intellect, will and physique, so interlocked that they cannot be unraveled. In this lineup, the prime concern of the council is with the current inertia seen in physical inactivity habits of our children, which beget sedentary, phlegmatic and passive attitudes."

NOSTALGIA overtakes MacCarthy as he recalls the good old days "when the daily pattern for most people included physical work." In those marvelous times, "The mind was alert—perhaps to the drudgery and the small pay; the will was disciplined to perform and the body was active. This is in accordance with the nature of man. But robbing the mind, the will and the body of the constant challenge of work and action causes a stultifying process with stagnation and human rot the inevitable and dire consequence." He adds omi-

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BARRY SCHWEID is a Washington newspaper man.

nously. "Other civilizations learned this lesson too late."

The council, with a budget of $150,000 a year, concedes that it is hard to measure its success in holding off America's day of doom. MacCarthy notes in a bulletin that "In fact, the council will not even be identified with a considerable amount of the activity it engenders." Since its inception in 1956, the council has held three annual meetings and eight fitness forums (including one in Washington last February of religious leaders). Composed of six Cabinet members and the Administrator of Housing and Home Finance, with the Secretary of the Interior as Chairman, the council has a working staff of about ten, including secretaries and receptionists. Seventy-four persons who are supposed to represent all sections of the nation and all walks of life hold one-year terms on an advisory committee.

And then there is the multitude of its press releases. In one of them, another champion of fitness, James F. Kelly, Vice President and Creative Supervisor of Ellington & Company, New York, writes that he has watched "the pendulum swing from the 'enlightened' de-emphasis of the thirties to the 'scholarly' de-emphasis of the fifties," and adds: "There ought to be a special sports seminar for several college presidents I could name to you."

While the misguided academicians dive for cover, Kelly moves on to this interesting observation: "The way to make sports news these days is to favor an unashamed return to the argument that a team is supposed to win—as gracefully as possible. Not to build character by losing—as gracefully as possible. About all losing gracefully can teach a boy—as I see it—is how to lose."

How do we grow a crop of American winners? How do we pin the Russians' ears back at the next Olympics? How do we all turn over a new fitness leaf?

We start, says MacCarthy, with more self-discipline. "Youth wants and admires discipline and too often adults give them license. Youth loves roughness and adults tend to give them ease." Does it work? MacCarthy says his own experience with his five sons tells him that discipline and affection go hand in hand. Now fifty-two, MacCarthy is an avid bicyclist and has torn up a garden to make way for a basketball court.

NEVER asleep, the men of Madison Avenue have sprung, with all the vigor their physical fitness allows, at the commercial potentialities so obviously revealed. Both the Public Relations Society of America and the Advertising Council are cooperating in the President's program. The council, of course, endorses no product, and doles out no money, but it is happy that business firms are wedding the council's message to their own.

Some companies do seem to take the community's interest to heart. A coal company in West Virginia has granted land to the city of Montgomery to be set aside and developed as a sports park and in Charleston, in the same state, a bank has opened its parking lot for use as tennis courts after business hours.

In advising supermarkets how to use parking lots for hopscotch, handball and other games, the council reminds the merchant that the plan is "a two-way street." The non-spiritual dollar seems not forgotten as the council coyly reminds that, "Public-relations benefits of this kind need no complete spell-out. Whenever good work of this kind is done . . . the community's appreciation and good will expresses itself. Broadly. Immediately. Effectively."

The breakfast cereal that made Jack Armstrong an All-American boy (a fitness image pre-dating the council) is hawked over television by a former Olympic athlete who puts fitness next to godliness. A leading soft-drink company backs the Babe Ruth Leagues for baseball-minded youngsters. The American Machine and Foundry Company, which manufactures bowling equipment, promotes fitness through bowling. And even the prune industry answers the bell with a reminder that prunes keep you fit.

Does all this emphasis on fitness mean that the council would have us evolve into a race of American supermen? Definitely not, says council staffers. That would be regimentation.

Revolt of the French Intellectuals . . *by Marcelle A. Abell*

Paris

THE EXTRAORDINARY series of events which in the last few months have revealed the depth of the split in French thinking about the Algerian war can be said to have started last February with *L'Affaire Jeanson.* Francis Jeanson, philosopher, is the author of several books, two of them on Jean-Paul Sartre, with whom he served as co-editor of *Les Temps Modernes* from 1951-1956. In 1955, Jeanson collaborated with his wife on a book called *L'Algerie Hors la Loi.* Designed to show that good intentions were not enough in a colonial power, the book was a brilliant exposition of Moslem grievances in French Algeria.

Then, on February 16, this year, the French Security Services announced the discovery of an important network, operating on the French mainland, which was serving the cause of the Algerian insurgents — i.e., the F.L.N. A Moslem, said to be the head of the ring, was arrested in the South of France, and various documents in his possession gave police the proof they had long been seeking that Jeanson and some

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of his associates were implicated. (The Jeanson group had earlier aroused police suspicion because of numerous trips members had taken to Belgium, Switzerland and, especially, Bonn, which was an important center of the arms traffic to the F.L.N.)

The police arrived too late at Jeanson's house to arrest him; he had already fled. But Jeanson's close associate was caught, and in the latter's house searchers found car registrations, apartment keys and coded messages which subsequently led to additional arrests. In the end, twenty-six persons were charged with threatening the security of the state—six North Africans and twenty Frenchmen. Though in hiding, Jeanson did not keep silent. In April, he gave an unrepentant interview to the foreign press. He also, while in hiding, published a short book in which he explained that he had been led to his present position by his sympathy for the young Frenchman who is called to fight in Algeria against his most profound convictions, and forced to participate in military and police actions that revolt him deeply.

THE JEANSON CASE — without Jeanson, still at liberty and in hiding — was brought before a military court on Sept. 6 — the very court, interestingly enough, in which the Dreyfus case was heard so many years ago. The evidence shocked the French public, but also brought enlightenment. The fact that French men and women would actively give aid and comfort to the enemy dismayed even those Frenchmen — and they probably constitute the majority in France — who feel that the Algerian war is horrible and unjust and wish prayerfully for its end. To work for peace is one thing; to work for the enemy, quite another.

On the other hand, as the testimony evolved, it became clear that the defendants, culturally speaking, were of the cream of France: writers, artists, actors. And it became equally clear that whatever they had done had been prompted by sincere conviction that their cause was just and, in the long run, best for France.

The course of the trial was marked by controversies over procedures and semantics which brought into sharp focus the inner contradictions of the government's position vis-à-vis Algeria. France asserts, of course, that Algeria is French, and the judge forbade anyone in court to use the term Algerian *war*, since technically a country cannot be at war with its own citizens. The necessity of distinguishing, in the courtroom, between the North African defendants and those from France yielded unending juridic and semantic difficulties. Both, in the eyes of the court, were legally and equally French citizens, and their guilt was therefore technically the same. And yet it was not the same.

The defendants did not trouble to deny the specific acts charged against them; they decided to defend not themselves as individuals, but their cause. A few insisted that they had not *knowingly* worked for the F.L.N. But even among those, several (apolitical at the time of their arrest) had come to share the convictions of their co-defendants. A large number of distinguished witnesses were called in behalf of the accused. Sartre wrote a letter from Brazil praising them and their activities. Vercors, Claude Roy and other writers, as well as a number of eminent professors and political figures, compared the rebellion of the defendants against the growing power of the French Army to the anti-Nazi underground during World War II. Even witnesses who did not agree with the defendants testified to their high character and patriotism.

Sentence was passed on October 3: seventeen were convicted, nine acquitted. Fourteen of the convicted were condemned to the maximum penalty of ten years in prison and a heavy fine; other penalties ranged from eight months' to three years' imprisonment.

WHILE the Jeanson case was proceeding, France was shattered by another ideological bomb: a manifesto, signed by 121 French intellectuals, upholding the right of Frenchmen to refuse to serve in the Algerian war. Included among the signers were writers like Jean-Paul Sartre, Simone de Beauvoir, André Breton, Alain Robe-Grillet, Claude Roy, Nathalie Sarraute, Vercors and Adamov; critics like Maurice Nadeau and Oliver de Magny; the philosopher André Lefebvre, the painter André Masson, the actress Simone Signoret, and Alain Resnais, director of the film *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*. These are great names, not only in France but the world over.

An American Endorsement

Fifty-two professors from M.I.T. and Brandeis, Boston and Harvard universities last week signed a declaration expressing admiration "for those Frenchmen who courageously signed a manifesto against military service in the Algerian war on grounds that it violates their conscience, and who are now facing the sanctions and punitive actions of the state." Among the signers were Professors Paul Tillich, Perry Miller, David Riesman, Harry T. Levin, Irving Howe, H. Stuart Hughes and Barrington Moore, Jr.

The manifesto was published in July, but apparently it did not come to the attention of the government until two months later. Immediately, possession of the manifesto, reproducing it in any form, or distributing it, was declared to be a crime against the state. And early in October the police unleashed a series of searches, arrests and interrogations among Leftist publications for the purpose of finding out who had been originally responsible for writing and distributing it.

The first raid took place on the editorial offices of the liberal magazine *Esprit*. A misunderstood telephone conversation had led the police to think they were pouncing on a nest of conspiracy; what they actually pounced upon was a routine editorial meeting. Nevertheless, the police did find several copies of the manifesto on the premises. This led to the detention for several weeks of Robert Barrat, one of the editors. He was finally released after great public clamor; it was pointed out that not only had Barrat not been

(Continued on page 424)

BOOKS and the ARTS

Celebration, Adoration and Wonder

LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN. By James Agee and Walker Evans. Houghton Mifflin Co. 471 pp. $6.50.

Erik Wensberg

IT BEGINS to appear that we are present at the court's reversal and *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* is to be widely acknowledged a great book. The merest culture-gossip knows the facts of this literary disaster case: that the book has just been reissued after nineteen years and that its first publication in 1941 met with almost universal critical and commercial disdain. As for our calling the book great, the application of the gray adjective at this late date is in one sense only a solemn game. James Agee is now dead. That we will consent today to read the book — his masterpiece—is our own gain. If we could repay him anything, perhaps we would do so in trying to understand a little about what he intended.

The most casually informed must also know in a general way what the book is: that it describes tenant farmers in Alabama, that its form is outside any literary convention, and that its prose is Agee at his most singular. The suggestions I have to make about *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* may have some bearing on its original failure. But none of them, nor all of them, can wholly explain that failure. It seems to have been sealed decisively by a spate of reviews as futile and beside the point as it is possible for literary editors and rushed reviewers to be in the course of business as usual.

In its present edition, *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* is composed of a long prose work by James Agee, prefaced by sixty-two photographs by Walker Evans (twice the number in the original edition), the whole depicting three families of tenant farmers in Alabama in 1937. Walker Evans is as accomplished a photographer as the United States has ever produced and these photographs perfectly delineate the wretchedness, the beauty, the sheer actuality of their subjects. In one way, they are virtually unique: the Gudgers, the Ricketts, the Woods, and their homes, possessions and landscape appear before us with their own qualities foremost, not the photographer's; the reader of picture magazines may find such photographs remarkably lacking in style; there is nothing "exciting," nothing "richly dramatic" about them, and they have nothing to do with anyone's "good taste," only with the photographer's moral sense. They are the perfect companion to Agee's astonishing text.

That text is a variegated work resembling in its form nothing else in American letters. (The great works in American letters may resemble one another only in their "formlessness.") It is, in its own way, photographic, dwelling at great length on the appearance of a number of people, as well as the appearance of the land and objects with which they live. Calling attention to this verbally photographic style, I do not mean to imply that Agee's is the sort of sensuous performance that a writer like Dame Edith Sitwell presents to the ear. For his text is also deeply and explicitly involved in the moral intentions and effects of art, journalism, social science and religion. (Agee was, among other things, a remarkably well-educated man.) Exposure, in every sense but the newspaper sense, is his intention; and it is perfectly true, as many of the first reviewers fastidiously complained, that he is as deliberate and strenuous in exposing himself as in anything else. Here, addressing the families of whom he writes:

> How . . . seeing thus, how each of you is a creature which has never in all time existed before and which shall never in all time exist again and which is not quite like any other and which has the grand stature and natural warmth of any other and whose existence is all measured upon a still mad and incurable time; how am I to speak of you as "tenant" "farmers," as "representatives" of your "class," as social integers in a criminal economy, or as individuals, fathers, wives, sons, daughters, and as my friends and as I "know" you? Granted . . . that it is in all these particularities that each of you is that which he is . . . nevertheless, to name these things and fail to yield their stature, meaning, power of hurt, seems impious . . . seems traitorous in the deepest: and to do less badly seems impossible: yet in withholdings of specification I could but betray you still worse. . . .

It was, and in some places still is, fashionable to say that Agee wrote effusively. He embarrasses some people. (Dictum: all writers shall henceforth write like Camus, who is terse and *modern.*) I can only suggest that the above passage be reread and that the reader try believing what it says. It is all quite exact.

May it also be settled once and for all that *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* was written in absolute *un*-cooperation with the proletarian journalism-of-the-mind that was still the mental climate of much of intellectual New York in 1937 and 1941. Listen to Agee in a holy rage over the very use of the word "sharecropper" by leftist New York intellectuals of the time:

> . . . Not only is the word inaccurately used save where it is indigenous, and not only is it a dialect word, to which a conscientious "educated" person knows he has forfeited the right, even should he know its meaning accurately . . . but it has very swiftly, and within a few years, absorbed every corruptive odor of inverted snobbery, marxian, journalistic, jewish, and liberal logomachia, emotional blackmail, negrophilia, belated transference, penis-envy, gynecological flurry and fairly good will which the several thousand least habitable and scrupulous minds of this peculiarly psychotic quarter of the continent can supply to it; and it is one of the words a careful man will be watchful of, and by whose use and inflection he may take clear measurement of the nature, and the stature, and the causes, and the timbre, of the enemy.

James Agee was not a political man, and heaven knows *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* was never a political book. But that could scarcely have been an important reason for its first failure. Was it then simply a matter of literary difficulty?

I have said that the book's form resembles no other in American letters. Surely, in trying to account for the catastrophe of its first publication, one has to remember that no American critic had, by 1941, yet educated the literate public to the characteristic tendency of American literary art to be not only unclassical in its forms but also extreme

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in its interpretation of experience, morally equivocal, prophetic in tone, and peculiarly, sheerly energetic. Richard Chase and others have since done the job. But even in 1941, we took our Melville abridged, our Twain early but not often, and our Whitman, carefully, on Flag Day.

Two more matters must be mentioned if we are to hope to understand the book for what it was and what it is. First, it seems to be a flat fact about the modern literary mind that nothing in print can be too hideous or depressing to command its respect and attention. I do not say anything should be, only that nothing apparently has been. Cyril Connolly's prediction in the thirties that a man's seriousness would henceforth be measured by the depth of his despair has been fulfilled at least in the audience. One might wonder, then, whether our belief in the dreadful worst, our respect for despair, disgust, panic and the tragic likelihood, have not produced an unwanted side effect: a developing suspicion of such opposites as celebration, adoration and wonder. These last — celebration, adoration, wonder — are supremely the qualities of Agee's book and are the qualities of his relation to his subjects. Even in the worst extremities of their condition, he cannot fail to see or convey a beauty about these people:

> The young man's eyes had the opal lighting of dark oil and, though he was watching me in a way that relaxed me to a cold weakness of ignobility, they fed too strongly inward to draw to a focus: whereas those of the young woman had each the splendor of a monstrance, and were brass. Her body also was brass or bitter gold, strong to stridency beneath the unbleached clayed cotton dress, and her arms and bare legs were sharp with metal down. . . . The young man's face was deeply shaded with soft short beard, and luminous with death. He had the scornfully ornate nostrils and lips of an aegean exquisite. The fine wood body was ill strung, and sick . . . and the bone hands roped with vein. . . . There was in their eyes so quiet and ultimate a quality of hatred, and contempt, and anger, toward every creature in existence beyond themselves, and toward the damages they sustained, as shone scarcely short of beatitude; nor did this at any time modify itself.

At few points in this account of his sojourn with these families does Agee express righteous anger, horror, or fear of what he finds, or not in the ordinary ways. The effect, of course, is to render what he finds more angering, more fearful, more horrifying than could any exposé. And more beautiful, when Agee encounters beauty, than any possible paraphrase could convey.

THE section headed simply "Work" combines most typically Agee's astonishing absolute versatility of view and style, both having no other intention than to make the subject at hand real and actual to the extreme limits of the evocative power of words. The section begins with a meditation on the moral effect of the tenant farmers' employment. It is work from which they can neither profit nor for so much as a day escape, and which, in its meticulous futility, can scarcely leave their thoughts or do otherwise than rule their ill-fed and over-reaching bodies: it is, in short, the *de*forming and ceaseless function of their living. Yet before he can explain it, Agee must describe the families as they appear *during* work, for their appearance is also real: "The infants of three families, staggering happily, their hats held full of freshly picked cotton . . . delirious fawns and panthers; . . . Louise, lifting herself to rest her back, the heavy sack trailing, her eyes on you: . . . Mrs. Ricketts, in that time of morning when from the corn she reels into the green roaring glooms of her home, falls into a chair with gaspings which are almost groaning sobs, and dries in her lifted skirt her delicate and reeking head. . . ." This is followed by what the reader may take, for his limited purposes, as the most detailed, vivid and carefully instructive exposition available in print of the planting, cultivation, and picking of cotton. He is also given close description of the effect of the necessary movements upon the forearm, the back, the fingers, and the viscera of the human body. The appearance and action and effect of rain at various times of the season, and of the Army worm, are likewise laid before him; the transportation to the gin and the ginning process are not merely described but recreated.

Thus Agee's versatile prose is by turns minutely reportorial, "magical" (in the painter's sense of that word) and lyric, stately as legend, and always, I think, to be regarded as being at a greater or lesser distance from the bardic, which is its natural mode. One thinks sooner or later of the Bible. In short (and in spite of his strategic protestations that this is not a categorizable book), *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* is a religious work.

There is not space here to demonstrate this at length, but I have no doubt that when the book is officially proclaimed a classic, a battalion of scholars will uphold a description of it as religious. The superficial aspect is unmistakable; the smoke clearly indicates the source of the fire. The prose, for all that it is Joycean and Jamesian and Elizabethan and Melvillean and the rest of it, is most often written in the cadences of the Bible and the organ and the Protestant hymnal. The book's design, presented in a kind of program at the front, is that of a religious service. One moves from Verses (page 5) to Preamble (page 7) to Inductions (page 359) — which begins, for no explicit reason:

> I will go unto the altar of God:
> Even unto the God of my joy and gladness.
> Give sentence with me, oh God, that I may hear thee and defend. . . .

— to the signification of the triumphal recessional. A single sentence appears with finality on page 445, and it can be read only as a minister would speak it announcing a text: "Let us now praise famous men." One can hear a congregation rising. One turns the page, to the verse from Ecclesiasticus:

> Let us now praise famous men and our fathers that begat us.
> The Lord hath wrought great glory by them through his great power from the beginning. . . .

Agee says in his preface that he wrote the book to be read aloud. As he also makes clear, that can't be done. But only by hearing as one reads do the cadences and ritual pauses and changes become clear.

In his memoir of Agee that opens this new edition, Walker Evans says (without making a great point of it): "His Christianity . . . was a punctured and residual remnant, but it was still a naked root emotion. . . . After a while, in a round-about way, you discovered that, to him, human beings were at least possibly immortal and literally sacred souls." I do not think that Evans says this in the vein of genial hyperbole that embarrassed Americans use in making large statements about each other. And I do not see how the religious nature of *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* could be more apparent.

What was Agee's "residual" religion? I have no clear idea, nor is this the place to explore one if I had. But it seems to have been a religion involving reverence of his fellow men and the natural world — and that, in a twentieth-century educated urban Eastern American, seems scandalous enough to suggest the most genuine kind.

Summerfield's Pride

U. S. MAIL: The Story of the United States Postal Service. By Arthur E. Summerfield as told to Charles Hurd. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. 256 pp. $5.

MAILMAN U.S.A. By William C. Doherty. David McKay. 308 pp. $4.50.

Stanley Meisler

JOHN CRAMER of the *Washington Daily News* recently reported the mounting cries of complaint from Post Office workers under pressure to buy *U. S. Mail,* a book by the Department's leading literary critic, Postmaster General Arthur E. Summerfield. "Not enough of our employees have bought it," Cramer quoted some supervisors as telling postal workers. "It's been suggested we really ought to make a better showing. . . . We think you ought to give us an assist on this."

Summerfield, his voice muted in this book through an "as told to" collaborator, surveys postal history, describes and defends present programs of the Department, and prophesies a bit about mail transport in the post-Summerfield, space age. The book would rank among the dullest ever written but for the fact that it appears at about the same time that another writer has decided to cover the same material from a very different point of view. Placed side by side, the views tend to tangle.

Mailman U.S.A. comes from William C. Doherty, president of the National Association of Letter Carriers. Doherty is a jovial Irishman with a keen wit and, at least where Postmasters General are concerned, a bitter pen. He sees the history of the Post Office as a continual struggle between letter carrier unions seeking more pay and Postmasters General denying them. This bias distorts the postal picture a bit but, with Summerfield writing as if unions like the NALC did not exist, the sum of the two books, if the reader observes carefully, is an objective view of some postal problems.

Both authors agree that Summerfield tried to bring efficiency and modernization to a creaking postal operation when he took over the Department in 1953. Summerfield credits his administration with producing mechanized service, new buildings, sound money policies, good recruitment programs and faster ways of transporting mail. Doherty credits the administration with "manifold and manifest improvements," but immediately adds that "Summerfield's efforts have been only a fleabite compared to the over-all problem." Looking at seven and a half years of Summerfield, the union leader concludes that "the postal service has deteriorated in his administration, and it is getting worse each day."

In Doherty's view, Summerfield has spent too much time with machines and too little with men. "No matter how swiftly the mail is processed in its journey through a post office," Doherty says, "it will not reach its destination faster unless it is placed more quickly in the bag of the letter carrier." Doherty's chief solution: revoke the economy order of April 18, 1950, when Postmaster General Jesse Donaldson, Summerfield's predecessor, cut home deliveries to one a day, curtailed street collections and reduced by half parcel post deliveries to businesses. More service, of course, would mean more jobs.

AT THE HEART of the squabbling between Summerfield and Doherty lies a conflict over the purpose of the Post Office. Is it a business or a public service? Although the subtitle of his book, perhaps by oversight, calls it a service, Summerfield describes the Post Office as "the biggest business in the world" and asserts that it "can and must be placed on a basis of paying its own way." He adds: "It is the proper role of taxation to assume the burden of paying for such unmeasurable service provided for the equal good of all citizens. But in the Post Office, services are performed in the form of individual transactions — all measurable, all distinguishable, each from the other."

But Doherty argues that "the American people want their Post Office to be a service, not a cold-blooded business concern or a public utility." He finds it curious "that this question of supplying sufficient revenue to cover the cost of a salary increase is never brought up in the case of other federal employees." The Post Office, he continues, "should no more be expected to show a 'profit' than should the Department of Agriculture. . . ."

Neither man comes to grips with the most controversial and dangerous aspect of postal history, the Department's censorship of the mail, although Doherty does offer a few cogent comments on the subject. Summerfield strings together the Department's dullest press releases and his most banal speeches on the matter, and repeats his odd logic that the Post Office actually protects the mail by censoring it. He also continues to foster the misinformation that obscenity causes juvenile delinquency.

Doherty puts some new light on the problem when he reports that the same high-handed, unjust procedures used to censor mail are employed when the Department takes disciplinary action against an employee. "The office of Postmaster General is not a judicial one," Doherty says as he argues for the end both of censorship and of star-chamber proceedings against employees. "It was never intended to be such and should not be allowed to retain any of the judicial prerogatives with which it has become accidentally endowed over the years."

Doherty sums up the reign of Summerfield in a chapter titled, "The Trag-

Go Down, Bright Sun

(*From the German of Hölderlin*)

Go down, bright sun; they counted
You but lightly, knew not your holiness
Though you rose without toil
And stilly over toilers.

Friendly your coming and going, O Light,
To my eye; I knew your Lordly glory
For I have learned to worship Peace
Since Diotima restored my soul.

Oh you, Heaven's messenger! how I listen for you!
You, Diotima! Love! how these eyes
Look up from you to gold of day
Dazzling and thankful. Then more alive

Streams rush, and dark Earth's blossoms
Breathe their love toward me,
And smiling over silver cloudbanks
Aether bends down in benediction.

ALBERT HOWARD CARTER

STANLEY MEISLER is a wire service newsman now stationed in Washington.

edy of King Arthur." "It is ironic," Doherty writes, "that, despite his many real and permanent achievements, he will probably be remembered principally as the Postmaster General who made *Lady Chatterley's Lover* a best seller." In this regard, it is significant that Summerfield, in a book discussing all the ramifications of postal history and his administration, never once mentions *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. That is a measure of Summerfield's book, and of the man.

What Academy?

WONDERSTRAND REVISITED: A Cape Cod Sequence. By Charles H. Philbrick. Wake-Brook House. (Sanbornville, N. H.). 44 pp. $3.

KNOWLEDGE OF THE EVENING. By John Frederick Nims. Rutgers University Press. 96 pp. $3.

Walker Gibson

I WONDER if Cape Cod may not be an unhealthy place for poets. So much equipment for a bad poem is there: snobbishness to the other tourists, nostalgia for departed whalemen, sentimentality for birds and fish, and that yearning for the old mother where many a poor poet has drowned—the sea around us. These, at any rate, are some of the pitfalls not entirely avoided by Charles H. Philbrick, the title of whose little book, *Wonderstrand Revisited: A Cape Cod Sequence*, will suggest his wide-eyed approach.

As if dazzled by sand and sun, Mr. Philbrick utters sentiments whose romantic innocence is surprising coming from a professor of English at Brown. For instance, after observing "the great blue herons, tall as birds can be," he says that suddenly

> I am out
> Of me utterly, streamed down the
>   hill, leaning me down
> To that dark dignity of neck, tall
>   majesty of pace,
> And feel that I own this unbuyable
>   cove, and, half-caring,
> Know in my inlaid adze of a skull
>   what no huge-headed man
> Could study his lifetime to learn,
>   no matter how long,
> Nor how heavy his telescope, high
>   his dry hill.

Mr. Philbrick can echo skillfully, as you see, the long loose line and hard-sounding vocabulary of much modern poetry but, as with many modern poets, a soft heart beats within. Beware of the soft heart that saps the brain. The suggestion that a heron's knowledge is preferable, however briefly, to a man's knowledge is more than simply a *dated* assertion: it is *wrong*. Why do we indulge fancies in poems that we would hardly respect in prose?

Consider the familiar tag from Frost:

> One had to be versed in country
>   things
> Not to believe the phoebes wept.

Mr. Philbrick is insufficiently versed in country things: too often his phoebes—or his blackfish—quite literally weep:

> Small blow-holes let their huge
>   complaints;
> And many tiny eyes, unlidded, try
>   to tear.

I know that sounds like comedy, and very good comedy too. But in the poem where those lines appear, with its appeal to "the heaped pain" of the dying fish, there is little doubt that the passage is intended solemnly indeed.

Stay away from that Cape — it's loaded.

SCANT justice can be done in this space to the poems of John Frederick Nims. The elegant verses in this new collection from his last decade's work are largely centered on European materials, especially in Italy and Spain, and we may if we like be reminded that Europe is still a richer poetic quarry than Cape Cod. But a more plausible explanation of Mr. Nims's success lies in the craftsmanship and wit and educated sensibility of the poet himself. The lines are tightly constructed and varyingly rhymed; the vocabulary ("Laocoön, out Lackawanna way") forces past and present into incongruous and witty contrasts that are funny or satirical or profound, but never sentimental. The great range of Mr. Nims's talent can be suggested, on the one hand, by "The Academy Disporting," a hilarious account of a faculty get-together and, on the other, by a series of octaves called "The Evergreen," a lyrical and moving elegy for a dead child.

> *Under this stone, what lies?*
>   A little boy's thistledown body.
> *How, on so light a child*
>   *Gravel hefted and hurled?*
> Light? As a flower entwined
>   In our shining arms. Heavy
> Laid in this scale — it set
>   Wailing the chains of the world.

Mr. Nims is sometimes overwhelmingly erudite, and the reader must take in stride half a dozen languages not his own, as well as references to mythology, art, history, whatnot. In most cases the poem is well worth the trouble.

There has been comment recently, mostly abusive, about "academic poets." Here are two of them, presumably, since Mr. Nims is also a professor of English, at Notre Dame. But it would be hard to imagine two poets less alike in technique, philosophy, subject matter, indeed talent. Who is this academic poet? It is good to be reminded that poets in the academy are like poets anywhere — which is to say, hard to classify.

WALKER GIBSON, director of Freshman English at New York University, is a poet whose work has appeared in two collected volumes — The Reckless Spenders *and* Come As You Are.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THE 49TH COUSIN by Florence Lowe and Caroline Francke (Ambassador) is a sort of Jewish *Life with Father*. It tells of a tyrannical but supposedly lovable German Jewish papa — a Civil War veteran — who brings up three daughters in Syracuse, New York, "around the turn of the century." His outstanding trait, apart from an inordinate self-esteem, is a dislike of Russian Jews, whom he regards as so many beggarly barbarians.

The part is played by Menasha Skulnik, the antithesis of the type that the play attempts to portray. Skulnik has for years personified the East Side *schnook* — at once downtrodden, hapless, persistent, shrewd and ingloriously triumphant. Skulnik, with a voice which trumpets like a kazoo, can be very funny. But one thing Skulnik cannot be or act is the ponderous, righteous, thunderous, stuffy, thickheaded German *pater*. His brother is played by Eli Mintz just as flagrantly un-Teutonic, while two of the daughters are played by American ladies of inalienably Anglo-Scot lineage. The Rabbi of the play sounds like an Episcopal minister. The Russian-Jewish swain — played by Gerald Hiken, a talented young actor — has a rather international stamp, but the Russian-Jewish pale is the place he seems least likely ever to have inhabited.

So, though the play with its old-fashioned though unobjectionable jokes made me chuckle once in a while, it struck me as having been directed by a gentleman from China.

ARTHUR LAURENTS is a playwright with attributes of sensibility, wit, observation and sound craftsmanship. Two things, I believe, sometimes impede him. He wants to give his plays a certain "philosophic" stature and he wants to be a highly successful showman. When Laurents writes from the quick of his sympathies and conveys them through a clear plot line, he gives us such effective pieces as *Home of the Brave* and *The Time of the Cuckoo.* When he employs intellectualistic (or psychoanalytic) means, plus stage tricks, the results are dubious as in *The Clearing in the Wood* . When he is an unassuming journeyman he produces such an eminently serviceable "book" as the one for *Gypsy.*

In *Invitation to a March* (Music Box) he reverts to comedy, for which he has a distinct aptitude. There are some good semi-satiric lines and enough nice moments to make pleasant entertainment. But there is a thesis to this play and also an evident determination to make the play work as a smart show. The result is a compromise that dilutes the potency of the author's best qualities.

The thesis is that we all ought to learn to know what we want and then to do it without let or hindrance. But the plot and characters designed to embody this thesis are rather hackneyed and finally conformist. No one today is shocked by the idea of an illegitimate birth and everyone agrees — in the theatre at least — that the safe road of the well-heeled respectability may be duller than that of the freewheeling Bohemian. The play therefore never makes a real point: its challenge is not false so much as it is platitudinous. At best it succeeds only in being cute.

Actually Laurents is hardly lighthearted. There is a streak of sadness and bite in his better plays. There may even be anger. He does not wear the grinning Broadway mask easily. He speaks best when he is sufficiently moved to dispense with theories and theses which only serve to make his sentiments appear less adult than they may be.

As director, Laurents has assembled an attractive cast: in the case of Jane Fonda attractive enough to be worth the price of admission, while Celeste Holm and Eileen Heckart are expert as well. If I have a criticism of the direction, it is one which applies to many other of our skillful directors. Their direction is too meticulously tailor-made; it has too mechanical a precision. Too much pressure is put on the actors to make them give *exact* performances faithful in the last detail to the director's willed intention. While this makes their production ultra-sleek, it also irons out some of the life which may be in the actors and the script — both in need of the freedom of the dance rather than the rigor of a march.

THE Phoenix Theatre production of Oliver Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer* is successful because this eighteenth-century farce possesses the advantages of good humor, a "classic" plot, delicious dialogue, while the direction, by Stuart Vaughan, matches the play in verve and roisterous invention.

There are other ways of doing the play — the English may give it more delicacy and grace — but for our time, place and circumstances, the company on Second Avenue does very well. Especially good are Donald Madden, particularly in his scene of conversational embarrassment, and Gerry Jedd who though cast "against type" suggests the feminine enterprise and intelligence of her role in a way we could not anticipate on the basis of her previous appearances. This augurs well for the Phoenix Theatre's hopefully "permanent" company.

DESPITE a certain lack of variety, I liked *The Unsinkable Molly Brown* by Meredith Willson and Richard Morris (Winter Garden.) This in itself is no special news, but when my readers consider how often I have avowed an imperviousness to the charms of most specimens of stage Americana, the simple declaration of approval should be viewed as a genuine compliment.

The nostalgic Americana of so many of our musicals bores me because they are usually marked by a sort of lacquered complacency without a gleam of reality. In *Molly Brown* there is a historically justified feeling for the fresh air energy, push and crudity of the lucky Westerner of the old mining days whose wealth was often accompanied by a hankering for (European) polish and sophistication — that in itself being the symptom of an even deeper need for a widening of human experience.

The show's dialogue has American spunk — both true to the material and appealing to a contemporary ear. The music, often in the key of loud and noisy, is not at all bad in the lighter numbers and though slightly dull in the

With Laurels in His Hand. . . .

Once, just before an air-raid on Toulon,
A spy was leaned against an orphaned wall.
Two men tied up his hands and shot him dead,
Then carried him toward the grave they'd dug
Because they knew he'd die. But clouds were loud
And strung with planes before the job was done,
The soldiers panicked and assumed the grave,
Were just in time to meet a pouncing bomb
And fill the air with chunks of startled cells.
The dead spy's corpse lay warm and whole and firm,
The still face tanning in the hot French sun.

So let it be with Caesar, what of God?
If war is really what it really is
Then God, as gods now go, is wholly gone.
War's not his bloody place, he seems to say,
He leaves the world to generals and such,
To lawyers, mayors, chaplains big with smile,
To younger men who dream of glory's lip,
To talkers, doers, bleeders, gaping souls,
Thin girls who sleep with soldiers, tender nuns
Who bless the troops with beads and make them think
Their rended bodies are a joy to God.

So let it be with Caesar and with God.
What then? My daily world is daily dragged
Along a drunken line that ends in death,
In banks of flags, in greasy guns, served up
In compound lies. And I? What shall I do?
Warm and relieve my heart by counting off
The Christian names of friends who will not die
As these would have them die? What shall I do?
Count up my sins, assess the thinking man,
Sort both the hero and the coward parts?
I do not know. I know I must know soon.

DANIEL J. LANGTON

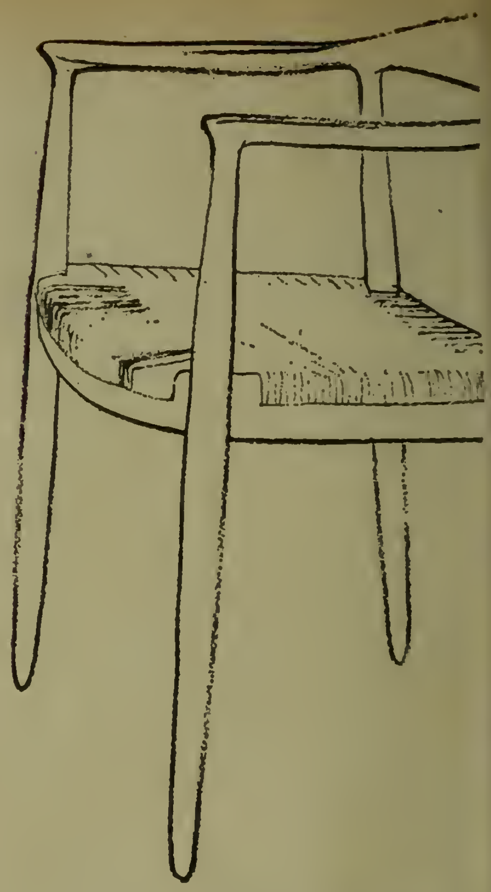
serious ones is very much helped by Herve Presnell's fine voice and pleasing personality. Oliver Smith has contributed some amusing settings and Miles White costumes of character.

Above all I liked Tammy Grimes, who is a clown with a heart, funny-looking and fetching. She sings with point and warmth and she can act. At times she approaches glamour. She will add a further and necessary dimension to her capacities when she learns to love her audience more. At present she seems too involved in her own problems as an actress to achieve the spontaneity, assurance and ease of the true star whose spirit, having become unfettered, magically envelops the spectator's soul.

Without Agony

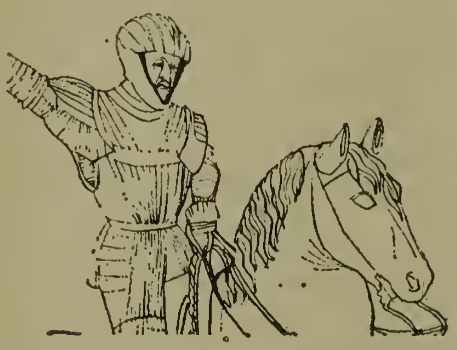
Walter McQuade

This is the second of three essays on contemporary design. The third — on an exhibition from Germany — will be published shortly.



CHAIR BY HANS S. WERNER

ON Exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum, "The Arts of Denmark, Viking to Modern" is led by a life-sized sculpture of an elderly, ascetic St. George carved smoothly in oak. Clad in a suit of armor, also oak and a half size too large, George sits his oaken horse and waves his sword pensively at an oaken dragon beneath the hooves, a dragon whose expression predicts Bert Lahr — panicky, but proud of being mistaken for a dragon. It's all in fun. The Danish mood, as represented by this statuary, and also by almost all the other art and even the modern products on view — the furniture, jewelry, lighting fixtures, fabrics, glassware, silver, etc. — is without agony. The exhibition is a tonic.

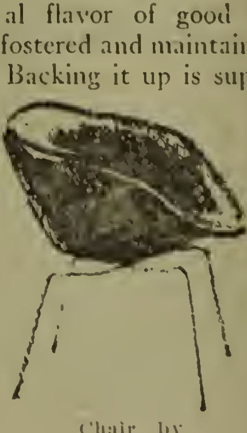


It shows ancient artifacts like jewelry and Viking trumpets in the early rooms, then moves fairly rapidly through history to the present line of export wares. It has the air, most of it, of folk art, but folk art of a very special sort. To me the connectors between the past art and the present wares were three fabrics hung near the entrance to the nineteenth-century room. The catalogue said they were eiderdowns, wool on warps of flax, woven commonly two hundred years ago—but if they had been unlabeled I would have guessed them to be the work of a very good contemporary Danish designer, so deep, strong, simple and valid were their colors and patterns.

THE same richness and style is cherished in the more sophisticated new Danish products. The peculiarity of this folk art, you realize soon after entering the modern rooms, is that it is intellectual — not just left to the folks, but carefully evoked by a system of shrewd patronage probably unmatched outside Denmark.

As long ago as 1777, Danish acquaintances tell me, the Royal Furniture Store was founded, a state-supported sales place where any cabinetmaker could send his furniture — but with the quality of workmanship subject to judgment and control. A century and a half later, when the cabinetmakers felt they needed to rejuvenate their lines, they sponsored design competitions and attracted young modern architects, who didn't have many other clients. In 1928, the Danish Handcraft Guild was organized to locate a tradition in fabric design; this was accomplished in the same practical pattern, by providing a market place for the fabrics judged of high quality. The Danish Society of Arts and Crafts and Industrial Design has similarly been able both to stimulate and regulate work in its fields.

The happy result of all this is a national flavor of good design, deliberately fostered and maintained at high standard. Backing it up is superior Danish craftsmanship. In his foreword to the catalogue for this exhibition, Prime Minister Viggo Kampmann of Denmark drops this stern sentence: "Behind all Danish art lies the recognition that art is identical with skill." Bearing him out, the furniture designs which still seem best to me in the Danish collection are the wood chairs which have as subtle shaping as bones. They demand craftsmanship of a high order in their manufacture and thus deserve credit for helping to keep it alive.



Chair by
Poul Kjaerholm

But the calmness characterizing the style, its peace, has its price. The older art seems terribly mild, the kind that floats forward with the world, not fighting it, as most of our art does. And with regard to products, the dragon that must be conquered today, even eventually in Denmark, I would guess, is industrialism — mass production. It can't be slain, but must be tamed; a little agony might enter here.

It may have begun. Some of the newer Danish furniture does seem to be showing the nervous silliness of character sometimes called marketability — not the wood furniture, but the steel-plastic-leather series. I've never been able to decide whether the impulse to make machine-produced furniture a little cute is an attempt to compensate for the ruthlessness of the machines and materials used, or what.

One brand new leather and steel chair by Poul Kjaerholm, not listed in the catalogue, does survive its industrial essence simply by being very sumptuous. It belongs to the international family of bucket chairs, but its leather is finer, and its metal legs are put together like jewelry. It is very superior hand work on an industrial aesthetic. Perhaps this is still the Danish solution — to stay industrious, rather than industrial.

DANISH architect Finn Juhl has staged the exhibition with simple, unstrained elegance. From the entrance foyer of the South wing, second floor, your eye is pulled forward by a yard-wide ribbon of shimmering fabric hung over your head; it leads through the first room and straight to the vivid end wall of the second. From this entrance you also see the exotic silhouettes of the old Viking items, without knowing what they are until you go in. For displaying small items Juhl has provided a very finely made and practical case in steel, wood and glass; it is used for both historical and commercial items. His sense of spacing is flawless; the exhibition is as lucid as the best work in it.

This, incidentally, is not Finn Juhl's first exhibition work here in New York. He redesigned the first floor of Georg Jensen several years ago, and did a superb job.

The American, Edgar Kaufmann, Jr., suggested this successful show, and in his own contribution to the catalogue he observes that it might be good for the United States to ship the same kind of exhibition to Denmark. In these days of tough trading around the world, it does seem a good idea, and I hope it happens. Very few things describe a country better than its best personal export wares; it might be illuminating for such an exhibition to be shown here first, as introspection.

ART

Fairfield Porter

NO NEW director has been appointed yet to replace James Johnson Sweeney of the Guggenheim Museum. Gordon Washburn of the Carnegie Institute is serving as guest director of the third biennial Guggenheim International Award exhibition, which is administered in cooperation with the International Council of Museums, the International Association of Art Critics and the International Association of Plastic Arts. The various awards were chosen by three-man juries in the countries represented. The international jury selected Karel Appel's painting *Woman with Ostrich* for the $10,000 award, and gave honorable mentions to Yoshige Saito and Franz Kline, and a special honorable mention to Canada for the highest balanced quality of any sectional group.

The chief handicap against enjoying any exhibition at the Guggenheim is a subtle seasickness induced by the persistent tilt of the spiral floor. Then the paintings are dominated by the architecture, not so much because of its formality as because of the gummy amorphousness of the detail, like that of the railing leaning slightly inward around the central drain. And so I do not know how much my feeling that everything is a little stale comes from the discomfort of the setting, and how much it is actually true of the paintings chosen. But it is certainly true that here all modern schools are proved to be international, and every conceivable twentieth-century style has been copied everywhere. Art comes from art, and in this exhibition you can see that Western civilization dominates the world, with a cultural lag behind the iron curtain. Modernity is respectable, and there is an emphasis on conformity. Non-objectivity is tending to become a new literary mode, and surrealism has been homogenized with abstract-expressionism.

AN exception is Franz Kline's *New Year Wall*. Kline, understanding scale, makes painterliness architectural; he makes an abstraction of that invention of the muralists of the Venetian Renaissance. Ernst Wilhelm Ray's *Yellow and Purple* is one of the few paintings to use color as color. Ruggeri, in *Martyrdom of St. Matthew* uses the dramatic possibilities of current abstraction. Where Kline's painting is architectural, Still's is decorative: meaning that it does not lie on the wall, but seems to project from it, and its decorativeness is that primitive kind that leads people to hang colored cloths around "to kill the bareness." Like a Bakst ballet set, it works as a backdrop for the accidental realism of people walking through the museum.

Because of the higher proportion of quality among the few relatively realistic paintings than among the enormous number of abstract ones, this exhibition seems to enforce Clement Greenberg's observation that it is harder to paint abstractly than realistically. However, one sees plenty of exhibitions that seem to prove the reverse.

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(Continued from page 416)

one of the signers of the manifesto, but *Esprit* was on record as disapproving of the document.

Next the police invaded Sartre's Existentialist magazine, *Les Temps Modernes*. Again they found copies of the manifesto. Maurice Nadeau, an editor, was arrested and charged with having been one of the authors of the document. Nadeau did not deny the charge. As soon as this fact became known, a number of Nadeau's colleagues presented themselves before the authorities and insisted that they, too, be arrested, since they also had been co-authors of the manifesto. This phenomenon has been repeating itself ever since. Whenever the investigating magistrate thinks he has found a genuine author of the document, dozens of others allege equal guilt and clamor for arrest.

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The situation is not an easy one for the French courts and the police. So far, about a score of persons have been formally accused of having encouraged military insubordination and desertion and will eventually be brought to trial. But who actually wrote the manifesto, and even the printer who printed it — under French law he is equally guilty — is still a mystery.

Meanwhile new names have been added to the signatories (as of this writing, the total is nearly 200). Among the more recent signers are Françoise Sagan, Michel Butor, Charles Vildrac, Tristan Tarza (director of the film, *The 400 Blows*), Gustave Monod and even Clara Malraux, daughter of André Malraux (who had refused to testify in behalf of the defendants in the Jeanson case).

THE GOVERNMENT did not take this lying down. It ordered that every signer of the manifesto was to be excluded from all state-directed activities, i.e., radio, television, education, the principal theatres. The resultant blow to French cultural activities was well-nigh paralyzing. Plays which had been in preparation for months had to be suspended because one of the principal actors, or the author, or the director, was a signatory. In TV, cultural programs of all kinds were interrupted; the same conditions prevailed in radio. Signatories were not only forbidden to participate in theatre, radio or TV shows; even their names could not be mentioned. In educational institutions, at a time of a teacher shortage, many secondary school teachers were forbidden to enter their classrooms.

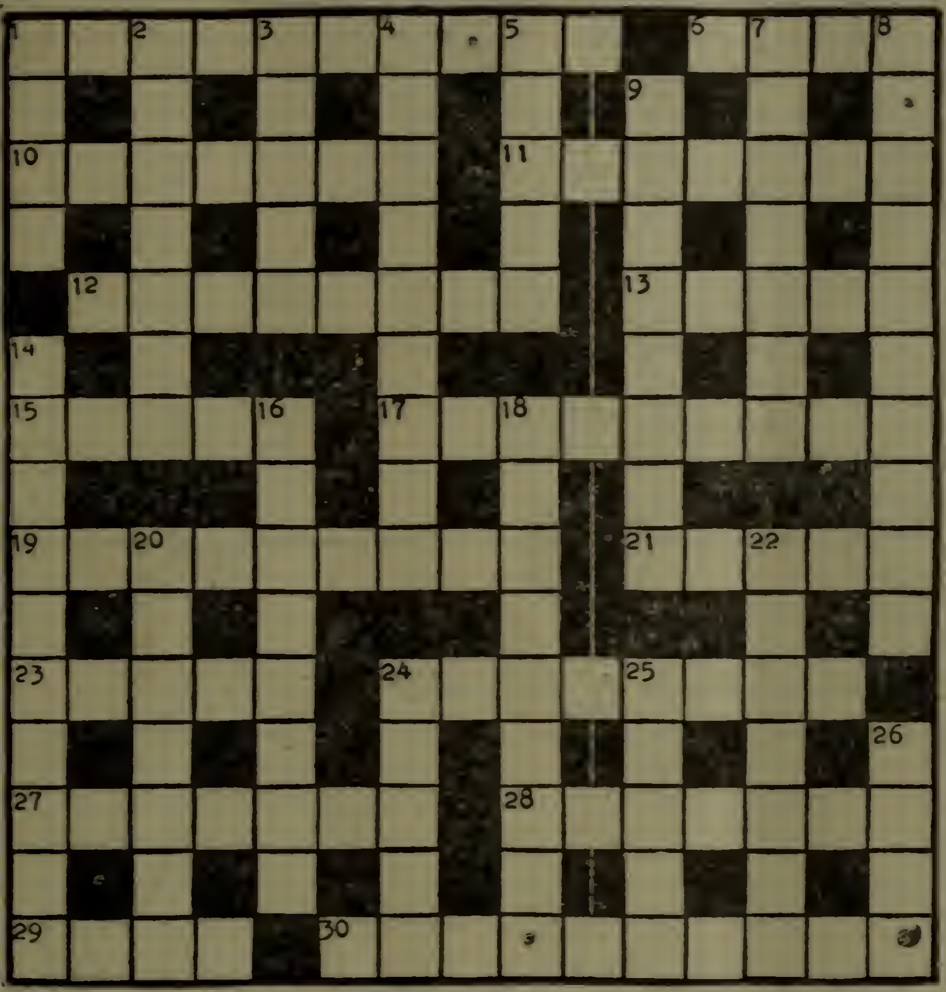
This sudden advent of McCarthyism upon France aroused widespread indignation, even among people who violently disagreed with the manifesto. Actors', TV and radio unions staged strikes; secondary-school teachers put on a one-hour demonstration walk-out. The extraordinary chaos which threatened France's cultural life forced the authorities to backtrack somewhat. On November 1, the dismissed teachers were reinstated, though without pay for the days lost; and the disciplinary measures in TV and radio are no longer strictly enforced.

IF, as is probable, the purpose of the manifesto was to shock the public into a reappraisal of the Algerian war, it has certainly succeeded. For the last two months, the French press has been full of pronunciamentos not only directly touching upon the manifesto, but upon broader questions concerning the legitimacy of the war and the methods used to pursue it. Demonstrations, counter-demonstrations and even a counter-manifesto have enlivened the French scene. The trades unions, the Radical Party of Mendès-France and the Socialist Party have demanded that negotiations with the F.L.N. be started at once, without preconditions; the Catholic Church, in a formal declaration, publicly asked that some way be found to a "just peace" and, while not approving of desertion from the Army, announced that no Christian need perform acts, even under military order, that his conscience condemns. Protestant churches united in a declaration that they would "understand" and "help" conscientious objectors. Youth organizations and teachers' groups have given out the most forceful kind of anti-war declarations, and on October 27 the National Union of French Students held an anti-war meeting in Paris that led to rioting and bloodshed.

The pressure for peace continues. After years of apathy, the French people are clearly saying that they have had enough of a struggle that robs them of their sons and brings international discredit upon their country. Whether they will succeed in shaking de Gaulle out of his patient waiting for the emergence of a new, prosperous, unified Algeria is still to be seen.

Crossword Puzzle No. 891

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Not exactly the handicraft of the Globetrotters. (10)
6 See 1 down
10 and 13 Swindling one who should have pull for the main inspection. (7, 5)
11 Where to look for 6 if green is superior to it. (Pass through this way!) (7)
12 Tree, sedate and timely, if cut. (5.3)
13 See 10 across
15 Dress otherwise, in all severity. (5)
17 If the wild tiger come, it will be a kind of progression. (9)
19 Were such things run by the South? (9)
21 Salute, perhaps, given in a nasal voice. (5)
23 Consumed in the battle at Eniwetok. (5)
24 Looked for what might be strewn around the curve. (8)
27 A thin scale crippled everything in return. (7)
28 Any fat outside? You might need it if fire is in order. (7)
29 See 2 down
30 A headline of defeat? (It's supposed to bring the crowd in.) (4, 6)

DOWN:

1 and 6 Pots that part of the batter is in front of? (8)
2 and 29 across The budget of anti-submarine warfare? (There's a certain amount of interest in it, probably.) (7, 4)
3 Half of what Shakespearean players have? (5)
4 What one might have done, if conversation flagged. (9)
5 One could be fired, according to the canon. (5)
7 Pitcher. (7)
8 Not necessarily against the plow, however! (It helps to figure out all the angles!) (10)
9 She might keep the Woman's Page clean, but sees dirt nevertheless. (8)
14 Otherwise the G. (6, 4)
16 The sort in a drunken reel that proves it's light again. (8)
18 At least you can make a close stab at finding a few bars! (9)
20 Empire furniture? (7)
22 The direction of the North's final attack? (7)
24 On the head of a Pointer, perhaps? (5)
25 A once common mode of travel for early Americans. (5)
26 Redolence. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 890

ACROSS: 1 Clothespins; 9 Bestride; 10 Chorus; 11 Bivalve; 12 Funeral; 14 Deigns; 15 Prefaces; 17 Epicures; 20 Cutlet; 22 Alimony; 24 Uncivil; 27 Reef knot; 28 Uselessness. DOWN: 2 Lethargic; 4 and 25 Eyesores; 5 and 26 Picture window; 6 Noose; 7 Beside; 8 Curate; 13 Spasm; 16 and 3 As thick as thieves; 18 Pallid; 19 Renewal; 20 Concern; 21 Edison; 23 Midas.

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WHY THE 'PEACE CONGRESSMEN' LOST

Congressman Charles O. Porter

THE GOVERNOR and the BISHOPS

What Happened in Puerto Rico

Stanley Meisler

SO YOU'RE GOING TO PRISON!

Some Tips from a Political Prisoner

Chandler Davis

LETTERS

The Linguistic Philosopher

Dear Sirs: The misunderstandings and fallacious argumentation of Messrs. Meyerhoff and Main in their review of Ernest Gellner's *Words and Things* [*The Nation,* Sept. 24] should not pass without critical comment....

Meyerhoff and Main's most serious misunderstanding stems from their misconception of what the linguistic philosopher means by ordinary usage or ordinary language. As they view him, the linguistic philosopher is seen as enshrining ordinary usage in a way which perhaps conjures up a picture of him aghast at Newton's misuse of an ordinary word like "force." Nothing could be further from the truth. Linguistic philosophers write on a wide range of sometimes recondite subjects, extending from aesthetics to the philosophy of physics, many of which employ a technical vocabulary. How can he do this if he is concerned with coddling ordinary usage? The answer is that the expression "ordinary usage" is a tricky one. For "ordinary" is usually contrasted with "technical" while "usage" is contradistinguished from "misusage." It is on the latter distinction that linguistic philosophers lay stress, and a parodic misreading of their work results when they are taken to be attacking "technical" in the name of "ordinary."

Our conception of the world is not static, and we often require technical concepts to express adequately the revolutions in our thinking. The linguistic philosopher has no quarrel to pick with the linguistic innovations necessitated by these changes. . . . What he does object to are misuses of language, whether they be in the dress of the "ordinary" or technical idiom. Misuse should not be equated with technical use; the latter is licit and serves an important function; the former all too frequently generates intellectual paradoxes with sometimes remarkable and often depressing conclusions. . . .

Herbert Heidelberger
Princeton, N. J.

Dear Sirs: Owing to a mix-up in the mails, our review of *Words and Things* was not published in its final version. We had also written that Mr. Gellner, in concentrating exclusively upon a critical analysis, had failed (1) to acknowledge any positive contributions made by Linguistic Philosophy and (2) to show that there are significant differences among various groups and interests affiliated with this new movement. These and a few other matters did not appear in the review as published.

This correction, however, has nothing to do with Mr. Heidelberger's charges against us. We learn that Linguistic Philosophers are opposed to "misuses" of ordinary language because they may "generate intellectual paradoxes with sometimes remarkable and often depressing conclusions."

Now it's true that philosophy is often depressing: even Wittgenstein said, "philosophy is hell," though Mr. Heidelberger might not think so. Yet, by his own admission, the "misuse" of ordinary language may also produce "remarkable . . . conclusions." There is nothing more to say, for the cat is out of the bag. Mr. Heidelberger's own testimony confirms Mr. Gellner's critique and the general line we took in our review. For what he says, in effect, is: Let us stick to the "safe" truths enshrined in the structure of ordinary language lest, by departing from this straight and narrow path, we might possibly come up with some remarkable discoveries. It is hardly a misuse of ordinary language to say that this is a highly conservative prescription.

Hans Meyerhoff
Alvin N. Main

Second Endorsement

Dear Sirs: I am a high school librarian in a large city, predominantly Irish Catholic. For years, I have taken *The Nation,* even though I had to continually defend its inclusion in our magazine subscription list. Your articles on Catholicism, as practiced in many fields and many states, were a valuable contribution to our democratic freedom. I presume the editors approved and printed these articles on the same basis.

Whereas your endorsement of a Catholic for President in the campaign just past does not present an immediate danger, you have strengthened an institution of restriction and coercion, and an educational system, that by its indoctrination of the young, is a powerful, potential divisive force.

Between a dominant communism or Catholicism, the majority of us fear and abhor both. Naturally, I will no longer subscribe to your magazine—a small but ethical protest.

Marie Cole

Our long-time readers know that Senator Kennedy is not the first Catholic whom we have endorsed for the Presidency. Alfred E. Smith won our support in the campaign of 1928.—Ed.

Those Two Cheers

Dear Sirs: As one who has not hesitated to criticize your editorial policy when I have thought you deserved it, I wish to congratulate you for coming through the election campaign with flying colors!

You have not tried to "kid" your subscribers that Jack Kennedy is, as yet, a proven liberal and a great leader. But you have held out some hope that he would develop. . . . At the same time, you did conclude that Kennedy was the preferable candidate. What's more to the point, you kept the issues clearly before us, and in perspective.

Again, I congratulate you.

William H. Fisher
Las Vegas, N. M.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1960
VOLUME 191, No. 19

THE
NATION

~~MAY 2~~
AUG

EDITORIALS

Peace Patrol

The notion that an American armada was necessary to prevent a Cuban invasion of Central America was too much for even the American press to swallow. *Newsweek* (November 28) commented: "Certainly no responsible Navy officer expected Castro's Communist-trained commandos to stage any major onslaught on any other country." *Time's* issue of the same date found no evidence of Cuban connivance, much less military participation, in either the Guatemalan or Nicaraguan rebellions. The State Department itself admitted that it had no "hard evidence"; in the light of State Department public-relations techniques, this could be abbreviated to just "no evidence." Both uprisings were essentially military *coups d'état* of the type which are the normal method of change in government in most of Latin America. In Nicaragua, the rebels were a group of cutthroats, even more virulently anti-Communist than the Somoza brothers, and scarcely likely to appeal to Castro.

Why, then, did the State Department and the President see fit to dispatch to the Caribbean a task force consisting of an aircraft carrier, five destroyers and some land-based aircraft, on a mission which, even if there were some substance to the reports of Cuban aggression, would call at most for a flotilla of PT-boats? The reason would seem to be solely political and minatory. The situation in Latin America is indeed parlous for the great American corporate interests which have billions of dollars invested there and prefer to deal with reactionary governments that, in return for their cut, can be relied on to cooperate. The trouble is that the underlying population did not get *its* cut — everything went to the political and plutocratic elites. As a result, the whole area is now on the verge of revolution. "This instability," writes E. W. Kenworthy in *The New York Times*, "is a legacy of old wrongs — of peonage, exploitation, police brutality, suppression of liberty and the postponement of economic reforms by the small ruling classes."

The ruling classes and their American colleagues being what they are, the masses are sympathetic to "Fidelismo," and small wonder. They would be sympathetic to the devil himself if he promised them a new deal. How will the dispatch of the Eisenhower armada change all this? It will not change a thing, obviously, except to alienate some of the little support we have left in the region. But a slow, negligent, conservative Administration tends to act forcefully when the troubles it has prepared for itself come upon it. Then it responds to the urge to "do something" — no matter what. While it is thus preoccupied with the drama of force, it continues to neglect opportunities to do something constructive. In El Salvador, for example, a new junta has overthrown a tyrannical regime which kept all but the ruling class in dire misery as long as it could hold on to power. The reformers complain that they have been unable to establish any contact with American representatives. They hunger for recognition, but the State Department will take no steps until "it is satisfied with the political coloration of the civilian members of the junta" (*The New York Times*, November 5). This dilatory attitude, ruinous in the past, in this instance may turn out to be desirable if it invests the coming Administration with an opportunity to pass on the credentials of the new El Salvador regime.

A Black Day–If We Are Found Out

In its November 19 issue, *The Nation* asked editorially: "Are We Training Cuban Guerrillas?" The question was based on information obtained by Dr. Ronald Hilton, Director of the Institute of Hispanic-American Studies at Stanford University, during a recent visit to Guatemala. Dr. Hilton was told that the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency had acquired a large tract of land near Retahuleu which, stoutly fenced and heavily guarded, was being used as a training ground for Cuban counter-revolutionaries preparing for an invasion of Cuba. With but two exceptions, the American press paid no attention to Dr. Hilton's revelations or *The Nation's* comments. And no newspaper at all carried any reference to the following revealing incident, reported to the editors of *The Nation* by an unimpeachable source. After a speech before the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco by Lyman B. Kirkpatrick, Inspector General of the CIA and second-in-command to Allen W.

Dulles, a member of the audience addressed the speaker: "Professor Hilton of Stanford University says that there is a CIA-financed base in Guatemala where plans are being made for an attack on Cuba. Professor Hilton says it will be a black day for Latin American and the United States if this takes place. Is this true?" After a long silence, Mr. Kirkpatrick replied: "It will be a black day if we are found out."

Cuba has not yet been attacked; but, in a journalistic sense, the black day is already here. As noted, the news blackout on the Kirkpatrick incident has been complete, and only the Los Angeles *Mirror* reported on Dr. Hilton's charge directly. *The New York Times* did so indirectly. In its issue of November 20, it carried a Guatemala dispatch noting an admission by President Miguel Ydigoras Fuentes that a secret military base does exist at the location mentioned by Dr. Hilton, and that — according to President Ydigoras — Guatemalans are being trained there for guerrilla warfare with modern U.S. weapons and with the benefit of U.S. military consultation. Opposition deputies in the Guatemalan Congress asked for an investigation, but this request was voted down by the Administration supporters "on the ground that a debate would bring out secret military information." Ydigoras branded as "a lot of lies" reports that the trainees were preparing for an invasion of Cuba, but on the same day he called for a "Korea-type police action" by Western Hemisphere nations against Cuba and promised support for such a move if the Organization of American States would initiate it. He also sent President Eisenhower a message thanking him for his action in sending naval patrols to the Caribbean.

Clearly, then, there is no disagreement that a secret base for training guerrillas exists in Guatemala; the only disagreement is on motives and intentions — an area in which heads of state tend to favor their own side and to put the worst interpretations on the schemes of the other. As for the CIA's participation, where there is so much fire it may safely be assumed that the CIA, our chief counter-revolutionary arm, is throwing gasoline on the flames.

Moral Blindness

Primary responsibility for the disgraceful New Orleans school situation rests, not on the howling mobs of teenagers, the white mothers screaming and brawling in the streets, the guitar-playing hillbilly Governor ("You are my sunshine — ol' Jimmie"), or the demagogues from the canebrakes and bayous who make up a majority of the state legislature, but on the "moderates," the burghers, "the good people" of this, the most civilized of Southern cities. After Little Rock, the moderates knew what to expect. They had time to prepare. But what did they do? In general, they adopted a "good position" — good, that is, for twenty years ago. They announced that decisions of the Supreme Court and the lower federal courts must be respected. They said that the schools must remain open. They came out for law and order. They alerted the police. But they made no positive effort of any kind to win popular acceptance of Judge Wright's long-deferred order. The churches, the trade unions, the teachers, the press, the civic organizations, the business community were not urged to take the lead in offsetting the counter-pressures which were so clearly being mobilized by the opposition. Even in their insistence that the schools remain open, the moderates, in the main, took care to point out that they were, as individuals, opposed to integration — and thus failed to raise the moral issue to which the community might have responded: What about those four little Negro girls? What about *their* rights?

The failure is symptomatic of a basic national malady: We are confused about the nature of moral issues. On many matters, reasonable men, holding views that are in conflict, can find a middle ground. But on moral issues, there is no "moderate" position. "In contrast," as Judge William Hastie said in a recent speech in New Orleans, "half-truth is usually just as unsatisfactory as untruth. The insult of spitting on a man is not mitigated by expelling only a little saliva. The sneak thief does not reform when he stops picking pockets, except upon Saturdays. In brief, when right and wrong are involved, a compromise solution is likely to be no solution at all. . . . I never know whether the moderate on segregation is one who is half-right or half-wrong. In any event, his position is untenable. For in such a matter, half-right is still wrong and half-wrong is never right."

Let Atlanta, Birmingham, Charleston and the other Southern cities next in line study well the failure of leadership in New Orleans, where the moderates failed in turn to learn from the experience of Little Rock. As for the New Orleans moderates, let them reread Lincoln: "Let us not be diverted by — those sophistical — gropings for some middle ground between the right and the wrong, vain as the search for a man who shall be neither a living man nor a dead man. . . . Neither let us be frightened from our duty by threats of dungeons for ourselves. Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it."

Hot Cargo

Nation readers will remember the articles by Grace DesChamps on the dumping of atomic wastes off Cape Cod by the AEC [Sept. 19, 1959; June 25, 1960]; as a result of the activity which the publicity aroused, the agency was forced to discontinue the practice. That situation is reviewed at length, with his usual skill and thoroughness, by E. J. Kahn, Jr., in the October 15

New Yorker, the November 18 *Vineyard Gazette* reports a sequel which shows how right Miss DesChamps was. A Gloucester fisherman, trawling for flounder in Massachusetts Bay, hauled up from the bottom a thirty-gallon drum encased in concrete and containing "low-level radioactive materials." The drum had been lying at a depth of 275 feet in a buoyed area, but it hadn't stayed there. The fisherman turned it over to the Coast Guard, which turned it over to the AEC, which shipped it to Oak Ridge, Tennessee, for burial.

"At present," comments the *Gazette*, "there is said to be no dumping of atomic waste at sea, but this episode shows that earlier practices of the AEC were ill-advised and improper. Those of us who oppose dumping at sea, including recently aroused nations across the Atlantic, have reason on our side." Indeed they have, but it would be still better if there were less atomic waste to be disposed of. The recent death of a Brookhaven Laboratory physicist in an automobile accident is instructive, though not for the victim. His car was in a head-on collision on the Brookhaven reservation with a skidding truck carrying fifteen tons of atomic wastes to Oak Ridge. The drums were well protected and remained intact — but suppose the collision had involved another truck, or a train? Those in the vicinity might wish atomic energy had never been invented.

The Last Victory

Whenever the Western bloc wins a vote in the U.N., there is loud rejoicing among American editorial writers and news broadcasters on the premise that the United States has won a great victory. The latest of these triumphs is the seating of President Joseph Kasavubu as the representative of the Congo Republic (Leopoldville) by a vote of 53 to 24, with 19 abstentions. No single victory of this type is a Pyrrhic one, but a succession of them, indefinitely prolonged, may finally undo the U.N. The record in this case is that the Belgians, when things got hot in their colony, pulled out hastily in the hope that they would ultimately be called back to fill the resulting vacuum. To facilitate this resurrection, they wished to install Mr. Kasavubu as Premier, but this maneuver was so transparent that it failed. The Soviet bloc used the successful candidate, Patrice Lumumba, to thwart the Belgian scheme and further Soviet interests in Africa. This scheme also failed with the ouster of Lumumba's allies by Colonel Mobutu, lovingly referred to by the American radio as the "Congo strong man" even though he cannot control his own army. With American support for Kasavubu, the U.N. intervention in the Congo is headed for early failure and the Belgians have a very good chance of getting back their colony behind a façade of independence and with the cooperation of an African elite headed by Moise Tshombe or someone like him.

Such an outcome will leave the U.N. discredited and bankrupt. Financially, the United States may come to the U.N.'s rescue, but it cannot restore the world organization's prestige. Most of the uncommitted nations will recognize American and Soviet intransigence as the cause of the U.N.'s difficulties in the Congo, but the greater guilt will fall on the United States, because it will have won all the victories. On this reasoning, the ultimate victory would be the expulsion of the Soviet bloc, or its withdrawal at some stage to form its own U.N. The neutrals would then have the choice of joining one of the two half-world organizations, or both. The United States would doubtless proceed to expel any U.S.-U.N. member who joined the USSR-U.N., American victories would continue to pile up, and the American commentators would continue to rejoice until the Eastern and Western U.N.s engaged in a nuclear war to decide which was the legitimate world organization and which the illegitimate. But by that time, of course, what would it matter?

Why the 'Peace Congressmen' Lost . .

by Charles O. Porter

A CONGRESSMAN'S strivings for peace are hard to get across to his constituents and easy for his opponent to distort.

Perhaps this explains why I was defeated on November 8 along with other militant "peace Congressmen" like Bill Meyer of Vermont, Byron Johnson of Colorado, Len Wolf of Iowa, George A. Kasem of California and Roy Weir of Minnesota, all Democrats. The only appeal from a free and honest election is the next one, but post mortems are permitted if the proper sportsmanlike attitude is maintained. After the tennis match, the loser leaps the net and congratulates the victor even though he might rather wrap the racket around his opponent's neck.

Post mortems of elections bore, even irritate, most people. The election is over: why argue now? I agree with this attitude and will not attempt to argue, but only to analyze why my activities for peace led my

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CHARLES O. PORTER, an Oregon attorney with a record of four years' active military duty in World War II, represented the Fourth District of Oregon in the 85th and 86th Congresses.

opponent to say just after the election that I defeated myself. The votes were against me, not for him.

My Republican opponent, Dr. Edwin C. Durno of Medford, defeated me by fewer than 4,000 votes out of the 180,000 votes cast. A one per cent shift in my direction would have changed the result. However, out of 200,000 registered voters the Democrats in the Congressional district had a 27,000 lead over the Republicans.

Moreover, I had been in office four years and was well known. Dr. Durno had served but one session (1959) in the state senate. I had won in 1958 by more than 6 per cent of the vote. Fourth District voters gave majorities both to me and Eisenhower in 1956 and to me and Republican Governor Hatfield in 1958—and this year they voted for Nixon over Kennedy by a much larger margin than Durno won over me.

HOW DID Durno do it? What happened that a relatively unknown state senator from the "down state" end of the district could upset a two-term incumbent, the first Democrat to represent that area of Oregon in seventy-five years?

Durno told *U. S. News and World Report* (November 21):

> The chief issue in this district was the incumbent's attitude on Cuba and Red China, plus his trips to Cyrus Eaton's so-called peace conferences at Eaton's expense, plus his neglect of district needs.

This is in line with the theme of his campaign that I supported Castro, Red China and appeasement of Communist aggressors. The "neglect of district needs" is an afterthought and never became a real issue.

Durno's own recommendations for foreign policy were as vague as his domestic program. "Our foreign policy," he stated in his campaign brochure, "should be strong and positive." Domestically he came out forthrightly for reducing taxes, cutting waste and balancing the budget.

The strategy of his campaign was to turn the immense publicity I had received with respect to my criticisms of the Eisenhower foreign policies into evidence that I had strayed away from my proper Congressional duties and had endangered our national security through reckless, possibly disloyal, actions.

As usual, my opposition had $2 for every $1 in my campaign fund; and, of the nine dailies circulated in southwestern Oregon, only two supported me. None of this was new, but the cynical distortion of my foreign-policy position went far beyond previous campaigns. Newspapers, especially my home-town daily, the Eugene *Register-Guard*, failed to blow the whistle and ask for a penalty on the smears of my opponent.

MY criticisms of the Eisenhower foreign policy have fallen into three main categories: Dictatorships, China and Disarmament. Ever since my constituent, Gerry Murphy, was murdered by Trujillo late in 1956, I have tried to persuade the Administration to stop treating dictators as though they were respectable and worthy of our friendship.

Ever since I first ran for Congress in 1954, I have advocated increased communication with China, not as any kind of concession but in the interests of trying to avert war and making disarmament-with-safeguards possible.

Finally, I have been convinced that the Administration has talked about the urgency of disarmament, but has done far too little. For example, fewer than forty persons have been working on disarmament in the Department of State.

When Durno's campaign people presented these policies, here is what my constituents were told over and over: Porter likes Castro—the dictatorial and pro-Communist Castro. Porter wants to be friendly with Mao. Porter wants to appease Communist aggressors.

These outrageous propositions could be made plausible for some, perhaps enough, voters. At one time, along with many others, I did encourage Castro. I do believe in increasing communication with China and I do believe in attempting further negotiations with the Communist governments.

"Why does Porter encourage Castro?" was the black-type headline on a Durno advertisement that appeared in every district newspaper about two weeks before the election. The text referred to my "blessing of Communist Cuba." Durno, in answer to my objection, claimed that his advertising agency made a mistake in the tense. It should have read, he said, "Why *did* Porter encourage Castro?"

Encouraging Castro when he is a dictator and a pro-Communist is, I submit, rather different from having encouraged him when he was permitting freedom of press and speech and promising free elections. Needless to say, Durno's correction never caught up with the mistake.

Instead, his campaign went on saying the same thing. Another advertisement used throughout the district read, "Foreign policy and national defense are problems not solved by coddling Castro or Red China. I'll fight for a strong but diplomatic foreign policy to safeguard Oregon families."

His many TV talks, radio spots and public speeches emphasized the same theme: Porter is soft on communism. Sometimes he would also say that he didn't question my loyalty or good intentions.

TYPICAL of his assertions with respect to China are those published in the Scio *Tribune*, November 3, 1960:

> My opponent, Porter, has supported Communist China all the way from outright recognition to admission to the United Nations, to the engagement in trade. He has suggested trading our steel and machinery for their apricot kernels, tang oil and hog bristles.

In a Eugene radio program, Durno stated that he agreed with the recommendations of the Conlon Report to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. So do I. The report proposed increased communication. Yet Durno continued to allege that I "supported" Red China. He failed to disclose that I had always wanted trade on the same basis that we trade with the Soviet Union; that is, with lists established by our highest military authorities.

Durno's chairman in my home county, the Mayor of Eugene, made a radio tape for him which was widely used, asserting that I was responsible for communism encroaching to within ninety miles from Florida, and that I wanted to shake hands with Mao.

Durno called me an "appeaser" because I attended two world law conferences and three disarmament meetings in Europe. He never discussed any of the circumstances, except that Cyrus Eaton, Cleveland industrialist and initial sponsor of the Pugwash conferences, paid my expenses to the disarmament meetings.

In his above-quoted statement to *U. S. News and World Report*, Durno refers to these meetings as "Eaton's so-called peace conferences." The fact is that Eaton did not sponsor them, nor was he at any of them. Eighteen nations from both sides of the Iron Curtain were represented at the first meeting. Eaton believed, as I did, that the United States ought to have some voices there. Eaton never suggested what I should do or think, yet Durno asserted loudly I was his "stooge." I first met Eaton in July at the Democratic National Convention in Los Angeles, where his wife was a delegate from Ohio. He himself is an old-guard Republican.

IF YOU assume, as I hope you will, that Durno was wrong and malicious in saying that I encouraged Castro after the Cuban leader turned from democracy toward communism, that I want to be friendly with Red China's leaders and that I want to appease Communist aggressors, then you must wonder how my opponent was able to get away with such smears and misrepresentations.

I think I know why this kind of campaign was successful. In the first place, foreign-policy issues are complex and remote from the experience of the average voter. Emotions are easily aroused when one's country and personal security are involved. It is easier to be negative and vague than it is to be positive and specific. It is easier to arouse an "against" vote than a "for" vote.

Secondly, many voters probably didn't buy the smear part of Durno's charges, but they did agree that I had been very active in an area where they thought a Congressman didn't belong.

Thirdly, the newspapers, except for two out of nine dailies and four out of twenty-six weeklies, were, generally, after my political scalp and didn't care how they got it. My home-town paper, the *Register-Guard*, editorially referred to my "espousal of the cause of Red China." In 1958 the *Guard* endorsed me because my Republican opponent resorted to smear tactics—tactics that were feeble and mild compared to the Durno campaign. The Portland *Oregonian*, in an editorial, even called me "hyperkinetic" and then refused to print my letter in reply. Our news releases in the last two weeks, when we were beginning to make headway, were largely ignored by all the newspapers except the Medford *Mail-Tribune* and the Coos *Bay World*, the two that strongly supported me. It is significant to note that I came within a few hundred votes of winning in Jackson County, the home county of my opponent, which is the area served by the *Mail-Tribune*. I won Coos County, the home of the *World*, by almost 5,000 votes.

Mauldin in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Mouthful

Fourthly, there was Durno's two-to-one edge in money plus the fact that he obtained it early enough so he could start his TV talks many weeks prior to Election Day. We spent about $21,000, far more than I'd ever had for previous campaigns. We scheduled all our TV for the last two weeks because of the tremendous cost. The usually reliable Waterhouse poll showed me behind Durno by 7 per cent three weeks before Election Day. By hard work, we cut that to less than 2 per cent, but we could not overcome the lead his money and methods had established earlier.

Finally, one of Durno's campaign managers went on the two TV stations in the closing days of the campaign and accused me of encouraging foreign imports of hardwood plywood and not caring if our plywood industry went bankrupt. It cost me many votes, even though all labor organizations strongly supported me and no plywood producer in my district, including the man making the speech, had given me or the Tariff Commission any evidence that foreign imports were responsible for the low market price of plywood.

Why did this attack work? The speaker was a former district attorney and circuit judge, an effective speaker, well known in the two counties where he proved effective. My interest in foreign policy and my speeches on plywood in 1958 were facts on which he could build his case. Most important, many plywood and lumber mills were shut down or working part time and the Japanese were a likely scapegoat. I had not money or time to go on TV in the southern part of the state, so his attack went entirely unanswered there.

The result was that I lost two counties by more than 5,000 votes even though both had Democratic registration majorities.

OR AT LEAST that is the way I figure it. Who really knows why 92,047 votes went to Durno and 88,661 votes went to me? Nobody does for sure. I do know that my positive and active role in foreign affairs made me vulnerable for the kind of campaign that was waged against me.

Does this mean that I regret these activities? No, not at all. I never did subscribe to the oft-repeated statement that the first duty of a Congressman is to be re-elected. I think the first duty of a Congressman is to use his office as best he can to advance policies which he believes are important for the welfare of his constituents and his nation.

Incredibly powerful weapons are cocked and ready to destroy millions of people, perhaps all mankind. We are engaged in a gigantic struggle with the Soviet Union. Many new and some old nations in Asia, Africa and South America are desperately trying to raise their standard of living. It seems clear that the role of a Congressman in foreign affairs today must be positive and active.

I know that many of my constituents emphatically agree and that, in the measure that I was able to reach them, more were coming around to that point of view. I had many hard-working friends, but not enough. Fear must be fought with reason and truth. Fear of the Vatican and the Kremlin were widespread in Oregon and elsewhere during the campaign. Fear can lead voters to vote against their own party's candidate.

If I'm right and not just soreheaded over losing, what can be done? Education is necessary, so that more voters will appreciate the obligation of a Congressman to concern himself personally with peace and freedom. Restriction of campaign expenditures, or at least making the main channels of communication more evenly available to both sides, would also help.

We Congressmen who found that our peace policies defeated us on Election Day have no regrets. We did what we thought was right and on another Election Day, perhaps in 1962, we may give the voters a chance again to judge our qualifications to serve.

New Frontier: THE PEACE CORPS . .

by Alan C. Elms

Princeton, N. J.

> That is the size of the problem. An immense capital outlay, an immense investment in men, both scientists and linguists, most of whom the West does not yet possess.
> —C. P. Snow, *The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution*

THE PROBLEM qualifies as the world's biggest—how to lift the poor nations of the earth into the lower middle class. On November 11, slightly over a hundred people marched into the economy-sized temple of Princeton University's Whig Hall, figuring they might begin to answer the problem. Hardly an idealist was among them, somewhat to the trepidation of the adult half of the group—and to the quiet satisfaction of the student half. Twenty-four hours later they marched away again with the beginning of the answer: massive support by federal and private agencies, and a massive pool of scientists, linguists, teachers and farmers and plumbers, all of them draft-age youths and all of them united in a U. S. Peace Corps.

The Princeton conference, titled in full "The Conference to Discuss the Challenge to American Youth from the World's Emerging Nations," was sponsored and arranged by the Whig-Cliosophic Society, Princeton's distinguished literary-political-debating society (heretofore known as The ------s Who Invited Alger Hiss to Princeton). Direction was mostly in the hands of Dr. Thomas Melady, a professional consultant on African affairs and one-time economic adviser to Haile Selassie. The adults represented everything from the Institute for International Education to Kiwanis International and Cadwalader, Wickersham & Taft. The students, a third of them women, were mostly from the elite Eastern colleges. Jack Kennedy hairdos outnumbered beards ten to one.

The conference had been assured of some degree of success three days earlier, with the election of the man who had built the Peace Corps into his personal platform. Nixon, shooting from somewhere below the hip, had called the Corps "a refuge for draft dodgers"; the conference joke was that where Franklin Roosevelt had his CCC, Jack Kennedy would have the DDD—Draft Dodgers' Delight.

KENNEDY'S campaign statements were the culmination of another campaign, which had reached its peak earlier in 1960. In January, Congressman Henry Reuss of Milwaukee and the late Senator Neuberger of Oregon had introduced legislation (later passed as a rider to the Mutual Security Act) appropriating $10,000 to study the feasibility of a "draft-pay, draft-duration, draft-tough" alternative to Selective Service, christened the Point Four Youth Corps. The idea quickly gained the support of the National Student Association, as well as individual campus groups and hundreds of letter-writers.

In June, Hubert Humphrey introduced Senate Bill No. 3675, knowing it was too late for passage in that session but hoping it would be discussed and studied before the 87th Congress convened. The bill provided for the immediate establishment of a United States Peace Corps

> to develop a genuine people-to-people program in which talented and dedicated young American men will teach basic agricultural and industrial techniques, literacy, the English language and other school subjects, and sanitation and health procedures in Asia, Africa and Latin America.

Humphrey felt sufficient evidence existed to justify creating a pilot program of 500 Peace Corps members, which might grow to 5,000 within four years, and to even greater numbers if the program proved sufficiently successful to gain further Congressional authorization.

Details of the Humphrey bill helped shape the course of the Princeton conference. Peace Corps members would be at least 21½ years old; would be "highly qualified in a particular skill": must also be enthusiastic, dedicated, adaptable, healthy and mature—emotionally, intellectually and politically. Term of service would be three years, of which the first six months would involve orientation in the United States, the second six months orientation in the

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field. Orientation would include a firm grounding in "American public policy and contemporary thought," as well as in "the language and conditions of the country involved." The Peace Corps would operate independently of, but in close conjunction with, the State Department, the USIA and the International Cooperation Administration; older, more experienced group leaders would accompany youth teams into the field. Three years in the Peace Corps would fulfill active peacetime military obligations, but participants would be subject to Reserve requirements and wartime service. Salary would be equivalent to that of enlisted rank. Dismissal would result in active military service.

THE conference was by no means designed to rubber-stamp the Humphrey proposal. Dr. Melady had his own plan, which differed mainly in its insistence on private direction and private support, turning to the government for transportation costs and for classification of Peace Corps service as an acceptable equivalent to draft duty. Several student conferees, who had leaped to the conclusion that the conference was actually weighted to bless Melady's pro-private-enterprise proposal, initiated a midnight meeting in which proponents of federal responsibility had their say. The second full-fledged speech of the conference, in which American Metals Climax's F. Taylor Ostrander apologized for business and urged full support for a mammoth government program, wasn't quite enough to head off the secret meeting; but class war was prevented.

As the conference developed, nobody ever became sure just what its purpose really *was*. The adults were mostly educators, foundation people and businessmen with special interests in Africa; they were there to provide "expertise." The intended purpose of student participation seemed to be either to provide youthful inspiration for the adults, or else to provide a youthful audience for the adults to inspire. Sir Hugh Taylor, president of the Woodrow Wilson National Fellowship Foundation, keynoted the affair by summoning images of challenge, sacrifice and the Children's Crusade. The students thought the speech worthy, but felt they were sufficiently inspired already. They spent the rest of the evening trying to get hold of the expertise which would insure the Peace Corps of somewhat more success than the Children's Crusade.

The conference followed the normal course of conferences, from individual clarity to mass confusion. A Boston College youth wanted the Peace Corps to fight communism; a gray-haired Negro was applauded for insisting that the program would do more than that, it would actually *help people*; Mr. Ostrander suggested that Kennedy invite Rockefeller to head a Peace Corps Administration, which would send 25,000 youths to Africa bearing arm-bands and enthusiasm. A Howard University professor called on the conference experts to draft a detailed bill for inclusion in the great program of the first Hundred Days; a man from Westinghouse International declaimed, "We have a saying in big business: 'Do it now and worry about the paperwork later.'" The students hunted through the audience for a Mr. Greer from Senator Humphrey's office and a Miss Armstrong from Senator Kennedy's office.

THE experts began to get down to business the next morning, outlining some of the needs of Africa and pointing out how American youth could or could not answer the needs. The AFL-CIO's Harry Pollak observed that needs weren't restricted to Africa, and that draft-age youth weren't restricted to college graduates. Another hard-headed forty-year-old dreamed of encampments of half a dozen to 2,000 youths, set down next to an African village and told to *do* something. After that, somebody started trying to introduce resolutions, and the conference almost expired; but by that time the students had cornered Winifred Armstrong, the lady from the Kennedy staff, whose smile was brighter than Kennedy's and whose brain was quite as sharp. Satisfied that Jack was on the way, the young people joined with the adults in setting up a standing committee which might help pave his way.

The committee itself, designed to channel information and ideas about the Peace Corps both into President-elect Kennedy's office and onto American campuses, is no mean accomplishment for a weekend conference. More significant are the recommendations, facts and concepts which evolved from the often-chaotic discussion. The major ones are these:

1. *The need is there.* Statistics on poverty and illiteracy and disease were quoted frequently for their inspirational value, but they are real. In one area alone, Haile Selassie recently estimated that Africa needs at least 345,000 additional teachers *now* to provide a decent primary-school education for African children.

2. *American youth can help fill it.* Programs ranging from Crossroads Africa to the contractual agreement between International Voluntary Services and ICA have placed young people in the world's underdeveloped areas to work, and their success can be described, mildly, as phenomenal. There are difficulties in placing youth in such demanding positions — the strain of their advent into tightly organized school systems and union shops, for instance—but the difficulties are far outweighed by the gigantic need for their services. An intensive orientation program will insure that they do not enter the scene unprepared.

3. *The area of action is a broad one.* Asia is as needy as Africa, and Latin America differs only in the needs which must be filled. Americans are needed now to *act*, in schools and on farms and in factories and offices. They are also needed to *train* native students to be teachers and secretaries and carpenters long after the Peace Corps will have been forgotten.

4. *Only federal government aid and direction can meet the challenge.* This approach is dictated not only by the necessity for negotiations with foreign governments in the placement and support of Youth Corps members. To be effective in a world of two billion people, the program must be far larger than the few hundred youths that private organizations could support. But it cannot and will not be an exclusively governmental program; Miss Armstrong

made that clear. "I refuse to accept the I-you dichotomy," she said to a group of students who wanted to know what "you"—the new Administration—was going to do. Speaking unofficially, she fervently advocated a unified push on all fronts—the federal government, she said, could appropriate money from here to doomsday and the Peace Corps would still fall flat on its face without the support, advice and intimate cooperation of universities, private groups experienced in the area, and the nation's youth. A long-term foreign-aid program will be a concurrent necessity; participation by European governments or the United Nations could come later.

5. Draft-equivalent status for the Corps is essential. Even the most starry-eyed youth would find it difficult to pledge his life to the Peace Corps for three years and then return to the United States to be drafted into the Army for another two years. Draft-equivalent status would be in no sense an evasion or an exemption from the draft; three years of service in the African bush or the slums of South America couldn't be called goldbricking by anyone, even a post-campaign Dick Nixon. The program at its height would probably never reach proportions great enough to decrease the current Armed Forces levels significantly, since even now a goodly percentage of eligible youth are never drafted. And the Peace Corps would not become a monopoly of the privileged: the need for blue-collar workers and young farmers is fully as great as for teachers and engineers.

6. The program will provide a large measure of the imagination our foreign policy needs in years to come. The military services are a holding operation, a necessary means for securing the continued existence of the free world. The Peace Corps will be one means of moving the free world ahead within that secure framework. Failures in past U. S. foreign policy may at first impede the success of the Peace Corps; but the success of the Peace Corps should change the world's image of the United States immeasurably. Of the thousands of youths who serve in the world's emerging nations, many hundreds may in the future come to form and direct our foreign policy—and all of them will help shape America's image of the world.

DOUBTS have arisen, since the Democratic Convention in July, about where the New Frontier really is, and whether America is prepared to meet its demands even if it is found. The Princeton conference established that its boundaries are measured largely in terms of Asia, Africa and Latin America; and that thousands of American youth are ready to answer its demands in the name of peace.

THE GOVERNOR and the BISHOPS . . *Stanley Meisler*

LUIS MUNOZ MARIN, Puerto Rico's first elected Governor, remains in *La Fortaleza.* He sits in the Governor's Palace, confident and pleased, for the *jibaros* of the mountains and countryside, in overwhelming numbers, have defied their Roman Catholic bishops to elect him to a fourth term. But, while confident and pleased, he also is uneasy. Despite his victory, a threat lingers, perhaps not to his power, but (more important) to the political stability of Puerto Rico. And, while the threat evolves primarily from clericalism, part of the threat also stems from Muñoz Marín himself.

During the campaign, the flare-up over the tactics of the bishops, who issued two pastoral letters forbidding Catholics to vote for Muñoz Marín, obscured some of the political problems of Puerto Rico—the very problems that set the climate for the letters. The Governor's rout of the new Christian Action Party, a creature of the bishops, tended to fill his supporters, particularly abroad, with a heady optimism, blinding them to the dangers still enveloping democracy on the island.

In recent years, admirers of the sixty-two-year-old Muñoz Marín have fretted over the future of Puerto Rico once he passes from the scene. The Popular Democratic Party has a strangle hold on island politics, and Muñoz Marín has a strangle hold on the Popular Democratic Party. The dynamic, New Dealish Governor, in fact, is the political whole of Puerto Rico. He represents one-man rule by true democratic consent.

Twelve years after he first came to power, public servants still rush about excited with purpose. Without the idols of Trujillo and the screeching nationalism of Castro, Muñoz Marín evokes a sense of vitality and reverence reminiscent of Franklin Roosevelt. Under the Governor's care, Puerto Rico has raised its per capita income to the second highest in Latin America, cut its death rate to the point where life expectancy surpasses that of the United States, and instituted projects of community education, land reform and small-industry development that have become models for the underdeveloped nations of the world. The program has won such gratitude from the people that Muñoz Marín, a determined democrat, looks on his many one-sided victories with some misgivings.

Puerto Rico lacks two political elements needed to insure future stability: the training of young, vigorous successors to Muñoz Marín, and a meaningful opposition. Before this year's campaign, a Puerto Rican who approved of the island's unique commonwealth status, but rejected the Governor's economic theories, had one poor alternative. He could oppose the Popular Demo-

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STANLEY MEISLER, a Washington, D.C. newspaper man, recently visited Puerto Rico.

cratic Party only by casting his lot with weak parties that existed solely to cry for independence or statehood.

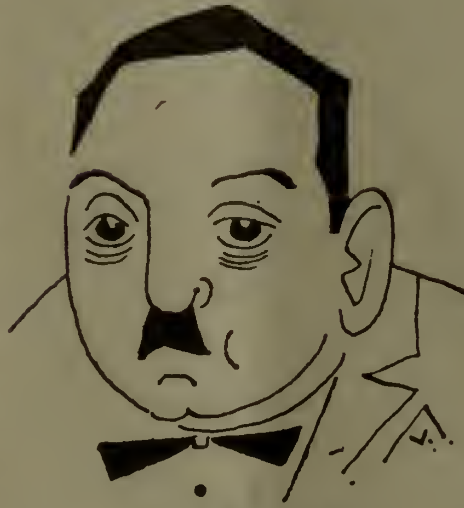
SOME political analysts often suggest a solution to the dilemma: if Muñoz Marín were to distribute power within the Popular Democratic Party to a few young associates, these men, after succeeding him, might split the party into halves vying intelligently for island leadership. At least on paper, Muñoz Marín moved in that direction last August. He announced a plan for decentralized control over the party apparatus. But his move came after the rise of clericalism. The Christian Action Party already had been launched, giving voters a new alternative. Instead of choosing solely between commonwealth and non-commonwealth status, they now could also choose between Catholicism and Muñozmarínism.

The Catholic group burst into Puerto Rico's political line-up last June without warning. It was nourished, however, on the long-standing resentment by Catholic prelates of their lot on the island. While more than 80 per cent of the islanders are nominally Catholic, only 25 per cent practice their religion, and there is a more vital Protestant movement within the country than in most Latin areas. Since the acquisition of the island by the United States, the hierarchy has lost its hold on education; less than 10 per cent of the children attend parochial school.

The priests, mostly natives of the United States, have tended to blame U.S. policy for their problems. They have complained, for example, that Washington almost always appointed Protestant education officials during the years the island was a possession. Brooklyn-born Bishop James McManus of Ponce, the chief force behind the pastoral letters, wrote long before the campaign:

> Puerto Rico is a Catholic people that is the victim of a group of officials who, abusing their power and the public funds, have undertaken to destroy the beliefs of the inhabitants. . . . United States policy has aimed from the beginning to destroy the philosophy and religious traditions of Puerto Rico. For this, it merits no other name than that of the spiritual killer of that nation.

In the view of Catholic leaders, the situation grew no better when Puerto Rico became a commonwealth and control over domestic affairs passed from the United States to the island itself. Muñoz Marín quietly continued birth control and sterilization programs and cooperation with private researchers on the use of oral contraceptives. In education, he guarded the public schools against any influence by the Church. One of his education policies, in fact, triggered the formation of the Christian Action Party. This was last spring, when he and his Popular Democratic Party opposed a legislative proposal of the Church that would have authorized students to take time off for religious instruction. After the bill failed, an angry Archbishop James P. Davis told a rally of more than 65,000 that Catholics now were free to organize a party. A group of Catholic laymen, supported by Bishop McManus, set to work.



Luis Muñoz Marín

FEW observers expected the new party (its banner is a rosary without a cross) to collect the 70,000 signatures needed to put its candidates on the ballot this year. But equally few observers counted on the intensity of the Church's support. Leaflets beseeching, "Catholics, help register your party! God before Caesar. The moral law before political convenience," were distributed in the churches. Bishop McManus told an assembly of lay leaders in the Church of Santa Maria Reina in Ponce that the formation of the Christian Action Party "was the logical step forced on Christians who live in a society that is being dechristianized." He and Archbishop Davis wrote a pastoral letter urging the party's registration. At first, Bishop McManus said Catholics were not conscience-bound to register the party, but, as priests campaigned from their pulpits, the line between persuasion and injunction grew blurred. In three months, the party collected 82,000 signatures. The *San Juan Star* called the feat "a major victory and a minor miracle." "The Catholic Church is no longer on the defensive," said Archbishop Davis later. "It goes out to meet the foe."

But the Church moved out too far and, with its sensational pastoral letters, forfeited the victory and the miracle. In their first letter, on October 18, Archbishop Davis, Bishop McManus and Bishop Luis Aponte Martinez focused on a complex theological issue to attack Muñoz Marín. The Popular Democratic Party, disturbed over the clericalism represented by the Christian Action Party, had inserted this paragraph into its 1960 platform:

> The democratic philosophy of our party implies that only those acts which the general consensus of Puerto Ricans considers immoral, such as murder, theft, perjury, etc., can be prohibited with punishment. But it is not licit under the rule of liberty to prohibit with punishment those acts which a respectable part of public opinion does not regard as immoral.

The Popular Party clearly meant that if a respectable part of the population, such as the Protestant minority or the huge body of non-practicing Catholics, considered birth control moral, the government had no right to prohibit it. But the bishops looked deeply into the philosophy of the paragraph and found heresy there. "It is evident from the quotation," they said, "that the Popular Party's philosophy is anti-Christian and anti-Catholic, and that it is based on the modern heresy that the popular will, not divine law, decides what is moral and immoral. This philosophy destroys the Ten Commandments and allows them to be replaced by a human, popular criterion." Disclaiming any intention to impose Catholic morality on the government, the bishops concluded, "It is certainly our duty to prohibit Catholics to give their votes to a party which, denying Christian morality, accepts the morality of 'the rule of liberty.'"

Some confusion arose over whether a Catholic could ignore the bishops without committing a sin; but, in their second pastoral letter, four days later, the bishops whisked away the confusion. They declared that any Catholic who voted for Muñoz Marín would commit a sin for disobeying God, the bishops and his own convictions.

THE pastoral letters crippled the cause of their authors. Puerto Ricans bristled at what they saw as a threat to their liberty, and Muñoz Marín met the challenge by campaigning harder than he has since his first election. He told his people:

> We cannot permit the error of three wrong bishops to take away our religion, our party and our democracy. I am speaking with pain in me, because if you allow religion into politics, a grave tragedy will happen in Puerto Rico. . . .
>
> No one can command you on how to vote. No one — not the bishops, the clergy, nor myself. The right to vote must be free. If one man, or three bishops, can command you how to vote — that will be the end of liberty.

On November 8, Puerto Ricans proved that no one could command them how to vote. Muñoz Marín received 456,317 votes, 58 per cent of Puerto Rico's 780,073 ballots. This represented a drop in popularity from 1956, when he had 62 per cent of the vote, but the decrease could be attributed to the natural attrition of support for a leader so long in power and to the growing strength of the Statehood Republican Party. That party's candidate for governor, Luis Ferré, had 250,638 votes, or 32 per cent of the total, a jump from his party's 24 per cent four years ago.

The Christian Action Party limped far behind. Its candidate, Dr. Salvador Perea, received 51,072 votes, or 6.5 per cent of the total. This meager output underscored the poor judgment of the bishops, for it was 30,000 fewer than the number of voters who signed petitions to register the party before the pastoral letters were issued. The fourth candidate, Julio García Díaz of the Independence Party, polled 24,047 votes, or 3 per cent of the total. Both the Christian Action Party and the Independence Party, by failing to capture 10 per cent of the total vote, lost their political status and will have to petition as new parties if they want a place on the ballot in 1964.

Despite its humiliating defeat, the Church is unlikely to retire from politics. After the election, Dr. Perea said the Christian Action Party was only beginning: "The house of God," he said, "never dies." There have been rumors that the Christian Action Party will merge with the Statehood Republican Party. In past campaigns, Bishop McManus, a friend of Ferré, has backed the Statehood Party and during the 1960 campaign, Ferré embraced the sentiment of the pastoral letters.

The platform of a merged Statehood-Catholic party would read as if the issues facing Puerto Rico involved the commonwealth and the Church and nothing else. This is, of course, absurd — dangerously so. The Statehood Party, allied with the Republicans on the mainland, cries statehood but its real message is a basic opposition to the liberalism of Muñoz Marín. And there is little doubt that the Christian Action Party attracts many Puerto Ricans who disagree with Muñoz Marín on issues much broader than birth control and released time for religious instruction. Should Muñoz Marín leave a weak, leaderless, splintering Popular Democratic Party when he retires, an extremely conservative Statehood-Catholic Party could emerge as the country's dominant political power.

A troubled Muñoz Marín has tried to prevent this eventuality. Last August, he announced certain internal party reforms. A "presidential committee" of seven, instead of a single leader, now runs the Popular Democratic Party. This committee, which has a rotating chairman, is selected periodically by a large central council of party leaders, legislators and members of the Popular Youth movement. It is not quite certain now how this structure will operate in the future. For the present, with Muñoz Marín as a member of the committee, there is no doubt that the party continues to be his. "The fact is," A. W. Maldonado of the *San Juan Star* has written, "that Muñoz will continue to lead the party — no matter what his title. . . . Although pushes and pulls for control of the party increase as the leader gets older, all members will continue to consider their leader, as long as he lives, as — in their words — 'a great man of the Americas.'"

Puerto Rico sorely needs an opposition to engage Muñoz Marín's ruling party in an intelligent dialogue on the real problems of the island.

Earl Parker Hanson wrote in *Puerto Rico: Land of Wonders* (1960):

> In the troublesome dichotomy between more jobs and greater efficiency, between more employment and higher wages for fewer workers, between wider distribution of the land and its more efficient use, lies *the* great problem of modern Puerto Rico. . . .
>
> The time may come when a rising political leader wants to give a stevedore the chance to cast a vote against the Popular Democratic Party, in protest over the modernization of seaports, without also apparently voting for either statehood or independence, neither of which he may want.

If the reforms of Muñoz Marín work, such an opposition will emerge from the Popular Democratic Party itself. But the Christian Action Party, even merged with the Statehood Republican Party, would be of little use to Puerto Rico. Besides endangering democracy on an island living under the American Constitution's principle of separation of church and state, the Church-sponsored party troubled the voter this year with the false issue of anti-Catholicism, diverting his attention from the real problems of his country. A democracy must have better service from its parties.

SO YOU'RE GOING TO PRISON! . . *by Chandler Davis*

The writer, who calls himself "a mathematician by profession and by avocation a citizen and a heretic," recently completed a six-month prison term for having refused to testify about his political beliefs and associations before the House Un-American Activities Committee. He pleaded the First Amendment. He has taught mathematics at the University of Michigan, Columbia University and elsewhere, and spent a year at the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, N.J. He is now associate editor of Mathematical Reviews, *a publication of the American Mathematical Society. He wrote the following at the request of* The Nation.

SO YOU'RE going to prison? Let me help plan your trip.

Whether you were busted for objecting to the draft, for demonstrating against nuclear arms, for sitting at a lunch counter, or (like me) for rejecting the authority of the Un-American Activities Committee — forget it. Or at least don't let it prey on your mind. While you're locked up, your main concern is to keep cool and pull your time.

Enter custody in a daze. If naturally alert and responsive, resolve not to be; respond slowly and obviously to every situation you haven't cased. (You'll get by; the path you tread has been trod by morons.) Expect no friendship, trust nobody, expect no justice, resolve not to be indignant. As an alumnus of a Hitlerite prison advised me, "Remember in part of your mind that this is not to be taken seriously." Good advice.

Later, of course, you'll find that you do have friends, that your life does have pleasures, and that you know some situations where you can anticipate fairness. But you can recognize them and enjoy them only with a prison-oriented personality, even though a green one; your normal personality must stand aside. "Man, I'm not at all like this on the street," a long-time convict told me, "you'd meet me and not know me." Another said, "The way to make this time is to *ride* with it." Become not only a somewhat new man, but a duller one.

The numb approach is a good way to bear acute discomfort and frustration, when they come. Nobody can keep his teeth clenched against them for six months. But in federal prison today they come seldom. You have good chances of never being hit the whole time; I wasn't. You will probably be better fed than a full half of the world's population, sleep on a less primitive bed, and have a shorter and less onerous working day. Prison is not one of the heroic or ecstatic forms of martyrdom.

The numb approach is also a good way to *avoid* the acuter discomforts and frustrations by keeping you out of trouble in a situation and among people who are stranger than you at first appreciate. Above all, the numb approach is a good way to endure the usual unpleasantnesses of prison, which are not at all exciting.

What are they?

FIRST of all, prison is pretty dreary. You are deprived of many satisfactions: You can't enjoy a normal sex life, or fresh strawberries, or a glass of wine, or a reefer, or a necktie, or curtains. In the prisons I was in, you can't *legally* enjoy a cup of coffee in the evening, or six eggs per week, or a swim, or jingling coins, or betting on the fights. *Et cetera.* Some of these you might choose to forego when free, but taking all of them away leaves a life bleak to almost anybody's senses. (If, of course, you should do some of your time in "the hole," the deprivation will for that period go even further.)

One class of deprivation will chafe worst, if you're at all like me: You are deprived of the chance to make choices and make plans. Most obviously, you are not free to travel, or to vote. But it isn't only that some major options are taken away; even the trivial ones aren't sufficient to keep your decision-making faculty limbered up. You'll start scheming almost at once to be put in situations with alternatives. Thus I, who don't like sweatshirts and surely don't need to reduce, cherished my sweatshirt when one came my way and even wore it occasionally. Why? Because a few hours each day I could choose whether to wear it or not. It was the same with every optional item of clothing, though none was worth prizing in itself (except the farmers' straw hats, which still seem nifty in retrospect). Incarceration nurtures existentialism.

Second, you get out of touch while locked up. For men who pull *real* time (say, two years and up) without many visits, there's a danger of losing what we might call their street personality. The numb personality takes over. Indeed, this is part of the prescription for long-timers: "Forget about the street and your five years'll go like *that*." But then — will it still be you who hit the street? I believe very many convicts, even short-termers, feel they are getting out of touch with themselves.

It is clear that many convicts objectively get out of touch with their free life. Their wives throw them over, or at least worry them ("Joe the Grinder has been in town," they get joshed, cruelly). Their friends drop out of sight, sometimes copping jointly owned cars. Their job hopes evaporate. These events are common and the suffering is not subtle.

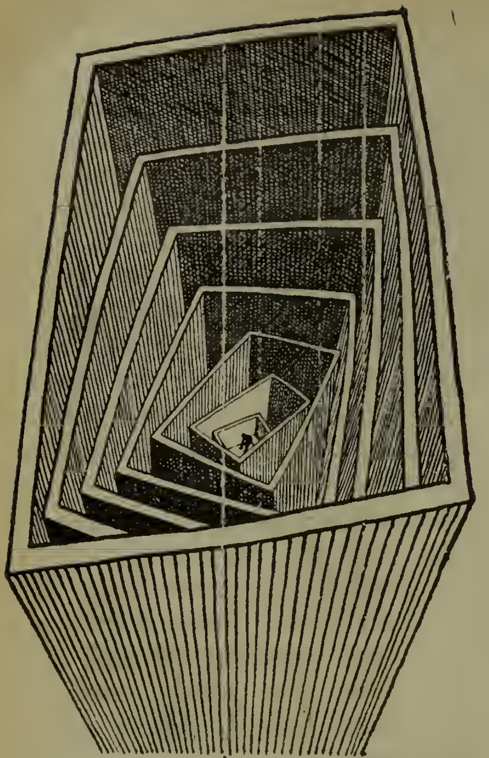
Another unpleasantness of incarceration is the custodial officers—hacks to you. There are all kinds; the overtly and deliberately cruel ones are not preponderant; in general, hacks are no worse than convicts at the core. But they suffer from an occupational disease. Those who have been on the job a good many years, hearing a non-committal "Yes sir" from inmates all that time, have long since given up any attempts they ever made to be sensitive to an inmate's attitudes.

"You know, Davis, we had hundreds of those conscientious objectors in here during the war."

"Yes sir."

"Those guys aren't sincere, they don't mean that about conscience."

"Oh, really?"



Lowell Naeve: from "The Phantasies of a Prisoner"

"Naw. Or those that are sincere are crazy."

"Oh, really?"

"Yeah, I mean they're always going on hunger strikes. Now what's the point of that? We just force-feed them."

"Yes sir."

This hack was neither venting spite against COs nor baiting me, he was just chatting. The occasion of the chat illustrates my point as well: he had found me in another inmate's cell; I had explained that the man (though not the authorities) had given me permission to be there because I had no quiet place of my own to study; I was manifestly studying; the hack, a kindly sort, did not discipline me—but did stay for over an hour of monologue.

This extreme indifference to convicts' attitudes has not congealed in the younger hacks, who also are better educated and have heard of "modern penology." A few, having had psychology in college, are resolved to have insight into their charges (even to the point of composing fanciful personality analyses of inmates they don't know). Don't take for granted that these younger hacks are easier to get along with. Whether due to the beginner's lack of confidence or not, they are more likely to surprise you with rigid insistence on a petty rule.

All hacks, young and old, are victims of the same lack of correctives from below. Inmate grievances rarely reach them and are more rarely taken seriously. And socializing with them is drastically inhibited by their great arbitrary power over you.

THE WORST annoyance of prison, I was told by a prison psychologist I met before I was locked up, would be having to live with the other prisoners. This I did not find.

I did time with Lloyd Barenblatt and Paul Rosenkrantz — friends of mine and like me First Amendment cases and academics — and with a few others whose offenses were in some sense political or conscientious. You may not be so fortunate. You will surely break bread with many a man you would not have expected to see across the table from you. "Let me tell you," bragged a grim-faced thug at lunch, "when they need somebody *really* tough to break a strike, they go to the ex-cons" — a spontaneous *esprit de corps*, in which he included us. From this you may visualize prisoners as a regiment of type-cast waterfront scabs with a place left in the ranks for you to fill, and you may worry. Actually it's not that bad.

Prisoners are astonishingly various. A hillbilly bootlegger is not the same as a Las Vegas gambler; a car thief is not the same as a stock manipulator. Even men convicted of the same offense are various. It seems that of the many disorders available to a civilized personality, fully as many will lead to federal prison as to a mental hospital.

In this hodge-podge, conformity can hardly be demanded. To some of the men you will look like quite an odd-ball, sure. Friendly wisecracking expresses it now and then:

[At the gym] "That's the way, Davis, you've developed the mind, now develop the body."

"Six months of *this*, for a principle? Brrr!"

"Send a carrier pigeon to Khrushchev to parachute us some machine guns, we're with you."

But while you look odd, they're mostly already resigned to pulling time in company with others fully as odd. They don't make a practice of beating the odd-ball into a form more familiar to them: because this the authorities punish with a week or so in the hole.

You'll have to beware, not of systematic bullying from fellow inmates, but of unpredictable outbursts. It is safer to be stigmatized as a Red or a professor, than it is to jostle a stranger in the chow line. Remember that no matter how irrational it would be for him to swing at you for jostling him, there are probably several men in the joint at any moment who are ready to commit just such an irrationality, and he may be one of them. If he swings at you, he'll take a trip to the hole, but so will you. Treat him a little warily.

In the same way, *you* will be treated a little warily by every wise con. It is said of the con-wise long-timer, "He is a gentleman. He may kill you, but he won't insult you." This is rhetorical; in fact he won't do either—except for that small but appreciable danger at any instant that he may, the next instant, become an unwise con.

ON THE whole, my friendships with the other inmates were the outstanding redeeming feature of my prison experience. There is lots of time for bull sessions. Locked into a bare hall —"day-room"—convicts pace up and down it in pairs, talking. Locked into separate cells, they converse in shouts. June evenings at Danbury, a conversation may last for twenty slow circuits of the compound (we figure five laps as a mile).

And the enemies of society are not a bad lot. You'll like them—some of them. Of course you'll find some so squalid morally that it's hard to offer them friendship, and others just persistent bores. But you expect these, and your prison patience equips you to put up with them.

What you might not expect if I didn't warn you is that many prisoners won't want to talk to you. Not frankly, at least.

Obvious cases: a fence whose business is kaput may prefer not to discuss the next business he intends setting up; a dope peddler may suppress, in his account of his case, the fact that he informed on his partners. Prisoners can conceal things like this—or anything else. Isolated from clothes, home and other identifying marks, they may prefer to fake a past. "My uncle offered me a place in his architectural firm to learn the business — that's how much he thought of me. Offered me a house in the suburbs and $10,000." If their crime was an inglorious one (e.g., stealing government pension checks), they may make up a more adventurous offense or just duck the subject. Their emotional lives may be the subject of maudlin fantasy, the imaginary wife-and-family-waiting being the most popular, rather than the imaginary broad-I-shacked-up-with-down-in-Pittsburgh. Now it is hard to get to know a man who is systematically lying to you; and as for the untrammeled liars, there is in some sense nothing there to know.

Of those prisoners who do talk frankly, most prefer small talk. They don't feel like forming friendships in the temporary and unpleasant prison community. Indeed it's bad form to act earnest about conversations or anything else within the walls; it may incur that most scornful prison comment, "He's found a home."

All in all, however fascinating it is to gab with the inmates, I must add this final item to my list of prison frustrations: Too much of your social life is trivial.

FOR ALL these reasons, incarceration is a way of life you won't relish.

But don't bother griping. The prison authorities, when they reflect on their purpose at all, quite likely consider that you are *supposed* to be unhappy—unless they are of the "modern" school, in which case quite likely their hands are already full offsetting the old-fashioned school. Each philosophy must allow that prison exists to do *something* for or to the convicts, but (I suppose because they seem to negate each other) neither philosophy is implemented in any consistent way. The philosophical void is filled by expediency. The prisons' dominant policy is to muddle through.

Examples:

Whether or not it is good for prisoners to be confined, or good for some and not for others, penologists may debate. But it was not their debates that got me the precious privilege of a month working on the prison farm, outside the walls. That was dictated by the needs of the farm. If I had had a crippled leg, or if I had had some skill the authorities needed inside the walls, like TV repair (teaching? But political prisoners just are not assigned to education), I would have taken no step outside for the greater part of my sentence.

Whether or not it is good for a man to be locked up alone all day may also be debatable. The hole *is* usually a deliberate punishment (even as such, though, you'd think they'd consider the great variation between men in how they react; and you'd think they'd strengthen the hole's deterrent value by publishing the offenses instead of leaving it to rumor). But you may also be locked up just because there's nothing else convenient to do with you. In my case—not at all extraordinary—the prison bus to transfer a group of us to our assigned institution wasn't ready to go for two weeks, which we spent closely confined indeed.

Thus concentrated doses of what the judge prescribed are administered without prescription.

Similarly with lack of responsibility. A few prisoners have plenty of responsibility, more than enough to please them. Not because it has been judged that this is what they need to fit them for a normal life, nor for any other penological reason; but because they're suitable and available to take responsibility for some prison department where the employee in charge feels overburdened.

Most glaring is the inconsistency in cutting off the inmate from the street. Some inmates get regular visits from relatives, while others who need just as badly this restorative to their street personalities, and who have families they are longing to see, can't. This is most often because the families just can't afford a trip of a hundred miles, or a thousand, or whatever. Why (suggested one veteran of four years) couldn't the government pay transportation expenses for some minimum number of visits to each inmate? Or if in its wisdom the Bureau of Prisons sees visits as unsalutary, why doesn't it forbid them to all inmates?

Again, the Bureau encourages inmates to have their wives or brothers line up post-release jobs for them and may even make parole contingent on having such a job. But then, since an inmate may not have any close relative willing or efficient enough, why doesn't the Bureau allow the inmate himself to write letters to prospective employers? It is especially the rootless young occasional thief who suffers from this proscription, and he is exactly the criminal whose future conduct would depend most, I'd think, on starting a regular job soon after release.

In prison, why not give skilled jobs like garage mechanic and steam-shovel operator, not to those who need the least instruction, but to those needing it most? Loyal noises are uttered about vocational training, but that's about all. The selection of men for a job is pretty haphazard.

I CAN'T restrain myself from mentioning the most miserable sham of all. It's the one event most directly aimed at influencing the convict's behavior after release: the Pre-Release Lecture.

The topics are the inevitable ones: readjusting to family and job, avoiding alcoholism, etc. But lectures! And lectures to audiences altogether mixed as to age, social class and offense! Whatever the lecturer said, it would be inapplicable to most of his listeners. Inevitably the lectures are dull. The universal recognition that the Pre-Release Lecture is *pro forma* only, is expressed most clearly by the way my alma mater selected those who were to hear it. By length of time remaining to serve? No. By fraction of sentence remaining to serve? By seriousness of expected readjustment difficulties? None of these—but by cell assignment. Thus most men were released having heard none, others a dozen or more.

But the time counts. Even the dullest hour is an hour, and after enough of them you're through.

What you've accomplished while *in* prison will be close to nothing. Still, you may have accomplished something just by going, if your offense was well chosen.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Science and Eternity

CHRISTIANITY AND THE SCIENTIST. By Ian G. Barbour. Association Press. 126 pp. $2.50.
SCIENCE PONDERS RELIGION. Edited by Harlow Shapley. Appleton-Century-Crofts. 320 pp. $5.

Carl Dreher

THE AUTHOR of the first of these volumes is chairman of the department of religion and associate professor of physics at Carleton College; hence he is a kind of liaison officer between the two camps. It was at Carleton that Thorstein Veblen received his early education. According to James Dorfman, in Veblen's day a Carleton instructor was deemed capable of teaching any subject as long as the "light of a godly example" was manifested in his life and work; one reverend gentleman, whose "consuming passion was to attain to Jesus Christ," did so by teaching chemistry, physics, mineralogy, philosophy and Biblical literature. In the perilous days of nuclear energy and intercontinental rockets, that quaint pietism is supplanted by a sophisticated approach to the question of science and religion which merits the attention of a wide range of readers.

Dr. Barbour's position is that of Reformed theology and liberal Protestantism. He stipulates at the outset that there are no Christian laws of science and that when the church tries to dictate specific conclusions to scientists it misapprehends its function. The calling of the scientist, as of every man, is to serve human need, seek truth, work for a better society and worship God. Except for the last, this creed is identical with that of the non-theistic progressive or humanist; thus progressive scientists, although they may not subscribe to denominational religion, can accompany Barbour in all amity. To add to the warmth of fellowship, liberal Protestantism acknowledges a debt to science, without which it could scarcely have reached its present position of influence among the Christian sects. "Theology, like science, grows and changes; it must not isolate itself from the new understanding of the world and of man."

Barbour, none the less, adheres to the Christian epic and quotes Richard Niebuhr's definition of revelation — "an intelligible event which makes all other events intelligible"; for him, the source of this clarification is Jesus Christ. One need not be a Christian to appreciate the Judeo-Christian virtues, any more than one needs to be a Marxist to appreciate the validity of Marx's insights. Among these virtues, in the present context, is an emphasis on ethical response to the total situation, which includes God, man and the scientific mission. So defined, the Christian social attitude is in opposition to that of non-theistic scientists like P. W. Bridgman, the Harvard Nobel laureate, who brusquely disavows responsibility for the social results of his work and regards as misguided the activities of even such a middle-of-the-road organization as the Federation of American Scientists. "If anybody should feel guilty," says Bridgman, "it's God, who put the facts there." Eugene Rabinowitch counters: "Does he [Bridgman] expect to find satisfaction, as he contemplates the radioactive ruins of Harvard Yard, in the thought that he, at least, has resisted all attempts to saddle him with a responsibility that was not his?" I suppose Rabinowitch reached his position by some other route than Barbour's, but they ended not far apart.

DR. BARBOUR is also a contributor to *Science Ponders Religion*, which in eighteen essays achieves a remarkably high density of ideas per page and includes some brilliant and original observations on the psychology of religion and of science, revised eschatology, comparative anthropology, nuclear-age ethics and related topics. The importance and ideological fertility of the subject, the eminence of the contributors, and the seasoned integrative powers of Dr. Shapley, all contribute to this success. Also contributing is the fact that, with one exception, these writers are among two hundred "explorers and analysts" who have met for a number of summers on Star Island off the coast of New Hampshire to "study man's place in space, time, and biological evolution; his meaning to the world and the world's meaning to him." They have thus achieved a certain unity amid the diversity of their thinking.

The general orientation of *Science Ponders Religion* is toward reconciliation of science and religion, the latter being construed as the totality of those organs and institutions which operate in what Paul Tillich calls the "areas of ultimate concern." Ralph W. Burhoe ("Salvation in the Twentieth Century") suggests that religion is to human culture what the neuroendocrine motivational centers are to the human body. Religion thus has the most difficult task of cultural and individual integration, and it is not surprising that it is the most susceptible to amorphous, inflated, unverifiable concepts, nor that it has often been at odds with scientific thought. Nor is it surprising that the dominant neuroses and obsessions of each era cluster around religious nuclei. Henry A. Murray ("Two Versions of Man") points out that the Hebraic-Christian story of creation (it seems to me that, symbolism or no, some of these writers deal with the persistence of this sort of nonsense much too gently) gives every evidence of pathological prejudice against women and sexuality. In place of the Christian father-son paradigm (with the mother-daughter relationship shoved aside) Murray proposes, as the third in a series of ten revisionist theses, the recognition of the primacy of erotic love. All of which does credit to his humanity and enlightenment, but some of his other formulations would seem to have a better chance.

Another constructive, but I fear improbable, proposal is for a religion in which, in effect, God is evolution, both cosmic and biological. One of the functions of every religion is to reconcile man to his transitory stay on earth, usually by promising that, despite all appearances, he will survive as an individual in some form and place. A correlated solace is that, since all experience teaches that virtue is its own reward and is in no wise related to the security, power and gratification which fall to a human being's lot, justice shall prevail in the hereafter. Unhappily, as Veblen pointed out in the chapter on "Salesmanship and the Churches" in *Absentee Ownership and Business Enterprise*, these guarantees are quite without substantiation; consequently all cultures — Moslem, Hindu, Buddhist, Confucian, as well as Christian — suffer from an erosion of faith as scientific attitudes develop.

In the cosmic religion, man is urged to reconcile himself to somatic death as "a necessary element in the development of any genotype" — a link in the evolutionary chain. The body, in an infinite series of individual life-experi-

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CARL DREHER writes frequently for The Nation *on scientific matters.*

ments, makes its small, transitory, but essential contribution — both genetic and cultural — to the future of the race. To identify oneself with the process which subsumes the solitary life-experiments under the great evolutionary experiment is certainly a noble aspiration, but the chances are that a religion so framed will not take hold. Not now, at any rate. The strength of the traditional religions has resided precisely in the comforting rituals and illusions they have fostered. Edwin C. Kemble ("Faith and the Teaching of Science") makes the point: "To those who envisage religion as the life of God in the soul of man, to those whose lives have experienced an added dimension through prayer, a purely humanistic religion is no religion at all."

SCIENTISTS and scholars cannot have a religion of their own, other than that implied in their dedication to their tasks. Nor, in general, will the orthodox religions appeal to their habits of thought. I suspect that on the part of many scientists the return to God, insofar as it exists at all, is largely a matter of convention, convenience and child-rearing. Nor do I agree with those contributors to *Science Ponders Religion* who feel that a modern, evolutionary religion might have wide appeal because of its scientific sanctions. The witty and experienced R. W. Gerard ("Comments on Religion in an Age of Science") disposes of this handily: "I do not think the great bulk of the people will accept the austerity of a rational religion any more than they will accept the austerity of science. This is not the age of science . . . it is the age of scientific techniques, of scientific results, but not of scientific attitudes."

I think, also, that somewhat more caution is called for in religious commitment on the part of scientists than these contributors show. Every position has its consequences and, just as the agnostic must take some responsibility for agnosticism in its various shades and even for atheism, enlightened believers cannot wash their hands of the fundamentalists and authoritarians who preach the gospel according to their lights. We have seen in the past the fearful potentialities implicit in a concept of righteousness supported by a deity whom men are free to create in the image of their own malevolence. The modernist God competes, for the most part at a disadvantage, with a God whose vicars, had they the power, would not hesitate to repeat the oppressions recounted in Andrew Dickson White's monumental history of the *Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom.* The Scopes trial, after all, took place only thirty-five years ago. Still another caution signal is the continuing use of religion for political purposes. While Senator Joe McCarthy was conducting his inquisitions, Senator Stuart Symington's unctuous question to every hapless witness was: "Do you believe in God?" And in a case now before the United States Supreme Court, the State of Maryland is defending its right to bar from public office anyone who does not so believe.

Nor is it an accident that some of the chief fomenters of World War III are ecclesiastics. Pascal said: "Men never do evil so completely and cheerfully as when they do it from religious conviction." But it is also striking that Kemble who, with Barbour, is perhaps the only irrevocably committed Christian among these writers, is also the only one who comes to the crux of the matter. Trying to give humanistic, materialist, naturalistic, evolutionary religions their due, Kemble concedes that the churches of such religions would be uninhibited and "could make most effective war on the lies and half-truths that so often becloud the American political atmosphere." In this area the adherents of the emerging science-oriented churches, and men of good will with minds of their own in the orthodox churches, and agnostics and freethinkers as well, can find common ground. Whether we regard God as the impersonal guide of the evolutionary process or a Someone with whom we can communicate in prayer, if He exists and if the human race is as important to Him as the devout believe, surely He cannot regard its possible extermination with indifference. Nor can we, as members of the human continuum, so regard it. There is, then, a most urgent and desperate need for an alliance of the undogmatic clergy and their flocks, and scientists and other intellectuals, against war-serving science and religion, which in their present united front constitute the most malignant form of atheism.

Prima Donna of the Cold War

GERMANY DIVIDED: The Legacy of the Nazi Era. By Terence Prittie. Little, Brown & Co. 381 pp. $5.75.

Heinz Pol

THE BERLIN question and the future of the two separate German states once again occupy a dominant role in world politics. Soon there may be another Summit or near-Summit conference on the subject. In truth, we seem to be stuck with Germany as a political prima donna as long as the cold war rages. Therefore, almost any book about Germany, no matter what it deals with, is by definition timely.

Terence Prittie, who has lived in Germany during the major part of the postwar years and who has acquired first-hand knowledge of both the West German Federal Republic and the East German Democratic Republic, is a British newspaper man of distinction. For a long time he headed the German bureau of the *Manchester Guardian.*

Here he gives an informed and in many respects brilliant picture of a country which has undergone more changes than any other in our time. In less than two generations the Germans have been regarded both as archenemies and misunderstood infant prodigies. They were anathematized as criminal barbarians, only to turn almost overnight into the admired creators of a Volkswagen culture destined to conquer the world, peacefully and lucratively.

Prittie's position on this history is a curious one. His abundant material on various aspects of life in contemporary Germany, West and East, weighs heavily as negative evidence. If he had just given the facts as he has seen and heard them, his presentation would be an indictment of a flimsy democracy, behind whose façade all the old evils of German nationalism and fanaticism are impatiently waiting for the "Hour." However, Prittie's comments and conclusions often differ from his observations. The good and hopeful things, though less frequently encountered, seem to him far more important. So much is this so that some chapters, otherwise full of gloomy forebodings, end abruptly on a note of almost irrational optimism. It is as if he were saying: One cannot trust the Germans because they do not change; however, there are some decent Germans, and therefore German democracy will blossom.

His most significant conclusion is that the rearmament of the Federal Republic is a good thing because it strengthens the moral and material power of the Western Allies. To be sure, Prittie has seen enough to hesitate vaguely and to offer some counter-evidence on the wis-

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HEINZ POL is the U.S. correspondent of the Frankfurter Rundschau, *a leading liberal daily of West Germany.*

dom of rearming Germany. But in the end he welcomes it. And anyone even slightly familiar with the recent history of Germany, and with the attitude of the Western Allies toward their former enemy, can understand why Terence Prittie (together with many other writers in the United States, England and France) has grown really schizophrenic about the subject; why he ends his observations on Germany with twisted exclamations and question marks.

FOR no one who fails to recognize that the cardinal sin committed by the restorers of Germany was remilitarization can understand what has happened. The mass of Germans became confused, and remain confused, by the sudden switch from the disgrace of being called war criminals to the honor of being received as the most cherished of allies. And many of them have become more cynical about the moral values of Western democracy than Terence Prittie cares or dares to say.

If one condemns German militarism as a principal source of two world wars within two generations, how then should an open-minded and willing-to-learn young German understand why Washington is so eager to put the German general Heusinger (who quite faithfully served Hitler) at the head of the military organization of NATO? Can a nation that for generations has adored its own military might change overnight into a people that accepts seriously the new role assigned to it—to be a faithful member of a community of nations?

"The Germans," Terence Prittie remarks rather ponderously, "are notoriously slow to change their views." And nowhere in his book is there evidence of a change of mind that is more than skin-deep. Prittie belongs to that bizarre school of thinkers which maintains that a rearmed Germany can never again dominate Europe or the world. But isn't it a fact that Germany's remilitarization — with the approval, with even the prompting, of Washington — has gone much further than was originally stipulated? Only recently, the new German fleet was allowed to build warships double the size at first allotted to her. The German Army already uses certain types of nuclear weapons and the numerical strength of the German Army gives her first rank within the framework of NATO, especially since France has diverted many of her divisions to Algiers. The speed with which the present Minister of Defense, Strauss, pursues the build-up and expansion of a new streamlined *Bundeswehr* enhances its leading role from day to day. Few military experts in Washington, London, Paris, or Bonn now doubt that within a few years NATO will be completely dominated by German military planning and acting.

Is this course of events dangerous? Prittie, whose political and ideological views are close to certain British liberal conservatives (he praises Macmillan's German policy and blames the Labour Party for all possible mistakes in this regard) quite unashamedly considers the possibility that the new German Army may become the most valuable ally in any future crusade against the USSR and communism. How else can one interpret the following passage?

> A new German army, backed by the Western powers, could, with time, become an immensely greater danger to Russia than Hitler's horde. For one reason, the combination of American technical genius and German basic fighting ability is the only one which the Soviet Union has cause to fear. For another, this combination would bring the creed of democratic freedom in its train. . . . One German ex-officer once told me how two Russians whom he took prisoner in the Ukraine remained with him as camp-followers and servants. Both of them were ready to fight for him against their own countrymen. One of them saved his life. "All they required," he told me, "was decent, just treatment. If Hitler's policy, too, had been based on this, nothing could have stopped Nazi Germany from liquidating the Soviet Union and destroying Communism." I believe him.

The idea seems to be that next time the German Occupation Army, closely allied with forces from the United States and probably Great Britain, will convert every Red into a genuine Bonn Democrat. If one has illusions like that, it is quite impossible to gain a clear picture of present-day Germany, and even less of her future.

Nowhere does Prittie touch on the one really crucial question of Germany's rearmament: Since Eastern Germany, as Prittie vividly describes, has rearmed at least as much as the Western part, how does he visualize an armed conflict in which two German armies are supposed or ordered to annihilate each other? How do the Germans themselves visualize it? Is not the uncertainty about the final attitude a factor which may be decisive in any real conflict between East and West? In fact, the problem remains less a divided Germany than the future of two rearmed Germanys.

It would be unfair to overlook the fact that in other areas Prittie reveals a more discerning mind. He remains rather skeptical when he examines the underlying causes of Germany's miraculous recovery and the people behind it. But the discouraging truth about this exhaustive study is that the author's factual observations do not jibe with his wishful judgment. Prittie, in spite of fears and reservations, is hopeful that Germany will go along the path the Allies have pointed out for her. His own evidence, accumulated over the years, makes the reader doubtful.

'Mobile Magic'

EDWIN FORREST: First Star of the American Stage. By Richard Moody. Alfred A. Knopf. 416 pp. $6.95.

Mina Curtiss

DEAD actors and actresses surely are deader, more difficult to bring to life in a biography, than other public personages. The spell they exert in their prime evaporates with the years, and even while they still live in retirement, few of their admirers can effectively evoke their stage presence, their personalities as actors. Sothern and Marlowe as Romeo and Juliet; Walter Hampden in *The Servant in the House*; Forbes-Robertson in *Hamlet* and *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*; Eleanor Robson in *Merely Mary Ann*; Maude Adams in *Peter Pan* — what words could I use to catch the interest, to kindle the imagination of today's generation about these heroes and heroines of my youth? And how much more difficult it is to see, on stage, great artists, long dead. What specifically was the impact of Rachel in *Phèdre*, Bernhardt as "La Tosca" or "La princesse lointaine"? Their charm, their temperament, the idiosyncracies of their private lives come down to us well enough. But what voice, what gestures, what techniques brought them supremacy and world-wide fame? Edwin Forrest, on the other hand, long forgotten, and of no previous interest to me, I can picture almost as vividly as though I had seen him in the flesh.

In his biography, *Edwin Forrest: First Star of the American Stage*, Richard Moody has accomplished an extraordinary feat. Not only does he project Forrest, whose "mobile magic" made him the most popular actor in America for almost fifty years until his death in

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MINA CURTISS is the author of Bizet and His World *(Knopf). She is now working on a life of Edouard Manet.*

lore, he also brings to life the man, the passionate patriot who first encouraged American playwrights but who also had a passion for making money; the egoist, the tyrant in private life among whose favorite roles were Metamora, an Indian chief fighting for freedom, and the gladiator, Spartacus. Mr. Moody's account of Forrest's fantastic divorce case which was in the courts for years should be of as much interest to lawyers as to gossip-column enthusiasts. Yet never, in spite of his detailed account of Forrest both as man and as actor, does the author forget the importance of the background against which Forrest played. His account of conditions in the American theatre throughout the growing continent during the first half of the nineteenth century is as illuminating as it is discerning.

Edwin Forrest: First Star of the American Stage is an outstanding example of American scholarship at its best. Basing his biography on the most exhaustive research, using documentary evidence throughout, Mr. Moody is never academic, never forgets his reader. There is only one flaw in this book. The style, while always workmanlike and adequate, is never distinguished. The occasional use of modern slang or popular speech wrenches the reader back into the present. But this is a very minor fault in a book that explores and makes concrete the most evanescent of magics.

RECORDS

Lester Trimble

CONSIDERING the difficulties with which American musicians are faced on most fronts, it is encouraging to see that our young pianists are finally getting the attention they deserve. It is coming to them for some of the wrong reasons, and their acceptance or rejection by the public and by management still hinges too much on the winning of contests. An ugly element of feverish competition has thus been injected into our cultural life, where competition does not belong. It has already had a deforming effect on the personalities of some of our young musicians and, in the long run, can do serious damage. But unless something drastically changes the music business in the United States, this situation is not likely to change. Managements, since Van Cliburn's contest-success in Moscow, see even more clearly the wisdom of having somebody else discover talent, stamp it with official approval and publicize it. As long as the method pays, they will use it.

At the same time, there is much good in the picture. American pianists have become important to the public. When Cliburn plays at Carnegie Hall, for instance, traffic is blocked for a half-mile in every direction. Indeed, it sometimes seems to me that audiences have gone gaga for the piano. But if this attitude spreads to other musical areas, we will be in a most fruitful period.

I HAVE recently received recordings by three young American pianists, Van Cliburn, Gary Graffman, Malcolm Frager; and two by the young Canadian, Glenn Gould. Though records tend to standardize playing into an illusory, surface perfection, it is still possible to make some interesting observations about these musicians. They are all, to begin with, first rate: professional to an ultimate degree, sensitive, aware and intelligent. Since Cliburn's performance of the Schumann A Minor Concerto, with Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony, is one of the best of the lot, I shall begin on that happy note.

Cliburn seems to be undergoing the musical maturation so many people feared he would not experience. Until now, I have not been one of his enthusiasts. His performances of the Rachmaninoff Third and the Tchaikovsky concertos, while technically perfect and even occasionally brilliant, seemed rather neutral in expressive tone. But this Schumann performance is something else. It has weight and substance such as I have not heard before in his playing, and these bespeak an involvement of emotions and human experience as well as of mind, fingers and nerves. (RCA Victor LM-2455.)

Gary Graffman's performance of the Beethoven Concerto No. 3, though not as glowing as Cliburn's, is the work of a solid, well-founded musician. It is sober, as befits the music, and devotes itself largely to stable, inner values. In the slow movement (a test for any pianist), and in the third, Graffman does not always project as dynamically as he might. After a poetic beginning, a certain loss of interpretive conviction sets in, coming and going from passage to passage. The third movement is a little stolid. Here, a bit of daring is required, and until the end of the movement, Graffman chooses a careful path. Nevertheless, this is a satisfying performance, and one that should stand the test of time. Walter Hendl accompanies with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. (RCA Victor LM-2396.)

Malcolm Frager, 1960 winner of the Queen Elizabeth of Belgium Prize, has been presented by RCA Victor in his

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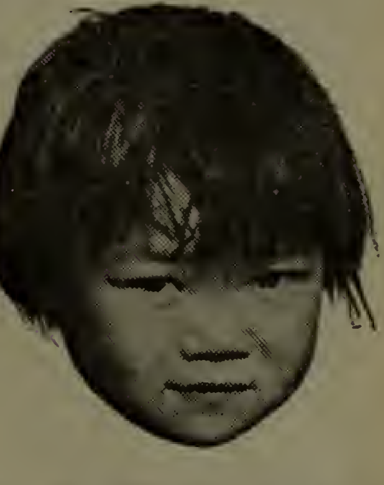

Jong Sook lives with her grandmother in a tent. The grandmother peddles soup. She earns enough for one meal a day for herself and Jong Sook. Jong Sook dreams of school but her grandmother cannot afford the small school fees.

Jong Sook's parents fled to South Korea in 1950 seeking freedom from Communist rule in the North. They lived as refugees. After the cease fire, her father worked as a fisherman. In 1957 he was lost at sea. One month later her mother died in childbirth. A child like Jong Sook needs your friendship!

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first recording, of the Prokofieff Concerto No. 2 and the Haydn Sonata No. 35 in E-flat. His performance of the Prokofieff is very attractive: intelligent, jaunty and smoothly brilliant. Here and there, after several hearings, a slight lack of ripening becomes noticeable in Frager's interpretation, an edge of frailness where muscularity is required. He produces a handsome tone, however; the slenderness is in conception, not physical force. At the same time, Frager's style of playing brings a kind of fetching lyricism to certain melodic passages, and the enthusiasm of his fingers in the second movement is charming.

In the Haydn Sonata, however, the young pianist appears to poor advantage: he is playing the piano, not the music. There is really no interpretation or insight at all, so that a perfectly good classical sonata emerges as a slightly inane finger exercise. It might save embarrassment if someone would rule that no pianist may play Haydn until he is ten or fifteen years away from his studies. (RCA Victor LM-2465.)

GLENN GOULD remains the most arresting figure among the younger pianists. If his personal eccentricities sometimes carry over into his playing, he nevertheless generates more musical excitement than most of his colleagues. His performance of the Beethoven First Piano Concerto with Vladimir Golschmann conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra is a case in point. The first movement is tensile, convinced and full of vigor, with contrapuntal passages played in a lithe, revelatory manner. The second movement sings, despite Gould's rather brittle tone. The third, however, is hurried. Losing control of himself, Gould occasionally passes over into mere silliness and thumping. Nevertheless, the performance is so consistently dynamic that you can excuse its few excesses, and the wrong-headed cadenzas Gould composed for the first and last movements.

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In the Bach Concerto No. 5, on the same disk, Gould revels in pleasure. Leaping into the midst of melodies and countermelodies, he articulates every phrase with such zest and conviction that the piece all but lights up in neon (Columbia ML-5298).

On another Columbia issue, Gould recorded the Bach "Italian" Concerto and the Partitas No. 1 in B-flat Major and No. 2 in C Minor. Here again, the performances are so imbued with conviction that a few oddities have to be accepted as a part of the picture. In the second movement of the concerto, for instance, a recurrent motif is played with a tone so dry that it hardly sounds as if it came from a piano. At first, this strikes the ear as outlandish. But when Gould's over-all interpretive plan reveals itself, it ceases to bother. This illustrates one of the young Canadian's strongest assets. By the sheer force of personality, he can convince the listener of the correctness of some very odd ideas. (He sings as he plays, by the way. His voice can be heard occasionally on these recordings.) (Columbia ML-5472.)

ART

Fairfield Porter

THE FIRST major retrospective exhibition of the work of Whistler to be held anywhere since 1905 is on view at Knoedler's. It was organized by the Arts Council of Great Britain and the English-Speaking Union of the United States. It shows the true range of his work in all mediums, including the huge portrait of Carlyle; opalescent seascapes; an early use of drip in *Arrangement in Yellow and Grey: Effie Deans*, from Amsterdam; Japanese-influenced decorations, and the famous Nocturne that caused the law suit against Ruskin.

Whistler was born in Massachusetts in 1834, and educated from the age of eight to fifteen at St. Petersburg, where his father was an engineer in charge of the construction of the Petersburg-Moscow railroad. After 1855, he never returned to his native country. Though Courbet praised his early work, he repudiated realism. He thought art should stand alone, and appeal to the aesthetic sense "without confounding this with emotions entirely foreign to it." His expatriate status and individualism are partly accountable to the American prejudice against art, as decadent, like the similar prejudice against bathing which, until the Madison administration, was considered one of the causes of the fall of Rome. The English of that time thought of painting as an art of second-class countries whose cultures had succumbed to British domination over international trade. In England, Whistler's work also countered the current of Ruskin's identification of aesthetics with morality. The only place for him was in the *avant-garde*, in which he served as a link between London and Paris. Monet introduced him to Mallarmé, and an intimate friendship developed between them.

Like Mallarmé's swan, he is commited to the ivory tower, "immobilized in useless exile in the cold dream of disdain." But as the swan could not shake off "the horror of the soil in which his plumage was caught," so Whistler remained caught in his Americanism. His painting can seem as feathery as James's writing seemed to Whitman. Along with its large, simple arrangement, there is a thinness of substance and texture in the portrait of Carlyle, as if painting expressed not the wall, but the canvas. Whistler's favorite word, arrangement, describes an external quality of form. He could not shake off the American prejudice against art as slight and peripheral. Defiantly, almost petulantly, he accepted this idea. He chose art against engineering, for which he had talent, and slight or not, art was what he gave his loyalty to.

The art he asserted had the grace of integrity because it left out everything foreign to it and against it. It left out emotion and morality: its integrity made it shallow. His paintings are beautifully constructed boxes in which a few jewels rattle around. Eakins thought Whistler's way of painting cowardly. But Eakins gave up praise for the illusion that what is true is beautiful; and it is doubtful who was braver. Whistler let no idea come between him and his skill.

GRACE as the essence of artistic form shows in another way in two exhibitions of Berthe Morisot: one, of her paintings, at Wildenstein's, for the benefit of the National Organization for Mentally Ill Children; the other, of pastels, water colors and drawings, at the Slatkin Gallery. Berthe Morisot was born in 1841, and she too was a friend of Mallarmé. Her paintings are even more feathery than Whistler's, but her grace came from inside. There was no conflict between reality and ideality in the French bourgeois society of which she was a part. Morisot's range was narrow, but her views of art and the meaning of life do not conflict. She needed neither to arrange nor to organize. The singleness of her sensibility was selective, and saw what it saw as pleasurable, rather than good, right, aesthetic, or the reverse of these. Morisot's art celebrates. Her women and children and occasional men melt into the foliage, and her color became more and more a cool bluish-green and white. The stroke is crisp without sharpness, creating a tactile continuum like petals falling from overblown peonies. She loves, but in proportion, and she is perceptive without malice. She has the inner grace natural to someone gracefully brought up. Her world is like the world of Buddha's childhood, but it extends outside the palace garden, where a relatively successful society blurs the difference between work and play.

THERE ARE a number of portraits and one landscape by Lovis Corinth at the Frumkin Gallery. The landscape is like both Courbet and Soutine. Corinth was born in East Prussia in 1858, the year Whistler met Courbet, and saw his first Japanese prints. Corinth was one of the fathers of German Expressionism. The German Expressionists valued French Impressionism for its unprecedentedness and revolutionary glamour. As Prussian militarism rated the world outside Germany as organically real and very strong, calling for an immense native effort, so Corinth's military grace forcefully expresses the impact of the outside world. Corinth's portraits are usually larger and more sparkling than life, and they burst eccentrically from the bounds of the canvas. The art of the Expressionists of the Weimar Republic, retaining the largeness and oddness of Expressionism, had, like German militarism after 1919, lost an inner conviction. But Corinth's art kept this conviction, and his sense of the intense psychological reality of the subject even increased. This exhibition represents him at his best.

It is a mistake to think of Expressionism as expressing the artist. Rather, it expresses an overestimation of objective reality. Corinth is like someone who gathers together all his strength to cope with a situation calling for heroism. But the other Expressionists used heroism where it was not called for, and their eccentricity was an overcompensation for inner doubt.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THOUGH Tennessee Williams' comedy *Period of Adjustment* (Helen Hayes Theatre) is the lightest and slightest of his plays, it is the only one that ever puzzled me. It is, if you like, unpretentiously entertaining—it offers a fair number of laughs—but if you get down to reviewing its story you are in for a surprise. Not that there is very little there, but that what is there is hardly funny at all. In fact what one finds is something disturbingly ambiguous, not quite "straight."

There are two couples. Ralph Bates, a simple fellow, marries his boss's daughter hoping to become heir to a good business. The girl is plain and though Ralph finds he can respect her, he is not at all in love with her. When Bates one day resigns his job out of disgust with its dreariness and his father-in-law's pettiness, his wife walks out on him.

At this juncture in comes Isabel Haverstick, newly married wife of Bates's old war buddy (they were both heroes), who is all jittery because on the previous wedding night she was frightened into frigidity by her husband's uncouth behavior. Now it seems that George Haverstick has dumped her in Bates's suburban house and driven off, never to return. Bates is a kindly, understanding sort of guy and he tells the "abandoned" wife that her little trouble with George simply marks a "period of adjustment." Shortly thereafter, George shows up, bearing a bottle of champagne.

What emerges from the various explanations is that George is seriously neurotic. (He met his wife in a hospital where she was a nurse and he a patient being treated for periodic attacks of the "shakes.") We learn from Ralph that George, while boastful of his sexual prowess, is actually terrified of sexual contact because he is at once overexcited, overanxious and finally almost totally inactive. His wife might have behaved more helpfully, but she is a slightly goofy girl who has been pampered by an oversolicitous father.

Bates's wife returns to him, realizing she loves her husband ardently, though before her marriage everyone considered her abnormally "cold." He, on the other hand, after having confessed that he has never been in love with her, is prepared once more to go to bed with her in peace and pleasure. He declares his intention, moreover, to form a partnership with his buddy George on a ranch in Texas where they will settle down to raise long-horned cattle to be used in Western television shows! George, having been "psychoanalyzed" by his friend, may now go to bed with his own sweet wife in some hope of conjugal bliss.

These characters seem to be related to nothing but their immediate sex problems. They all seem to be persons of subnormal intelligence—which I presume is supposed to indicate that they are nice average Americans. In effect, what we are being told in a semi-jocular manner—the play is brightly written with

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that fluent command of the American idiom which is one of Williams' happiest assets—is that a great many American males are castrated by conformity, while others are sex-crazy to the point of ineffectuality, or sex-crazy because they are ineffectual. The females of the species, to complete the diagnosis, are near-idiots because they are victims of either callous or overfond fathers.

Are we really like that? I am not prepared to argue the point either way. But the tone of Williams' play leaves me in some doubt as to his attitude toward his people and toward his implied thesis. If the play is a piece of sexual-social satire on the average American citizen, it is hardly very funny. Or are we to toss the whole matter off as a sort of superior sex joke? May it not be that Williams is kidding, saying to himself: "I will write a jolly little play—instead of a sadistic masochistic one, which always seems to shock the squeamish—a comedy in which I will show what jerks most of you in the audience are, and you will all lick your chops over it while you patronize the characters (who are really yourselves) for their darling obtuseness. At the same time you will all be grateful to me for having at last produced a fun show without complications."

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December Night

The world is rising into hanging snow
As I stand in the park. The winter sky
Unfolds upon us; one more evening dies
And fades to twilight, drifting in its flow.
Now in downy darkness one will know
How soundlessly the muffled woodlands rise;
Branches disappear in a white sigh;
The silence falls that is the hush of snow.

O soft annihilation: if it clears
The night will shine too terribly, too far
And leave me standing in my midnight fear
With thoughts of movement where Orion towers
As if some early ignorance drew near
Before its shrunken time was bent by stars.

DAVID ROSS

The recurrent symbol of the play is the house in which the play takes place—a house built over a hollow into which the inhabitants know they may eventually sink. Does this signify that they—or we—are living with "no foundation all the way down the line," the hollow being the emptiness of our lives and the abyss in which we are likely to perish?

The play is well cast and directed in so hectic a tempo that its ambiguity remains unremedied without being immediately noticeable. Barbara Baxley as Mrs. Haverstick in a comedy character fashion and Rosemary Murphy as Mrs. Bates in a vein of delicate pathos are very good, while James Daly and Robert Webber are more than competent.

PERHAPS *The Moon Is Blue* is, after all, one of the classics of our theatre: so many people seem bent on duplicating its success. That was a play in which—if I remember correctly—the suspense element hung on the question of how long Barbara Bel Geddes intended to remain a virgin. In *Under the Yum-Yum Tree* by Lawrence Roman (Henry Miller's), the problem is whether or not pretty Sandra Church should allow herself to be deflowered before or after the marriage ceremony. I have never been able to work up any interest in any aspect of this problem—not even why it is supposed to be so all-fired funny. (Do such plays prove Williams' point?) What I remember of *The Moon Is Blue* (if comparisons are in order, it was much better than *Yum-Yum*) is the question Barbara Bel Geddes asked: "Wouldn't you rather have me preoccupied with sex than occupied with it?"—to which then and now my response would be a vociferous "No!" Once again the cast is very nice and Gig Young as a compulsive rake is deft and disarming.

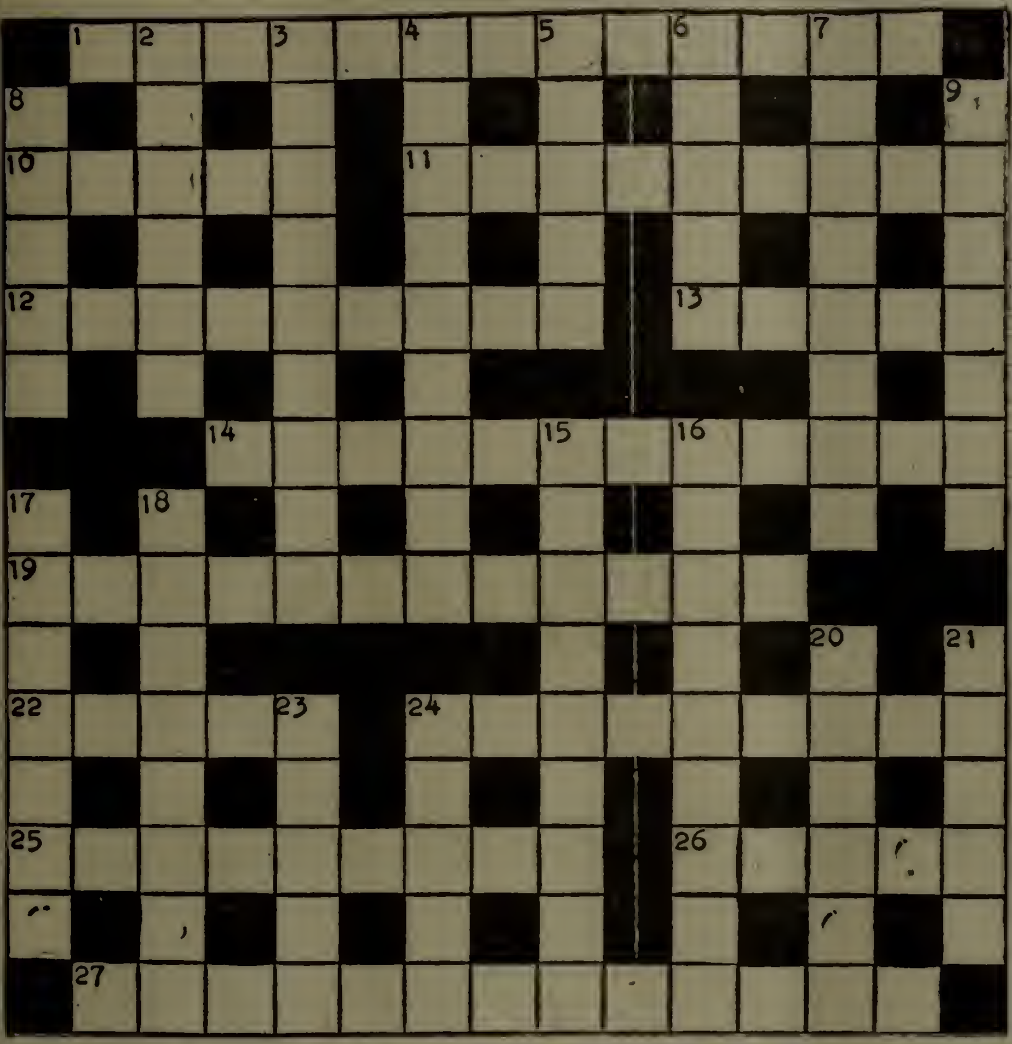
ADVISE AND CONSENT (Cort) is a play by Loring Mandel, based on Allen Drury's novel of the same name, which I have not read. The play has been criticized, I believe, on the ground that it is anti-liberal; I did not find it so. It is in favor of honesty rather than party loyalty and the chicanery of expedience. It takes place in Washington and is supposed to relate specifically to American politics. I have never heard of politics anywhere in the world at any time which was not run to a greater or lesser degree on expediency, trickery and chicanery.

The play works up a degree of tension—there are a few smart lines—and I must say I listened for awhile with a certain amount of expectation. But the characters, as written and cast, strain credulity and the events themselves seem closer to magazine and movie fiction than to documentation. Nor could I find any political relevance in it anywhere. And I am getting sick and tired of the stage gimmick which shows the blackmailing of an admired figure on the ground that he was once implicated in a homosexual pass. The device is shabby enough, but the strained, pained, long confession of the accused man to his loyal wife is embarrassingly false. No one nowadays on either side of the stage can take seriously the presentation of this sort of thing in terms of hushed agony and a sense of "daring."

The setting by Rouben Ter-Arutunian (black moving panels, a minimum of props against a neutral background) is ably designed for the television-reportage nature of the script and direction. Henry Jones as a crusty Southern conservative Senator is elaborately clever. Ed Begley is relaxingly straightforward as an honest politician and Woodrow Parfrey is really interesting in the small part of an unstable witness who happens to be telling the truth.

Crossword Puzzle No. 892

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Jaguar, perhaps, and other tamed animals with Willie, which doesn't completely replace a vacuum. (6,7)
10 Used to be associated with a certain amount of forgery. (5)
11 One might find a tire much different, with this type of swelling. (9)
12 A composer is about to pull an article right off the rack! (4,5)
13 Might be fashioned from trees without much trimming. (5)
14 See 17 down
19 Going out in this condition? (12)
22 If you find a drink settling, this might be expected. (5)
24 Men turn it into food, naturally! (9)
25 Not quite the right lacings to make, considering our former station. (9)
26 A sort of KNO3 with no active properties. (5)
27 Even in the Scales of Justice total comparison is involved. (5,8)

DOWN:

2 Marked by an arrival just before Christmas. (6)
3 Shaw said this sort of instinct in America is volcanic. (9)
4 Toss more than half of 1 across on the floor. (5,4)
5 Shot, but not when little? (It's a movement associated with some dealers.) (5)
6 A word for the gallant, with no cause for annoyance. (5)
7 One way to make heads uneasy, by implication. (8)
8 Machine made by both the French and the English. (5)
9 Although the beginning is of little account, it might go to seed, as one gives in. (7)
15 Descriptive of the perfect match. (9)
16 I can act it in the role of an operations man. (9)
17 and 14 across Homer must have been at times, to those who knew him. (7,12)
18 Does he find his work taxing, in a way? (8)
20 Hero worship? (6)
21 The one of gas might be 26. (5)
23 The flow of battle? (5)
24 In Palestine, be generally on the uptake, as a start. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 891

ACROSS: 1 Basketwork; 10 and 13 Conning tower; 11 Undergo; 12 First aid; 15 Rigor; 17 Geometric; 19 Blockades; 21 Salvo; 23 Eaten; 24 Searched; 27 Lamella; 28 Lanyard; 30 Loss leader. DOWN: 1 and 6 Backstop; 2 and 29 Sinking fund; 3 Exists; 4 Wigwagged; 5 Round; 7 Thrower; 8 Protractor; 9 Editress; 14 Treble clef; 16 Rekindle; 18 Obstacles; 20 Ottoman; 22 Leeward; 24 Shako; 25 Canoe; 26 Odor.

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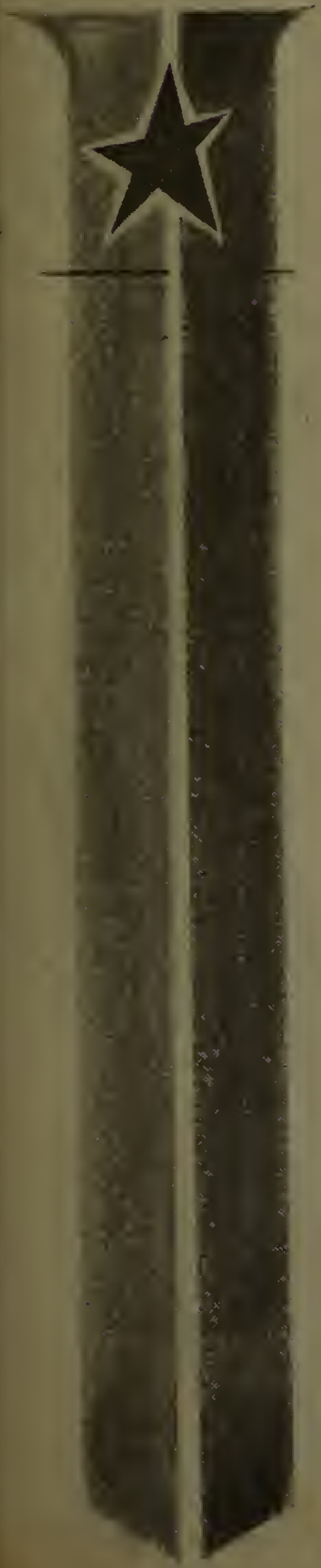

ELECTORAL COLLEGE

Facts and Fallacies

Ted Lewis

THE BRAIN CURTAIN

Why America Distrusts Its Intellectuals

Michael Novak

ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?

A Story by J. F. Powers

LETTERS

Grateful Survivor

Dear Sirs: To have been on *The Nation's* slate of endorsed Congressional candidates [Oct. 29 issue] is a distinct honor. I value my association with other House and Senate members for whom you asked active support in the recent campaign.

Although I survived a vicious smear campaign, I am grieved that so many of my good friends and staunch liberal Congressmen suffered defeat. It is a big loss at a critical time.

As a reader of *The Nation* since youth, I want to take this opportunity to commend the management and the staff for the contribution the magazine has made to liberal thought and social progress in the United States.

George M. Rhodes
Member of Congress
14th Dist., Pa.

Washington, D.C.

Religion Helped

Dear Sirs: In connection with my article, "Why Kennedy Won," which appeared on November 26 in *The Nation*, your readers may be interested to know of the election forecast made by my students in the course of a lecture series on "The Sociology of American Politics" which I gave during the August-September Seminar on American Studies held at Salzburg, Austria. During my final lecture, I had one of my students forecast the election on the basis of two assumptions: (1) that the popular vote would most likely divide about 50-50, and (2) that the religious issue would have about the same influence in the different states as I showed for 1928 (the Alfred Smith campaign) in my book, *How to Predict Elections*. On the basis of assumption (1) alone, we concluded Kennedy would lose; but when we added assumption (2), we predicted Kennedy would win with 312 electoral votes.

Close enough?

Louis H. Bean

Arlington, Va.

Disservice to Psychotherapy

Dear Sirs: Dr. Victor W. Sidel's article "Medical Ethics and the Cold War" in your October 29 issue is a clear and courageous analysis of the very sticky business of medical confidentiality. For some years now I have been practicing psychotherapy in conjunction with my medical practice. When the story that the Maryland psychiatrist had revealed confidential material about his patients first broke into the press here, many patients raised the question with me about the security of the material that they were confiding in me. I assured them, with full sincerity, that I would sooner go to jail than violate their confidence. I was also able to assure them that my records contained nothing that might subsequently embarrass them. Nevertheless, I have noticed a slight degree of reserve on the part of some patients. The Maryland psychiatrist has certainly performed a distinct disservice to his profession, without adding to the security and strength of our country. Dr. Sidel is right when he warns us that in medicine "we must be ever watchful that we do not sacrifice what is precious in our society in our attempt to defend it."

Murray Abowitz, M.D.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Guesses Welcome

Dear Sirs: I note that Postmaster Summerfield is wooing the Finns with a commemorative stamp depicting General von Mannerheim. Query: What per cent of the Finns will be pleased?

Harriet W. Patterson

Rochester, N.Y.

Error in Chronology

Dear Sirs: There is only one considerable error in Clayton Barbeau's article on the recent San Francisco peace walk and rally [Nov. 26 issue]. Ben Seaver and Ross Flanagan of The American Friends Service Committee did not "add" their "comments" to Robert Pickus' speech; both preceded Pickus on the platform, and Ross Flanagan was the principal speaker.

Malvina Reynolds

Berkeley, Calif.

Support for Dissent

Dear Sirs: More than thirty American artists, writers and intellectuals have sent a letter of support to the signers in France of the "Declaration on the Right to Insubordination in the Algerian War" [the "Manifesto of the 121": see *The Nation*, Nov. 26, "Revolt of the French Intellectuals"—Ed.]. The letter affirms that the right of dissent in certain circumstances is basic to the democratic tradition.

Signers include, among others, Pulitzer Prize poets Stanley Kunitz, Robert Lowell, Karl Shapiro and Richard Wilbur; editors and critics Philip Rahv, Meyer Schapiro, Barney Rosset, and Harold Rosenberg; novelists Norman Mailer and James T. Farrell; artists Robert Motherwell, Morris Graves and Richard Lippold; sociologist C. Wright Mills and cultural historian Lewis Mumford.

For further information, write to Night Letter Committee, 124 E. 70th Street, New York City, N.Y.

Night Letter Committee

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THE
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EDITORIALS

National Goals

The report of the President's Commission on National Goals has been received by the press with yawns, incredulity and apprehensions that the program so laboriously outlined might cost money. Most of the editorial reaction tells more about the press than about the commission and its work. Great intellectual achievements do not issue from commissions and only juvenile cynicism calls attention to a fact so well known. Even if a committee of Pascals, Montesquieus, Lockes and Jeffersons could be got together, the best that could be expected is a few significant ideas floating in a sea of generalities. For a heterogeneous group of college presidents, industrialists, labor leaders and bankers—despite the inclusion of several contemporary minds of the first order—the production of even a few sparks of incisive good sense merits the thanks of the community. If the newspapers had misgivings, they should have expressed them when the commission was appointed, not after it had put in its considerable aggregate of man-hours on an essentially thankless task.

Those who read the report, rather than relying on the brief news abstracts which the press furnishes in whatever space is left between sports, homicide and advertising, will be rewarded in quite a few places. The remarks on race relations, education, the humanities, the right of dissent, mental illness and social security, to mention only a few areas of discussion, sum up the views of most enlightened Americans. In a world as complex and perplexing as ours, and with memories as short as they are, this is no small service. Nor is the report uncritical of some of our faults. "Thus far," it says, "television has failed to use its facilities adequately for educational and cultural purposes, and reform in its performance is urgent." Most, if not all, of the television networks supported the indictment by totally ignoring the report.

The danger implicit in all such reports lies not in their failure to produce seminal ideas clothed in deathless prose, but in the tendency of the commentators to over-stress the shibboleths which appeal to their particular interests and predilections. Where the report exhorts us to be strong, to maintain our military alliances, cost what it may, to be ever on guard against the Communist menace, it will receive general approval and its recommendations will be followed. But where it speaks of disarmament and the menace of nuclear war, of poverty and national strength through the welfare of the people, it will be widely ignored. Where it asks for disbursements for arms, no word of criticism will be heard, but when it comes to disbursements for hospitals and schools, the taxpayer will suddenly find a horde of journalists on his side. This selective honoring in the breach is the principal objection to the production of well-intentioned generalities at a President's behest.

What Is News?

On the basis of information unearthed by Dr. Ronald Hilton on a visit to Guatemala, *The Nation* asked editorially in its November 19 issue: "Are We Training Cuban Guerrillas?" In the December 3 issue two editorials, "Peace Patrol" and "A Black Day — If We Are Found Out," were devoted to the troubled situation in the Caribbean. The second of these contained further material on warlike preparations against Cuba in Guatemala; it likewise came from responsible sources and had not been published elsewhere. The great metropolitan dailies and the press associations remained oblivious. When the *Gazette and Daily* of York, Pa., queried the Associated Press, the answer was that the story seemed "thin" and did not justify retelling on the A.P. wire.

But when the U.S. press is indicted for partisanship or mistaken patriotism leading to suppression of news, there are usually exceptions; in this case, notably the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. The *Post-Dispatch* flew a staff correspondent, Richard Dudman, to the area. Mr. Dudman visited both Nicaragua and Guatemala. Neither country, he reported, had accumulated any solid evidence to support its widely publicized charges of an imminent Cuban invasion.

And what about Dr. Hilton's revelation, as reported in the Nov. 19 *Nation*, of stories current in Guatemala that the CIA was training Cuban guerrillas at a secret base there? Mr. Dudman found that there does exist a secret, 1,200-foot airstrip cut out of the Guatemalan jungle fifteen miles from the nearest paved road. He described the airstrip and the barracks for 500 men as a "remarkable engineering job." He found a Guatemalan civilian who said that many of the soldiers at the base speak with a Cuban accent; he also found an English-speaking soldier who said that reports about the field were "Communist propaganda."

On all of this, the *Post-Dispatch* had sharp editorial comment:

> What is going on in Guatemala? Who is trying to conceal what, and for what purpose? Why should Richard Dudman . . . have to go to neighboring El Salvador to send a dispatch to this newspaper about what he found in Guatemala? And why should it be necessary for him to write from El Salvador that he could relate only "some" of the truth?

Meanwhile, a U.S. naval task force consisting of an aircraft carrier, five destroyers and some land-based aircraft continues to guard the Caribbean coast against the threat of a Cuban invasion which even the supposed victims, Guatemala and Nicaragua, can't prove exists. To the *Post-Dispatch's* editorial queries, we would add two of our own: (1) How much is that naval task force costing us — in money and in prestige among the peoples of Latin America? and (2) Is it really beyond the power of the U.S. press to discover who is fomenting this Caribbean crisis — Castro, or the United States?

Dr. Adenauer's Multiple Personality

Dr. Morton Prince, who studied multiple personality early in the century, never had the good fortune to meet Dr. Konrad Adenauer. The Chancellor's recent maneuvers would have convinced the eminent psychopathologist that multiple personality, far from being a defect or handicap, may be the politician's greatest asset, especially if the politician is Dr. Adenauer. Who would have expected, a few months ago, to hear Dr. Adenauer having a kind word for Mr. Khrushchev — no Stalin this, but a man one can talk with. This good opinion of Mr. Khrushchev must have existed in Dr. Adenauer's mind all along, but it would have taken a Freud to disinter it. Then, two months ago Bonn (and Bonn is Dr. Adenauer) gave notice that it would terminate the current trade pact with East Germany by the end of the year in retaliation for a renewed Communist squeeze on Berlin. But on November 25, Dr. Adenauer announced that Bonn would adopt a "flexible position" on the trade question. "When we canceled the pact, there was no question of a flexible attitude," West German officials in Berlin grumbled, showing what bad psychologists they were: Dr. Adenauer has been flexible from infancy to his present reverend age, which is one reason he is still alive and still Chancellor. Then, during the American election campaign, Dr. Adenauer said privately, but so that the newsmen would not miss it, that it made little difference who the next American President would be, what mattered was the next Secretary of State, and God forbid it should be Adlai Stevenson. But as soon as Mr. Kennedy appeared to be elected, and before he could nominate a Secretary acceptable to Dr. Adenauer, the flexible Herr Doktor invited himself for a cordial visit to the new President in Washington. The Chancellor's ardor was not reciprocated by the President-elect, but again the Chancellor had shown the youthful flexibility of his personality.

At the same time there are steely qualities in the Adenauer make-up which, like the skeleton of a chameleon, are as necessary as adaptability in coloration. His choice for Secretary of State is still John Foster Dulles, whom God has taken from us; but the Chancellor scarcely ever lets a speech pass without paying tribute to the late Dulles and God. Another illustration is Dr. Adenauer's fondness for arms; the *Bundeswehr* must have atomic weapons, he has declared, or German soldiers would be mere cannon fodder and that shall never be. Still another Adenauer trait that never varies is a strong attachment to money, especially American money. When Secretary of the Treasury Anderson and Under Secretary of State Dillon went to Bonn to request, as Joseph C. Harsch says, the first grant-in-aid from a foreign government since the American Revolution, they soon found out how monolithic Dr. Adenauer can be. His no! resounded around the world.

Paging Senator Dodd!

The late Senator Joe McCarthy was *sui generis* and it would be unfair to his memory to suggest that his mantle has fallen on other shoulders, but, insofar as such a charism is possible, it may be said that the shoulders over which the remnants are now draped are those of Senator Thomas J. Dodd of Connecticut. *The Nation* takes pleasure, therefore, in putting the finger on a possibly international character who has recently visited our shores, and who has been officially identified as a subversive by a government friendly to the United States. The suspect is a native of France, the friendly government is that of Haiti, and the charge is that the suspect gave "$7,000 to Communist students to overthrow the regime of President François Duvalier." To add to the ominous features of the situation the accused is a Roman Catholic prelate, Archbishop François Poirier, primate of Haiti. To the unsophisticated, this may make the accusation a little difficult to swallow, but Senator Dodd should have no such impediment. He knows only too well that infiltration is everywhere and that no one is too high, no one too low, to escape scrutiny.

The Government of Haiti acted with a promptness and resolution which, unfortunately, is impossible under our free institutions. The Archbishop was arrested at his residence, escorted to the Port-au-Prince airport without any baggage by police and Presidential Palace guards, and put on a Pan American plane bound for Miami. Arriving there, he denied the charges, which were subsequently modified by the Duvalier Government. The revised indictment stated that the Archbishop had not given the money directly to the Communist students, but to members of Catholic youth organizations "that were said to have actively supported a Communist-inspired students' strike." Of course this should only spur Senator Dodd to more vigorous action. It shows that the plot is widespread, and that the infiltration has metastasized from Communist youth to Catholic youth. The Archbishop is no longer in Miami, but there is no telling what he did while he was in the land of the free and the home of the brave. Let Senator Dodd take it from there. He has followed less promising leads and overcome greater handicaps in the mission to which he has dedicated himself.

A Gift for Franco

When a Latvian sailor off the *Baltika*, which brought Mr. Khrushchev to these shores recently, deserted to seek asylum here, he was welcomed by everyone concerned, including the Hon. Francis Walter and all three TV networks. After all, what better visa for an immigrant than that he doesn't like Communists? But matters are quite different for a man who doesn't like Fascists. Juan Perez Varella was a crew member of the Spanish schooner, the *Juan Sebastian de Elcano*; en route to the United States, the sailing ship stopped off long enough in Puerto Rico for Varella to fall in love with an American girl, Mirta Vega. Around May 1 of this year, the *Juan Sebastian de Elcano* was moored at a New York City dock and Varella, an outspoken anti-Francoite as well as a lovelorn lad of twenty-one, deserted. A couple of months later he married Miss Vega and set up housekeeping in Brooklyn. The honeymoon lasted one night. The next day, immigration officials arrested him without a warrant and subsequently he was ordered deported back to Spain.

The deportation action is based on a Spanish-American friendship treaty, dating back to the beginning of the century, which provides for the reciprocal return of military deserters. (The schooner *Juan Sebastian de Elcano*, which might possibly make eight knots in a good wind and carries no armament more lethal than a butcher's knife, is nevertheless a military property: it is used as a training ship by the Spanish Navy, which had drafted Varella into service in 1956.) But the Workers Defense League, which through the good offices of the Confederated Spanish Societies, is defending Varella, argues that the treaty has been superseded by the Immigration and Nationality Act of 1952, which guarantees due process and the right of asylum from physical persecution — rights which the deportation order would deny. Moreover, at the request of the Confederated Spanish Societies, Mexico has already agreed to give the defendant political asylum if he is freed here.

The case was heard recently by the U. S. Court of Appeals, and a decision will be handed down in a month or so. It is to be hoped that the court, in passing judgment, will feel the necessity of showing the world that we have not one law for anti-Communists and another for anti-Fascists; one may hope also for a juridical agreement that, whether or not returning Varella to Franco would be an act of justice, it would most certainly be an act without mercy.

Thank God for Defense

Two men as well informed as Edward Teller and Leo Szilard were able to debate questions of nuclear testing and disarmament for an hour recently without once mentioning the enormous vested interest in armaments which has developed in the United States since the Truman Doctrine was promulgated in 1947. This vested interest is so great that, if the Soviet Union should announce its intention to disarm unilaterally, there would be enormous pressure on Washington to force military aid on the former enemy and re-establish it as a menace. But, though it eclipse the sun, the American stake in the armament industries is invisible, inaudible and officially nonexistent. Except, of course, in the trade press, the financial sections, and the advertising pages of the newspapers, where scientists and engineers are wooed and occasionally won.

This commerce has risen sharply since Mr. Kennedy's election aroused new hopes in the breasts of the armament interests which, directly and indirectly, include about everybody—the military, the electronics, aircraft and missiles manufacturers and their innumerable suppliers, scientists and technicians, labor, young women seeking husbands, expectant mothers, etc. *Electronic News* speculates editorially on whether the next Secretary of Defense will be a former Secretary of the Army, Navy or Air Force: six candidates are mentioned, all of whom would be good for defense business. Two officials of the Raytheon Company foresee a $3 billion rise in defense spending under the Kennedy Administration. A brokerage house predicts wonderful investment opportunities as "We shed the Welfare State and gird for the Garrison State. . . ." Companies are urged to advertise in *Signal*, official journal of the Armed Forces Communications and Electronics Association: "Share in the defense and the profits!" is the watchword. And on a Sunday the *Los Angeles Times* carries some thirteen pages advertising the greatest career opportunities ever for every man, woman and child who knows a voltmeter from a safety pin.

Aren't you glad to be alive? Provided you stay that way.

Electoral College: Facts and Fallacies.. *by Ted Lewis*

POPULAR clamor has steadily been increasing since November 8 for amending the Constitution so that the Presidential candidate with the most votes from the people, not the biggest batch of electoral votes, will be the declared winner in an election.

This seems a sensible and long-overdue change. Yet no such simple amendment is likely to be submitted to the states for ratification by the next Congress. Not even an amendment to reform the present electoral-count setup to make it reflect more fairly the nation's popular vote has a chance of obtaining the required two-thirds majorities of House and Senate.

What the people want is not necessarily what they get from Congress; and, of course, the present grass-roots demand for a change in the electoral-college system is nothing new. It stirs up after every close Presidential election and has a sound basis. What makes more sense than that the people should elect their President by direct vote, just as they now do a mayor, governor or Senator?

As Senator Robert A. Taft said during a debate on an electoral-reform proposal in February, 1950, "The theory that we ought to go to a system of a national majority and have a straight popular vote is perfectly sound." But he then pointed out that "all our elections are based on the state unit" and it would be "a great mistake to abandon that system unless such a course seemed to be the only solution."

BY SHEER chance the evils in the present electoral system have never been so glaringly exposed as in the Presidential election just passed. The result has been an unprecedented public revulsion against the complicated electoral-college procedure which would certainly now be on its way out but for the fact that by mere statistical happenstance it functioned on November 8 in accordance with the national will. So, because it survived the closest popular vote election we have ever experienced, Congress—despite the angry public mood—cannot be expected to support either reform of the electoral system, or its abolition.

THIS "do nothing" attitude would not now prevail had the system collapsed in this election, as it well might have done. For example, had Vice President Nixon carried Illinois, which President-elect Kennedy won by less than 9,000 votes, the election would still be in doubt. Kennedy's electoral vote total of 273 would be but four votes over the required majority. At least six of Kennedy's electors listed from the South are unpledged. If they so chose, they could deprive him of an electoral-college majority and thus throw the election into the House. He would probably have won there—but what a mess!

Another example: one could easily argue that Nixon lost and Kennedy won only because the allotment of electoral votes to the states is ten years behind the times. Had 10,000 Illinois votes gone the other way, and had the electoral counts been based on the 1960 census figures instead of those of 1950, Mr. Nixon would now be the President-elect. What a way to run an election!

Fortunately, it doesn't take a Constitutional amendment to achieve reapportionment of the electoral vote. Congress already has all the authority it needs. The people are clearly bitter about the way the electoral-vote system always twists the value of every ballot cast. This outright felony perpetrated by the system on so many voters is shocking enough without Congress' deliberately permitting it to become a political obscenity in the Presidential election years which coincide with the national census.

Take California's plight. It had thirty-two electoral votes in the 1960 election, based on the population count of 1950. A week after last month's election, the new apportionment of House seats and electoral votes was announced. In 1964, California will have forty electoral votes. It now has 5,000,000 more residents than in 1950. What this amounts to is that 5,000,000 California voters were not represented in that state's 1960 electoral vote.

Congress has plenty of time to overcome the failure of the electoral count to stay up to date. It will not be until 1980 that another Presidential election occurs in the same year as the decennial census. But how about the Presidential campaign of 1968? The way people are moving about, California could gain another 5,000,000 residents in the next eight years. New York, which lost almost 2,000,000 in the last ten years, could lose even more in the next eight. If the nation is going to stay saddled to the ancient—and never honorable (it was a compromise to begin with)—electoral system, the least Congress could do is to keep it updated every four years.

BUT WHATEVER Congress does about the census, House and Senate leaders have become almost resigned to the view that no plan has yet been devised for foolproof reform of the electoral-vote setup. If the electoral-college system cannot be reformed, then it must either be retained as is or totally scrapped. And it will not be totally scrapped until—as Taft said ten years ago—scrapping is "the only solution."

When will it be "the only solution"? That will be when the nation, in some future Presidential election, finds its will has been thwarted to the point where it revolts against the results. What, for instance, would have been the nation's mood had Kennedy received 4,000,000 more popular votes than Nixon, but the latter, due to the freakish way the electoral-college system works, had received an electoral-vote majority?

In the good, dull days beyond recall voters were ready, if grudgingly, to accept occasional travesties on justice of this kind. Rutherford B. Hayes in 1876 and Benjamin Harrison in 1888 were electoral-vote winners and popular-vote losers. But

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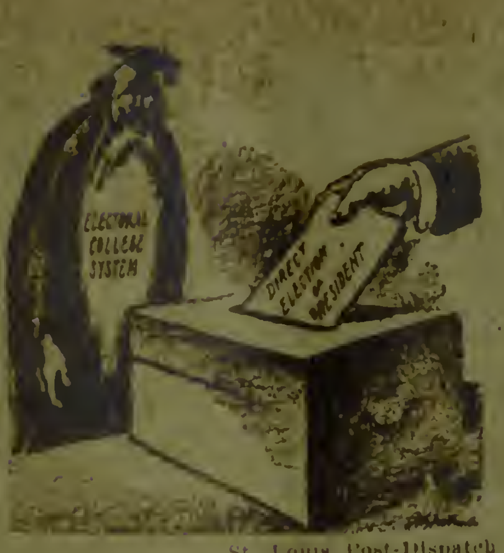
TED LEWIS is a political columnist and acting Washington Bureau Chief for the New York Daily News.

since 1948 there has been a restless mood through the nation which suggests to some that it would be wise for Congress to act before it is too late.

The country was fortunate in 1948 that Harry Truman, with a 2,000,000 popular-vote edge over Thomas E. Dewey, also was the winner in the electoral-vote count. The third party of that year, the States Rights Party headed by J. Strom Thurmond (now Senator from South Carolina), received 39 electoral votes to Truman's 303 and Dewey's 189. Had Dewey carried Illinois, California and Ohio (Truman barely squeaked through in all three), Dewey would have been elected on the electoral count. Had he carried any two of the three, he would have deprived Truman of an electoral majority, and the election would have been tossed into the House — the aim of the States Rights Party to begin with.

What would have been the national reaction if Dewey had won in this manner or the election had been left up to the House? This sort of subornation of the people's intent could be dangerous—and the threat of an electoral-vote "victory" by a candidate failing by a substantial margin to have a popular-vote majority will remain with us until the Constitution is amended.

SINCE 1948, members of Congress have been worried about the dangers of the electoral-vote system, and efforts have been made to draft an amendment which would reform the electoral-college system so that it would reflect the popular vote. One proposal, first pushed by Senator Karl Mundt (R., S.D.) and again being offered with variations, would amend the Constitution so that each state would elect two electors-at-large, the others by Congressional districts or their equivalent. Then, instead of a state's following the winner-take-all system as at present (where New York's forty-five electoral votes, for example, go en bloc to the candidate carrying the state by popular vote, whether his margin is fifteen or 200,000), the electoral vote would be divided—one elector, of course, to the candidate carrying each district as well as the state at large.



St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Question Before the House

Would the Mundt proposal guarantee a popular-majority President? The latest warning that it would not came last week from the American Good Government Society of Washington, D.C., whose statisticians announced that had the system been in effect in the 1960 election, Vice President Nixon would have won with 282 electoral votes—thirteen more than required.

Another proposal, first pushed by Henry Cabot Lodge in the Senate ten years ago, still has Congressional support; indeed, in the unlikely event that the next Congress does act on the issue, it would probably be along the lines suggested by Mr. Lodge. Under this plan, the Constitution would be amended to provide that each state's electoral vote should be split in proportion to the state's popular vote.

At first glance, this seems an admirable way to end all the present evil. It so appeared to the Senate in 1950, when it approved a resolution to submit such an amendment to the states by 64 to 27—three more than the necessary two-thirds.

The opposition in the Senate was led by Taft, and what he said then still has significance. He pointed out that had the Lodge proposal been in effect in 1900, William Jennings Bryan would have been elected despite a popular-vote lag of nearly 1,000,000 behind William McKinley. The Senator went on:

> In analyzing the election of 1900, we find that Bryan had an electoral majority in approximately sixteen states. Of these, eleven states were in the extreme South . . .
>
> In other words, certain states have a tremendous electoral-vote majority. Take the State of Mississippi. In that election . . . Mississippi had a weight of seven electoral votes, whereas the State of Ohio, which was McKinley's home state, had a weight of only 1.6 electoral votes.
>
> It can be clearly seen what would happen today [i.e., 1950] in the case of Ohio. We have a total of twenty-five electoral votes. If [Republicans] carry the state by 125,000, we are doing a pretty good job. In that case those votes would be divided—thirteen Republican and twelve Democratic. We would get a weight of one vote in the electoral college.

The Senator then pointed out that Georgia, with twelve electoral votes and considerably less than half the population of Ohio, would probably be divided nine to three (he obviously gave Lodge the benefit of the doubt on the size of Georgia's GOP turn-out). What would the result be? "Georgia would have a weight of six in the electoral college, or six times that of Ohio," the Senator declared.

DESPITE Taft's opposition, the proposal went to the House. It had the support of Republicans who thought the proposed amendment would permit the GOP to pick up electoral votes in the South (Lodge himself had predicted it would lead to the end of the South's one-party system). It also had—and still has—the support of Southern Democrats who want to reduce the pressure on the national party for a strong civil-rights stand. The Lodge amendment, they reasoned, would prevent Negro votes from representing the balance of electoral power in key Northern states. If the Negro vote could not help swing a state's entire electoral vote to a Democratic Presidential candidate, then obviously the party, in national convention, could afford to soften its civil-rights plank.

Some Northern Democrats also went along with the amendment, hoping that its adoption would cripple the power of third parties, such as the American Labor Party in New York State, whose vote enabled Dewey to carry the state in 1948. Others thought it would give the Democratic Party an electoral break in three New England and Mid-

" The Nation "

western states that traditionally went Republican.

Most of these sentiments exist in Congress today. In retrospect, it seems fortunate that the Lodge amendment died in the House. It had been expected to sail through. Let history record that Rep. Clifford Case (R., N.J.), now U.S. Senator, was most responsible for its defeat: the vote was 210 to 134 against.

What Case did was to show that the amendment would increase the power of the South in the Democratic Party at the expense of the Northern liberal wing. He got leaders of Americans for Democratic Action, who had supported the proposal in the Senate, to make a complete turn-around and urge Northern liberals of both parties to vote the proposal down in the House.

BUT WHY will the next Congress continue to spurn any resolution calling for total abolition of the electoral system and for election of a President by simple popular vote? Simply because most Congressmen believe that any such action would open up a Pandora's box of troubles possibly more unsettling than those now developing from the electoral system itself.

There is no denying that, under the present system, Presidential campaigns are waged on a state basis. An election based on the nation-wide popular vote would entail certain interesting political consequences.

Had the direct-election system been law during last month's election, Kennedy would certainly not have needed to make deals with David Dubinsky for the Liberal Party's 1960 backing in New York. Both candidates could have ignored the so-called "big city machines," so useful in obtaining a big state's electoral bloc. Walter Reuther and his AFL-CIO organization in Detroit would have lost its political strategic position; they could no longer deliver, or withhold, Michigan's electoral vote.

Well, wouldn't these changes be an improvement? Maybe so; but, after all, the states elect Senators and Representatives, many of whom in Presidential years win by coattail grabbing. Who knows what would happen if a President were chosen by popular vote? It might turn out that a President elected by a popular landslide would find he has a Congress totally controlled by the out-party. This happens even under the present system. It could be worse under the other.

Perhaps there ought to be a commission to study the entire question. The issue is extraordinarily complicated. I have not even touched on the effect the direct-vote system would have on the nominating conventions. The delegates are now chosen on a state basis. Could the conventions survive long? Probably not. They would give way to the direct primary method of nominating a party's Presidential nominee. That might be good, but the birth pains could be severe—just as they most certainly would be during the first runs of a Presidential election system in which the popular vote would prevail and the decrepit electoral college were dumped in the ash can.

BRITAIN'S 'DEMOCRATIC PARTY' . . *by* ***Bernard Crick***

OBITUARIES on the British Labour Party are premature. But it is likely to remain permanently impotent if it does not consider its ailments a little more dispassionately. The Labour Party is a compound of many different elements; it is *not* and never has been (as many people imagine on both sides of the water) a simple party of a single ideology; and the various elements within it are at the moment in an *almost* unique state of disequilibrium. But there have been many previous occasions on which the party seemed prepared to tear itself to bits with very little need for outside help. Jimmie Maxton, though a fervid creature of dogma, once remarked in the middle of one of these ideological orgies: "If you cannot ride two horses at once, you have no right to be in the bloody circus."

Week after week quarrels continue at full gallop between the leaders of the Labour Party, all of it generously, keenly and minutely reported by the Conservative press — back to "first principles" versus "revisionism" and modernization, neutralism versus NATO, etc., etc. And people back one horse or another as if any, in the nature of the circus, could ever win alone, clearly and undisputed. Granny *Times* exhorts Mr. Gaitskell to go in fighting for his principles and beseeches him "to face the fact" that he may have to purge the left wing of his party before peace can descend (though the equally Tory *Daily Telegraph* has equally Machiavellian doubts about this brand of unction: if the Labour Party gets too weak, they fear, Conservative discipline could break down — e.g., F.D.R. scored too big a victory in 1936). But few commentators have made pregnant the obvious platitude that the Labour Party has always been like this, and that conflict can — within limits, granted — be a source of political strength, not weakness.

Consider another party so divided that it cannot possibly have held together. If you met two men in string ties on a Chicago streetcar (Mr. Dooley once observed), shaking their fists and shouting at each other "traitor, miscreant, turncoat," you would be witnessing two statesmen of the great Democratic Party trying to reunite it. The British Labour Party is really far more like the

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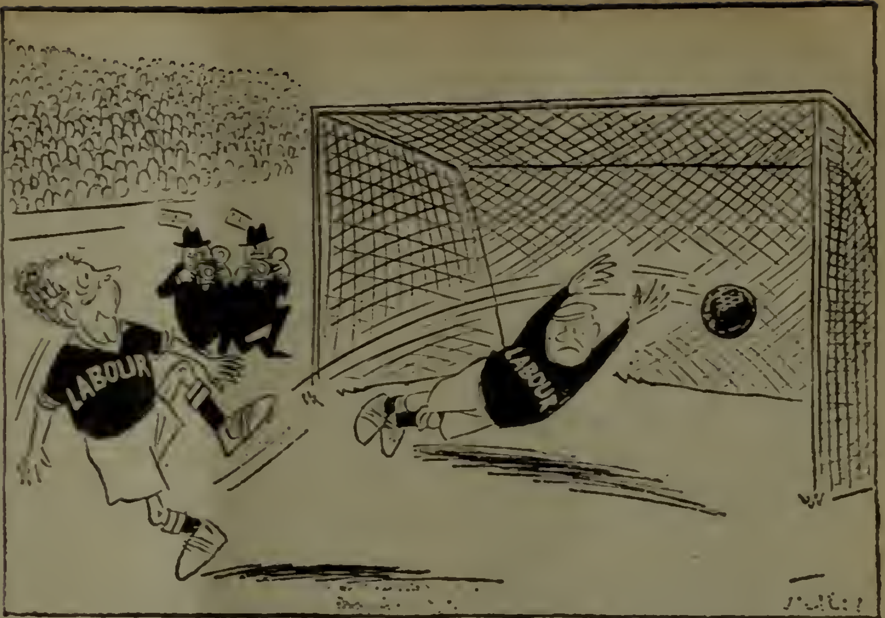
Democratic Party than those American liberals imagined who used to see a "real ideological (British type) party" ever about to emerge from the dust and jubilee of the Democratic coalition. Both parties are essentially coalitions — most reformist parties are. But this is a truth which has been grasped neither by the self-styled left wing of the Labour Party nor by Mr. Gaitskell and his friends. Failure to grasp this truth — which may have been the only truth that Clement (Earl) Attlee ever held — in large part explains why the present quarrels can appear so suicidal.



Vicky in New Statesman (London)

WHAT, indeed, is the crisis facing the Labour Party today? It is partly one of electoral support and partly one of policy — and the two things are far less related than most people suppose. Putting policies aside for the moment, it should be remembered that the Labour Party has always been in electoral trouble. After all, the Labour Party has only once in its history ever gained a working majority (1945) and in the light of this fact, one might draw the sad conclusion not that the party has recently suffered a unique defeat, but simply that it is the normal opposition party. The Conservative Party, Britain still being what it was, is the normal governing party. Even though two-thirds of the working population are manual workers, between a quarter and a third of them have continued, apparently generation after generation, to vote Conservative — and even solidly Labour working-class voters need more stirring actually to vote than do middle-class voters. For all the wild amateur sociological talk of the demise of working-class attitudes in Britain (have these people ever *looked* at an English industrial town?), for all the reality of a small number of working people voting Conservative to fulfill social aspirations, the Labour Party could ignore all this completely — and could never lose — if it had ever solved the old problem of the *deferential* Tory working man and the Labour non-voter.

Too many people are still under the spell of a dogma of old Liberal ideology: that two-party systems somehow necessarily alternate—thus is freedom preserved. The belief is widespread that continual defeat is somehow unnatural. On the contrary, it is the normal pattern of British politics — as it is in a majority of the states of the American Union. Indeed, the swings of the alleged pendulum in American national politics have been in generations, rather than decades. A party can certainly survive with very little hope of victory; it may suffer in its recruitment of leadership, but its popular vote can remain remarkably steady. The Labour Party's share of the total vote in 1959 was 44 per cent, and this has been a remarkably constant figure over the years. That year, a switch of only two out of every hundred from Conservative to Labour would have given a Labour majority. Two weeks before the election, the Gallup Poll was still showing a slim Labour majority.

THERE are no real signs of a cumulative collapse in Labour support. Studies of the last election agree that the Liberals (who doubled their vote without increasing their six seats) snatched votes about *equally* from former Conservative and Labour supporters. This would suggest that the Liberal vote is mainly a protest vote against what many feel to be the over-great bureaucratic rigidity of both big party machines. But the Liberals correspond to no known social interest; their policies are a mishmash of unappropriated "good ideas." When people's real interests are touched, they will fall back to their regular parties.

The declining hope of office again, after the great expectations of the late 1940s, may reduce the recruitment of top talent to the Parliamentary Labour Party. There are signs of this already. But the ordinary cloth-cap Labour voter still looks at the bowlered gent and says "—me before I'd vote for 'im." The trouble, however, is that one of his four most immediate neighbors is likely to vote "for 'im" because "he knows how to govern," or because "he don't stand to gain anything from it," or "he knows what to do when he gets there" — or some such plausible and depressing nonsense. The Labour Party, then, is in no immediate danger of collapse, though it is also in no immediate danger of having to implement the policies over which it quarrels.

THE POLICY differences are deep; and they do seriously weaken the chances of the Labour Party to stir up the indifferent supporter or to convince the very few floating voters that they could produce a good government. But the assumption of any single camp within the party that it alone could win, and represent the "real" Labour movement, is a strange one. One has the same difficulty about it as in some discussions of the strategy of nuclear war — who would be left to count the corpses and declare the official result? Dogmatism, whether of Left or Right, is certainly the style of the Labour movement; but compromise and conciliation is its actual practice when faced with crisis.

Immediately after the last election, Mr. Gaitskell was properly anxious to give the party a new image, or at least a face-lift. But he chose to do it not by making use of his then quite unchallenged position as leader of the Opposition, simply to make speeches, strike attitudes and oppose the Government in a way that would exemplify his "new look" for socialism; instead, he set out to get a formal amendment in the party constitution of the now famous Clause Four which stated as an unqualified goal "the common ownership of the means of production, distribution and exchange." Until he raised the issue, the constitution had been an all but unread document. He was quite right in what he wanted to achieve, but he was wildly wrong in his tactics. Like F.D.R. and the Supreme Court fight, Gaitskell discovered that the constitution touched a chord of fundamentalism in the most profane people. He proved himself, alas, a dogmatist of the Right, insisting on the letter of the new law, when he had already enough power and opportunity as leader to change the practice without causing offense by appearing to tamper with the principles.

NOW the Labour movement does, indeed, contain sidewalk saints who are so rooted in habits of opposition on "first principles" that almost any political compromise seems to them to be "selling out." They hold principles like "more nationalization" in the way the old evangelists used to preach "more love" — though when and where and in what form were always troublesome. But this is a cross that any Labour leader has to bear; when this frantic Pharisaism is diluted by that realism which is the product of mere organization, it is then the very dynamic of the Labour movement. The Labour Party will always debate on the roof-tops, because it is a popular and democratic party, representing the diverse interests of nonconformist England rallied together against the Establishment. The leaders of the party of the Establishment, knowing each other already, coming still from a fantastically narrow social group, having the confidence and conceit of having "always" been the governing class, can meet quietly in clubs and settle their affairs behind closed doors, with no working journalists present among their membership.

Anthony Crosland's "revisionists" (capitalism is working, but needs Galbraiths rather than Bevans around) and Richard Crossman's "true socialism" (capitalism is bound to crash again, so sit tight on your principles and wait for the harvest) were both comfortably compromised at Labour's Scarborough Conference last October in an official resolution explaining, but not altering, the public-ownership clause of the constitution. It stated that an *expansion* of public ownership "substantial enough to give the community power over the commanding heights of the economy" was necessary, and noted further that "common ownership took various forms, including state-owned industries and firms, producer and consumer cooperatives, municipal ownership and public participation in private firms." The resolution was passed overwhelmingly. It may look ingenuous, but it expresses a basic attitude to public power which clearly separates all factions in the Labour Party from all, or almost all, Conservatives.

BUT THIS was only the quite obvious end-product of a long and bitter fight provoked by Mr. Gaitskell himself. Richard Crossman said recently, in explaining his refusal to vote for Gaitskell's re-election as Chairman of the Parliamentary Labour Party (even though he himself was Chairman of the National Executive): "The last twelve months, wasted on the unnecessary Clause Four dispute, have already cost us . . . electoral support. If Hugh Gaitskell gets his own way again, we shall consume the next year in a much more violent and equally unnecessary debate on defense."

Gaitskell, of course, won his re-election comfortably, 166 votes to 81, with only seven abstentions. But it is common knowledge that many who voted for him did so in a kind of "last chance" mood—hoping against hope that he will choose to lead them against the enemy and not against themselves.

SIMILARLY, there has been an air of unreality about much of the nuclear-disarmament debate — though this view, I admit, calls for very strong nerves. There has arisen, indeed, such a thing as British left-wing isolationism. Frank Cousins, the General Secretary of the massive Transport and General Workers Union, whose personal change of heart and control of his monolithic union were alone responsible for the defeat of the party executive over defense policy, is that nicest sort of bigot—the kind with whom we normally agree. But "if the mad groups in the world want to have a go at each other," quoth he, "let us have no part of them." No man is sure whether he has yet even intellectually comprehended the scientific unlikeliness of this pleasant desire. But he carried over 1,000,000 votes in his pocket! Kingsley Martin, then editor of the *New Statesman*, showed a realism which has not always been blamed on him when he wrote: "Pacifism, despite the newspapers, will not be an issue at the Labour Party Conference. It cannot be a party policy, because one of the reasons why governments are elected is to defend their country from foreign attack."

What in fact happened was that the official resolution which rejected the need for an independent British deterrent, but pledged a future Labour Government to fulfill obligations towards her allies (i.e., to remain in NATO unequivocably), was lost by a 500,000 majority out of a total vote of about 6,400,000. Then the Transport and General Workers Union's resolution calling for "a complete rejection of any nuclear defense policy based on the threat of the use of strategic or tactical nuclear weapons" was carried by 43,000 votes. And, finally, the Amalgamated Engineering Union got a 400,000 majority for the "unilateral renunciation of the testing, stockpiling, manufacture and basing of all nuclear weapons in Great Britain."

One very odd thing that emerges is that no one in the leadership of the British Labour movement thinks that Britain has any business with, or use for, an independent deterrent. The real argument within the Labour Party is between those who think that Britain can do more to preserve peace and bring about disarmament by remaining in NATO and those who seek the same objective by trying to organize a neutralist bloc. But it does not call for much skepticism to think that neither view may have very much to do with world peace. Mr. Gaitskell has fought a series of battles with his own party, and won them up until now, over defense policy, each time to find that events have outpaced the value of his victory. The fundamental problem facing the Labour Party may simply be not what precise policy an Opposition should espouse, but whether it is the business of an Opposition to develop such precise policies at all.

For if British Labour is normally the Opposition party, its business should normally be to oppose, helter-skelter, as it can, fighting with both wings at once. Mr. Gaitskell is obviously a man whose talents cry out for the opportunity of government. But Opposition is not to his taste. He has, rather, practiced a theory that the Opposition is an alternative government which must be ready to step into the breach at a moment's (unlikely) notice with precise policies.

This is what might be called constitutional perfectionism. If the Conservatives get away with governing by pluck, pride and hunch rather than by plan, it seems strange that an Opposition does not capitalize on its lack of a need for precise policies. It should concentrate on attacking the Government, hammering away on a few clear themes rather than spending its time disciplining itself over matters which, like American bases in Britain, may not be detail, but may well not be real issues by the time power comes; or in any case, are certainly not issues on which the party has to commit itself until it is actually in power. Opposition should be an orchestration of all discontents, a prosecuting attorney with as few inhibitions as possible, not an attempt to provide a rival "shadow cabinet," judge and jury. Shadow, indeed!

The Labour Party is uniquely suited to discredit a government, since it is a coalition of diverse class, union, regional, ideological and even ethnic (considering the overwhelming Welsh, Scottish and immigrant Irish Labour vote) interests. They have in common a sense of injustice arising from the traditional monopoly of power by a narrow Establishment. And socialism itself, except in a very broad sense, is only one element in this coalition—an important one, a source of leadership and of innovation to society as a whole, but certainly subsidiary, in both electoral and historical terms, to the Labour Party as the representative of the interests of organized labor.

It would be a gross underestimate to say that all that has happened is that one giant trade union, simply due to its secretary, has switched its conference vote away from its traditional alignment behind the party leadership. But it is a more untenable view, as many hunters for trends are proclaiming, that the British Labour Party is on the verge of collapse. Like the Democratic Party, it has its downs, and it has its ups—and it is always marked by turmoil. We do want so much out of politics, but thank God they remain exciting.

ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN? . . *a story by J. F. Powers*

Some time later when Jean and I had both gotten married and our husbands had been brought into our very close relationship, we disclosed our [early experiences] one night. When our husbands first heard our story, they were not only shocked but disbelieving. However, they believed readily when Jean went over and sat on my husband's lap while I beckoned her husband into the other room. Since then we have swapped regularly and have recently added two more couples. We are all very close friends so have no special rules. All four couples met recently in a big cabin in the mountains and it worked so successfully that we plan to try it for a full week next summer.*

DEAR LLOYD & JEAN: I am doing my Xmas letters, and Les says not to forget you kids, and so here I come. It's almost a year since you moved away, and all I can say is we sure do miss you. I wish you could see our tree. Les got it from the same guy down at the plant. We added more lights and now have 128. The whole block agreed not to have roof displays this year. Lloyd's bad fall last year had a lot to do with this decision. Only Bensons held out. They would. They have a new Snow White but the same old dwarfs. He came to Les about using ours, said since we wouldn't be needing them this year. Of course Les had to turn him down. We were all worried about the couple that moved into your house, since he is an electrician, but he promised they wouldn't have a roof display. Now it looks like they won't even have a tree. She works, I guess. Both of them nice looking, but Les thinks they don't get along.

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*From an authentic report published in *Mr.*, a magazine "for Men of Distinction," Vol. 4, No. 6, and part of a continuing inquiry into "sex habits and customs in today's world" being carried on by the editors, who state: "Any assumption that we, because we have had the courage to present a factual and unemotional report, therefore sympathize with the points of view described is a complete misreading of our purpose."

J. F. POWERS is the author of Prince of Darkness and Other Stories, *and a novel,* Morte d'Urban, *to be published next year.*

They sure keep to themselves.

Say, we were sorry not to see you at Rocky Ridge last summer, but didn't expect you when you didn't write. I remember Lloyd saying he might have to take his vacation at a different time. Was that it? Well, after two days of pouring rain, we decided to drive up to Yellowstone. Just the two of us. Some drive, but this new wagon we have can really eat up the road and is equipped with seat belts. Came back through the Black Hills. They needed rain. I suppose you got the cards.

Say, the big tube burned out about ten days ago. Didn't you tell me it was almost practically new? The serviceman (Red) tried to tell me it came with the set. Did you ever find the warranty papers? Les wanted to wait until we could afford a color set, but I didn't think it would be fair to him, with the bowl games coming up, and so we now have a new picture tube. How many channels where you are now?

Les is giving me a gift certificate that I may apply on a drier. It is now definite we are getting natural gas in the spring. Do you have it there? He is getting an outboard motor from me. He says what should we do with that old kicker you forgot and left in our garage? Be glad to send it to you. Or if you want us to try and sell it for you, we will. Just let us know. By the way, what do you think we should do about the power mower? If you want to keep it, that's O.K. with us. Or if you want to send it to us, that's O.K. too. In that case, we would forward you your share in it ($44). Maybe you could let us know your decision when you write about the old outboard motor. Lloyd, will you get Jean to write? Les says he's never heard of people like you two for not writing, and I agree. Ha. Ha.

Hey, don't get us wrong about the mower. If you want us to have it, we will forward your share ($44) right away, but we don't expect you to send it back unless you want to. Les says you might be smart to hold onto it, and not have to go to the expense of sending it back. Whatever you decide to do is O.K.

Les is talking about bed and so I'll close with a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year. Hope our card arrived safely. Yours hasn't come in yet. As always

Les & Lil

P.S. Les just called about the freight charges in case you decide to send it back. $5 or $6. You don't have to crate it. We don't want to tell you what to do, but it looks like you'd be smart just to forward our share ($44). We used Bensons' last summer, but we hated to ask for it, and the grass got so long each time. Don't want to go through that again and would appreciate hearing from you soon so we can make our plans for the coming year. Les says if you want to send it back we'll split the freight with you — and of course forward you your full share ($44).

WHY AMERICA DISTRUSTS ITS INTELLECTUALS

THE BRAIN CURTAIN . .

by Michael Novak

"A LARGE, oval head, smooth, faceless, unemotional, but a little bit haughty and condescending"; ". . . superficial in approach to any problem . . . a doctrinaire supporter of middle-European socialism . . . a bleeding heart." So John Alsop and Louis Bromfield, as quoted by Eric Goldman, explained what the new word of 1952, "egghead," indicated. The people of America did not resist the word; it seemed to fit their fears and resentments. It illustrated the gap between them and the liberal intellectuals, the gap which rendered both ineffective and crippled mid-century America. Perhaps the Presidency of John F. Kennedy will narrow it — among Roman Catholics, for example, who have been among the most conservative and those most suspicious of the intellectuals. But what caused this split between the two groups in American society? When did it occur?

The success of liberal ideas under Franklin D. Roosevelt and Harry Truman was too gratifying to be deep. Hunger and hardship forced the people to try Roosevelt in 1932; the depression gave him his mandate, the war helped keep him in. It is not so clear why Harry Truman won, but in two terms under the popular Eisenhower the Republicans could not even suggest repealing liberal programs. I do not think this means that the American people have been deeply liberalized; they have maintained large reservations about liberal reasonings and analyses. The Roman Catholics seem a case in point: ordinarily Democratic, lower middle class, and hit hard by the depression, they were among the most ardent supporters of F.D.R. But they never shared wholeheartedly the ideologic drift of liberalism, its sympathies with the Soviet experiment with its more or less relativist ethic and its sometimes mere tolerance of religion (or positive enmity). Under the pressures of industrialized society, of big and impersonal business, of ruthless laws of boom and recession, the American people could, however, turn to the liberal intellectual leadership of Roosevelt. In him, the reform movements of seventy years crystallized into national action, and the people were for the first time mobilized behind them. But it must not be thought that the people accepted the ideologies from which these movements sprang. The people accepted leadership, as in a non-ideo-

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MICHAEL NOVAK, a graduate student in philosophy at Harvard University, has written for various periodicals, including Commonweal.

logical democracy they should, on a pragmatic basis. They maintained a reservoir of suspicion and perhaps of fear.

The liberal intellectual seems to have been misled by the popularity of Roosevelt, and all the more so by the surprising victory of Harry Truman in 1948. Perhaps the Second World War and the Korean War kept his attentions elsewhere; perhaps America is simply too large and diverse a country, and her people too varying in political sophistication; but the liberal intellectual has not been noticeably self-critical in his success, nor deft in bringing the people to understand just what he was doing. For many years there was almost no such thing as a conservative intellectual; the books, reviews and journals read in intellectually respectable circles were all by liberals; Mencken, Babbitt, More and a scattering of others were influential but somehow peripheral. And it is hard to be a conservative in a country that lives so much in the future as does America, that was given a fresh starting place as though outside the ugly tangles of history, that was created by rational decision for rational goals ahead in the future. As a result, when the liberal is not self-critical, there has been almost no force to check him and make him revise. His unchallenged self-esteem nourishes in others fears and resentments whose release, for example, in the "egghead" epithet is sudden and virulent.

LACK OF self-criticism is not good for a liberal intellectual, either. The ugly "red herring" trials, the Communist assault on Korea, then Hungary, marked an ever more complete end to innocence. The liberal intellectual had been wrong about the Soviet, not entirely but significantly. On the home scene, national crime syndicates have been thriving for a generation; juvenile delinquency resists solution; the national moral sense seems to be growing ever less certain — perhaps, it must be admitted, as much because of welfare programs as because of free-enterprise emphasis on consumer goods; perhaps as much because of the relativist ethics of the schools as because of the *simpliste*, emotional ethics of the preachers. When the liberal intellectual in the person of Adlai Stevenson tried to "talk sense" to the American people, he found himself no longer uncompromised. The liberal intellectual was not looked upon as representing political and moral wisdom. He had gone many years without self-criticism, without inner revision, without intensifying his contact with the moral sense of the people. Americans looked to Ike for integrity.

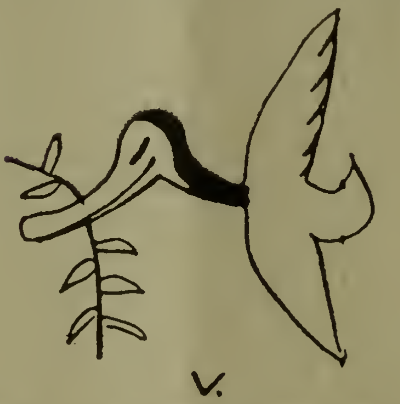
But neither was Eisenhower self-critical. For eight years America did not live a life of truth, but a life of comfort. Eisenhower could not understand how wrong this was; in his mind it seemed to be of the essence to "keep up the spirits of the troops," to "keep up morale." But a democracy does not run on comfort, it runs on rational criticism or on nothing. John Kennedy campaigned on the theme of rational awakening, and he won the election. The thin margin of victory seems to indicate, among other things, how much the people do not accept many of the liberal presuppositions, much of the liberal world view. Events force them to the liberal camp, because the liberals at least promise action. But the association is not restful and at ease.

WHY IS not the relationship between liberal intellectual and people more cordial than it is? Most of the blame, I fear, must fall upon the intellectual, for he is the one whose mind is supposed to be more universal, and therefore more able to communicate from one set of ideas and words into another. And surely it is obvious that words have different emotional charges in different groups; that the people do not spontaneously take the point of view of the trained mind, or the historical perspective of the omnivorous reader. The people do not analyze events or changed situations; they go on living, they suffer and are happy, in turn. There is no need to romanticize them, or to despair of them; they are as they are, there, a fact. They pass judgment upon their leaders. They have a certain shrewdness, an inchoate sense of traditional history, a responsiveness that is a mixture of the rational and the irrational. Yet the critical, rational working of democracy depends on increasing, so far as is possible, the proportion of the rational to the irrational in their activity. The mere projection of an image by a prospective leader is important in winning an election; but mutual rational criticism between leaders and people is indispensable in the realization of policy. The liberal intellectual must learn rational communication with the people, for his own good and for theirs.

There are several obstacles to this communication. One of these is on the side of the people, others on the side of the liberal intellectual. The people's primary concern is to live, not to reflect; this is their weakness, and their strength. While ideologies and interpretations of history come and go, the people go on living. But they live in a kind of darkness, and they are often the victims of their own lack of reflection. They remain attached to a pattern of life that is no longer viable; or they suffer from new patterns which they do not understand well enough to create machinery to change. They depend on their intellectuals to enlighten them and thus enable them to act. Yet they themselves are not utterly devoid of their own kind of wisdom, and in a democracy they pass judgment even on their peers. In modern America, they depended on F.D.R. to interpret the cause of their economic helplessness, and to give them the means to fight back. But, as I have suggested, the liberals who engineered the New Deal did not succeed in thinking through and in communicating to the people the presuppositions of what they were doing, its justification and its salient effects. They were content to meet the concrete crisis, and they were rejoiced by success. The ideologic springs of their reforms had century-old roots, were colored by European origins and specific European developments in the nineteenth century. But in the concrete tasks of effecting the New Deal, in the war and postwar period, there was not time to think through the differences between American reality and European reality.

America is not Europe. Freedom is not the same as the French *liberté*. Our free enterprise (a misnomer in itself) is not *Das Kapital*. Our democracy is not an ideologic *Etat-enseignant*. Our people are not the proletariat of Marx, nor "the masses" of D. H. Lawrence and many others on the Continent. Our liberty under law does not oppose law to liberty in the fashion of Roman and Napoleonic law, or in the fashion of Latin revolutionaries. The liberal intellectual of America has often failed to grasp our newness, our difference, our identity. Parrington's *Main Currents of American Thought*, for example, is an interpretation of American reality in a viewpoint borrowed from European ideology, and it is not alone. Again, the recent debate in *Life* and in *The New York Times* on America's National Purpose revealed that in these liberal years we seem to have forgotten our purpose, and our identity, in the very midst of liberal reforms and major war. A European aura has hung about the programs of the liberal intellectual in America, while often he has in his heart rejected America. He has been ashamed of American civilization. He has surely not discovered her riches of the spirit. He flays her with negative criticism. He does not release the unused idealism and energies of a people unique upon the globe for their hope in reason and in generosity.

THE liberal intellectual has despised the kingdom of supermarkets and organization. He has despised the blind quest for profits or for prestige, and the directing of the behemoth of technology toward surfeiture with consumer goods. He has decried the using of men as parts in the machine of economic process. Above all, he has held in contempt the dedication of the public-relations men of industry, government and even the churches, to the comfortable falsehood and the optimistic pretense. He has grown to hate the affable smile. The people of America do not realize the depth of the sea of lies in which they are forced to live; and while, spontaneously, they do not believe what they hear, they yet, unreflecting, do not rise up in revolt for truth, or even sympathize with those who try to tell the truth. They go on living as if it were an expected part of life to share the huge cultural lie: that to keep smiling will see one through. But the liberal intellectual also does not see that *he* helped start all this, that back in the beginning it was his Enlightenment that conceived the idea of the rationalization of society. It was his Enlightenment that conceived of the new purpose of civilization as the bringing of maximum contentment to the greatest number by concrete changes in the *environment*. The men of the Enlightenment said that "Knowledge is power," and they made the discoveries and the inventions that made the technological revolution possible. It was their optimism that communicated itself to the thrust of our civilization.



Thus in his contempt for the mass culture and the barbaric Philistines he knows it can breed, the liberal intellectual sometimes forgets his own contribution to the making of our present world. Further, in turning away from the ugly aspects of the American economic system, the liberal intellectual does not always succeed in removing the colored glasses of European ideology. He has rarely tried to understand the American business world for what it is, its human achievements and virtues as well as its dehumanization. And now Europe is exhausted and looks to the American intellectual for light; the uncommitted nations look here for persuasion. The American intellectual is embarrassed by his own scathing rejections of his culture, and his little sympathy for the whole area of it — the area of *technique* — in which most of the people live out their lives. He has not seen what Henry Ford's revolution has done for the lives and spirit of the people, though he more easily approved. Roosevelt's protection of the people from the huge, impersonal forces of centralized business. The business system of America contributes to the welfare of the human spirit, as well as takes its toll of it; I can conceive of no system, in history or in the realm of ideas, that has not this ambiguity. Its great fault is its impersonal domination over men, the absence of personal intelligence and will directing it. The liberal intellectuals need to create new forms which would give thrust to the human spirit's need to master technology. Even in its present form, however, the American political-economic system is unique and perhaps uniquely human. It does not have unique expression or adequate image whereby it might be communicated to the understanding of other peoples. The liberal intellectual image of America is not adequate; neither is the image proposed by the business community. What other is there?

THE PEOPLE of America do not understand the changes that have come over our land in the last fifty years. Their heads are full of images of the frontier, of the familial and old-fashioned virtues; or else full of distress because these things are passing away. The civic virtues needed for our present life are quite different from those of two generations ago; the economic and international forces that control our lives are greater, and our need to work together is more critical. The set of virtues to which Barry Goldwater appeals is not a false set; it is simply not adequate. Our enemies and tasks are different from those our forebears faced. Agrarian virtues are different from the urban and suburban; they are not better or worse. The call to manhood still is the call to responsible judgment and courageous will, and only the individual can answer this call; though surely now the field for answering it is that of cooperation and not that of rugged individualism. Big business, centralized as nothing else in the world, and its counterweight, big government, are not perfect arrangements, but they are what we must live with, and they call for new sets of political and moral skills.

The liberal intellectual has not eased for the people this transition to a new way of life. The *avant-garde* has sometimes despised the people it was supposed to be leading; the beats, too, sneer at the squares. Sometimes the liberal intellectual has not understood genuine religion, and has tended to think of all religion as superstition, quite its opposite. Thus he has not in such cases been able to respect the religious virtues of many noble and heroic families among the people; he has also been cut off from one of the sources of energy in Western civilization — though there are, of course, many liberals who have not cut themselves off from these sources. Again, the liberal ethic has tended to be relativist. Even the extremities of the National Socialists were difficult for him to condemn intellectually, for the standard of morality had become more a matter of the sensibilities and of an undefined sense of honor than of the intelligence; the Nazis had acted for "the good of the state," hadn't they? In making fun of the bourgeois virtues, and in exposing the mechanisms of misdirected fears of sex, the liberal intellectual has once more moved out in front of the moral sense of the people, and not made the transition of the people to the new insights easy. The people have often thought the liberal intellectual amoral or even immoral, and the liberal intellectual has often thought the people benighted and stupid. Both groups, however, often share a deep moral sense, though its direction and expression differ in each.

Meanwhile, the emergence of communism as a world power has dramatized moral issues that have always lain at the root of society, but which have not always been so clear. The evils of capitalistic civilization, of both European and American type, have bred the moral thrust of communism; but the unscrupulousness of communism destroys morality in the very drive for success. The cold war is not a war that can be "won" or "lost" in the usual sense; even so, it becomes harder and harder to reconcile oneself to the notion that ideas and systems make no difference, that all is relative, that good intentions are enough. If the cold war endures without military mishap and indefinitely, then the force of opposite moral ideas will become increasingly important. The destruction of the Iron Curtain is the first condition for this interaction of ideas, but the destruction of our own Emotional Curtain of suspicion and of fear is the second. As long as both sides hide from the level of reason, we shall be in constant peril — even if neither side wanted mutual destruction, but had no way of communicating with the other, the unreasonable would inevitably happen.

BUT EVEN if these curtains are heaved up and rational communication is opened, what shall the liberal intellectual of America say to the world? He is not a salesman. He is not a public-relations man. He is not a mouther of virtuous phrases, nor a cataloguer of the excellences of his own people. His task is to grasp the lines of the emerging interacting consciousness of mankind. The pivot of all future development, the arrowhead of advance, is what happens in men's individual consciousness, a consciousness increasingly informed by currents from all around the world, a consciousness increasingly in communion with that of other men. East and West will disintegrate; humanity will emerge. This is the long-term struggle, of which the present is the springtime.

The development of rational consciousness, among individuals and in the world as a whole, is the line of advance. Beyond emotions, beyond prejudices, beyond reflexes, lie intelligent self-possession and integrity of will. The liberal intellectual in America must open the way to this advance first among his own people, then the peoples of the noncommitted world, and the peoples of the hostile world. He must understand what it is about American business that has given the lie to Marxian analysis and robbed that analysis of the fulfillment of its predictions in America, and indeed in Western Europe. He must also grasp the intellectual-moral change that comes over the general populace of those nations that move from an agrarian to an urban culture, its contributions to the human spirit as well as its penalties. He must grasp the ill effects of the welfare state, as of big business, upon the human spirit, and devise checks and balances there as elsewhere. He must cease thinking in the vaguely Socialist forms of the last seventy years, and the vaguely Utopian forms of the modern centuries, as if the contentment of the greatest number and not the development of rational consciousness were the goal of civilization. New energies of spirit are needed in our generation, new means of liberating intelligence and courage.

The liberal intellectual, then, must learn to criticize himself, to widen his sense of values by engaging himself in the not perfect but actual American culture, and to open a way for the American people to a fuller taking possession of the possibilities of the present for the human spirit. He cannot communicate with the people by scoring what the people hold dear, nor by repeating presuppositions the people do not share and cannot understand without teachers possessing empathy and infinite care. If the liberal doubted himself, saw the ambiguities in much that he has cherished, admitted his mistakes, ceased thinking of others as merely unenlightened, he would be much more ready for leadership to rational world order. The fusion of the ideals of the people with the ideals of the liberal intellectuals, and perhaps of genuine religious traditions with the traditions of the Enlightenment, would create a cultural force of great power. It might be sufficient to drive the overlords of falsehood from Madison Avenue and Hollywood for good, and free the genius of America for its worldwide tasks.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Water and Despotism

LAND, WOOD AND WATER. By Senator Robert S. Kerr. Fleet Publishing Corp. 380 pp. $4.95.
WATER SUPPLY. By Jack Hirshleifer, James C. De Haven and Jerome W. Milliman. University of Chicago Press. 378 pp. $7.50.
POLITICS AND GRASS. By Philip O. Foss. University of Washington Press. 236 pp. $4.50.
NEW WATER FOR A THIRSTY WORLD. By Michael Salzman. Science Foundation Press. 210 pp. $5.95.

David Cort

MANY DESPOTISMS, according to some historians, have developed out of control of the water supply (see Karl A. Wittfogel, *Oriental Despotism*, 1957). One can speculate further that the battle for the oasis comprised most of prehistory. American freedom is based in part on the cheapness and abundance of water. But the news is that we are running short of that element, and a gleam has entered the potential despots' eyes. That is the theme, sometimes unknowingly, of all four of these books.

The story of violence begins in the book by Senator Kerr of Oklahoma; it is a work dressed in *Reader's Digest* style by Malvine Stephenson and Tris Coffin (their names appear with the Senator's on the title page but not on the cover). The grand stupidity of the hopeless determination in the 1920s to control the raging Mississippi with levees alone is described again — and Herbert Hoover bobs up again on the wrong side, the infallible engineer. The Senator, of course, is on the right side — a network of small dams on the tributaries. But the Maginot Line theory for taming an angry river persisted for some years.

Senator Kerr gives the land area of the United States as 1,900,000 square miles, when it was 3,000,000 (before Alaska and Hawaii). This might be forgivable from anyone else, but not from a U.S. Senator: it is as if he does not know what he is a Senator of. In every second chapter Senator Kerr (via his writers) shyly drapes a wreath on his own forehead, then another and another, until one wonders how he can still stand up under the weight of the awesome modesty plus the wreaths.

He works up to "The Kerr Plan," which is simply to persuade all the agencies concerned with the basins of the Arkansas, White and Red Rivers to sit together on an Inter-Agency Committee and publish a report. This has opened the way for various projects, some undoubtedly useful, some probably pork-barrel, and for a Senate committee on national water problems whose chairman, Senator Kerr, promises a report in January. Well, let's wait for the report.

THE SECOND book, *Water Supply*, really knows what it is talking about. The authors point out that Kerr's beloved reservoirs evaporate vast quantities of water, and that this water may never fall again on land. Evaporation rates in the United States range from 15 inches to, in the Southwest, 130 inches a year. Lake Mead, behind Boulder Dam, loses by evaporation 800,000 acre feet a year. Thinking like bankers, the authors prefer the water underground until it is needed. The porous or creviced underground strata, called "aquifers," greatly complicate so-called "water rights." The authors are skeptical of the value of many plants, especially the phreatophytes (those with deep roots), which trap water only to transpire it back into the air.

Allowing for the industrial re-use of water, they figure that production of a ton of finished steel could involve the loss of only 1,400 gallons of water, as against Kerr's 65,000 gallons, and a ton of butadiene (synthetic rubber), 26,000 gallons against Kerr's 600,000 gallons. With such economies in mind, they say: "We have . . . not attempted . . . to predict what the supplies and uses will or should be in 1980, 2000 or 2200. We regard such forecasts, commonly based upon crude extrapolations of recent aggregate trends, as usually mistaken and even dangerous. The forecasts are typically mistaken because they ignore the factor of . . . erroneous public policies that will not be easy to maintain in the face of growing real cost of water."

But such optimism, based on faith in free market competition, runs head-on into the growing despotism, executive, legislative, or judicial. Local politicians want to give their own voters water to waste (as two studies in this book demonstrate for New York City and Southern California) and reject the most obvious economies.

A reasonable allocation of water should, these economists say, be based on the marginal values in use — that is, the value of the last units used. The first value of water is obviously as a drink, but people can drink only so much; the second use may be for agriculture, but that too has a limit; and so on down the line. An intelligent society gets all the values it can, within reason in each value. But this philosophy of water is at odds with most government action, which accepts each declared "need" as an absolute, not recognizing it as only a relative "desire." On the insatiable need basis, I could argue that I need all the water in the watershed for my own personal use, and you could argue the same.

Water Supply adopts a novel skepticism toward many reclamation projects. The benefits, it is suggested, of irrigation projects in the basins of the Missouri and Upper Colorado Rivers can never equal the public expenditure, totaling in these cases more than $3 billion. As for the Chief Joseph Dam Project in Washington State, the authors quote an authority as estimating the national subsidy per farm in that area at about $22,000 — certainly a lot for the rest of us to contribute to one family. The bookkeeping approach to water may seem cold to some tastes, including mine, but it earns respectful consideration.

Coldness stops when the book comes to the law of water. The states, in more than half the area of the country, claim to own all the water. The authors ask whether the language used in these statutes "is an innocuous form of words to indicate that the state has an interest in water-resource development or whether the language actually means what (in extreme cases) it says. . . . That there are defects in present systems of private water rights is very clear; but to abolish property rights rather than cure the defects is a drastic and, we believe, unwise remedy." The despotisms are under way.

The federal government has also cut into the water game, and some crucial cases are now going through the courts. Indian reservations (with no Indians) give the government a handle to claim limitless water for "ultimate development." "Navigation," elastically defined, gives federal authorities still another gimmick to claim any water that can float anything bigger than a duck. And so on. It does not look good for just ordinary citizens or, as I like to call

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DAVID CORT is a frequent contributor.

them, the sovereign power. Water will soon be a more powerful lever to power than even national defense; and the politicians are catching the heady scent.

THE THIRD book, *Politics and Grass*, was so painful that I could not read it thoroughly. It is the tragic story of why a quarter of America has been left a desert by the Western stockmen who, as "advisory boards" in control of the open, public range, have thwarted Roosevelt's attempt to save the plains. One also begins to understand why the plateau states, instead of breeding a free, adventurous, pioneering race, generally vote for black reaction and "to have and to hold." But of course: they too are getting something for nothing. One can only wish all these clever little cowboys a good night's sleep. Though the tone of the book is pedantically factual, it should be read only by people who do not mind getting mad and disgusted.

The fourth book, *New Water for a Thirsty World*, takes a biochemist's approach to oxygen and hydrogen and proposes that the crust of the earth is constantly combining those elements as *new* water and secreting it. It also asserts that if this process were not going on, the break-up of H2O molecules by such operations as photosynthesis would long ago have emptied all the oceans. I do not feel competent to discuss either of these propositions, which have evidently been rejected by almost all the schools. But I am not so naive as the professors; I would not presume to dismiss Michael Salzman's evidence that there is good water down under layers of hard rock, where it is not supposed to be. The writer has gone far to justify his title, and the ignorance of scientists is nothing to surprise or dismay anyone.

My objection to this book is perverse: the people who now refuse to look at Mr. Salzman's proofs (mostly the work of Stephan Reiss) are exactly those who, a little later, will make use of his solution to evade all the other solutions. For the new, or "juvenile," water can be only a partial solution. The curse of man is that nature again and again gives him something for nothing, like Reiss's new water; and suddenly he is spoiled, like an apple that is spoiled.

All truly great issues, like water, reach honest men as a confusion of hatreds. In much the way that I once hated both Fascists and Communists, and indeed still do, in this matter of water, my rage goes out in all directions, and my pity for the posterity. People read fiction nowadays to feel miserable, but they do not need to. These books will make them feel much lousier.

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To Pierce the Dark Mind

THE SENATE SPEECHES OF W. B. YEATS. Edited by Donald R. Pearce. Indiana University Press. 183 pp. $4.50.

Vivian Mercier

THIS handsome little book would make a fine Christmas present for any legislator who thinks poets do not belong in politics — or for any poet foolish enough to agree with him. Professor Pearce remarks in his introduction: "It is necessary to go back 300 years, to Milton himself, for a like instance of a great imaginative man comparably involved in the political affairs of his country. . . ." That may be true as regards Anglo-Saxon countries, but what about Victor Hugo and Goethe, for example? As Bernard Shaw long ago pointed out, twentieth-century Ireland is too poor a country to afford stupidity in her politicians. The same holds for other small countries, but it is also true that most of the great powers, with the exception of Britain and the United States, have shown little fear of putting their intellectuals and creative artists to work in all three branches of government.

Admittedly, Yeats was not elected to office, and his six-year appointment (1922-28) to the Irish Free State Senate took place during what was still a revolutionary period. He therefore did not have to please the Irish electorate, whom his Senate speech on divorce must have bitterly antagonized. However, even if we regard the world of arts and letters as his true constituency, he deserved well not only of his constituents but of the Irish people as a whole. For instance, in defeating amendments that sought to restrict Irish copyright to books printed in Ireland, he twice showed a mastery of the facts and of the common-sense arguments against such measures that no lawyer could have bettered. One senator acknowledged: "I had every wish to vote in favor of the amendment, but I must confess that after hearing Senator Yeats I have been completely changed in my opinion." Other areas in which Yeats made a direct personal contribution to the future of his newly liberated country included education in general; the fostering of museums, galleries and art schools; the recovery from Britain of Sir Hugh Lane's bequest of paintings; the chairmanship of the Senate Committee on Irish Manuscripts; and, above all, his chairmanship of the committee appointed to choose a new Irish coinage.

Yeats's long-range strategy in the matter of the Lane pictures — to leave a room empty in the Dublin Municipal Gallery until its silent reproach embarrassed the British Government into relinquishing the disputed paintings — has finally borne fruit within the past year or so. While it is apparently true that the Irish Government never acted upon the report of the Irish (i.e., Gaelic) Manuscripts Committee, practically all of its recommendations have since been implemented piecemeal. As for the Irish coinage, Yeats not only worked out a model procedure for obtaining good designs, but carried it through to the conclusion of a singularly handsome set of coins, happily still in circulation. These are reproduced in a photograph, and also supply the motifs for a number of black-and-white decorations which add charm to the book.

THE poet's report of the coinage committee's proceedings, printed as an appendix by Professor Pearce, reveals a unique combination of high artistic standards and shrewd practicality:

> But how should the Government choose its artists? What advice should we give? It should reject a competition open to everybody. No good artist would spend day after day designing, and perhaps get nothing by it. There should be but a few competitors, and whether a man's work were chosen or not he should be paid something, and he should know, that he might have some guarantee of our intelligence, against whom he competed.

This report, lucid and dryly humorous, is worth the price of the book.

If Yeats had much to offer Irish politics and politicians, they in turn made some contribution to his poetry. The famous speech advocating Protestant views on divorce contained the germs of two poems: "The Three Monuments" (about the private lives of Horatio Nelson, Daniel O'Connell and Charles Stewart Parnell) and Part III of "The Tower," especially the passage beginning, "The people of Burke and of Grattan. . . ." A whole series of speeches on the School Attendance Bill of 1925-26 illuminate "Among School Children," one of the truly great poems written in those senatorial years, in which he describes himself as "A sixty-year-old smiling public

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man." (It is a faint, ironical smile that flits over the lips of the poet in the photograph reproduced in this book.)

As a specialist in contemporary Irish literature, I must concede that Professor Pearce has brought off a scoop — a real one, not a mere footnote to the poet's biography. I had read the debate on divorce in the official Senate reports, but the remainder of the fifty-five items here culled from those reports were quite unknown to me. His five appendices are all of value too: Senator Oliver St. John Gogarty's motion of congratulation on Yeats's winning of the Nobel Prize for literature, the wonderful coinage report, and three articles from periodicals which deal with divorce, censorship and "The Child and the State" ("Among School Children" again). The footnotes are generally accurate and necessary but contain one real howler. If one were to believe the note on "Kilmainham," the Irish legislators would seem a bunch of comic Paddies, anxious to carry on their deliberations in a jail. It was not the prison at Kilmainham, but the Royal Hospital there — Dublin's finest seventeenth-century building—which they considered using as a parliament house.

Professor Pearce inevitably mentions Yeats's famous advice to Ezra Pound that he never become a senator of his country, but supplies as well Pound's less familiar answer from the *Pisan Cantos*:

> If a man don't occasionally sit in a senate
> how can he pierce the darrk mind of a senator?

Yeats's Senate years certainly gave him insight into minds that previously had held only darkness for him, kept his feet firmly on the ground while he was writing *A Vision*, and helped give his later poetry "the syntax of passionate speech." But they also confirmed the taste for oligarchy which — rather than a yearning toward fascism — colored his political views in his last years. The conservative Anglo-Irish lawyers, distillers, bankers and landlords with whom he voted in the Senate, and whom he sometimes cajoled or persuaded into understanding an artist's viewpoint, played their part in shaping his vision of an ideal ruling class. In all fairness we should allow that his views and theirs were closer to Hamilton's or even to Jefferson's than they were to Mussolini's.

The Audacious Bourgeois

LETTERS OF SIGMUND FREUD. Selected and edited by Ernst L. Freud. Translated by Tania and James Stern. Basic Books. 470 pp. $7.50.

George Steiner

THERE is in greatness a consistency of style. Those virtues which mark Freud's genius — his manifold curiosity, his swiftness of judgment, his tenacity — are exhibited throughout his letters, though in a minor, private key. Of the four thousand letters extant, Ernst Freud has chosen three hundred and fifteen. They span nearly the entire range of his father's life, from the rather stilted account of a seventeen-year-old student facing exams to the notes of an aged, ailing exile waiting for death. The largest group are the letters of the young Freud to his fiancée, Martha Bernays, during the four years of their engagement. Elsewhere there are letters to Thomas Mann, to Einstein and to Freud's first disciples and subsequent rivals in psychoanalysis.

It is striking how early Freud developed the traits and habits of feeling distinctive of his later work. Already in 1882, the young Viennese neuropsychiatrist defined what was to be his lifelong attitude to Judaism: "This is what I believe: even if the form wherein the old Jews were happy no longer offers us any shelter, something of the core, of the essence of this meaningful and life-affirming Judaism will not be absent from our home." In the unknown beginner, we hear the serene, nearly arrogant conviction of the great explorer of ideas: he declares that he cannot hide his "thoughts and opinions — in short, the truth." And from the start we come upon what is, perhaps, the central paradox in Freud's life, the contrast between the bourgeois, rather stuffy sobriety of his tastes and habits, and the radical audacity of his doctrines. His image of an ideal home is purest Victoriana:

> Tables and chairs, beds, mirrors, a clock to remind the happy couple of the passage of time, an armchair for an hour's pleasant daydreaming, carpets to help the housewife keep the floors clean, linen tied with pretty ribbons in the cupboard . . . hats with artificial flowers . . . glasses for every-

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GEORGE STEINER, a free-lance writer, is the author of Tolstoy or Dostoevsky (*Knopf*).

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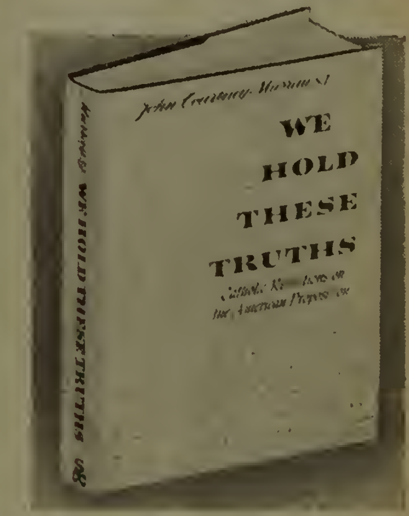
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> day and others for wine and festive occasions . . . the books and the sewing table and the cosy lamp.

Yet this was the man who could state, with calm assurance, in April, 1896, "I can definitely cure hysteria and obsessional neurosis" — a statement that was to make of Freud one of the most controversial radicals of the age.

Deliberately, Ernst Freud has chosen letters which illumine his father's private life. The letters to Fliess, in which one can follow, step by step, the genesis of Freudian insight, and the professional correspondence with colleagues and adversaries can be found elsewhere. What we have here are the unguarded moments. The letters of the young lover are particularly revealing: there is in them a streak of paternalism, nearly, one might say, of bullying; but it is redeemed by a passionate candor. Even in moments of most intimate grief, Freud retained a Mosaic severity: writing to his mother about the death of his second daughter, Sophie, Freud concludes: "Tragedy after all has to be accepted. But to mourn this splendid, vital girl who was so happy with her husband and children is of course permissible."

The acceptance of tragedy enabled Freud to endure his long illness and the flight from his home in 1938. When he arrived in London, many other refugees turned to him for help or guidance. Freud's answer, in an instance where the applicant presumed upon his role of refugee, is characteristic of the whole man: "It is only natural that we should try to help one another in these times. But I believe that if in doing so we don't keep to the truth we shall soon lose all credit." Like everything Freud wrote, these letters are a primer of integrity.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

IF I HAD to explain to a foreign visitor one of the most grievous defects of the American theatre I should say: "You see, Monsieur, our 'big' public — the one that pays the high prices to see our appallingly costly productions (and even productions which look modest are costly) — this public does not as a rule care for old plays. I refer not only to Shakespeare, Congreve, Sheridan or Goldsmith, but to Shaw, Chekhov, Wilde and O'Neill. This public does not care for such plays simply because they are old: there is no 'story' in them, no news value. In order to see plays by the authors we loosely label 'classics,' one has to go to a special — usually a tiny — theatre where, because of the extremely limited means at the producer's disposal, young actors do their very best to cope with the difficult material. For the better the play, the knottier the problems it poses for the director and his company.

"When I was a young man an admirable producer, Arthur Hopkins, offered a whole cycle of Ibsen plays on Broadway with Nazimova, Lionel Atwill, Roland Young (settings by Robert Edmond Jones). Some years later an enterprising organization produced *Hedda Gabler* with Emily Stevens, Dudley Digges, Louis Calhern — every one of them of star stature. But in those days the cost of production was not high, the price of tickets was moderate. In the late twenties Eva Le Gallienne at her Civic Repertory Theatre on 14th Street presented Chekhov and Ibsen to large audiences for $1.50 the orchestra seat. (But that was a privately subsidized theatre.) Today Chekhov and Ibsen are usually played in a theatre of 199 seats, earnestly directed and sincerely acted, but without the full equipment of background, maturity and scope of talent to do justice to these masters. But since they are masters, and since the public which has retained an appetite for plays of substance still exists, these productions, for all their artistic inadequacies, are sometimes hailed as high points of theatrical art — and no decent person is disposed to deny it. For if we rejected such honorable efforts in the off-Broadway areas we should have to go without any reminder at all of what the best dramatists of the past had to say."

SO Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler* (4th Street Theatre) is rediscovered. Many people who have spoken or written about this production give the impression that they have neither seen nor read the play before; or if they had, regarded it as one of those classics which it was better to talk about than to know.

I have seen four previous productions of *Hedda* — the three just referred to — and one in France. Two seasons ago I had occasion to use *Hedda Gabler* as a kind of text for a lecture I gave on Chekhov and Ibsen. Rereading it, I realized once again that though, subjectively speaking, I prefer Chekhov, *Hedda* is indeed a masterpiece and still a play to be treasured not merely as a "model" but as a living work of art.

I need not emphasize the perfection of its construction, which breaks down at only one point: in the last act where Ibsen's need to preserve the unity of time makes him pack too many psychological metamorphoses into too brief a section of the play. Nor are we aided to appreciate the play by viewing Hedda herself as an evil woman, a horrendous *femme fatale*, a freak like the "vampires" of stage and screen in the era of Theda Bara.

NAZIMOVA played Hedda that way—and I remember that John Corbin, who was then critic of *The New York Times*, condemned her for it. He was right. Hedda is, at bottom, an "ordinary" woman. She is afraid to combat the conventions of her class and her environment. She will not break any rules. The descendant of what must have been a sort of military aristocracy now deprived of its privileges, money and status, she cannot abide the mediocrity of middle-class life in a tight community. Yet she will not marry an outcast intellectual to whom she is strongly attracted and perhaps even loves. She is jealous of an old schoolmate, an innocent nincompoop (according to Hedda), but a woman who through love is able to escape the bonds of her social position.

Hedda does the only thing left for her to do: she marries into a respectable milieu to which she considers herself superior by virtue of her heritage and "temperament." Like so many middle-class women, she hopes that her husband's stock will rise — either by his becoming more affluent or by achieving a "name" — and thus render her life more tolerable. She wants to be a successfully normal woman, comfortably safe with attributes of glamour and dash. On no account will she be "had" (lose her "independence") either by becoming a mother or some man's mistress. As a result, she is warped. Whatever is superior in her — that is, humanly lively (for in no other way does Ibsen portray her as superior) — becomes destructive through her self-enforced conformism. But the point that one must forever bear in mind is that Hedda is not by nature demonic. She is, as I have said, ordinary, almost representative.

The play then is the tragedy of the nineteenth-century bourgeoise. Her equivalent is still with us. Even if we cannot see the correspondence between Hedda and many women we know today — despite their "emancipation" — the play embodies the truth that healthy impulses, thwarted either by lack of social encouragement or by lack of personal resoluteness, will ultimately grow either flabby or nihilistic.

Flaubert said, "I am Madame Bovary." He meant that though he was a romantic at heart, he felt historically obliged to tame his yearning for grandeur, color and eloquence so that he might serve the ends of the strictly realistic, anti-heroic novel. Somewhat similarly, Ibsen was a Hedda Gabler, compressing his passion to the manner and themes of the middle-class theatre. His last play — *When We Dead Awaken* — tells us that the man who sacrifices his affective life for "art" or a like ambition — it is "business" in *John Gabriel Borkman* — becomes a monster whose works will inevitably reveal the deformed nature of their origin. But the force of Ibsen's passion and its compression in the narrow mold of the realistic stage gives his plays at their best an elevation, an intensity, a symbolic sweep and extension that break through the grayness of their caution and logic.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

ROSSELLINI'S new picture, *General della Rovere*, with Vittorio de Sica in the title role, is a first-class presentation of second-class material. If I outlined the plot, you would curl your lip, but the image and impact of the film from scene to scene is compelling and often tormenting.

The locale is Genoa under the German occupation — Rossellini country — and de Sica plays a sensitive blackguard, a type he can always make exciting with wry details and the shadowy flight of emotions over his impassive, too-handsome face.

In the early scenes, de Sica picks his dapper, desperate way through the ruins of Genoa (the production companies must by now be put to the expense of constructing their marvelously photogenic bombed areas), running a black-market operation in human lives. For 100 per cent commission, he buys Italian patriots back from the venal Germans; but, being a compulsive gambler, he often loses the money entrusted to him and then must work a bucket shop system of financing one deal with the next deal's capital. A wretched business, with the German labor camps in the background, and de Sica plays it in a weak cold sweat that is both appalling and moving.

Quite soon, though, the enterprise blows up and the fixer runs afoul of Colonel Mueller, a Nazi police officer, who offers him money and freedom to impersonate a certain General della

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Rovere whom the Germans wish to pretend they have captured alive for purposes of counter-espionage. The prison scenes are tautly played — tiny men in the huge, hollow, echoing iron wellshaft of one of those European prisons that look like a paralyzed railway terminus. But the picture loses conviction as it swings toward melodrama and its tritely noble ending.

Colonel Mueller angered me. He is played (and excellently played by Hannes Messemer) as a "good cop," who does his job however distasteful it may be. In this case the job requires beating prisoners to death for refusing to divulge information and gives Mueller occasion to ask, when shown a list drawn up for retaliatory execution, "Why are there not more Jews?" I know that time heals all wounds, but twenty years is not long enough to heal this sort of obscenity, and I resist being asked to appreciate Colonel Mueller's fastidious distaste for his job.

As always, Rossellini's passing scene is strongly drawn, elegantly controlled and filmed in rough texture under leaden skies. The passers-by in his pictures, even the cats in the gutters, have more individual vitality than the principals in many of the movies we see.

INGMAR BERGMAN'S *The Virgin Spring* is an indulgence by a director who has perhaps earned the right to indulge himself. Bergman is attracted by the juxtaposition of childlike piety and jaw-dripping violence, and here he carries the combination as far as it can go. The story is a simple legend, suitable for weaving in tapestry; the particulars are horrible enough — and explicit enough — to illustrate a documentary on criminal pathology. Taste on the screen, as on the stage, is largely a matter of consistency — you can do almost anything if the context is right. The Middle Ages were quite probably crawling with superstition and howling for blood and maidens, and I would not criticize Bergman for trying to fancy what it must have been like. But in that case he should have conceived a story more in key with the lusts of men than with the bright threads of petit point. Magic springs and enchanted woods do not provide the right atmosphere for the smell of burning flesh and the moans of sex murder.

The Ships Are Made Ready in Silence

Moored to the same ring:
The hour, the darkness and I,
Our compasses hooded like falcons.

Now the memory of you comes aching in
With a wash of broken bits which never left port,
In which once we planned voyages.
They come knocking like hearts asking:
What departures on this tide?

Breath of land, warm breath,
You tighten the cold around the navel,
Though all shores but the first have been foreign,
And the first was not home until left behind.

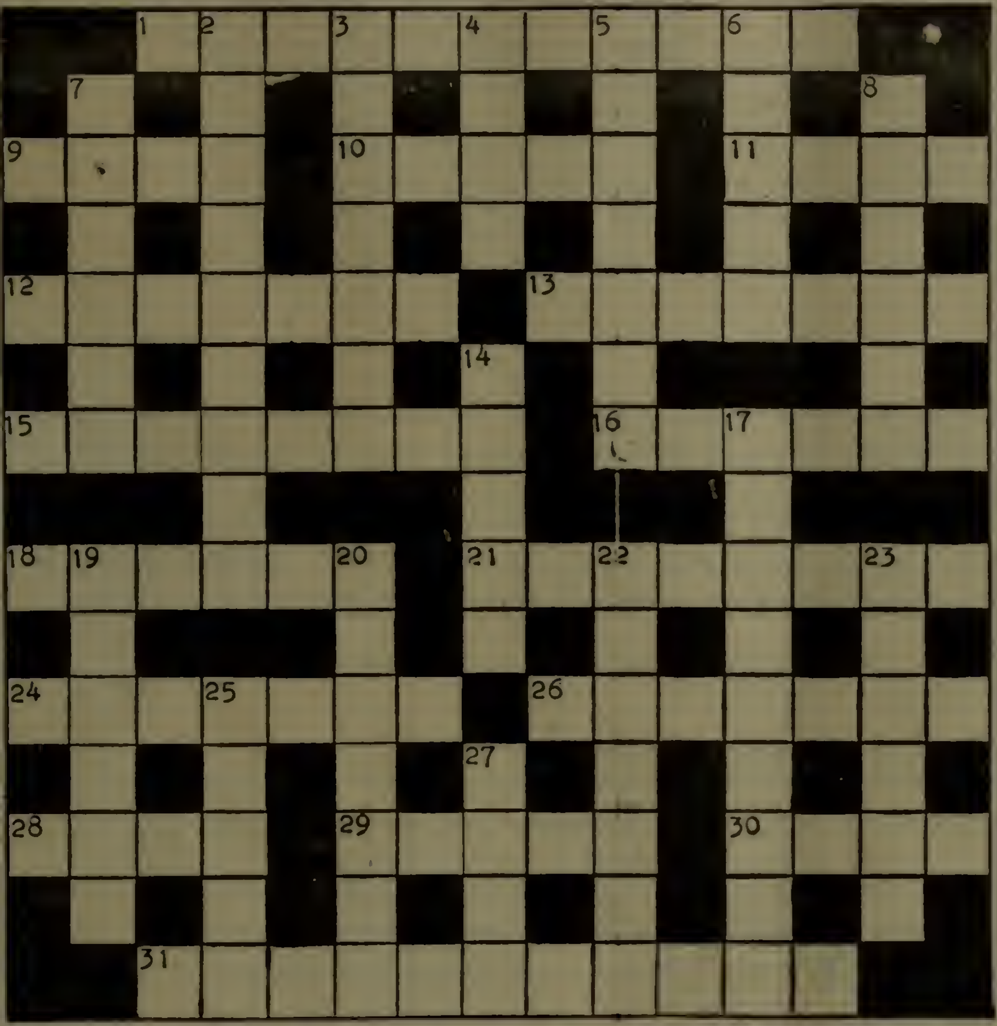
Our choice is ours but we have not made it,
Containing, as it does, our destination
Circled with loss as with coral, and
A destination only until attained.

I have left you my hope to remember me by,
Though now there is little resemblance.
At this moment I could believe in no change—
The mast perpetually
Vacillating between the same constellations,
The night never withdrawing its dark virtue
From the harbor shaped as a heart,
The sea pulsing as a heart,
The sky vaulted as a heart,
Where I know the light will shatter like a cry
Above a discovery:
"'Emptiness.
Emptiness! Look!"
Look. This is the morning.

W. S. MERWIN

Crossword Puzzle No. 893

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Boss lumbermen? (We might be fussing at them.) (11)

9 and 11 What show-girls sometimes do to the bald-headed row where some of us wait? (3, 5)

10 and 25 down Where one gets behind the team, but a certain lack of spirit is implied. (2, 3, 5)

12 These might be called for, since the binding business hinges on them. (7)

13 Hoover's boys get well around a made-up story! (7)

15 Both word and tune are blended poorly, but it might pull you out. (8)

16 You might get a lift out of Elmer, perhaps. (6)

18 Not so much covering as to bare our lack of knowledge at times? (6)

21 Is the function of the ring to be so charming? (8)

24 One's account might be descriptive of the artist's pad. (5, 2)

26 Evidently no one failed to squeal completely. (3, 4)

28 Descriptive of a carpet-beetle? (4)

29 and 30 Diminishing sound similar to 10 and 25. (2, 3, 4)

31 A bad monarch is an untimely thing! (11)

DOWN:

2 Should they look well in the air-force? (9)

3 Rope ring. (7)

4 Involved in an old hair-style put up like 27. (4)

5 and 27 Certainly not a matinee idol in Tannhäuser. (7, 4)

6 What drugstore cowboys try to do with girls, by the sound of it? (It's a fact!) (5)

7 A plain village, but 14. (6)

8 Jimmy might serve as one. (6)

14 You and I are found in place of British dessert. (5)

17 Those who watch the late late show find this sort of thing slow. (5, 4)

19 Probably not a movement of the right. (6)

20 Specimens from this period would certainly make a nice zoo! (7)

22 A source of irritation might be over a long period spent in the fleet some time ago. (7)

23 They might be hung on the line, only not so shapely between two poles. (6)

25 See 10 across

27 See 5 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 892

ACROSS: 1 Carpet sweeper; 10 Anvil; 11 Rheumatic; 12 Hand towel; 13 Terse; 19 Obsolescence; 22 Dregs; 24 Nutriment; 25 Nostalgic; 26 Inert; 27 Trial balances. DOWN: 2 Advent; 3 Political; 4 Throw rugs; 5 Wheel; 6 Emmet; 7 Enthrone; 8 Lathe; 9 Accedes; 15 Identical; 16 Tactician; 17 and 14 Nodding acquaintance; 18 Assessor; 20 Revere; 21 State; 23 Scapa; 24 Negeb.

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> "No matter what you may think of it, no matter what I think of it—Cuba's voice is a voice that must be heard in the United States of America. It must be heard because the United States is too powerful, its responsibilities to the world and to itself are too great, for its people not to be able to listen to every voice of the hungry world.
>
> "If we do *not* listen to them, if we do not hear them well, we face all the perils of ignorance—and with these, the perils of disastrous mistakes."

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Robert Wuliger

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THE PEACEMAKERS

Barbara Deming

THREE MYTHS of AUTOMATION

Charles C. Killingsworth

CHRISTMAS LISTS · ART BOOKS · RECORDS

LETTERS

Greetings from Confreres

Dear Sirs: It was wonderfully thoughtful of you to send me the issue of *The Nation* with the Chandler Davis article [issue of Dec. 3]. I read it at once and enjoyed it. It sounds just like his keen, observing mind.

I cannot help but think of the great difference between life at Danbury and life in a county jail. Maybe I can produce something, too, that will be interesting and instructive.

WILLARD UPHAUS

Boscowen, N.H.

Dear Sirs: Chandler Davis' article on prisons is not only good writing but also accurate insight. He might have mentioned another difficulty: to miss seeing your children growing up. My first child was only several months old when I was imprisoned as a conscientious objector in World War II. . . .

Even in the forced communality of prison life, there is an ineradicable feeling of isolation. If one believes that he is fulfilling a duty, the sentence can be borne with more equanimity.

CHARLES C. WALKER

Cheyney, Pa.

The Apalachin Decision

Dear Sirs: The dismissal of the conspiracy charges against the twenty defendants convicted in the Apalachin case is being widely hailed, especially in liberal journals, as a triumph of American justice and a reassertion of civil rights. What seems to have been overlooked is that the court, by the intemperance of its remarks, has achieved a great disservice to law enforcement.

I am, I think, as greatly concerned about civil rights as any man. But I am also greatly concerned by an evil that shadows all our life today — the power of an underworld that has corrupted police and politics. This is *not* to say that the rights of even a mobster should be violated. But neither, I think, should it be any court's prerogative to vilify honest agents of the law. This plainly is what happened in the bias the U.S. Court of Appeals exhibited in the Apalachin case.

This bias shows most clearly in the concurring opinion of Judge Charles E. Clark, who penned what can only be considered a gratuitous smear against Sergeant Edgar Croswell, of the New York State Police, the officer who broke up the Apalachin gathering. Judge Clark wrote that for thirteen years Croswell "pursued . . . in all ways possible (including tapping his telephone)" Joseph Barbara, Sr., the Apalachin host, without discovering any evidence of illegality. Nowhere in this decision is there the faintest recognition of the kind of man Barbara was (an associate of convicted criminals and himself held four times on murder charges during the Prohibition gang wars) or the very good reasons that existed for any detective half worthy of the name to keep a close watch on his activities.

With similar bias, Judge Clark, though he does not name him, attacks Milton R. Wessel, the federal prosecutor who tried the Apalachin case, writing that the prosecution "should never have been initiated or allowed to proceed so far." Again a law-enforcement official, whose whole record is one of integrity, is blackened as an over-zealous prosecutor. This is particularly unfortunate in the case of Mr. Wessel, who went to extraordinary lengths before and during the trial of the Apalachin defendants to squelch newspaper and television accounts that would have been prejudicial to the defense. He leaned over backwards (further than I have even seen a prosecutor lean) to make certain that the immediate atmosphere in which the trial was conducted was a fair one.

Had the court confined itself to the legal aspects of the case, I might disagree with its findings, but I would hardly have become incensed at its decision. But this court did not do that; it went beyond and attacked both Sgt. Croswell and the ethics of the prosecution. Next time, both detectives and prosecution are going to be more gun-shy; the boon to the underworld is obvious.

FRED J. COOK

Interlaken, N.J.

Why Mr. Porter Lost

Dear Sirs: I was much interested in your Dec. 3 issue containing the piece written by my good friend, Charlie Porter, on "Why the 'Peace Congressmen' Lost," which mentions my paper several times.

I don't believe Congressman Porter really knows why he lost the election. The reasons he cites are true enough. But basically he lost because the general public envisions the job of Congressman as a local one. A Senator can charge off into international disputes, but a Congressman should restrict his worrying to the price of plywood, if he's from Oregon, or the price of corn and hogs, if he is from Iowa. I agree, this is bad. But I believe it is true.

Charlie did worry about the price of plywood. But over a period of four years in Congress, he gave the impression that he was flying hither-and-yon exclusively. The voter got the impression Charlie had forgotten about the Fourth District of Oregon. Charlie's opponent had the money to capitalize on this, and he had a campaign aide who told him how to do it, and he did it just right.

FOREST W. AMSDEN
Exec. Editor, Coos Bay (Ore.) *World*

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THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

Fifteen Fingers on the Trigger

By virtue of his position, Lauris Norstad is inevitably a political general; it would be an egregious mistake to regard him as purely concerned with the military problems of NATO. Like any other diplomat, he must often shield his real purposes behind a plausible pretense. Watch him, and you are most likely to find out what is going on behind the scenes in NATO. So, when Norstad and Paul-Henri Spaak, another dealer in smoke screens, come out ardently for converting NATO into a nuclear-weapons pool, a fourth nuclear power, a nuclear "fire brigade," etc., it is well to be suspicious, and when Chancellor Adenauer is reported to be enthusiastic for the plan, the suspicions should be doubled and trebled.

Actually, the proposal for the United States to turn over atomic weapons to NATO has one main purpose: to make the nuclear armament of West Germany acceptable to those Westerners who still remember World War II, with its German concentration camps and massacres. Control of a weapon, nuclear or otherwise, by fifteen countries, however well disposed toward one another, is an absurdity on its face. Vice Admiral Alexander Heye, a member of the West German *Bundestag*, let this particular cat out of the bag (if it was ever in) when he pointed out that "fifteen fingers on the trigger" might cause dangerous delays in the event of an emergency. Instead, he proposed a three-man team to work in close cooperation with the NATO command. We may be sure that the West Germans would not be altogether isolated from such a body, even when (the members are to be chosen in rotation) they were not actually represented. At the same time, the West German parties, on the eve of an election year, are relieved of the onus of demanding nuclear weapons for the burgeoning German army.

It is to be hoped that none of these gimmicks has escaped the attention of President-elect Kennedy and the members of the next Congress. The proposal to equip the *Bundeswehr* with nuclear arms should receive the closest scrutiny of both Congress and Executive, and the American and European peoples should have the benefit of open debate before a question so perilous is decided.

De Gaulle, Kennedy and the U.N.

In July, 1957, Senator, now President-elect, John F. Kennedy propounded a rhetorical question on the floor of the Senate. "Did we not learn in Indochina," Kennedy asked, "that we might have served both the French and our own cause infinitely better had we taken a more firm stand much earlier than we did? The Algerian problem is no longer to save a myth of French empire — the problem is to save the French nation as well as to free Africa."

This was a piece of insight, and time has only sharpened its significance. And now, with the Algeria-is-French desperadoes girding for rebellion, it offers a way out for de Gaulle — one which he can utilize, though not publicly avow. De Gaulle is caught between the Army, which like any army in combat is blindly bent on extermination, and the French colonists in Algeria, who want to hold onto their property and privileges like any ruling class, and the FLN rebel government, which like the rest of Africa insists on independence. De Gaulle needs help, and he can get it if the U.N. will follow the Kennedy lead and condemn France for holding Algeria in subjection. If this form of pressure from the international body succeeds, it will not only save France but also the U.N., which in the Congo faces a situation daily growing more dubious. And if for once the United States lines up unequivocally on the side of the anti-colonial forces, the United States will also be helping itself.

To maintain command over the Army, de Gaulle is resorting to a referendum. Even if he gets overwhelming popular support, however, he may fail to control right-wing military elements and political extremists like Lagaillarde. The crucial factor is not only the size of the vote in favor of de Gaulle, but the willingness of

French labor to declare a general strike, if necessary, and popular support for such a strike if it is declared. If de Gaulle can tell Frenchmen that, right or wrong, the world (and especially America) expects France to allow Algeria to choose its future in a free election supervised not by the French Army — a farcical idea on its face — but by the U.N., his chances are materially better in the crucial conflict that lies ahead.

The alternative, to which de Gaulle may be forced if the U.N. continues to temporize, is partition of Algeria, with the "European" part running along the coast and the Moslems taking what is left in the interior desert. Then the war will continue, with a situation like that involving Israel and the Arab countries in the Middle East transferred to North Africa. Communist China and the Soviet Union will aid the FLN via Tunisia, perhaps not only with arms, but with "volunteers." The resulting imbroglio could make the Congo look like a repository of sweetness and light.

The Contagion of Conviction

As the New Year approaches and a new Administration prepares to take over in Washington, it is worth noting that people, here and there, are beginning to walk if not to march. In San Francisco, ten sturdy hikers left Union Square recently en route to Moscow, part of a larger "Acts for Peace" team scheduled to make a cross-country and trans-Europe walk to Moscow by November, 1961. . . . In Middletown, Connecticut, a small group known as "Vigil for Disarmament," comprised of faculty members and students from Wesleyan University and townspeople, has just concluded a series of "walks for disarmament" in Middletown. . . . At Harvard, a new undergraduate group known as Tocsin staged a campus walk on December 6 in which an estimated thousand students participated.

A new quality is emerging in these recent "walks." Neither the Wesleyan nor the Harvard group, for example, is pacifist, although some individuals in each group may be. A passage from the statement issued by the Wesleyan group is significant:

> It is sad that our apathy since the annihilation of Hiroshima has not only continued but flourished, if one can legitimately conceive of apathy as flourishing. Democracy has given way to a kind of amorphous oligarchy at the "summit" (at irreparable cost to the lethargic multitudes at the "base"). The world's ruling minority does not dare take disarmament seriously, for fear of losing face. There is only one hope for eventual disarmament, one way in which those who want to end the chaotic armaments race can achieve results: by intensifying and increasing their expressions of protest in every possible form. Happily enough, the eccentric gestures of conviction are often contagious; they inevitably incite *some* enthusiasm and support. The prelude to disarmament must consist of the winning of sentiment.

A passage from the Tocsin statement is of equal interest:

> There are many people, at Harvard and elsewhere, who question the continued development toward nuclear war; yet whether they have confirmed political convictions or are simply uneasy and bewildered, most of these people fail to express their concern. Having neither a clear sense of what action is needed nor a set of ideas which seems adequate to challenge prevailing assumptions supporting organization for war, they feel politically and intellectually impotent. The problem is how to provide these people — really all of us in greater or lesser degree — with the kind of personal opportunity which will lead to a sense of competence, both to think and to act on the issues.

A new realism, a new understanding, a new breadth of vision is implicit in these statements. Both are premised on the assumption that the only way to reduce an issue of the staggering complexity of disarmament to manageable proportions for the individual is to encourage him to express his concern by some act which will elicit the interest and perhaps the support of others. Both groups stress the importance of a commitment to act which is appropriate to the individual — as do the groups in New London described in this issue by Miss Deming (see page 471).

Measured against the long-sustained silence of the cold-war years, the success of these most recent "walks" and similar acts is truly impressive. The San Francisco walk captured headlines from coast to coast. The Wesleyan walks were given fair and full coverage in the local press. And Tocsin's initial walk culminated in an overflow meeting in Quincy House and the dispatch of a delegation to convey to Rep. Clem Miller and James Goodby of the State Department the group's views on the suspension of nuclear tests — perhaps the first undergraduate delegation to visit Washington on such a mission since the cold war began.

Implicit in these demonstrations, too, is the notion not of unilateral disarmament — more appropriate to the situation in Great Britain than here — but of unilateral initiative, that is, recognition that in certain areas of the arms race a unilateral decision to halt further weapons development can contribute more to world stability than the continued development of weapons of ever greater "kill" power. At long last, we seem to be rediscovering the relevance to modern concerns of the old-fashioned proposition that conviction — even "eccentric" conviction — is contagious.

The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi

Once again Senator Barry Goldwater of Arizona has turned up just where you might expect to find him — addressing the Greek-lettermen gathered in Los Angeles for the annual meeting of the National Interfraternity

Conference. Before his speech, Senator Goldwater (an old Sigma Chi man, himself) told reporters that ". . . where fraternities are not allowed, communism flourishes." As an example, he pointed to Harvard as the Alma Mater of a faithless generation.

Senator Goldwater's silly-season statement is noteworthy only as one more revelation of the bankruptcy of the conservative American Right in its efforts to win the hearts and minds of the world's peoples. Like the admirers of Senator McCarthy, he prefers to think that the battle against communism can be fought cheaply on home grounds against other Americans.

Let's assume, however, that college fraternities should be what Senator Goldwater alleges they already are — "a bastion of American strength" against communism. Well, then, what guidance can they give to the troubled students of Japan who raged against the *status quo* and the American defense treaty? What sympathy can they show for the Korean students who met police bullets when they asked for a decent government, or the Turkish students who filled the streets of Istanbul on a similar mission? Can they offer any encouragement to the Haitian students who have spent weeks in the prisons of an unsteady dictator? Would they care to pledge the African students who have been expelled from Communist universities, but who still want an education? If American fraternity men really want to strengthen America's world position against communism, they had better ask someone besides Senator Goldwater for suggestions.

High on the Hog

The recent controversy in the Port of New York Authority hearings about who took whom to the *Folies Bergère* inspired lawyer-novelist Louis S. Auchincloss to deliver himself in *The New York Times* of some highly pertinent comments on business entertainment. It no longer gets business, Mr. Auchincloss pointed out, since everyone "is perfectly aware that his host is passing the bill onto Uncle Sam in the form of a business deduction. Why, therefore, should he feel . . . gratitude, let alone obligation?" The vice of the system is not in its attempted bribery, said Mr. Auchincloss, "but in the privilege of a few to dine and wine at the expense of the taxpayer." He proposed that Congress disallow the cost of entertainment as a business expense.

The idea, sound as it is, is not likely to be snapped up by Congressmen who are themselves sumptuously entertained by lobbyists and other unhidden persuaders. But, since only the business elite benefits by the entertainment racket, its abolition would be popular and might result in re-election for some members of the House and Senate who otherwise may find themselves on the lame-duck roster in 1962. The racket has reached such proportions that in some cases it is scarcely necessary for a business executive to earn a salary — he can live like a millionaire on his expense account. Some wit once suggested that people could live by taking in each other's washing; that, however, would involve work, while entertaining one another involves nothing more excruciating than gazing at chorus girls' legs and eating pheasant under glass with the appropriate wines and liquors.

We live only once and *The Nation* does not wish to spoil anyone's sport; on the other hand, taxes are high and apparently are going to be higher, and sooner or later the government must crack down on the more obvious forms of evasion. As it is, the business elite is a class apart, supporting the hotels, night clubs and theatres of the nation and charging it all to the corporation, which charges it to the government, which charges most of it to the clerks and factory workers who are relieved of 20 per cent of the pay check every week by the Internal Revenue Service. The corporation has become a great sow suckling her litter of corporate pigs. It is high time they were weaned.

THREE MYTHS of AUTOMATION

. . *Charles C. Killingsworth*

THE TERM "automation" is only a little more than ten years old. During the time that it has been in use, it has seemed to be a word in search of a meaning. Some people have used it to cover almost all kinds of technological change. Others have applied it to one limited kind of technique, such as the mechanical transfer of parts from one operation to another. I believe that any useful definition of the term must be broad enough to identify the basic concepts involved, and limited enough to distinguish it from mechanization in general. My own definition is as follows: "*Automation is the mechanization of thought, sensory and control processes.*" This definition is intended to reflect the fact that scientists have recently developed a new theoretical framework concerning communication, control and even thought. The definition also reflects the fact that automation is merely one aspect of mechanization.

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though a profoundly significant one.

Some people have argued that there is really nothing new in automation. Somebody has said that the cave man's flint hatchet was the first example of automation. There is a grain of truth in such assertions. An element of automation, or automatic control, exists in all forms of mechanization, even a simple hand tool. But this should not be permitted to obscure the fact that there has been a substantial and rapid increase in the element of automatic control in much recent mechanization. We have developed a host of mechanical, electronic, hydraulic and other gadgets that have enormously expanded the capabilities of machines. The true significance of automation lies in the applicability of its principles and techniques to almost every field of human endeavor.

PERHAPS the best-known examples of automation are the giant "transfer machines" of the automobile manufacturers, which can perform scores of operations on a part such as an engine block without human assistance (except for occasional tool changes or repairs). Actually, these machines represent a rather elementary type of automation. Electronic computers are a more significant development. There is now an oil refinery in Texas which is completely controlled by a giant computer—and it does a much better job than the human operators whom it replaced. Two computer-controlled chemical plants are under construction. Computers are revolutionizing the bookkeeping end of banking; they are also making great strides in the fields of inventory control and production scheduling. More and more of the processing of policies and claims in the insurance business is being handled by computers. The Air Force has just announced that it has a computer which is the key component of a machine that translates Russian into English. It now translates forty words per minute, but within a year its capacity is expected to be 2,400 words per minute.

Most metal-working industries are likely to be affected by a new technique which teams up computers and mechanical or electronic control devices. This technique is called "numerical control." It works roughly this way: technicians take engineering drawings or even rough sketches and, using a special "computer language," feed information into the computer. The computer makes the necessary calculations and works out detailed instructions which are recorded on tape or punch cards. Then the tape or cards are simply plugged into a control unit on a machine tool, and the rest of the operation is completely automatic. The control unit can even inspect the work of the machine tool and make instantaneous corrections while the work is in process. The basic principle is remotely comparable to the old-fashioned player piano.

The significance of numerical control lies in its ability to reduce machine time and increase quality, especially on complex operations. The cost of one large aircraft part was reduced from $18,500 per unit by conventional methods to $1,950 by numerical control. The machining time on a part used in electrical manufacturing was reduced from 60 hours to 45 minutes, and the rejection rate dropped from 50 per cent with human operators to 2 per cent with numerical control. This past summer U.S. Steel opened a new rolling mill in Chicago which utilizes numerical-control techniques, and another large mill of this kind is now under construction in Detroit. One authority has estimated that numerical control will be found feasible on about 90 per cent of present-day metal-working operations.

WE ARE just beginning to explore the capabilities of computers. Experimental computers have been trained to compose original music, to play chess and checkers. The checkers experiment was especially significant, because the computer was also programed to learn from experience—the more games it played the better it got, until it was finally unbeatable. These examples could be multiplied. Computers have many advantages over mere humans, of course: They never tire, never forget and work thousands of times as fast as men; most important, what one computer has "learned" can be "taught" in many cases to another computer almost instantaneously and at virtually no cost. Thus, the initial programing of a computer for complex decision-making tasks may be very costly and time consuming but replication of that programing may be rapid and inexpensive. This contrasts with the time and cost (as well as travail) involved in transferring knowledge from one human being to another.

AT THE risk of considerable oversimplification, one might say that mechanization has involved three main strands, each related to the other. One of them has been the substitution of mechanical power for the muscle power of men or animals (examples: steam engines and electric motors). Another strand has been specialization — the breaking down of work processes into smaller and smaller fragments to improve the efficiency of men and machines (history may record that the automobile assembly line represented the peak of this development). The third strand is *automation*, the development of mechanical control and thought. The introduction of mechanical power sources greatly increased productivity, and in the long run it probably increased the value of human labor because men began to devote more of their time to the function of control (although sharing it to a slight degree with machines). Further mechanization through specialization, as on the assembly line, forced men to share more of their control functions with machines; on many jobs, the man became simply the attendant of the machine.

Automation means the substitution of mechanical brains for human brains. The enormous gains in output and accuracy yielded by most types of automation are achieved largely by freeing machines from the limitations previously imposed by the feeble, sluggish brains and perceptions of men. I do not imply that any computer today is the over-all equal of an average human brain. Many subtle aspects of judgment and creativity will always distinguish most men from machines. But on certain specialized mental tasks, machines can tremendously outperform men. A computer has been designed which can perform a hundred billion arithmetic computations per day.

DESPITE the millions of words that have been spoken and written about automation in the past ten years, there is little solid information available on its ultimate social and economic effects. However, we do know enough to question some widely-held assumptions. Indeed, some of the potential benefits of automation may be endangered if we fail to investigate with care the validity of some beliefs which a great many people regard as little less than gospel truth. In this regard, we are now sitting complacently behind a Maginot Line of nineteenth-century ideas.

The first notion which we should re-examine is that inventions and other mechanical improvements always create more jobs than they eliminate. Some people seem to believe that there is a great natural law which guarantees that any man who loses his job to a machine will always find another job elsewhere if he only tries. This belief has been encouraged, no doubt, by the findings in numerous studies of the installation of automated equipment. Almost all of these studies show no resultant loss of jobs. Many people also cite the example of the automobile industry in the first half of this century; it pioneered many labor-saving improvements, but simultaneously expanded its employment enormously. The theory of automatic reabsorption of displaced labor obviously has some degree of validity. But I doubt that even its original nineteenth-century proponents would argue that it holds true in all times, all places and all circumstances. They would certainly concede that it is a long-run, not a short-run theory. And they would concede that the theory assumes certain important conditions—for example, mobility of labor, downward price flexibility and full employment in the economy generally.

The fact is that a very substantial part of the cost savings from automation usually results from displacement of labor in one form or another. It is to the credit of American management and labor that they have cooperated, in most of the specific cases studied, to find other jobs in the same company for those replaced by machines. Normal employment turnover has quite frequently made it unnecessary to lay anyone off. *But, from the standpoint of society, the net result may well be simply to shift the burden of unemployment from the man who already had a job with the company to the man who doesn't get hired.* Or the burden may fall on the man who gets laid off in the next recession and never gets called back.

It is true that in a strong growth industry (like the automobile industry in 1900-1950), rising demand for its products may more than offset the labor-saving effects of mechanization. But at present we seem to have a shortage of major growth industries. Blue-collar employment in manufacturing is actually falling, although output is rising—due in large measure to automation. It is significant that much more than a proportionate share of the hard-core unemployment in our "distressed areas" is composed of workers whose last job was in manufacturing. Another difficulty is that the mobility of an unemployed worker is severely limited. Most important "long run" adjustments may take a lifetime. People must live in the short run as well as in the economists' "long run."

The second notion that I question is that automation will come slowly. It is true that more than a hundred years was needed for the steam engine to be widely adopted in industry. It took more than fifty years for electric power to come into general use. Some present-day computer installations require years of planning. Furthermore, business and industry will not scrap many billions of dollars worth of existing equipment overnight. Even if there were an incentive to do so, replacements would be limited by the ability of the economy to produce the new equipment.

BUT LET'S look at the other side of the picture. The cost of automation equipment like computers is being constantly reduced, and the number produced is being expanded. The value of shipments of automatic data-processing equipment rose from nothing in 1950 to $400 million in 1960. There do not appear to be any insuperable shortages of manpower or materials which would stand in the way of a large expansion of output of automation equipment over the next few years if the demand for it rises. Such a demand may be spurred by powerful incentives. One aircraft manufacturer reports that a large new machine which operates on principles of numerical control, and which costs $500,000, pays for itself in about ninety days. The savings do not have to be as dramatic as that to induce businessmen to replace perfectly good capital equipment with the latest thing. Witness the plight of the airlines, which are spending billions of dollars to buy jet aircraft even though they have hundreds of older propeller-driven planes which are still completely airworthy.

The venturesome competitor who invests in the newest equipment may be able to achieve such great savings and to attract customers so powerfully that other firms in the industry will be compelled to invest in the same equipment simply in order to remain in business. Something like this appears to have happened in the automobile industry. Even the smallest company has spent millions of dollars on automation equipment. In an automobile plant, an engine line that is five years old is likely to be obsolete from the competitive standpoint. In some industries, the progress of automation may be extremely slow; but we cannot exclude the possibility that it will progress rapidly in others. For example, mechanized bookkeeping is spreading quite rapidly throughout the banking world.

The matter of speed is a crucial factor in measuring impact. The introduction of the steam engine had many disruptive side effects; imagine the impact if its use had become general in twenty years instead of in a hundred. Every labor-saving invention necessitates some redistribution of the labor force. The labor market, on which we rely for such redistribution, tends to work less and less effectively as larger and larger numbers of people are involved. Millions of excess workers have been moved out of agriculture in the past few decades, but the farm-labor supply is still greatly in excess of what is really needed to produce food and fiber for our nation. The point is that our present institutional framework is much better able to handle change which comes slowly than that which comes rapidly. It is of great importance, therefore, that we try to judge how rapidly automation is moving; too little effort of this kind is being made today.

THE THIRD (and final) notion that must be critically re-examined is that automation will require massive upgrading of the labor force. Case studies made thus far cast considerable doubt on this notion. Job requirements have increased in some instances, but usually so little that in-plant training programs of brief duration have met the need. The need for certain types of skilled maintenance workers has increased in some automated plants, though not all. It is true that completely unskilled jobs usually decline considerably when a plant or office is automated. But, generally speaking, the jobs that remain do not seem to have a markedly higher skill content. In fact, we have made so much progress in developing "reliable complexity," as Vannevar Bush terms it, that skill content is actually reduced in a surprisingly large number of cases. Most of us would agree, I think, that a 1960 automobile is a more complicated machine than one of thirty years ago; but (traffic hazards aside) the 1930 car probably required substantially more skill of the driver than today's car does.

ACTUALLY, we have a very limited basis as yet for judging the extent to which upgrading or downgrading of the labor force will result from automation. We are getting some ideas as to what is happening to particular jobs when operations are automated. We know next to nothing about what happens to the people who are displaced. The man who loses a semi-skilled factory job may end up in a low-skilled service job. Engineers have been scarce in recent years, but computers are rapidly developing the ability to perform some of their work. Numerical control may rapidly render obsolete the skills of many of today's highly-paid craftsmen. Many of the thousands of junior executives that our collegiate schools of business are grinding out these days may in a few years find their jobs being taken over by decision-making machines. Indeed, one of the students of automation is willing to assume that in ten years we will have the technical capability of building machines to perform any productive function that is performed by men today.

There is no doubt economic feasibility will retard the realization of this technical capability. But it would be a mistake to think that it is only the low-skilled jobs that can be mechanized. It may be more realistic to say that the jobs most likely to resist automation are those that are simply not worth automating. The implications of these possibilities for education, and for the frequently-heard recommendation that we embark upon a massive "retraining" program to solve unemployment, are so obvious that they need not be detailed.

In sum, then, automation is a special kind of mechanization which is rapidly growing in importance. Its principles are applicable to an enormous variety of gainful activities. Still, we do not yet have a firm basis for anticipating what its ultimate impact will be. We do not know how heavily our labor markets will be burdened with the task of redistributing displaced workers. We do not know what new skills may be needed tomorrow, or what skills will be completely obsolete. These are questions of the greatest importance to those responsible for employment and manpower planning.

THE SEARCH for answers is probably a task beyond the means of single individuals, or even university research institutes. Most large foundations are so tradition-bound that it is extremely difficult to interest them in problems so new and urgent. The Bureau of Labor Statistics has made some excellent case studies in the field, but it has neither the resources nor the freedom to tackle some of the crucial (and controversial) questions affecting public policy. A few companies and unions have made a start toward studying automation problems within their own jurisdictions, and more should be encouraged to do so; but they can hardly be expected to study the effects of automation on the economy and the labor force as a whole.

That larger task must be the responsibility of government. One of the high priority items on the agenda of the Kennedy Administration should be the establishment of a national automation commission. One assignment of this commission should be to stimulate private groups—companies, unions, research institutes, universities — to undertake their own detailed studies. More important, such a commission should utilize the resources of the federal government to make an analysis of the over-all impact of automation on our society.

Never before in human history has technological change been as rapid and pervasive as in our generation. We must begin to close the growing gap between our ability to develop new technologies and our understanding of their consequences.

THE PEACEMAKERS . . *by Barbara Deming*

> I'm not too troubled about the future of this thing. The idea has been simmering for a couple of thousand years. I rather feel its time has come. . . . People have been used to trust the past as a guide, but the past has almost ceased to be a guide, the world is so utterly different suddenly.
> —Richard Gregg, *The Power of Nonviolence.*

IT WAS FROM a growing curiosity about this "thing" that, last August, I attended a sixteen-day training program in nonviolence, conducted by a group called the Peacemakers. The site of the training program was New London, Connecticut—where a related group, the Committee for Nonviolent Action, had been protesting, since June, the manufacture of Polaris-bearing submarines in nearby Groton. (On November 23, nine members of this committee were arrested for "trespassing" on the occasion of the launching of the *Ethan Allen,* the newest of these craft.) Both groups propose—as an alternative to the arms race and the cold war—unilateral disarmament (arranged in stages), and national defense, if it should be necessary, through nonviolent resistance. They argue that their means are not only powerful, but the only means consistent with our professed belief in the sanctity of human life. They also believe that if we disarmed, there is a very fair chance that the USSR would follow suit.

Peacemaker headquarters were not impressive—or, rather, my first impression was vivid but disheartening. An abandoned three-story tenement had been rented for the occasion—rooms above and two empty shops on the ground floor. The place had been furnished hastily with rented folding chairs, three long tables, a stove, icebox and enough army cots for some (the rest slept on the floor). Plaster dropped from the ceilings in little pellets upon one's head; and now and then drainage water ran down the walls. The first evening, as the group sat about in discussion, a sudden crackling report brought us all to our feet. I thought for a moment that a bomb had been thrown in among us; but it turned out that a beam in the cellar had just given way. Not long after, the building was condemned.

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WHEN I ARRIVED, only about a dozen of the participants had gathered. Attendance varied, but usually there were anywhere from thirty to fifty people in the place. These first arrivals were assembled in the larger of the empty shops, their chairs pushed up against the room's four walls. They were young men, for the most part, and shabby as the old building itself. Dirty bluejeans and khakis, T-shirts and rumpled sports shirts were the rule. Flies buzzed about. An older man, gray-haired, mild and grave, dressed in a neat brown business suit, was giving the first lecture. This was Richard Gregg. He was presenting the essentials of nonviolence: respect for the other person, *whoever* he is; patience. "Patience is the recognition that change takes time." He was telling of the struggle of the untouchables in India to persuade the Brahmins to let them use a certain road. For one year and three months they had stood at the entrance to the road. On the 487th day, they had been allowed to enter. Mr. Gregg played with his watch-chain, and seemed not quite to look at his audience—his foot quietly tapping the air as he spoke. Did the group seem to him unpromising? I wondered. One young man passed a paperbound book to another, and I noted the title: *Jesus Was a Beatnik. Was* this, in fact, a Beat gathering? What were they digging?

As more people arrived, however, I noted considerable variety among them: there were women as well as men; a number of couples with children; a range of ages, and of dress—though none looked prosperous. Before many hours had passed, the reason for the dismal headquarters became clear: most of those present had adopted a life of voluntary poverty. They had done so lest anxiety about losing what they had should ever make them hesitate; for these were people ready to act. Somewhere in the history of nonviolent resistance, the term "passive resistance" has been picked up. This term should be discarded. During my stay in New London, I was struck by many ironies in the drama I glimpsed of the relation of this group to the larger public. One of the chief was: those who insist on military preparedness are—of necessity now—constrained and passive; the "pacifists" are the only freely active people I have met in a long time.

A LARGE percentage of those present had already risked and served jail sentences for their stand. The majority, for example, refuse to pay taxes, because the bulk of taxes go for armaments. They all stand, of course, for refusing the draft. Those who have been sent to jail for these "offenses" have protested the prison system while they were about it—their battle being with violence wherever it is met. (Many, though not all, are anarchists and object to prisons per se.) And the tales they tell include remarkable instances of prison authorities' bowing to their will. Their stand against violence engages them in protests against capital punishment; against segregation (many were active in the sit-in movement); against imperialism (some had joined a "peace walk" across Puerto Rico, calling for the true independence of that country); against Congressional abuse of investigating powers (many had had to fight for their own lives here; others had picketed for those in trouble). But the most distinctive activity in which they engage is civil disobedience at various war plants. For example, during the summer of 1959, eleven of them trespassed upon the missile plant at Omaha, Nebraska—in symbolic protest, "to reclaim the land for peaceful purposes." (One of the eleven to serve a six-month term for this was a mild-faced mother of four —whose husband patiently coped with the children.) Along with members of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, they have held continuous vigils of protest at Fort Detrick, the chemical and biological warfare plant; have organized protests against the absurdity of civil defense; have demonstrated in various cities on Hiroshima Day; and backed the voyage of *The Golden Rule* into the Eniwetok H-bomb testing area.

In New London this past summer and fall, the act of trespass has consisted in rowing across the Thames to Groton and attempting to board a Polaris submarine. (They protest the Polaris submarine especially because, in any attempt at a disarmament agreement, it is bound to complicate the problem of inspection infinitely.) The first few times they tried, the submarine turned out to be absent; the demonstrators simply trespassed upon the property of the Electric Boat Company, manufacturer of the submarine. What happened, too, was that the authorities decided that there would be less publicity if they made no arrests, but simply deposited the invaders outside the company gates. The publicity *was* less. On the other hand, the group was enabled to return again and again; and the fact that no one had been jailed encouraged others to swell their numbers. (After I left, they managed at last to board the *George Washington* and the *Patrick Henry*, and on November 23 the *Ethan Allen* — briefly. These actions did make *The New York Times*. The arrests on the last occasion made the front page.)

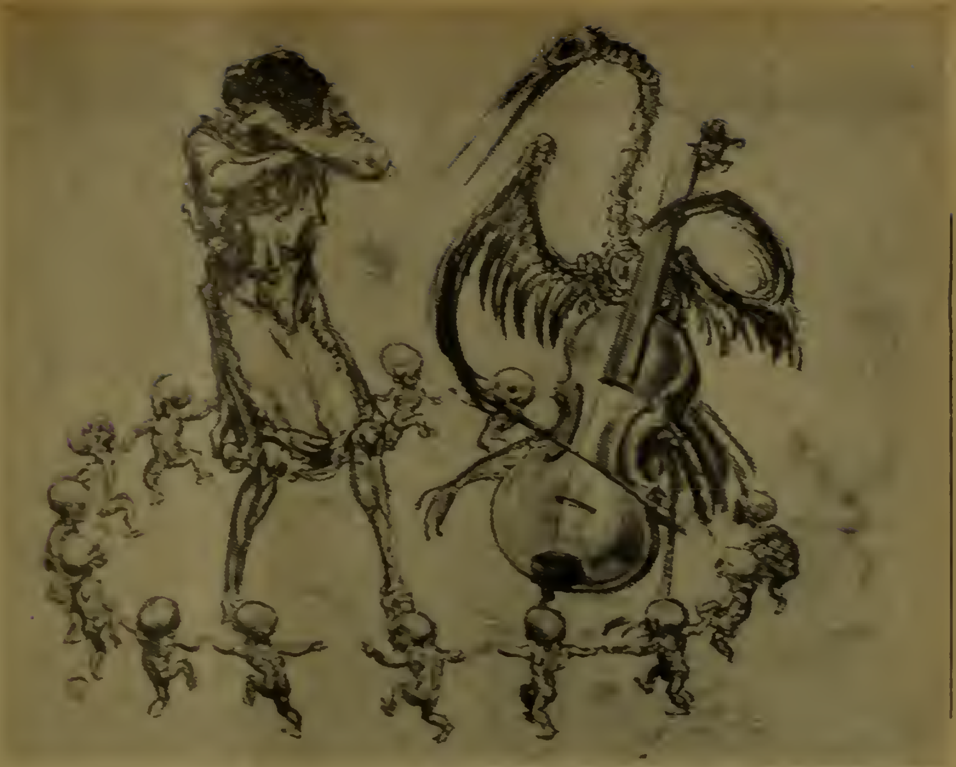
THERE IS room in the movement, of course, for those who are not prepared to risk jail. A much larger group of volunteers back up these actions with "vigils" at the scene, with "peace walks" and with "leafleteering." A series of leaflets was passed out among Electric Boat workers at every working shift; lectures were arranged at local churches and clubs, and everybody involved engaged whomever he could throughout the town in conversation.

Many of these conversations took place at CNVA headquarters — a tiny office at 13 Bank Street — where townspeople, throughout the summer and fall, dropped in either to heckle or to ask questions; most took place at Electric Boat, where larger and larger crowds of workers, as well as passers-by, would gather after the acts of trespass to comment upon what had gone on. Over the months, more and more townspeople expressed sympathy, and a handful of workers volunteered to quit their jobs if the committee could find them other work. (A Committee for Useful Work is a CNVA project.) But first responses were for the most part violently hostile. "Why must you make fools of yourselves?" — it was asked again and again, with a tone of horror. There was deeper horror still in the other question asked most frequently: "And why must you break the law?"

Several leaflets reminded the reader of the many examples of civil disobedience in the evolution of this democracy; reminded him that the phrase itself — civil disobedience — had been coined by Thoreau (the group's rowboat is named the Henry David Thoreau). One leaflet quotes him: "If the law is of such a nature that it requires you to be the agent of injustice . . . then, I say, break the law. Let your life be a counter friction to stop the machine." Heads would shake. "But why break the law?" The depth of many Americans' awe of authority astonished me. "Would you have broken the law if you had lived in Germany under Hitler?" I heard one workman questioned. He answered stoutly: "No. I believe in obeying the law." Those who viewed with the greatest alarm the prospect of challenging authority (and who invariably assumed that individual action must be ineffectual: "What can you or I do? It's up to our leaders") were the same people who professed that they would rather die — would rather see mankind itself exterminated — than live "as slaves" under "authoritarian" Communist rule.

The longer I listened to the advocates of nonviolence in conversation with the townspeople, the more I was struck by the difference that marked them off from the majority — a difference, I think, directly resulting from those "foolish" acts in which they are engaging.

ONE incident, though minor, sticks in my memory as illustrative. The last day I was there, four people trespassed at the submarine base at Groton, and their act was prefaced by a five-mile "peace walk" from New London. Passing motorists yelled "Ass holes!", "Commies!", "Go back to Cuba!" but a few waved and smiled encouragement. A newspaper reporter walked alongside, questioning a woman directly behind me. Like others before him (myself included) he was bothered about the sloppy clothes worn by a few of the marchers. Why couldn't they be more careful of public opinion? Well, she answered, some among the marchers thought it important not to be concerned about middle-class conventions. For some, this was an important protest, too, though for others it wasn't. Did a few beards and a few shirt tails out really matter? The reporter seemed to think they mattered painfully. There was a note of peevish anxiety in his voice —a curious note, considering the fact that it was not, one gathered, *his* Cause the untidy ones endangered. A little later, a CNVA car came along and the driver pulled off at the side of the road for a moment — but not quite all the way off. A police car appeared, and again the reporter began to fret: "Oh, *why* do they do that? Now they'll get a ticket!" His tone was again one of nervous alarm. I turned to observe them both. The young woman looked at him with a calm surprise. "I don't think they'll get a ticket. But why be nervous about it?" she asked him.



Paul Weber

The Unborn

The police car drove on by. As I turned away, it struck me that here were two people living in quite different worlds, breathing an altogether different air.

The nervous agitation of the reporter was not an agitation peculiar to him. By now it was a phenomenon familiar to me. It seemed to me sometimes in these encounters with those who opposed us, that Fear was tangible in the air between us — a free-floating creature. Often we ourselves, incongruously, were its object. In spite of the fact that one argument used against us was that our acts must be ineffectual, people hardly ever passed us by with a pitying or careless smile. They passed us with eyes averted as though from some obscene or acutely embarrassing sight; or turned on us looks of such venom and such panic that it was hard, at first, to believe; some snatched leaflets from our hands to tear them into shreds — "Get out of here!"; some few got rougher still. By the end of the summer, a great number of the workers were accepting leaflets with open friendliness: "Back again?", "You get up early, don't you?" But I speak of those who were still unsympathetic. When those in the group who had trespassed were deposited outside the gates of the plant (to emphasize both their attitude of disobedience and their rejection of violence, they followed the course of going limp once officials laid hands upon them), onlookers would sometimes yell with fury: "Crack their heads on the sidewalk!" A young Naval officer who wandered into the CNVA office screamed at one of the women volunteers: "When the first Russian soldier rapes you, I hope you remember me!"

The real source of all this panicky fury emerged clearly enough in any prolonged conversation. Most conversations followed a pattern. The man or woman objecting to unilateral disarmament would first declare that war could be prevented if only this country would keep itself strong. (Sometimes one would add the very next moment: "We'll be out there fighting for you, if it comes, you cowards!") The risk of war through some accident or miscalculation would be dismissed with a scoff. But at a certain point there would break from their lips some remark revealing the assumption at heart that disaster *must* come, sooner or later; there was just nothing anyone could do about it. Very many added, "Perhaps we all deserve it!" The uniformity of this pattern was striking. The responses of the workers at Electric Boat matched almost phrase by phrase — if one censored a few rough words — the responses I heard from intellectuals. The source is the same acute suffering, arising from an infuriating sense of helplessness — of the impossibility any longer of battle that is not self-defeating, of gallant action: and the same deep sense of guilt from which there is, seemingly, no way out — unless perhaps in that almost-wished-for explosion which would be the End of the World.

A LIVELY admission of the paralysis experienced by so many, but rarely acknowledged, is contained in a statement made by one of the young men who volunteered to try to board a nuclear submarine. CNVA always announces beforehand to the public and to all officials involved just what action it plans; and each individual who is about to commit civil disobedience states his motives in writing. The following is part of a statement by Victor Richman, one of the nine recently arrested:

> An awesome specter threatens me now, invading the seclusion of the most precious parts of my existence, carelessly flaunting its meaning and visions, identifying itself, terribly, with my being. . . . It will be at times a dark, inky mist, blocking my path. . . . It appears also as a hard steel chain penetrating insidiously far below my skin, to hold the molecules of my body, to make them . . . cold and uneventful. And I have discovered, eventually, that I am not free. . . .
>
> I have been told that I must not refrain from learning to kill. I have also been told that I must prepare myself in every way for my annihilation. And I have been told that I cannot be present at the places where these conditions are set down.
>
> I have not the right to obey these conditions.

If there is a difference between these people and the majority, this decision has made the difference. In refusing "to obey these conditions," they have found at least a degree of freedom from the bondage the passage above, I think, quite accurately describes. How eventful the actions of these people will be in terms of the world at large, remains an open question — how many others, that is, will finally join them. But there is no question that their actions have changed *them.* The people I saw gathered in New London were people of altogether mixed background: Quakers, Catholics, Episcopalians, Methodists, Jews, atheists; Negro and white; men and women from all over the country, of both humble and privileged birth, and drawn from any number of occupations. They were people, also, of strong temperament; discussions were lively; the group was hardly monotone. Yet the longer I observed them, the more I was struck by a certain enviable air that could be said to distinguish them all — and most particularly those who had experimented with nonviolence for any length of time.

They are marked by an extraordinary spontaneity. All had recovered — or retained — the sense that an individual *can* act, and *has weight.* "If no one else will do it, then do it yourself," a homely, vivid old man said to me lightly — a house painter who had staged a one-man memorial protest in Cleveland on Hiroshima Day. As a result of their commitment to action, almost all were conspicuously hardy — in a very special manner. There was an atmosphere among them both grave and lighthearted. The place was full of wit. The more particular quality and cause of their fearlessness struck me one day as I listened to a group discussion, full of talk of radical changes that should be made in our society. We were sitting in the abandoned store, its windows heavily shrouded (the landlady had insisted on this, for rocks had been thrown through the windows over at CNVA). The shrouding gave the place the air of a gangster's hideout, and as the talk touched upon one thing after another wrong with things as they were, I suddenly asked myself (for I am the daughter of a well-to-do Republican lawyer): What am I doing here? This is talk of revolution. Then I recalled the methods to which they are committed: the rejection of secrecy; their careful advance notice to their adversary of all their plans. If the windows here were shrouded, the door was open to anyone who cared to wander in. I recalled their commitment to the use of persuasion in place of violence (seeing in memory their harmless, though stubborn, forms dragged by Electric Boat officials from the company cars, and dumped on the sidewalk — at which they would rise, brush the dirt from their clothes and address the flustered officials: "We're sorry to have to put you through all this, but it's necessary"). I suddenly recognized the source of their distinctive boldness: the source is innocence. No ordinary misgivings about injuring another person need dilute their resolution, and make them hesitate. The candor and innocence of their actions gives to these people—for all the very great differences among them—a likeness to each other. The actions themselves leave their mark upon them.

Among all those present who had experimented with nonviolence for any time, I encountered the same surprise at the power of the actions in which they engage to bear them up. "There don't have to be big men — just big actions. . . . When you get into it, you discover things about yourself that you didn't understand before you began" — this was a Southern minister speaking, a man very active in the integration struggle. The fact that they marvel not at themselves, but at the possibilities in a certain mode of action, lends to all their stories a special quality, gives to the teller a dramatist's eye upon events — lively, impersonal, frequently humorous.

ONE OF the most remarkable tales was that told by Eroseanna Robinson, the track star. Arrested for refusing to pay taxes, she refused to cooperate at all: "In conscience I couldn't be part of this drama. . . . Everyone was playing a role. What we have to do more and more is teach them that the script is wrong . . . by ad-libbing in the spirit of nonviolence." So she refused to walk into court, and was carried in; she fasted in jail, and was tube-fed. In the beginning, officials were very rough with her indeed. She was painfully carried along by the chain of her handcuffs ("But I said: I'll just detach myself"). They carried her with her feet carefully angled up in immodest fashion ("But I felt: This is not my indignity"). They put her in solitary; they threatened her with a mental institution; they promised her that the other prisoners would beat her up. But the other prisoners, who had begun by asking "Who is this silly?", ended by identifying solidly with her resistance. In fact, when another inmate was badly hurt, and the prison was slow about getting her to a hospital, a large group, for the first time in the history of that prison, went on a hunger strike — in imitation of Rose — and the prison got the woman off to the hospital with unusual dispatch. By the time Rose left, prison officials themselves were talking to her not "as to a child, but trying to reach courteously across quite a gap, and with apology." She left after ninety-three days of a year's sentence. Other Peacemakers were by now picketing the prison; all the inmates were stirred by this fact; and it was too much for the authorities.

This story was told with great spirit and wit — the wit impartially at her own expense and at others'. Again, it was not of herself that she boasted, but of these new means she had adopted. The effect of her resistance on the other prisoners occasioned her special wonder. When I went up to her, some time later, and said, "That was a very beautiful story," she answered with simplicity, "I felt that way about it, too."

One constant note recurring in all the discussions was the question of how the nonviolent method could gain mass support. There was much discussion as to whether it was wiser for the group to act on many fronts, or to concentrate time and effort on a single action. The executive secretary of CNVA, Bradford Lyttle, argued with passion that it was essential to forget all other projects and concentrate on protesting against nuclear armaments. As someone paraphrased his words: "Would it matter whether we blew up integrated or segregated?" Another man argued as passionately that "It has always been the folly of pacifism to think of violence and nonviolence as only overt . . . Resistance to war is impossible without resistance to imperialism, to racism, to violence as an everyday pervasive reality." The majority shared this view: "It is all one picture."

It was felt that a considerable impact upon public opinion had been made in New London. When the summer ended, though many had to return to jobs and schools, a few made the decision to pull up roots and actually move to the area. One man has given up a printing business to do so; another has moved his business and his family with him. But various other projects were set in motion, too, before the conference closed — with emphasis on concerted support of the sit-in movement.

The discussions were frankly groping. Those who were most experienced were most frank about admitting how much there remained to be learned. But their readiness to learn it was striking. Perhaps the rest of us have everything to learn with them.

The Congo: Memories Shape the Future

Robert Wuliger

WHILE THE working details of the U.N.'s Congo politics must remain a secret, the general outline of the situation seems fairly clear, and its main point crystal clear. The general situation is just what it has been since the Congo began to be exploited by Belgian and international money about seventy-five years ago: a vast treasure of natural wealth that depends upon a reluctant native labor supply to get it out of the ground and process it. Until very recently, the problem was solved by *forcing* the native labor—enslaving it, to be blunt. The main point of the Congo situation right now is that the workers are being courted by two great power blocs, each of which wants the Congo wealth and must rely upon Congo labor. But divide-and-rule politics, backed by military control, will merely repeat the errors of the latter days of European imperialism in Africa—errors that have helped create today's chaos. To try sugar-coating a politico-military "period of order" with Madison Avenue propaganda will be to ignore both the tragic past of the Congo people and the Communists.

In February, 1904, the British Foreign Office released the report of its consul at Boma, Roger Casement (later a hero of the Irish independence movement), detailing the techniques of forced labor by which European fortunes were being made in the Congo. The big money, then, grew out of rubber. But as the Congo natives were reasonably content with the life that lush, tropical nature was giving them, they showed little interest in collecting the quotas of rubber assigned to them by the agents of Belgium's King Leopold II.

Roger Casement's report told how the natives' unwillingness to work for nothing was overcome. The grandfathers of the African men who today swing picks, burrow in mines, operate Bucyrus-Erie buckets, run power lathes, handle Cutler air-hammers, and drive big American trucks in the Congo, either filled their quotas of rubber gathered from the wild vines or had their hands chopped off, their hides whipped, their genitals severed, their villages burned down, their children murdered. The grandmothers of the African women who today involuntarily pick the cotton, assist at Lever Brothers' oil-palm plantations, and bring their children to the church-run schools to be taught what is considered good for them, were tortured, murdered, raped and driven into brothels established for the pleasure of King Leopold's quota-enforcers, or his white agents. Villages were wiped out, the land expropriated, the communal society extirpated, the population terrorized or liquidated. In 1904, Casement estimated that the Congo population had declined by three million people since he had visited the country twenty years earlier. During the following eight years, it was estimated, three million more human beings disappeared.

These terrifying facts and many like them are part of the living memory of the Congo people. What we speak of was happening only sixty years ago. Furthermore, the Congolese have had no pleasant interlude of the good life to soften harsh memories, as many of us have had whose grandparents escaped from the tyrannies of Europe to America. No radio, no TV, no new car, no nice clothing, no comfortable apartment, no electric refrigerator, no union hours. Worst of all, they have had no freedom. And, as many of them see it, and as the East's propaganda will try to convince them, they have had only the gleaners' share of the fabulous wealth—first from rubber and later from copper, tin, diamonds, gold, silver, tungsten, manganese, radium, iron, cobalt, uranium, palm-oil, cotton, timber, copal and coffee—that their labor has helped to extract from their land.

JUST HOW much share the Congolese should have had is a highly complicated, technical question. What share they might get under a Communist Congo is another complicated question. But the state of mind of the Congo people, who can easily idealize their pre-industrial, pre-colonial past because the present is so unbearable and the immediate past was so horrible, is no question at all.

What can the U.N., which is identified with the forces that brought waste, murder, rapine, slavery and destruction to the Congo, say and do to bring the Congolese to the Western side? The U.N. can talk about the minimizing of sleeping sickness. Or about the reduction of

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ROBERT WULIGER, an American writer living in Europe, is completing a book on economic imperialism and the theories of E. D. Morel, who at the turn of the century was an unrelenting critic of Belgium's Congo policy under King Leopold II.

the incidence of cannibalism. Or about the patient goodness of the nuns and priests who have managed the Congo's social services for over fifty years. Or about the rise in literacy, cleanliness and the small ways of civilization.

But look at what they *promised* you, the Communists will say, and they will quote King Leopold's declaration that he was in Africa "for the purpose of promoting the civilization and commerce of Africa, and for other humane and benevolent purposes." They will quote the General Act of the Conference of Berlin of 1885, which created the Congo Free State for, among other things, the "moral well-being" of the natives and the suppression of the slave trade. Look what they promised you then, the East will say, and look what you got. *Can you believe their promises now?*

Look at yourselves and your living conditions, the Communists will say, and remember what happened to your mothers and grandmothers, and then look at the living conditions of the people who have developed the Congo, not just the whites who were here supervising you and living like what you thought were kings, but the really big white people behind them: King Leopold and the Belgian royal family, J. P. Morgan, Daniel Guggenheim, Thomas Fortune Ryan, Jr., James D. Stillman, Edward B. Aldrich, John Hays Hammond, Harry Payne Whitney, August Belmont—and all their staffs, courtiers and retainers. Look at them and look at yourselves. Then look at Communist Russia, sixty years ago primitive, exploited and miserable, like you, and now one of the two great powers in the world. Would we be where we are today if we had left ourselves in the hands of these same people?

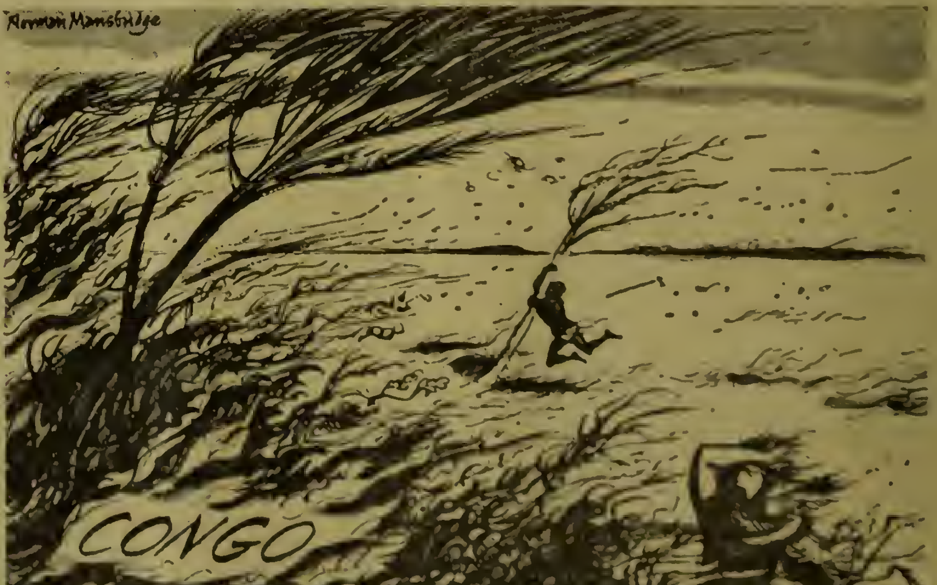
WILL there, then, be any point in telling the Congolese of the human costs of developing Communist Russia or Communist China? Will there be any use in trying to simplify, for the Bantu, the tremendous complexities involved in making comparative value judgments of one socio-economic system against another? Do we tell him about the atrocities of Stalinism? Then the Russians will tell him about the atrocities of nineteenth-century industrialism or twentieth-century world wars, which they claim are the product of capitalism. The Congo native already knows about the atrocities of Congo exploitation. *Can we promise black Africans the "American way of life" when we cannot even give it to black Americans?*

The accumulated evil results of over seventy-five years of blind and greedy policy cannot be forgotten overnight. Half a century ago, Sir Harry Johnston, a British pioneer colonial administrator and Liberal imperialist, admonished:

> Unless some stop can be put to the misgovernment of the Congo regions, I venture to warn those who are interested in African politics that a movement is already begun and is spreading fast, which will unite the Negroes against the White race, a movement which will prematurely stamp out the beginnings of the new civilization we are trying to implant, and against which movement, except so far as the actual coastline is concerned, the resources of men and money which Europe can put into the field will be powerless.

Even if Johnston's military analysis has been made obsolete by air power and nuclear weapons, and even if his "movement" has become ideological rather than racial, his feeling for the heart of the matter is valid, as recent events have shown. Here are millions of human beings who at best have been treated about as well as oxen or dray horses—fed, housed, kept strong and healthy, and encouraged to breed profusely—behind an artificial political line that fenced them out of educational and political rights, but not out of information. They learned, through the grapevine, about other African independence movements, about the rights and power of labor, about strikes and wars, despite the Belgian effort to keep their eyes and ears sealed. If there was any tendency for the Bantu, when he had learned what other colonial peoples were achieving, to shut his eyes because of habit, training or fear of the master's power, his eyes could be easily reopened by just a few reminders from any agitator or from his share of the race-memory: mass crosses, each made of, say, a dozen Bantu grandparents nailed together to die in the burning sun; others tied together into a huge ball and rolled down a rocky hillside; whippings; shootings; tortures, for rubber or for caprice; stakes driven into their mothers' and grandmothers' vaginas.

These are the Congo people and these are their memories. What, then, can the U.N. say to them to get their confidence or do for them to keep it? It is comparatively easy to plan divide-and-rule methods effectuated by military techniques, but



The Sunday Times (London)

The Winds of Change

it will not be easy to make them work over a period of time, for the Congo millions can and will strike, or simply desert the mines and plantations.

Any long-term plan seriously considered by the U.N. must depend heavily upon an imaginative and forward-looking assessment of the facts at hand. If the military forces needed to keep order are permitted to become forces of militarism, or if the bureaucracy is allowed to stagnate for lack of aggressive, nimble leadership, it might be wise to consider closing the Congo's mines and plantations, letting the people run wild, and thus, in effect, preserving some of the world's natural resources for generations to come. United Nations force, in this case, would be used only to preserve the closure, just as game wardens preserve (or try to preserve) wild-life resources. Precisely why today's world is so anxious to dig up the mineral resources given to mankind only once for all time, at the expense of all future mankind, may be the great historical puzzle (and tragedy) of the world to come. If the U.N. and the Russians cannot come to a reasonable settlement of the Congo problem, at least they might make of their stalemate a gift to the future.

IF, HOWEVER, it is felt essential to strip central Africa of its resources, so that we can build longer automobiles, deadlier bombs, more and more telephone lines on which we say less and less, etc., then, to avoid acrimony, let there be a joint East-West administration of the Congo economy. Each side will get equal shares of the output and equal blame for the management. For let us not deceive ourselves that, in the tropical heat of the Congo, with the political memories and the level of civilization that obtain there, anything short of slavery—call it by any name you wish—will work to get the people back into producing. The history of the exploitation of Africa is a history of forced labor. Climate alone determines this situation. Custom emphasizes it. History insures it. It will behoove both West and East to ask each other to manage the Congo as a joint enterprise, if only to keep the various "freedom" myths alive. If one side alone tries running the Congo, the other will be handed what is known in the high-politics trade as a beautiful "propaganda advantage."

Perhaps the West-East joint management could turn profits over to "underdeveloped areas" to build schools, hospitals, playgrounds, agricultural-aid stations, etc.—a bipartisan Point IV program. Each side shouts loudly about its noble aims; here is an opportunity to test the professions of virtue. We have not considered "a fair return to invested capital" in the Congo, for capital has already had such a stupendous return that talk of fairness might initiate embarrassing questions from bright African leaders, such as: "How about returning everything taken out of Africa, over and above an agreed fair profit for risk, fixed capital, salaries, etc.?" Or they might even point to West German indemnity payments to Israel, and restitution payments to Nazi victims, as a precedent, and say: "Us, too."

Assuming, now, that in some way the West, alone, should get control of the Congo again, how, short of brutal slave-driving, can it make a going business of the territories? Even given brutal slave-driving, murder, rapine and terror, à la King Leopold, the Congo can't be made to produce. Africa is alive and aware today, and Africans simply cannot be made to submit to this sort of thing for any length of time. Something better must be offered them.

IF THE stick won't work, the carrot may. (It may not, either, but we think that it must be tried if the Congo is to function as a going business.) The carrot, in this case, would be stock shares. Congo enterprises, or perhaps the entire Congo production organized as a single enterprise, would be incorporated, with shares for sale to workers. Shares would be salable only under limited circumstances, to prevent any combination of big money or big power from coming in and recreating the old monopolies. Wages and salaries would be determined by skills and scarcities and social needs. The result could be the creation of a responsible, property-owning, self-improving, conservative class of Congo people, whose chief interest for themselves and their progeny would be a smooth-running, stable economy.

To make the money payments for wages, salaries and share-dividends real, there would be initiated a building program. The trustees who would manage the Congo (we are supposing that it is the U.N.) until the Congo people, themselves, were able to take over, would build homes, furniture, schools, hospitals, playgrounds, universities, libraries, model farms. A consumer-goods program (or trade with nations that are producing consumer goods) would keep Congo workers eager to produce, just as it keeps other peoples eager to produce. The Congo can use lots of electric refrigerators, fans, prefabricated houses, medicines and all the other goods we produce in a plethora. We can continue to use their palm oil, copra, minerals and the rest.

TO SOME readers this will sound strangely familiar. It is, of course, the line of enlightened imperialism, 1890 style. British imperialism convinced itself and the British people that it was in Africa and elsewhere as a trustee in the development of backward peoples and their lands. King Leopold's kind of imperialism made a mockery of this kind of profession. King Leopold was not the only sinner, and few nations can come into court with clean hands. The West, of course, is not a "free world," but the awakening of Africa gives it a chance—or, it may be more accurate to say, gives it no alternative—but to become a rather free world. We cannot now undo the murder and slavery that have helped us toward the highest standard of living that the world has ever known, but we can, at least, cleanse our hearts with honest confession, and our hands with an honest re-structuring of the political, economic and, hence, social world in which millions of men, women and children not basically unlike ourselves will live.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Bringing Emily Downstairs

THE YEARS AND HOURS OF EMILY DICKINSON. By Jay Leyda. Yale University Press. 2 Vols. 928 pp. $25.

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF EMILY DICKINSON. Thomas H. Johnson, editor. Little, Brown. 770 pp. $10.

Odell Shepard

> *"Emily, you damned little rascal, come down here this minute and behave yourself!"*

WE ARE credibly told that words of that tenor, including the adjective, were shouted long ago up the staircase of the Dickinson mansion in Amherst, Massachusetts, by the redoubtable Mr. Samuel Bowles, no less. He was vexed, and somewhat perplexed. Few women, if any, had ever refused to see him before, and for this particular woman to do so—she who had written him all those fervent letters brimful of an admiration scarcely distinguishable from plain-spoken love, was intolerable. Her whim of hiding herself away as though nursing a broken heart, when in fact she was as merry a little grig as even Shakespeare could have imagined, was one he did not intend to indulge. As editor of *The Springfield Republican*, one of America's leading newspapers, he was accustomed to command. Also he knew that she, though rebellious up to a point, was in the habit of obeying orders delivered in a sufficiently resonant masculine voice.

It is believed that on this occasion she did come down to the parlor, and behaved herself there like people of this world. After a few days she wrote him again, signing the letter "Your Rascal" and adding as a postscript: "I washed the adjective."

Mr. Jay Leyda, in a far less peremptory way, is also trying to bring Emily down from that upper chamber in which he thinks she has been unjustly confined by a "sentimental legend" which "isolates her—and thus much of her poetry—from the real world." This legend, says he, "shows her unaware of community and nation, never seeing anyone, never wearing any color but white.... She remains hidden in her second-floor bedroom, jotting down little verses that help to keep alive a great love she renounced many, many years since."

Now it is probably true that some such image of America's greatest lyric poet does exist in the minds of most people who know and care anything about her. Just how it came there, and whether it has any validity, are questions not answered or even asked in Mr. Leyda's book. He assumes the legend false and sets out to destroy it.

In that effort he fails. Long before turning the 900th page of his book one becomes aware that the legend is authenticated more fully than it has ever been before. And this somewhat ironic outcome is due to the fact that Mr. Leyda, an earnest and completely honest workman in scholarly research, has felt obliged to set down in minute detail many items that bear directly against his thesis. The point deserves emphasis that here we have another instance of the notion—ultimately based, perhaps, upon a misunderstanding of scientific method—that sheer industry in the gathering of "data" is a sufficient substitute for hard thinking and sound judgment. Mr. Leyda's industry is phenomenal, but in total effect it reminds one reader at least—and he hopes the comparison will not seem disrespectful—of the pack rat that eventually crowds itself out of its hole by stuffing into it too many things which it fancies may some day prove useful.

The "single aim" of this book, we are told in the Introduction, "is to get at the truth about Emily Dickinson." That statement is presently helpful, and it leaves one only to determine what method is used and whether it achieves its purpose.

THE METHOD is similar to that employed by Mr. Leyda in his earlier work, *The Melville Log*. It involves the assembling and chronological arrangement of miscellaneous circumferential data which, in the compiler's belief, have some "relevance," either obvious or as yet undiscovered, to the person under examination. To this it should be added that Mr. Leyda often applies the criterion of relevance with extreme latitude. For instance, he records the names of various hotels in which Emily's father registered his name while traveling alone, together with the dates of those registrations. Now, while freely granting that Edward Dickinson was of prime importance to his elder daughter, one cannot but ask what possible bearing such information has at present, or ever can have, upon "the truth about Emily Dickinson."

To that sort of question Mr. Leyda has his answer ready. "The tiniest scrap of biographical fact," says he, "might be the very detail needed to help grasp a cluster of associations, the missing piece in the puzzle that makes plain a series of relationships in the life that in turn reveals a major theme . . . in the poems." That may well be, and we all have heard that "for want of a nail the shoe was lost"; yet for most of us the time arrives when we feel that our private collections of horseshoe nails will have to suffice for whatsoever exigencies may occur. Mr. Leyda remains a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles, though he does have to recall that every book must have an end. He warns us, however, that his account of what happened in Emily Dickinson's time and place is neither continuous nor complete. It may be a load on his conscience that he has told us nothing about when, where and by whom Mr. Edward Dickinson had his hair cut. He may not even know.

A really significant "relevance" might be established if we could connect the shearing of Emily's own locks with her first sight of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's picture, or, still better, with her first reading of *The Mill on the Floss* and the vivid passage in which young Maggie cuts off her hair as an act of revolt against parental authority. Yet even in that case, and supposing the later event to have followed close upon the earlier, we should be cautious in attributing a cause-and-effect relationship between the two. For Emily Dickinson—does it need saying?—was a person remarkably capable of thinking up things for herself.

Just that, indeed, was her chief occupation. Out of it came and back into it went all her rapturous joy and likewise the agony that was joy's shadow, all her loneliness and her abounding love. Source hunters who ignore this central incontrovertible fact are not

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even moving in a general direction of "the truth about Emily Dickinson."

This is not to imply that she lived as it were in a dark and soundproof cell. Her correspondence was voluminous; she had many friends to whom she was passionately devoted; she was an assiduous reader of *The Springfield Republican;* and, as Mr. Leyda says, "she could not have been unaware of the violent deaths, suicides, lynch mobs, abortions, dishonesties" of which quiet Amherst had its due portion. Awareness, however, is not the same thing as engagement, and it may not include even interest. The fact is that upon a large part of what went on in Amherst or was reported in the newspapers she could and she did "close the valves of her attention like stone." For the human race in general she seems to have felt no great affection, and some of the things she says about it have an eerie effect as though coming from a disembodied spirit. "There are many people in the world," she once remarked to a visitor. "You must have seen them in the streets. But how do they live without any thoughts? How do they put on their clothes?" Looking out of her window on a Sunday morning, she says to herself: "I do wish that the Faith of the Fathers didn't wear brogans and carry a blue umbrella!" One day an old lady came to the door, rather aimlessly inquiring her way to a vacant house. Emily reports: "I directed her to the cemetery, to save the cost of a later removal."

EMILY DICKINSON was *in* the world perforce, but she firmly refused to be *of* it. Except that she was temporarily encumbered with an ailing and unbeautiful body, she resembled Shakespeare's Ariel in her cool detachment from worldly concerns. Of her father's business she never spoke or wrote. About his political opinions and career she was silent, except that she was mildly amused when she learned that somebody was trying to make her "Mr. Lieutenant Governor's daughter." Three or four of her poems indicate some awareness of the Civil War but no comprehension of its tragic nature. Probably the most startling literary event of her time was the publication of *Leaves of Grass.* She never read the book, having heard that it was "disgraceful." When Emerson lectured in Amherst she did not go to hear him, and she may not have glanced out of the window when he entered her brother's house, next door.

The justification of all these silences and abstentions, including the poet's gradual retreat from society, may be given in Mr. Leyda's own words: "She had her work, which she was determined to do." That work, as her manuscripts show, was extremely arduous. It involved a fiercely concentrated introspection which absorbed all the time and strength she could spare from her household duties. She had firm hold on the elementary fact that a poet's business is to make poems. In 1862 she made as many poems as there were days in the year, many of them among her best.

Mr. Leyda has produced a valuable book which every close student of Emily Dickinson will wish to have at hand. It contains important passages of her prose not easily accessible elsewhere. The many sketches of "people around Emily Dickinson" meets a need long felt. The fifty or more photographs of manuscripts, places and persons are well chosen and well reproduced. The volumes are decidedly handsome.

Here, then, is a huge hoard of information; but it cannot be too strongly urged that knowing a great deal *about* this woman is not the same thing as knowing her. For that more intrinsic knowledge, to which mere information can contribute little or nothing, we must go to the writings in prose and verse which she called her "letter to the world." There she has told "all the truth," although she has told it "slant." It is our good fortune that in recent years her total output in prose and verse, so far as it is now available, has been published under the impeccable editorship of Mr. Thomas H. Johnson. *The Complete Poems,* in one volume, must be regarded as one of the most important publications of the year.

The Dazzled Ones

(From the French of Jean-Arthur Rimbaud: September 1870)

Smudged in the murk and in the snow,
Against the ventilator's glow,
Their butts rounded,

Five tattered tykes upon their knees
Watch the baker mix and squeeze
The thick blond bread.

They see the strong white arms that roll
The dough, and in a luminous hole
Lay it with care.

They wait the good bread's baking while
The baker with his buttered smile
Croons an old air.

They crouch there, quiet and intent,
As if they found that radiant vent
Warm as a breast.

When, fashioned for some midnight spread,
The brioche rolls of twisted bread
Come forth at last,

And under the smoke-blackened beams
The crickets chirp and the bread gleams,
The ravished rogues

At whom life rises from a stove
Pulse with a sense of sudden love
Under their rags.

They feel themselves in life's good hold,
These shivering Christkids gnawed by cold,
And cluster near,

Pushing pink muzzles to the grille,
Chattering, as they gaze their fill
Through Heaven's door.

Poor puppies — there they pray and press
Against that gate to happiness,
Their small knees skinned,

Their breeches bursting at the seam,
Their thin shirts shuddering in the stream
of the winter wind.

DILYS LAING

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

Having culled the following list of annual recommendations from the book reviews published (or to be published) in *The Nation* in 1960, the editor notices more books about individuals than he would have expected. But if this uncovers an unsuspected bias, he does not apologize for it. Strong, creative, or eccentric individuals are the bread of history; every age needs them — if not for example, at least for inspiration — and our age's need is greater than most.

Christmas seems to be sweeping in this season with less frenzy of exhortation than has marked the holiday in recent years. Perhaps the emotion spent on electing a President has left the promoters with their batteries uncharged; or perhaps the iron perplexities of survival cannot again be hidden by sprays of plastic holly, and even the merchants of musical liquor bottles and fitted "overnite" cases sense that their wares are not really what America wants most.

Books are less an incitation to the wrath of the gods. This list, we hope, is brief enough to serve as a check list and varied enough to satisfy most interests. It is followed by the customary choices from *Nation* contributors, a critical survey of the year's art books, a list of works published in the year by *Nation* writers of the year, and an augmented selection of paperbacks. The roundup ends with a list of records compiled by the music editor.

Human Nature and the Human Condition. By Joseph Wood Krutch. Random. $3.95.

Asa Gray: 1810-1888. By A. Hunter Dupree. Harvard. $7.50.

J. M. Synge: 1871-1909. By David H. Greene and Edward M. Stephens. Macmillan. $6.75.

The Magic Christian. By Terry Southern. Random. $3.

Living Japan. By Donald Keene. Doubleday. $7.95.

T. H. Huxley. By Cyril Bibby. Horizon. $3.

On the Sociology of Medicine. On the History of Medicine. By Henry E. Sigerist. MD Publications. $6.75 each.

The Kremlin. By David Douglas Duncan. New York Graphic Society. $25.

Khrushchev's Russia. By Edward Crankshaw. Penguin. 85c.

The Western Intellectual Tradition. By J. Bronowski and Bruce Mazlish. Harper. $7.50.

Chancellor Robert R. Livingston of New York (1746-1813). By George Dangerfield. Harcourt. $10.

The Poem Itself. Stanley Burnshaw, editor. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. $6.50.

Weekend in Dinlock. By Clancy Sigal. Houghton Mifflin. $3.

The Diary of Benjamin Robert Haydon. Willard Bissell Pope, editor. Harvard. 2 Vols. $20.

The Dymaxion World of Buckminster Fuller. By Robert W. Marks. Reinhold. $12.

The Future as History. By Robert L. Heilbroner. Harper. $4.

Brecht: The Man and His Mask. By Martin Esslin. Doubleday. $4.50.

Words and Things. By Ernest Gellner. Beacon. $5.

The Edge of Objectivity. By Charles Coulston. Princeton. $7.50.

The Denatured Novel. By Albert Van Nostrand. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.50.

Louis Sullivan As He Lived. By Willard Connely. Horizon. $5.95.

Cuba: Anatomy of a Revolution. By Leo Huberman and Paul Sweezy. Monthly Review Press. $3.50.

The Life and Opinions of T. E. Hulme. By Alun Jones. Beacon. $4.50.

The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich. By William L. Shirer. Simon & Schuster. $10.

The Politics of Upheaval. By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Houghton Mifflin. $6.95.

Growing Up Absurd. By Paul Goodman. Random. $4.50.

A Canticle for Leibowitz. By Walter M. Miller, Jr. Lippincott. $4.95.

The Sot-Weed Factor. By John Barth. Doubleday. $7.50.

The Nephew. By James Purdy. Farrar. $3.95.

Let Us Now Praise Famous Men (revised edition). By James Agee and Walker Evans. Houghton Mifflin. $6.50.

Nelson Algren

The Magic Christian. By Terry Southern. Random. $3.50.

The Long Way Through. By James Ballard. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.

Lover Man. By Alston Anderson. Pyramid Books. 35c. paper

The Horn. By John Clellon Holmes. Random. $3.75.

The Hussar. By Gregor von Rezzori. Harcourt, Brace. $4.95.

Carleton Beals

The Power Elite. By C. Wright Mills. Oxford. $1.

Listening with the Third Ear. By Theodore Reik. Grove. $1.95 paper.

Arms and Politics in Latin America. By Edwin Lienwen. Praeger. $4.75.

The Nephew. By James Purdy. Farrar. $3.95.

Cuba: Anatomy of a Revolution. By Leo Huberman and Paul M. Sweezy. Monthly Review Press. $3.50.

Harold Clurman

Literature and Western Man. By J. B. Priestley. Harper. $6.95.

Copland on Music. By Aaron Copland. Doubleday. $3.95.

Art and Illusion. By E. H. Gombrich. Pantheon. $10.

Growing Up Absurd. By Paul Goodman. Random. $4.50.

The Leopard. By G. di Lampedusa. Pantheon. $4.95.

David Cort

Krapp's Last Tape. By Samuel Beckett. Grove. $3.95.

A & P: A Study in Price-Cost Behavior and Public Policy. By M. A. Adelman. Harvard. $10.

The Coming of War. By Albert Z. Carr. Doubleday. $4.95.

The Ugly American. By William J. Lederer and Eugene Burdick. Crest. 50c paper.

The Irish Genius. By D Garrity. Signet. 50c paper.

George Dangerfield

Six More At Sixty. By Robert Hyde. Doubleday. $3.95.

Sowing. By Leonard Woolf. Harcourt, Brace. $4.50.

The Age of the Democratic Revolution. By R. R. Palmer. Princeton. $7.50.

The Politics of Upheaval. By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Houghton Mifflin. $6.95.

Nature and Man's Fate. By Garrett Hardin. Rinehart. $6.

Carl Dreher

Clea. By Lawrence Durrell. Dutton. $3.95.

The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich. By William L. Shirer. Simon & Schuster. $10.

Selected Writings. By Wilhelm Reich. Farrar. $7.50.

The Rack. By A. E. Ellis. Little, Brown. $4.50.

The Doctor Business. By Richard Carter. Liberty-Prometheus. $1.85.

George P. Elliott

Love and Like. By Herbert Gold. Dial. $3.95.

James Joyce. By Richard Ellmann. Oxford. $12.50.

Summer Anniversaries. By Donald Justice. Wesleyan. $1.65.

Collected Poems: 1930-1960. By Josephine Miles. Indiana. $3.95.

Memento Mori. By Muriel Spark. Meridian. $1.25.

Ramon Guthrie

The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich. By William L. Shirer. Simon & Schuster. $10.

The Modern Poets. By M. L. Rosenthal. Oxford. $6.50.

Zazie. By Raymond Queneau. Harper. $3.50.

Through Streets Broad and Narrow. By Gabriel Fielding. Morrow. $4.50.

Child of Montmartre. By Paul Léautaud. Random. $3.75.

George G. Kirstein

The Future As History. By Robert L. Heilbroner. Harper. $4.

False Coin. By Harvey Swados. Little, Brown. $4.

The Drunk in the Furnace. By W. S. Merwin. Macmillan. $1.25 paper.

Politics of Upheaval. By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Houghton Mifflin. $6.95.

Cuba: Anatomy of a Revolution. By Leo Huberman and Paul Sweezy. Monthly Review Press. $3.50.

Carey McWilliams

Edison: A Biography. By Matthew Josephson. McGraw-Hill. $6.95.

Bird in the Bush. By Kenneth Rexroth. New Directions. $3.75.

An Epidemic of Genius. By Ira Wolfert. Simon & Schuster. $4.50.

Opinions. By Vincent O'Sullivan. Unicorn Press (London). 15s.

The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Harold Frederic. Harvard. $4.50.

Vivian Mercier

The Magician of Lublin. By Isaac Bashevis Singer. Noonday. $3.50.

The Life of John Middleton Murry. By F. A. Lea. Oxford. $6.50.

Collected Poems 1930-1960. By Josephine Miles. Indiana. $3.95.

The Hostage. By Brendan Behan. Grove. $1.45 paper.

A Correspondence of Americans. By Jack Hirschman. Indiana. $2.75.

W. S. Merwin

La Guerre d'Algérie. By Jules Roy. Julliard (Paris). 9 nouveaux francs.

Lupercal. By Ted Hughes. Harper. $3.

Anthology of Japanese Literature from Earliest Times to the 19th Century. By Donald Keene. Grove. $6.50.

The Last of the Just. By André Schwarz-Bart. Atheneum. $4.95.

Howard Nemerov

The Exclusions of a Rhyme. By J. V. Cunningham. Swallow. $1.35.

Generation Without Farewell. By Kay Boyle. Knopf. $3.95.

The History of Nature. By C. F. von Weizsäcker. Chicago. $1.25 paper.

Wage War on Silence. By Vassar Miller. Wesleyan. $1.65.

Posthistoric Man. By Roderick Seidenberg. Beacon. $1.45 paper.

Frank O'Connor

The Affair. By C. P. Snow. Scribner's. $4.50.

The Folded Leaf. By William Maxwell. Vintage. $1.25 paper.

Through Streets Broad and Narrow. By Gabriel Fielding. Morrow. $4.50.

Billy Liar. By Keith Waterhouse. Norton. $3.95.

Eating People Is Wrong. By Malcolm Bradbury. Knopf. $4.

Fairfield Porter

The Phenomenon of Man. By Pierre Teilhard de Chardin. Harper. $5

The Location of Things. By Barbara Guest. Tibor de Nagy Gallery. $1 paper.

Life Against Death. By Norman D. Brown. Modern Library. $1.25.

Harding's Luck. By E. Nesbit. Coward-McCann. $3.

Kenneth Rexroth

The Opening of the Field. By Robert Duncan. Grove. $1.45 paper.

Collected Poems 1930-1960. By Richard Eberhart. Oxford. $6.

Ancient Peoples and Places (a series). Glyn Daniels, editor. Praeger. $6.50 ea.

The Anatomy of Jazz. By Leroy Ostransky. University of Washington Press. $4.75.

The Twilight of European Colonialism. By Stewart C. Easton. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $10.

M. L. Rosenthal

The New American Poetry, 1945-1960. Edited by Donald M. Allen. Grove. $5.95.

Collected Poems 1930-1960. By Richard Eberhart. Oxford. $6.

New and Selected Poems. By Howard Nemerov. Chicago. $3.50.

Selected Works (Vol. I — Prose). By Rainer Maria Rilke. New Directions. $3.25.

Selected Works (Vol. II — Poetry). By Rainer Maria Rilke. New Directions. $6.

To Bedlam and Part Way Back. By Anne Sexton. Houghton Mifflin. $3.

Terraces of Light. By Marya Zaturenska. Grove. $2.75.

Winfield Townley Scott

New Poems 1960. By Witter Bynner. Knopf. $3.75.

Gemini. By William Kelley. Doubleday. $4.95.

Collected Poems 1930-1960. By Josephine Miles. Indiana. $3.95.

Wonderstrand Revisited. By Charles H. Philbrick. Wake-Brook House. $3.

The Nephew. By James Purdy. Farrar. $3.95.

Odell Shepard

The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson. T. H. Johnson, editor. Little, Brown. $10.

The Varieties of History. Fritz Stern, editor. Meridian. $1.45 paper.

The Idea of the Holy. By Rudolf Otto. Oxford. $1.75 paper.

An Essay on Man. By Ernst Cassirer. Doubleday. 75c paper.

Paideia: The Ideals of Greek Culture (3 vols.). By Werner Jaeger. Oxford. $6.50 ea.

Terry Southern

The Connection. By Jack Gelber. Grove. $1.75 paper.

Clea. By Lawrence Durrell. Dutton. $3.95.

The Naked Lunch. By William Burroughs. Olympia Press. $4.

Ko, or a Season on Earth. By Kenneth Koch. Grove. $3.50. $1.75 paper.

The Sot-Weed Factor. By John Barth. Doubleday. $7.50.

Gore Vidal

The Politics of Upheaval. By Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. Houghton Mifflin. $6.95.

The House of Five Talents. By Louis Auchincloss. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.

Storyboard. By John Bowen. Faber.

Harding's Luck. By E. Nesbit. Coward-McCann. $3.

So Be It. By André Gide. Knopf. $3.50.

Dan Wakefield

Cousin to Human. By Jane Mayhall. Harcourt, Brace. $4.50.

To Bedlam and Part Way Back. By Anne Sexton. Houghton Mifflin. $3.

Bone Thoughts. By George Starbuck. Yale. $1.25 paper.

Generation Without Farewell. By Kay Boyle. Knopf. $3.95.

Let Us Now Praise Famous Men. By James Agee and Walker Evans. Houghton Mifflin. $6.50.

William Appleman Williams

The Question of Government Spending. By F. M. Bator. Harper. $3.75.

The Deathmakers. By G. Sire. Simon & Schuster. $3.95.

Growing Up Absurd. By Paul Goodman. Random. $4.50.

Let Us Now Praise Famous Men. By James Agee and Walker Evans. Houghton Mifflin. $6.50.

Ceremony in Lone Tree. By Wright Morris. Atheneum. $4.

Drawings by Palladino

Art Books of the Season: Part I

Lincoln Kirstein

Mr. Kirstein's annual evaluation of art books is being published in two sections. Part II, dealing with Documentary Albums, Architecture and Photography, will appear next week.

EACH YEAR, additions to the art library that anyone may build fairly easily become heavier; subjects which a decade ago would have seemed special now appear in big editions. Systematic coverage of neglected epochs (Skira, New York Graphic Society, Abrams), obscure figures, remote places, appear increasingly, in color, in detail. Color improves and prices mount. Minor arts gain deserved attention. For contemporary art and its immediate nineteenth-century background, there is much duplication; choices impose themselves. Only architecture lags, both in popular surveys and monographs. Aside from two massive English series (Penguin and Oxford) admirable but primarily for specialists, one cannot, without travel, get nearly as much idea of the development of masterbuilding, as one can of masterpainting. What is badly needed is a compact comparative study by writing scholars of taste and skill, under generous and competent general-editorship, comparable to the five-volume "Poets of the English Language" (Auden-Pearson, Viking), which would relate simultaneous activity in Europe, coeval work in Asia; more lately, the Americas. It would be worth the combined ratiocinative tonnage of Malraux, the academic aestheticians, and the amateur (and professional) art-appreciators, introducers and life-enhancers. Their net result does not focus attention on the single statue, building or painting, but on their own awesome idiosyncratic systems, decoratively illustrated.

The chief use of an art book, as opposed to viewing a work of art itself, is to make one look closer or deeper. This requires, ideally, as much energy as is needed to read a piano score. But with books, since eyes alone are involved, not ears and fingers, it is almost too easy; impressions don't stick; they are obliterated by the next reproduction. It is quicker to buy a new book on Near Eastern art than to pay a visit to the newly arranged rooms at the Metropolitan Museum, where it may take many visits to absorb the intention in ivory, gold, fired-clay and heroic granite there fixed, not in reproduction, but in fact; not in Persepolis but in New York. Still, it is hard to find a simple survey which tells us how Iranian motifs of winged-bulls and lions, sphinxes, angels, sacred trees, water, clouds, relate to Egypt, Greece, the Orient; which came first; how they got onto Venetian velvet, Persian rugs and Japanese brocade; and what they all mean.

Individual Artists

HIROSHIGE. By Walter Exner. Introduction by Werner Speiser. Crown. $10.

Large squarish format, well printed in Germany, with 45 laid-in color plates of much accuracy and subtlety. Letterpress contains excerpts from this great artist's diary, a splendid commentary on the many views he saw in different weathers, all over Japan. The nineteenth-century Japanese popular woodcut for mass consumption issued from a fragile formula of impersonal observation, a generalized detail that did not rob objects of their particularity and surprising arrangements and framings. When one realizes that the prints were the result of a long and elaborate collaboration of designer, cutter, printer, papermaker and editor-publisher, each almost equally important, the final achievement as individual masterpieces in a collective method are the more amazing. It is as if each member of the team had identical knowledge of and love for snow, rain, feather, fin and leaf. A desirable book.

CLAUDE MONET. By William C. Seitz. Abrams. $15.

This very large, beautiful book with 48 excellent laid-in (West-German) color plates goes far to rescue Monet from recent perils to which his fair name has been subjected in its abrupt and rapacious revival. Along with Turner, he has been strait-jacketed into the ancestor-gallery of Abstract-Expressionism by the simple process of ignoring his intention and overstressing single aspects and out-of-context details of his later work, which can be made to correspond superficially to contemporary preferences in spreading paint-loads over an unfocused surface. In this admirable selection of many unfamiliar studies and pictures, Monet is shown as

His friends knew him, a nineteenth-century Frenchman, with a marvelously intent yet relaxed vision of natural and man-made forms under varying sunlights. He resists every attempt to turn him into a paler, less violent Van Gogh. Evangelism does not suit him, even though the last pictures are large; their mystery is in the fact that although they are so big, they remain so gentle, so lyrical, yet not empty. The text is splendid; captions clear and expressive.

GEORGE GROSZ. By Ruth Berenson and Norbert Muhlen. Arts, Inc. $12.50.

A well-produced (American) monograph, illustrating all phases, with a just preponderance of early ink drawings which made the reputation that was always to hound his subsequent Americanizing. The satirical Berlin sketches, of a ferocity unequaled since Goya, had the analytical and visionary energy he could not find here. Although he came to New York in the depression, and taught many good WPA painters, his America was always an updated Fenimore Cooper world, sunny, romantic, possible, open, free; but it didn't correspond to the facts and he never made a convincing myth of it. He grew lonely in this dilemma; isolated, he adopted a saccharine style almost as revenge (On whom? Himself). A wonderful draftsman, a strained, honest artist, this book does him justice; though a third of it seems more pious homage than final judgment. There are 50 incomparable drawings.

THE ART OF HENRY MOORE. By Will Grohmann. Abrams. $15.

An extremely handsome, efficient monograph with 209 illustrations, text-cuts and 12 color plates, German-printed. The sculpture is well photographed with no extra-added persuasiveness or over-dramatization. The whole book has that atmosphere of dignity and decency which is Moore's most attractive public aura. But there is something unsatisfactory about his talent: though obviously an honest workman of skill and energy, and despite patriotic attempts to magnify his gifts (which he would be the first to disclaim), the residue of his work seems tentative and much of it feeble. There is a discrepancy between the blank facelessness of figures and the style in which they are rather particularly draped. The drapery does not provide them with the majesty or mystery which seems indicated. The shapes of carving on the Time-Life Building in London, the recent UNESCO figure, lack the lodged focus (and possibly more obvious silhouettes) of Lipchitz or Giacometti. Our dearth of figure sculptors forces him alongside Rodin and Maillol, but the comparison is awkward. It is greedy to ask more of a man of such effort; but his great promise, and the fine war drawings, augured something that is still lacking.

MAURICE PRENDERGAST: 1859-1924. By Hedley Howell Rhys. Harvard. $7.50.

MAURICE PRENDERGAST: Water-Color Sketchbook: 1899. By Peter A. Wick. Harvard. $15.

Both these small square finely prepared books are issued in conjunction with the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The first is a catalogue of a retrospective exhibition which will be seen through 1961 in Hartford, New York, Cleveland and San Francisco; the second is a fine (German) facsimile of one of Prendergast's notebooks. He was an American Impressionist whose qualities of delicacy, original observation, prolific energy deserve ranking with more famous names. On beaches north of Boston, he sketched young girls and their mothers with whom Henry James and Henry Adams could well have gone on picnics. He is stronger than Conder, more lively than Arthur B. Davies. His more achieved and complex water colors, which he worked up from his sketchbooks, have a mosaic solidity and busy sparkle that make the flashier and wetter papers of Sargent and Dodge McKnight look vulgar. Prendergast is almost our American Constantin Guys in another dispensation of time and society; a delicate artist.

HIERONYMUS BOSCH: The Paintings. By Carl Linfert. Phaidon. $3.95.

BOSCH. By Robert L. Delevoy. Skira. $5.75.

The first book is advertised as a "complete" edition and has 82 reproductions, 24 in fair color; printed in England. The second has 50 color plates, smaller, as is the whole book, but cleaner. Linfert's essay is formal; Delevoy's invokes the times: Bosch's daily life, his background, the detailed theological and philosophical culture which, understood, make this great painter far less "fantastic" and "grotesque" than he may first seem. Neither book tells as much as *The Millennium of Hieronymus Bosch* (By Wilhelm Fränger. 1952); taken together they provide a good

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introduction. Bosch is a disturbing artist whose combination of dispassionate clarity and sensitized terror in a less than monumental scale tends to make him appear diminutive, domesticated, almost with sting drawn, when compared to more violent masters of horror. He rubs no noses in his hell; he beckons politely; if we follow, there is a lot of hell. If you take only one book: Delevoy.

BERTHE MORISOT. Introduction by Elizabeth Mongan; preface by Denis Rouart. Tudor. $10.

Among the few women artists whose work has entered museums, Berthe Morisot has her small if permanent niche. By no means the eye or energy of Mary Cassatt, nor the flash or mastery of Rosa Bonheur or Artemesia Gentileschi, she was no Colette nor a Jane Austen of the Impressionists. This book offers mostly water colors, pastels and drawings, well printed and well captioned; but the big disappointment is the scarcity of paintings, her most positive work. Sketches here shown are transparently preparatory, wispy, tentative; washed out. The book is bound up from a catalogue of an exhibition organized by a dealer. One suspects, naturally, that the minor works are allowed to dominate because they are available for sale, while good paintings are not. A pretty book.

VALDES LEAL: Spanish Baroque Painter. By Elizabeth Du Gue Trapier. Hispanic Society. $10.

An orderly study with 157 black-and-white plates and 4 in color of an interesting personality of individuality and power. Primarily for scholars, but its careful consideration, studied judgments and inclusive knowledge of Spain and Europe are a welcome relief from flashy journalism in the flood of art books that carry token texts to legitimatize them. The book calls attention to the work and collections of the Hispanic Society, New York. Its museum and library are a valuable repository: sculpture, ceramics and particularly paintings, among which are fine Grecos and Goyas, too little known. Many have been recently recleaned and rehung. The publications are of high caliber.

VELAZQUEZ. By Enrique Lafuente Ferrari. Skira. $5.75.

This sober, interesting study has 50 color plates, small but well produced, with unfamiliar drawings and a number of close-ups of brushwork in which one sees much of the steady brilliance of Velázquez's loose, sure handling. To us, perhaps, the most moving paintings are his early work, the grave, strong noble portraits of young boys and old women, their brass pots, jugs, glasses of water, fruit and eggs. The four fine large portraits of court dwarfs are displayed together, as they hang in the Prado; two asylum cases; two stunted courtiers. With no maudlin sympathy, these are small mirrors darkly reflecting the heartlessness and mad insecurity of the games of princes and great captains with whom this painter held tolerant familiarity. The official portraits, though faces may be stuffy and formalized, are always salvaged by the beauty of handling; sometimes his lack of interest turns into wispiness. For extraordinary anticipation of painting two centuries after his death there are the Corot-like views of the Villa Medici.

DURER: His Life and Work. By Marcel Brion. Tudor. $5.95.

The 149 pictures, of which 59 are in agreeable color (German-printed), are good value at the price. Text is a hasty accommodation of big German sources, with no acknowledgment or bibliography, by a one-man mass movement of contemporary art-publishing. It is oversimplification to call Dürer the "greatest" German artist; maybe in graphics, as engraver, as draftsman — but as painter? Perfect as are his miniature water colors of plants, animals and landscapes, we are frequently embarrassed by larger oil and tempera. Is there one Dürer landscape as magical as Caspar David Friedrich, or figure picture comparable to the best Grünewald, Altdorfer or Cranach? Still, drawings are incomparable, woodcuts and engravings miraculous. Here, everything is much reduced, but serves as a brisk introduction.

REMBRANDT AS A DRAUGHTSMAN. By Otto Benesch. Phaidon. $5.95.

This fine, English-produced book has 115 plates, 4 in color. A man who has devoted his life to studying Rembrandt and his times limits himself here, greatly to our advantage, to a single, basic aspect of a great painter's equipment: the skills in mass and line which support painting and graphic work. Today's painters are uninterested in drawing, except as a calligraphic signature in fixing an idiosyncratic style. Rembrandt could not draw a line that does not seem self-signed, yet the gravity, sophistication and mastery of psychological observation and humane attachment bathes everything. This is a preliminary guide to a vast continent; accurate, orderly and beautiful.

Art History

CHINESE PAINTING. By James Cahill. Skira. $27.50.

This very beautiful book is the best on its subject in English. Its author is associate curator of Chinese Art at our finest oriental museum, the Freer in Washington. He has obtained 100 color plates from the best Japanese, American and European collections; but what is unique, he has drawn richly on the ex-Imperial repository now under guard of the Chinese Nationalists on Formosa. Imagine having the greatest paintings of Prado, Uffizi, Louvre and London in front of you. In equivalent terms, that is what you get in this massive book. Dr. Cahill writes with simplicity, vigor, wide general knowledge and severe critical perception, not alone of art. The surprise, personal distinction, variety and magic of Chinese art doubles our joy in world painting. The treasures from Formosa will soon start an American tour at our National Gallery (courtesy of the U.S. Navy). This book is the best possible preparation for the historic event.

HANIWA: The Clay Sculpture of Proto-Historic Japan. By Fumio Miki. Tuttle. $8.75.

Baked earthen figures of early Japanese burial mounds have conquered world taste in the last decade, an oriental invasion comparable to the late vogue for Cycladic, Etruscan and Sardinian sculpture. This is due to their monumental simplicity, toylike intensity and a predigested resemblance to familiar Western primitive plastic ideas. This English translation of the best recent Japanese study is well printed in gravure, with good color. 80 fine plates by Yoshio Takahashi; the Japanese text put well into English by Roy Andrew Miller. There is a good technical introduction; it is sad there are no large pictures of the boats and gabled houses in Tokyo's National Museum. A large number of fake Haniwa figures have found their way to the United States; they are turning up on Madison Avenue, by no means cheap. You can tell them quickly, by their heaviness, solid hardness and density, dull brownish overtone. Real ones are light, feel porous, and have a dry, blushing, light pinky-red bloom.

THE ART AND TECHNIQUE OF SUMI-E. (Japanese ink-painting) as taught by Ukai Uchiyama. By Kay Morrissey Thompson. Tuttle $8.75.

A large, squarish (Japanese) book, well printed and designed, detailing methods of wet-brush painting in the Sino-Japanese tradition, by a series of progressive photographs and studies, in black and white and color on a generous format. You can make bamboo, crysanthemums, flowers, leaves, birds, rain on hills, according to good models. A logical manual of practical instruction for Western amateurs that is also an amusing introduction into the appreciation and practice of Chinese and Japanese calligraphic art. Following its exercises, as one follows Czerny, strengthens the muscles of hand and sight and will reward viewers of the masterpieces in the Cahill history.

MASTERPIECES OF GREEK ART. By Raymond V. Schoder, S. J. New York Graphic Society. $12.50.

A cheerful anthology; bright insistent backgrounds impinging on the silhouettes of the objects; some vignetting, which rarely helps. The good Father's tone is eupeptic and avuncular; kodachromes from which his plates have been made, a bit lightstruck and fruity. The choice of the objects themselves is normal; famous figures and vases are all here. Architecture is slighted; the principal impression of Paestum is a eucalyptus in glorious technicolor. Considerable Italian gold, gems and wall painting under tutelage of Greek master-craftsmen and some Roman painting. The indiscriminate mass of plates will give undoubted pleasure, but the book as a whole production (Italian), in text, treatment, editing and presentation, is fubbed.

POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM: The Glory and the Grief. Text by Marcel Brion. Photographs by Edwin Smith. Crown. $10.

Extremely well illustrated, printed in Italy; good color and splendid photographs which oddly make Pompeii appear far grander and more heroic than the domestic scale one actually sees there. Aside from that, a fascinating book; Roman painting, so developed and sophisticated at this time, in another four hundred years will have shrunk to small-scale survival in manuscripts. The conventions of Western plastic rendering will have to wait almost a thousand years to reach approximately the same point. Here we have both Poussin and Picasso, *avant la lettre.* Brion's text is capable journalism, with fine photos as running commentary. A very good book.

INDIAN MINIATURES. By W. G. Archer. N.Y. Graphic Society. $25.

A large, very beautiful book; 100 big plates, half in color, of miniatures from the twelfth to the eighteenth century. Color is sparkling, well registered; it glows. The introduction relates the intention of Indian artists to society, politics and religion; running captions attend to artistic qualities. It is impossible to single out among all these glories even immediate favorites, but perfection in painting takes on new dimensions from an examination of these small masterpieces. A great number of purely secular interest, and one to set beside Pisanello's *Miracle of Saint Eustace* in London. This book offers a wonderful way to learn about India up to the British investment, and to prepare for the great show of Indian painting now at Asia House, New York.

ISRAEL: Ancient Mosaics. Preface by Meyer Schapiro. Introduction by Michael Avi-Yonah. New York Graphic Society. $18.

The fifteenth in the large format editions in several languages which are one of the most distinguished contributions of UNESCO. A first look at the carefully reproduced plates, showing all the unevenness and definition of small bits of stone emerging from a surface, is almost disappointing. The scale of the details is very large; the fragments out of context tend to resemble contemporary archaistic imitations of past styles, or falsely naive work inspired by them. But Professor Schapiro, with his famous seductive omniscience, persuades one that these are not merely provincial wonders: that they have their own monumental intention and achievement; that their very naïveté is an advantage; that they are in fact, masterpieces.

AMERICAN ART MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES: An Introduction to Looking. By Eloise Spaeth. Harper. $5.95.

Mrs. Spaeth jauntily tackles eighty-four museums, with no system save gossipy enthusiasm. The Fogg Museum at Harvard, with its incomparable large collection of Chinese objects, French painting and old-master drawings rates six lines; Yale, with its excellent gen-

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eral collection, is not listed. Indianapolis gets three pages and Cincinnati five and a half. "In 1952 James Johnson Sweeney replaced Baroness Rebay [in the Guggenheim Museum], and the greatest house cleaning and face lifting in museum annals began." "It is hard to say whether the Modern [Museum of Art] takes over Picasso or Picasso takes over the Modern." No it isn't; he doesn't and never did. We need a good cumulative guide to American museums. S. Lane Faison with his New England survey filled that part of the bill, but this is a very silly book.

MODERN PAINTING: Contemporary Trends. By Nello Ponente. Skira. $27.50.

This is an exceptionally well-produced (Swiss) book with 100 fine color plates laid in, of the first brilliance and accuracy. It shows work by the principal international non-figurative painters over the last twenty years. While the originals are often gigantic, and are indeed painted with an eye to elevator space and hanging areas of their dealers' premises, not a one suffers by reduction; all are improved. Flipping through this massive and sympathetic volume rapidly, one might imagine it a pedagogical manual in rendering accidental and intentional patterns on plane surfaces, as if by some more academic Paul Klee. How to tickle canvas; how to give it a rash; how to make big wet splashes or thin dry ones; how to make magisterial, pathetic, playful, exquisite or powerful smears. How to take nothing (but paint from the tube) and make a salable object. Except for Dubuffet, who teases one aspect of Klee from the miniature into the monumental (if less heroic), the residual tone is gay—as if a tribe of blithesome primates were set free for ten minutes with a ton of material in a progressive-school-type play-pen. The dominant art today is a frantic hunt for a marketable style sufficiently individual to be recognizable within formulated rules for spontaneity, exuberance, immediate shock and contempt for niceties of objective consideration.

LOOKING AT PICTURES. By Kenneth Clark. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. $10.

In their first form, all but one of these essays appeared in the London *Sunday Times;* here they are extended with 75 good illustrations in black and white plus 6 in color. The book is dedicated to Roger Fry, who taught his generation to see, which is what Sir Kenneth continues to do. His fine book on *The Nude* (and the naked) has already shown him to American readers as a subtle and ceaseless viewer of art and a provocative teaching philosopher of art, by no means an academic aesthetician. Indeed, there have been complaints that he is an "amateur," whatever that intends when describing a man who has spent his life training his eyes and ours. He writes so cunningly, it is this perhaps that arouses the envy. Here one investigates 16 famous pictures, some of them clouded by fame. He freshens their surface, penetrates it, gives us a new picture, or at least one we have not seen before in such stereoscopic plastic and historic presence. An eye-opener for the hasty, the slow and the curious.

TO PAINT IS TO LOVE AGAIN. By Henry Miller. Horizon. $4 cloth; $2.50 paper.

Maybe Henry Miller is a Great Writer. You tell me. The *Times Literary Supplement* recently decided he was the Great Amateur Writer. The status of those who mix craft and therapy is awkward. One suspects they prefer to be working prophets with happy congregations than poets or painters with a critical public. From the color plates in this neat little brochure, Miller paints like a carefree child who loves Paul Klee; Paul Klee loved children's art. Miller says: "Think how many millions enjoyed *September Morn* or *Whistler's Mother*"; does he think they are both the same sort of picture, or is one better or worse than the other? He paints and writes about art as an auto-didact: messianic revelations coinciding with other people's ordinary education. He lists twenty exhibitions of his work from college museums to dealers. He seems to like to sell them; they are no uglier than the pictures of many artists who get higher prices; but, finally, are pretentious. So is he; his pictures have the prestige associated with his prose; they are association pieces and not very impressive.

Books by *Nation* Contributors

Listed below are books published, or contributed to, in 1960 by writers who also appeared in *The Nation* in that year. The length and scope of this compilation, which we draw up annually as a service to contributors and readers, reflects the energy and authority that go into the material published week by week in the magazine.

Books published in England are listed here for the record. However, they are available on special order from most dealers.

Louis Auchincloss. *The House of Five Talents*. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.

Geoffrey Barraclough, editor. *Social Life in Early England*. Barnes & Noble. $4.50.

Survey of International Affairs 1955-1956 (with Rachel F. Wall). Oxford. 50s.

Carleton Beals. *Brass-Knuckle Crusade*. Hastings. $5.95.

Harold J. Berman. *The Trial of the U-2*. (Introduction.) Translation World Publishers. $3.75. $1.95 paper.

Vance Bourjaily. *Confessions of a Spent Youth*. Dial. $4.95.

Robert McAfee Brown (with Gustave Weigel, S. J.). *An American Dialogue*. Doubleday. $2.95.

Contributor, *Facing Protestant-Roman Catholic Tensions*. W. H. Cowan, editor. Association Press. $2.50. 50c paper.

Translator, *God's Unfolding Purpose*. By S. de Dietrich. Westminster. $4.50.

Dick Bruner, contributor. *Profile of American Politics*. E. W. Lefever and W. V. Hohenstein, editors. Houghton Mifflin. $3.25 paper.

Contributor, *American Government: The Clash of Issues*. James Burkhart, editor. Prentice-Hall. $3.95.

James L. Busey. *Contemporary Latin American Politics: Annual Report 1960*. Pruett Press (Boulder, Colo.). 50c paper.

Gwendolen M. Carter. *Independence for Africa*. Praeger. $4.50. $1.65 paper.

Stanley Cooperman, contributor. *Literary Symbolism*. Maurice Beebe, editor. Wadsworth Publishers. $1.95.

Donald Cox. *Stations in Space*. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. $2.95.

Louis O. Coxe. *The Middle Passage*. Chicago. $3.75.

Robert Creeley, contributor. *The New American Poetry 1945-1960*. Donald M. Allen, editor. Grove. $5.95. $1.95 paper.

Contributor, *Short Story III*. B. Raffell, editor. Scribner's. $4.50. $2.45 paper.

Donald R. Cressey (with Richard A. Cloward and others). *Theoretical Studies in Social Organization of the Prison*. Social Science Research Council. $1.50 paper.

Alfred Crofts, contributor. *The Unfor-*

gettable Americans. John Garraty, editor. Channel Press. $6.

JAMES MCBRIDE DABBS. *The Road Home.* Christian Education Press. $3.50.

GEORGE DANGERFIELD. *Chancellor Robert R. Livingston of New York (1746-1813).* Harcourt. $10.

Contributor, *The Unforgettable Americans.* John Garraty, editor. Channel Press. $6.

DAVID CORNEL DEJONG. *The Happy Birthday Umbrella* (juvenile). Little, Brown. $2.75.

ROBERT DUNCAN. *Faust Foutu: An Entertainment in Four Parts.* Enkidu Surrogate. Distributed by City Light Books. $1 paper.

The Opening of the Field. Grove. $1.45 paper.

RICHARD EBERHART. *Collected Poems: 1930-1960.* Oxford. $6.

JOEL FEINBERG, contributor. *Nomos III: Responsibility.* Carl J. Friedrich, editor. Liberal Arts Press. $6.

CHARLES H. FOSTER, contributor. *Studies in American Culture.* Mary C. Turpie and Joseph Kwiat, editors. Minnesota. $4.75.

WALKER GIBSON (with John M. Kierzek). *The Macmillan Handbook of English.* Macmillan. $3.25.

PAUL GOODMAN. *Growing Up Absurd.* Random. $4.50.

Our Visit to Niagara. Horizon. $3.95.

MARTIN GREEN. *A Mirror for Anglo-Saxons.* Harper. $3.50.

LEO HAMALIAN, editor (with L. E. Volpe). *Great Essays by Nobel Prize Winners.* Noonday. $1.95.

Editor (with L. E. Volpe). *Essays of Our Time.* McGraw Hill. $2.

GALWAY KINNELL. *What a Kingdom It Was.* Houghton Mifflin. $3.

WILLIAM M. KUNSTLER. *First Degree.* Oceana. $3.95. $1.85 paper.

LEO LANIA, collaborator. *My Road to Berlin.* By Willy Brandt. Doubleday. $4.50.

EARL LATHAM, contributor. *The Corporation in Modern Society.* Edward S. Mason, editor. Harvard. $6.75.

DENISE LEVERTOV. *With Eyes at the Back of Our Heads.* New Directions. $3.75.

Contributor, *The New American Poetry: 1945-1960.* Donald M. Allen, editor. Grove. $5.95.

MYRON LIEBERMAN. *The Future of Public Education.* Chicago. $5.

KENNETH S. LYNN. *Mark Twain and Southwestern Humor.* Little, Brown. $5.

JANE MAYHALL. *Cousin to Human.* Harcourt, Brace. $4.50.

WILLIAM G. MCLOUGHLIN. *Billy Graham: Revivalist in a Secular Age.* Ronald. $4.50.

Editor, Charles Grandison Finney's *Lectures on Revivals of Religion.* Harvard. $5.75.

EVE MERRIAM. *Figleaf.* Lippincott. $4.95.

The Trouble With Love. Macmillan. $3.50.

A Gaggle of Geese (juvenile). Knopf. $2.95.

W. S. MERWIN. *The Drunk in the Furnace.* Macmillan. $1.25 paper.

C. WRIGHT MILLS, editor. *Images of Man: The Classic Tradition in Sociological Thinking.* Braziller. $7.50.

Listen Yankee: The Revolution in Cuba. McGraw-Hill. $3.95. Ballantine. 50c paper.

HOWARD NEMEROV. *New and Selected Poems.* Chicago. $3.50.

FRANK O'CONNOR. *Shakespeare's Progress.* World. $3.50.

STUART PALMER. *A Study of Murder.* Crowell. $4.95.

CHARLES H. PHILBRICK. *Wonderstrand Revisited: A Cape Cod Sequence.* Wake-Brook House. $3.

SYLVIA PLATH. *The Colossus and Other Poems.* William Heinemann Ltd. 15s.

JAMES REICHLEY. *Hail to the Chief.* Houghton Mifflin. $4.95.

M. L. ROSENTHAL. *Modern Poets.* Oxford. $6.50.

Primer of Ezra Pound. Macmillan. $2.50.

MORDECAI ROSHWALD. *Level 7.* McGraw-Hill. $3.75.

KARL M. RUPPENTHAL, editor. *Revolution in Transportation.* Graduate School of Business, Stanford University. $4.75. $3.75 paper.

JAMES SCHEVILL. *Selected Poems: 1945-1959.* Bern Porter Books. $1.50 paper.

RICHARD SCHICKEL. *The World of Carnegie Hall.* Messner. $6.95.

PAUL B. SEARS, contributor. *An Outline of Man's Knowledge of the Modern World.* Lyman Bryson, editor. McGraw-Hill. $7.50.

CHARLES G. SELLERS, JR., editor. *The Southerner As American.* North Carolina. $5.

ANNE SEXTON. *To Bedlam and Part Way Back.* Houghton Mifflin. $3.

ODELL SHEPARD, contributor. *The Unforgettable Americans.* John Garraty, editor. Channel Press. $6.

TERRY SOUTHERN. *The Magic Christian.* Random. $3.

WILLIAM STAFFORD. *West of Your City.* Talisman. $5. $2.50 paper.

NEWTON P. STALLKNECHT, contributor. *Twelve Original Essays on Great English Novels.* Charles Shapiro, editor. Wayne State. $5.50.

GEORGE R. STEWART. *Donner Pass.* Cal-

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H. M. WAIDSON, editor. *German Short Stories 1900-1945.* Cambridge. 7s.6d.

Editor, *Egmont.* By Goethe. Oxford. 8s.6d.

DAN WAKEFIELD. *Revolt in the South.* Grove. 95c paper.

THEODORE WEISS. *Outlanders.* Macmillan. $1.35 paper.

ALEXANDER WERTH. *The De Gaulle Revolution.* Robert Hale. 30s.

IRA WOLFERT. *An Epidemic of Genius.* Simon & Schuster. $4.50.

Nation Anthology

Also published in 1960, *A View of The Nation*, edited by Henry M. Christman and with an introduction by Carey McWilliams, contains thirty-six essays and articles selected from the period 1955-1959 and covering the arts, sociology, military problems, popular culture and economics. The Grove Press. 269 pages. $5. Paper $2.45.

Second Impressions

Review of Paperbacks

Robert M. Wallace

Jefferson

Jefferson by Albert Jay Nock (Hill and Wang, $1.45) is not a life but a biographical essay concerned less with the politician than the private man of great good taste and the widest, most humane interests. Politically, Mr. Nock's Jefferson is much the same as Charles A. Beard's: that is, a libertarian democrat to whom the Constitution itself seemed a sort of *coup d'état* by privilege. But Nock hurries over this, the Declaration of Independence and Jefferson's Presidency. It is to plain Mr. Jefferson that he devotes himself.

Nock conveys a respectful affection for Jefferson and a feeling of intimacy with him. He assumes his subject's point of view, penetrates his character in private scenes and creates the sense of an active man without recounting his most celebrated actions. His is a book, therefore, for those who know the main story.

With most evident regard, it gives Jefferson breath and a voice as he cultivates the fiddle, studies languages, travels through France in the interest of farmers in New England, Virginia, the Carolinas. Here, as in politics, he is deeply involved and endlessly curious, and he is always restrained by a social and moral taste as rigorous in its way as John Adams' colder moral reason. Nock's book as well as his man is captivating and durable.

The American Scene

The Last Days of Lincoln by Mark Van Doren (Hill and Wang, $1.75). Moving poetic drama on Lincoln and the pattern of Reconstruction.

Ante-Bellum (Capricorn, $1.35). *Sociology for the South* and *Cannibals All!*, fire-eating pro-slavery tracts by George Fitzhugh, and *The Impending Crisis* by Hinton Rowan Helper, shrill Carolina attack on planters and slavery. Substantial introduction by Harvey Wish.

The Fremantle Diary, Walter Lord, editor (Capricorn, $1.35). A friendly tourist, Lieutenant Colonel in the Coldstream Guards, explores the Confederacy from Texas to Tennessee and Gettysburg, April to July, 1863, with Boswell's gift for observation and celebrity hunting.

History of Bigotry in the United States by Gustavus Myers (Capricorn, $1.65). Omits four early chapters, largely background, and adds three by Henry M. Christman on wartime and postwar persecution, McCarthyism and integration. Voluminous but rapid and vigorous narrative.

The Rise of David Levinsky by Abraham Cahan (Harper, $2.45). A moving and knowing novel of a Russian Jewish immigrant and his Americanization on New York's East Side before World War I.

The Autobiography of an Ex-Coloured Man by James Weldon Johnson (Hill and Wang, $1.45). Talk-filled novel of the oppressions and shame that drove a Georgia-born Negro to pass.

Jack London: Short Stories, edited with introduction by Maxwell Geismar (Hill and Wang, $1.75). Eighteen stories with unusual emphasis on the later years. Also *The Call of the Wild and Selected Stories* (Signet, 50c), with only two duplications and *The Sea Wolf* (Bantam, 50c).

Also: *The Shorter Novels of Herman Melville; Maggie: A Girl of the Streets* by Stephen Crane and *Their Wedding Journey* by William Dean Howells (Premier, 50c ea.).

The Renaissance

The Complete Essays of Montaigne, Donald M. Frame, translator (Anchor, 3 vols., $1.45 ea.). A happy new translation, faithful in feeling and in most details and full of vitality.

Elizabethan Lyrics from the Original Texts, Norman Ault, editor (Capricorn, $1.75). More than 600 poems, edited with careful, unobtrusive scholarship; a

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A Reference Shelf

Good Reading, eighteenth edition, J. Sherwood Weber, editor (Mentor, 75c). About two thousand entries with brief descriptions, in thirty-three classified lists.

A Dictionary of American-English Usage by Margaret Nicholson (Signet, 75c). Adaptation of Fowler's *Modern English Usage*; lively and learned.

Soule's Dictionary of English Synonyms (Bantam, 95c). Wide-ranging and usable; no differentiations within lists.

A Dictionary of Art and Artists by Peter and Linda Murray (Penguin, $1.25). Renaissance and modern artists, techniques and movements in Western Europe and North America. One of a reliable series of Penguins.

The Listener's Musical Companion by B. H. Haggin (Anchor, $1.25). Brilliant chapters and notes on forms, chief composers and recordings to March, 1959; well indexed.

Ballet by Walter Terry (Dell, 75c). Introduction, glossary and handbook to 250 ballets; illustrated.

A Handbook of Greek Mythology by H. J. Rose (Everyman, $1.55). Convenient summary under ten headings with indexes, bibliography and notes.

A Smaller Classical Dictionary (Everyman, $1.45). Comprehensive, reliable revision from Sir William Smith by Blakeney and Warrington.

Miscellaneous

Structural Linguistics (originally *Methods in Structural Linguistics*) by Zellig S. Harris (Phoenix, $2.25). A logically appealing, stringent exposition for professionals; one of the leading studies since Bloomfield.

Dangerous Acquaintances (Les Liaisons Dangereuses) by Choderlos de Laclos; Richard Aldington, translator (New Directions, $1.55). The quintessential rake, born to a cynicism Richardson's Lovelace must cultivate; the story in letters.

Soviet Short Stories (Anchor, $1.45). Nineteen considerably varied stories selected by Avrahm Yarmolinsky, longtime Chief of the Slavic Division, New York Public Library.

The Nature of Human Conflicts by A. R. Luria; W. Horsley Gantt, translator (Evergreen, $2.45). A classic Soviet study examining the effect of emotional disturbance upon the voluntary control of muscular movements.

The new British Oxford Paperbacks are attractive reprints of comfortable. able discussions intended for general readers. *Victorian England: Portrait of an Age* by G. M. Young ($1.75) and *The Dickens World* by Humphry House ($1.75) survey their subject with exemplary vitality, ease and competence. *A Preface to Paradise Lost* by C. S. Lewis ($1.25) focuses directly on *Beowulf*, the Homeric poems, the *Aeneid* and *Paradise Lost* in an enlightening fusion of learning and criticism. *The Problem of Style* by J. Middleton Murry ($1.25) is characteristically provocative, not always convincing, but pointed and tasteful. *A History of French Literature* by Louis Cazamian ($2.65) is a brilliant, compact survey to which M. Cazamian's lifetime of study in English literature adds special clarity and significance for American readers. *Mozart's Operas* by Edward J. Dent ($2.45) is particularly useful for its analysis of the later operas.

Christmas Review
(Selections from earlier columns)

The Discovery of India by Jawaharlal Nehru. Anchor, $1.45.

I Knock at the Door and *Pictures in the Hallway* by Sean O'Casey. Macmillan, $1.45, $1.65.

Editor to Author: Letters of Maxwell E. Perkins, John H. Wheelock, editor. Universal, $1.45.

Quite Early One Morning by Dylan Thomas. New Directions, $1.45.

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Writers at Work, Malcolm Cowley, editor. Compass, $1.45.

New Bearings in English Poetry by F. R. Leavis. Ann Arbor, $1.85.

Common Sense and Nuclear War by Bertrand Russell. Simon & Schuster, $1.

Authority and the Individual by Bertrand Russell. Beacon, $1.25.

The Open Mind by J. Robert Oppenheimer. Simon & Schuster, $1.

American Strategy for the Nuclear Age, Walter F. Hahn and John C. Neff, editors. Anchor, $1.45.

Project Sherwood: The U. S. Program in Controlled Fusion by Amasa S. Bishop. Anchor, $1.25.

Khrushchev's Russia by Edward Crankshaw. Penguin, 85c.

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Lester Trimble

Listed below are the year's new record issues that have been of particular interest. Conventional long-playing records are marked (LP); Stereophonic disks are marked (SD).

BACH: *Two and Three Part Inventions.* Played, and with spoken commentary by, Wanda Landowska, harpsichordist. RCA Victor Memorial Edition. LM-2389 (LP). *Partitas* (complete): Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord. Archive ARC 3129/31 (3 LP); ARC 73129/31 (3 SD). *Brandenburg Concertos* (complete): Netherlands Chamber Orchestra, Szymon Goldberg, conductor. Epic SC-6032 (2 LP); BSC-105 (2 SD).

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BEETHOVEN: *Sonata* for Piano, No. 8, Op. 13; *Bagatelles* for Piano: Op. 33: Nos. 3 and 5; Op. 119: Nos. 2, 7 and 9; Op. 126: Nos. 1, 4 and 6. Sviatoslav Richter, piano. Artia ALP-162 (LP). *String Quartets*, Op. 18, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6: Budapest String Quartet. Columbia M3L-262 (3 LP); M3S-606 (3 SD). *Sonata* for Piano No. 2, Op. 2 (with Bach: *Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue* in D minor; *Toccata and Fugue* in D minor—arr. Tausig): Gina Bachauer, piano. Capitol G-7177 (LP); SG-7177 (SD). *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra* No. 2, Op. 19; *Sonata for Piano* No. 14 ("Moonlight"): Wilhelm Backhaus, piano; Vienna Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra; Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt, conductor. London CS-6188 (SD).

BERLIOZ: *Symphonie Fantastique*: Detroit Symphony Orchestra; Paul Paray, conductor. Mercury MG-50254 (LP); SR-90254 (SD). *Grande Messe des Morts,* Op. 5 ("Requiem"): Leopold Simoneau, tenor; New England Conservatory Chorus; Boston Symphony Orchestra; Charles Munch, conductor. RCA Victor LD-6077 (2 LP); LDS-6077 (2 SD).

BLACKWOOD, EASLY: *Symphony No. 1* (with Alexei Haieff: *Symphony No. 2*): Boston Symphony Orchestra; Charles Munch, conductor. RCA Victor LM-2352 (LP); LSC-2352 (SD).

BRAHMS: *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra No. 2*: Sviatoslav Richter, piano; Chicago Symphony Orchestra; Erich Leinsdorf, conductor. RCA Victor LM-2466 (LP). *Concerto for Violin, Cello, and Orchestra*, Op. 102; *Tragic Overture*, Op. 81: Zino Francescatti, violin; Pierre Fournier, cello; Columbia Symphony Orchestra; Bruno Walter, conductor. Columbia ML-5493 (LP); MS-6158 (SD). *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra*: Isaac Stern, violin; Philadelphia Orchestra; Eugene Ormandy, conductor. Columbia ML-5486 (LP); MS-6153 (SD).

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CHOPIN: Scherzos (4): Artur Rubinstein. RCA Victor LM-2368 (LP); LSC-2368 (SD).

FOSS: *Quartet for Strings* No. 1 (with Bergsma: *Quartet* No. 3): American Art Quartet (in the Foss work); Juilliard String Quartet (in the Bergsma work). Columbia ML-5476 (LP).

GIDEON, MIRIAM: *Symphonia Brevis* (with Charles Mills: *Prelude and Dithyramb*; Paul Schwartz: *Concerto for Chamber Orchestra;* Paul Pisk: *Passacaglia*): Radio Orchestra of Zurich; Jacques Monod, conductor. Composers Recordings, Inc. CRI-128 (LP).

HANDEL: *L'Allegro ed Il Penseroso*: Adele Addison, soprano; John McCollum, tenor; John Reardon, baritone; Albert Fuller, harpsichord; Chorus and Orchestra; Frederick Waldman, conductor. Decca DXA-165 (2 LP); DXSA-7165 (2 SD). *Concertos for Organ and Orchestra* Nos. 13-16: E. Power Biggs, organ; London Philharmonic Orchestra; Sir Adrian Boult, conductor. Columbia M2L-267 (2 LP); M2S-611 (2 SD).

IVES: *Symphony No. 2*: New York Philharmonic; Leonard Bernstein, conductor. Columbia KL-5489 (LP); KS-6155 (SD).

LEKEU: *Sonata* for Violin and Piano (with Debussy: *Sonata No. 3* for Violin and Piano): Arthur Grumiaux, violin; Riccardo Castagnone, piano. Epic LC-3667 (LP).

LISZT: *Sonata* for Piano in B minor (with Weber: *Sonata* for Piano No. 4 in E minor, Op. 70; *Invitation to the Dance*, Op. 65): Leon Fleischer, piano. Epic LC-3675 (LP).

MILHAUD: *The Seasons*: Ensemble of the Concerts Lamoureux; Darius Milhaud, conductor. Epic LC-3066 (LP); BC-1069 (SD).

MUSSORGSKY: *Pictures from an Exhibition*: Sviatoslav Richter, piano. Columbia ML-5600. *Pictures from an Exhibition* (with Prokofieff: *Sonata* No. 7, Op. 83): Sviatoslav Richter, piano. Artia ALP-154 (LP).

PAISIELLO: *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*: Sciutti, Monti, Andreolli, Panerai, Capecchi, Petri, Monreale; Virtuosi di Roma: Renato Fasano, conductor. Mercury OL2-110 (2 LP); SR2-9010 (2 SD).

POULENC: *La Voix Humaine*: Denise Duval; Orchestra of the Théâtre National de l'Opéra-Comique; Georges Prêtre, conductor. RCA Victor LS-2385 (LP); LSS-2385 (SD).

PROKOFIEFF: *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra* No. 1, Op. 10 (with Bach: *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra* No. 1 in D minor): Sviatoslav Richter, piano; Czech Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra; Vaclav Talich, conductor (in the Bach); Prague Symphony Orchestra; Karel Ancerl, conductor (in the Prokofieff). Artia ALP-123 (LP). *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra*, No. 2: Jascha Heifetz, violin; Boston Symphony Orchestra; Charles Munch, conductor. RCA Victor LM-2314 (LP); LSC-2314 (SD). *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra*, No. 5, Op. 55 (with Mozart: *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra*, No. 20, in D major, K. 466): Sviatoslav Richter, piano; Warsaw National Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra; Witold Rowicki, conductor (in the Prokofieff); Stanislaw Wislocki, conductor (in the Mozart). Deutsche Grammophon LPM-18595(LP); SLPM-138075(SD).

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF: *Scheherazade*: Chicago Symphony Orchestra; Fritz Reiner, conductor. RCA Victor LM-2446 (LP); LSC-2446 (SD).

SCHUMANN: *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra*: Van Cliburn, piano; Chicago Symphony Orchestra; Fritz Reiner, conductor. RCA Victor LM-2455 (LP); LSC-2455 (SD).

SHOSTAKOVICH: *Symphony No. 5*, Op. 47: New York Philharmonic; Leonard Bernstein, conductor. Columbia ML-5445 (LP); MS-6115 (SD).

SIBELIUS: *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra*, Op. 47: Jascha Heifetz, violin; Chicago Symphony Orchestra; Walter Hendl, conductor. RCA Victor LM-2435 (LP); LSC-2435 (SD).

STRAUSS: *Ein Heldenleben*: Berlin Philharmonic; Herbert Von Karajan, conductor. Decca DGG-12022 (LP); DGS-712022 (SD).

TCHAIKOWSKY: *Symphony No. 4*: Boston Symphony Orchestra; Pierre Monteaux, conductor. RCA Victor LM-2369 (LP); LSC-2369 (SD).

VARESE: *The Music of Edgar Varèse*: Wind and Percussion Ensemble; Robert Craft, conductor. Columbia ML-5478 (LP); MS-6146 (SD).

VERDI: *Aïda*: Tebaldi, Ratti, Simionato, Bergonzi, de Palma, MacNeil, van Mill, Corena; Singverein der Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde; Vienna Philharmonic; Herbert Von Karajan, conductor. London A-4345 (3 LP); OSA-1313 (3 SD).

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THE lady who accompanied me whispered, "The atmosphere in the audience tonight is like the pall of death—the death of the Broadway theatre." It may not have been as bad as that, but there could be no question that there was weariness in the air. I wondered why this should be so: the play *All The Way Home* had been favorably reviewed by *The New York Times*, the *Herald Tribune*, the *New York Post*. It was a dramatization of a generally praised novel, James Agee's *A Death in the Family*, directed by Arthur Penn whose three previous productions had all been successful, with a cast which included Lillian Gish, Aline MacMahon and other players of repute.

As I write this, the play is announced to close after five performances.* The second-night audience could not have known that the play was soon to close, yet the baleful mood I have mentioned was apparent from the beginning. Had word of the poor out-of-town notices reached the audience or discouraging word of mouth from the preview public? Or—more likely—was it the report that the play was said to deal with death which rendered the audience solemn to the point of inertia? (There are in fact *no* plays about death!)

From the announcement of the play's closing we learned that the production cost $23,000 a week to run and the advance sale was only $3,500. These are ominous facts. They suggest what we have long suspected: that the Broadway theatre today has no really dependable audience. At present prices a show has to boast a "big" name, a considerable advance through theatre parties and (except perhaps in the case of musicals) four or five "rave" notices in order to assure the immediate patronage which alone will permit it to survive from three to ten weeks.

It matters little in the circumstance that I myself was not much pleased with the production of *All The Way Home*. It reflects a sensitive American's musings on the cycle of life, couched in the simplest folk terms, and represents an honorable effort which in London and Paris would run, I'm sure, no less than a hundred performances.

I want to make one further point about the production: the set — by an able designer—hurt the play. This is rare. Most settings in our produc-

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*The run has been extended to Dec. 17.

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tions are serviceable and good-looking—though usually overbuilt and far too expensive — but seldom of any artistic, that is, true theatrical, interest.

The setting for *All the Way Home* was a "simplified" affair—though by no means inexpensive—a stylization of the interior and exterior of a humble country house. It didn't look simple at all; it created no atmosphere. It was a stylization, not from the real elements which might characterize the locale of the play and thus contribute to its mood, but one that (possibly influenced by the Japanese) gave a feeling of industrial design, modern in the most mechanical sense. It hindered the evocation of a home or intimacy which the actors badly needed to establish themselves as parts of a community, an environment, a mode of life.

IN *Little Moon of Alban* by James Costigan (Longacre) there are, besides the always admirable qualities of its star, Julie Harris, some excellent performances in minor roles: notably that contributed by Eric Christmas, one of the most convincing sketches of a medical man I have ever seen; Nora O'Mahony, winning without staginess; Robert Redford, refreshingly direct; Stefan Gierasch, tangy in characterization; Liam Clancy, almost lyrically ordinary. The writing of the play often has a light and candid melodiousness sprigged with humor.

Such a play might have achieved a mild success in 1915. Today its pattern seems trite. An Irish Sister of Charity during the time of the "troubles" (1919-22) renounces the offer of marriage from a British officer whom she has nursed back to health despite the fact that he was the man responsible for the death of her betrothed. The play is a "fable" of the healing powers of faith: an example of Christian love—in which the heroine not only forgives the "enemy" but cares for him. In doing so she converts him from aggressive atheism to Catholicism. But though she has come to love the man, she heeds the higher calling of her work as a Sister of Charity.

Apart from the more or less stereotyped characters and the readily anticipated situations, it must be said that the reasons for the officer's denial of God are banal and noisily explicit, and that a faith in God dependent on the good fortune of recovery from critical illness and the love of a pure girl strikes me — and perhaps the audience in general—as simple-minded to the point of vulgarity.

PUBLICATIONS

POLITICAL AFFAIRS
DECEMBER

EDITORIAL: The Elections—and After
NATIONAL SECRETARIAT, CPUSA: On the Expulsion of Bittelman
EDITORS OF "AFRICAN COMMUNIST," organ of the (illegal) Communist Party of South Africa: Africa—A Continent in Revolution
ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN: The New Rumania
RALPH IZARD: The Social Security System in the U. S. (on its 25th anniversary)
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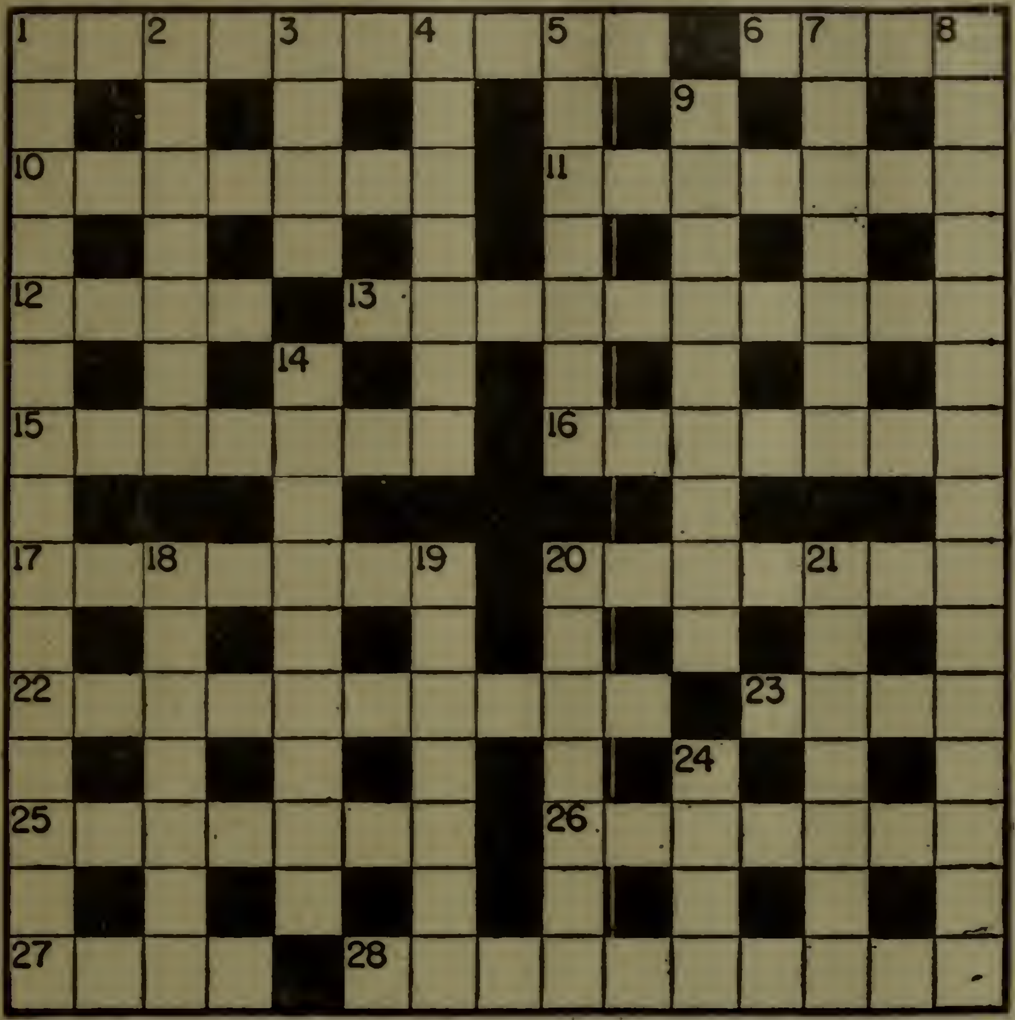

ACROSS:

1 Not exactly curare, but a version might be official. (10)
10 Those who draw close do, and get thin. (7)
11 Parking lot tallies show the first sound of happiness. (7)
12 Yale's where the Olympic games were held. (4)
13 Proving a ringer takes trouble with a backward girl in getting the drug. (10)
15 Such pointers are not quite unneccessary. (7)
16 Authority would need nothing more to become a raider. (7)
17 Do you stay on course too long if you do? (7)
20 Reach the equivalent as a 16? (5, 2)
22, 2 down, and 6 across The leader of this group might have been great, but not so-called. (10, 7, 4)
23 and 3 down The place where your friend ends up with nothing, but could make a lot afterwards. (4, 4)
25 Folds over a sort of match, perhaps. (7)
26 Could even her husband find her a strain? (7)
27 Polyphemus was one. (4)
28 The spirit takes nothing alone, but does it in grandiose style. (10)

DOWN:

1 Confidentially, a light holder is often mentioned in terms of a third party. (7, 3, 3, 2)
2 See 22 across
3 See 23 across
4 Rides like the Pilgrims did? (7)
5 It's strange licorice contains a good portion. (7)
7 One should feel for the insect! (7)
8 Buck your skill in dealing against it, and you'll find they criticize us for it. (6, 9)
9 Pepper, for example, should be chopped and not minced. (9)
14 No citizen comes to a fit conclusion with the possibility of being transferred. (9)
18 Do, or do away with. (7)
19 Certainly not careless addition to a reasonable bankroll. (4, 3)
20 He was told there are more things in heaven and earth. (7)
21 Is a naval group making things rather hot for us? (7)
24 Airs sometimes put on by an Easterner. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 893

ACROSS: 1 Loggerheads; 9 and 11 Bus stops; 10 and 25 On the wagon; 12 Quorums; 13 Figment; 15 Undertow; 16 Gantry; 18 Lesson; 21 Engaging; 24 Drawn on; 26 All told; 28 Snug; 29 and 30 On the wane; 31 Anachronism. DOWN: 2 Observers; 3 Grommet; 4 Rats; 5 and 27 Evening star; 6 Datum; 7 Auburn; 8 Opener; 14 Sweet; 17 Night owls; 19 Erring; 20 Neozoic; 22 Galleon; 23 Nylons.

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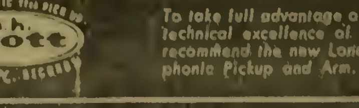

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Harold Flender

LETTERS

Curtained Brains

Dear Sirs: I write in response to Mr. Michael Novak's article, "The Brain Curtain," in your Dec. 10 issue.

The American intellectual-liberal made a mistake by not recognizing Stalin-communism for what it was. It is for this reason that he has been ostracized by the American people. Yet being ostracized by the American people does not hurt nearly as much as the realization that we allowed ourselves to be dupes. McCarthy was right—in part—we must admit to ourselves. What can hurt more? I predict that the American people know we are their soul and spirit and will once again accept our leadership. They will recognize Mr. Novak's solution for what it is—a philosophical Catholicism long since made moribund by the advance of civilization. . . . What the American liberal needs to recognize is his new alliance with the social and pure sciences. This is the source of the lifeblood for liberalism and for our nation which we let down once but which we shall do never again.

Leo J. Baranski
Psychology Dept.
Los Angeles State College
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: "The Brain Curtain," or more aptly "The Curtained Brain," is a splendid example of prose style confusion, which *really* shows us why America does distrust its intellectuals.

By failing at the outset to focus attention on the more meaningful and broader antagonism—i.e., why each individual American distrusts his fellow American, . . . the author forces himself into a large amount of pinch-pleat criticism and analysis. This unfortunate lack of focus—coupled with an unjustified presumption—does irreparable harm to his labor. The presumption is that a certain "unity" groups modern-day America into two uncooperative classes; but that within each class—the "intellectuals" and "the people"—a cohesion of spirit and purpose exists which need only be "fused" by "empathy" and "infinite care" on the part of the "intellectuals." I submit there is no such cohesion within either of these two groups. . . . The author seems to make an appeal for more domestic court judge types, soldering irons heated, prepared for the "Big Weld"! Perhaps the "Big Weld" is the noble 1960 substitute for FDR's New Deal legislation. . . .

I shall prefer to "flay" my country with the negative criticism it so richly deserves in *all* areas of the social sciences. . . . It is hoped that, through a constant well-aimed barrage of negative criticism, some of the "unused idealism" and energies of our people will ultimately liberate themselves.

Michael S. Mamolen
Bala-Cynwyd, Pa.

Why Mr. Porter Lost *(cont'd)*

Dear Sirs: I cannot agree with Charles Porter ["Why the 'Peace Congressmen' Lost," Dec. 3 issue] that his demise was due to his foreign policy position. That may have been a contributing factor, and may well have pushed him over the edge. As a Democratic Representative from a neighboring state, I would venture the suggestion that if Porter had not had the religious issue going at the head of the ticket, he would have squeaked through.

There are two kinds of voters—the thinking and the unthinking. The unthinking voter, having no stable reference upon which to make a decision, is always at a loss in the voting booth. Therefore, if he can clutch some straw, no matter how insubstantial, he is going to grab it. Thus, voters who were politically indifferent, and even when they were not particularly religious, made their decision on the basis of Kennedy's religion. I think that this was what happened all throughout the West and cut us down anywhere from 2½ to 4 per cent.

Clem Miller
Member of Congress
1st District, Calif.
Washington, D. C.

Six-Year-Old Pioneers

Dear Sirs: Several graduate students at Harvard University have started a campaign in support of the four six-year-olds who are pioneering school integration in New Orleans. In the Boston area, several schools are undertaking class projects to write to the children; disk jockeys and news commentators are cooperating, and 700 signatures were gathered in Harvard Square for a gigantic greeting card for them.

Christmas cards, letters, small gifts, donations for a future scholarship fund would do much to show these children that they do have friends. Letters addressed to Tessie, Gail, Leona and Ruby, c/o Mr. A. Chapital, Sr., 1821 Orleans Ave., New Orleans 16, La., will reach them.

Chester W. Hartman
Cambridge, Mass.

For Highlander's Library

Dear Sirs: We are planning to reorganize and re-catalogue the Highlander Folk School Library early in the year and would like to add to our collections on sociology and race relations, especially problems of segregation in the South. We are interested in receiving from readers of your publication pertinent material, books, pamphlets or periodicals, fiction as well as documentary, from any year and for any age group. We hope to build up the kind of library in race relations which will be useful to research students as well as to our own clientele.

Myles Horton, *Director*
Highlander Folk School
Monteagle, Tenn.

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VOLUME 191, No. 22

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Art of Selection

In naming his key State Department triumvirate, President-elect Kennedy has demonstrated political skill of a high order. He did not, for example, reject Senator Fulbright; he merely bowed to publicly expressed protests which made it clear to everyone, Senator Fulbright included, that a signer of the Dixiecrat Manifesto was not acceptable as Secretary of State. This leaves Senator Fulbright in the vitally important position of Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, for which he holds the highest qualifications by reason of temperament, talent, influence and experience. The key operating positions — head of the United States delegation to the United Nations and Under Secretary of State — have been filled by appointment of the two men best qualified in the Democratic Party for these respective positions. Along with G. Mennen Williams (Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs), Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Bowles will function at levels that will remove them from the direct line of fire of know-nothing elements in and out of Congress.

Appointment of Dean Rusk as Secretary of State won instantaneous, widespread approval in the press and upset few elements in the leadership of either party. It is very hard, as Senator Kennedy discovered, to find anyone who is *against* the Rusk appointment. The appointment also had the effect of making it possible for Messrs. Stevenson and Bowles to accept their respective appointments. For it may be assumed that neither man was willing to serve without assurance that he would be able to work with the new Secretary and have a hand in shaping policy. In his own right, the new Secretary is able, experienced, knowledgeable; he has worked with Congress and he is almost as well known in the Defense Department as in the Department of State. He has intimate knowledge of the world of private agencies which are concerned with shaping public opinion on foreign policy. By permitting the press to pair the names of David Bruce and Dean Rusk, and then selecting the latter, the President-elect again emphasized the importance that he attaches to Asia, Africa and Latin America. Mr. Bruce is a European expert, while Mr. Rusk is an expert on Asia and the underdeveloped areas. At the same time, the fact that Mr. Rusk was highly recommended by Dean Acheson was, in itself, reassurance to European foreign offices. Above all, Mr. Rusk is neither the messianic type (John Foster Dulles) nor the knight-errant type (Dean Acheson); he believes in diplomacy and negotiation. One guesses that inflammatory "anti-Communist" rhetoric will be less conspicuous in State Department pronouncements than it has been in the last twelve years.

Europe's New Savior

Time's December 19 man-on-the-cover is West Germany's redoubtable Franz Josef Strauss. A long story in the foreign news section describes the defense minister as a "brawny, brawling bull of a Bavarian who symbolizes the unsettling vitality of the new Germany. Rough, ruthless and flamboyant, he bowls over obstacles in his way like a Tiger tank smashing through a Pomeranian forest." Strauss does, indeed, somewhat resemble an illustrious predecessor, Ernst Roehm, but the differences outweigh the similarities. Strauss is not a "National Bolshevik": outside of military matters, he has no radical ideas. Nor is he the leader of a disorderly horde of brown shirts and hence a rival of the German generals; he is himself the unchallenged boss of the generals. Thus he is not in the slightest danger of sharing Roehm's fate; on the contrary, by all indications he will become Chancellor after a short occupation of the top spot by Ludwig Erhard, or even directly after Adenauer.

Time reveals that Strauss's father, a Munich butcher and staunch Catholic, once gave young Franz Josef a hiding when he caught him handing out brown-shirt leaflets, and as late as 1949 the future defense minister declared, "Anyone who wants a weapon in his hand should have his hand cut off." But when Adenauer began talking up German remilitarization, Strauss did not take long to remilitarize himself. "It looked like a road to political power," says *Time*, and it was. Strauss still has both his hands.

Hitler is Germany, they used to say, and Germany is Hitler. Strauss isn't Germany, not yet, anyway, but he comes very close to being NATO. With half a million French troops tied down in Algeria, the 280,000-man *Bundeswehr* is already the strongest force on the Continent (the Russians are Asians, aren't they?) and by the end of 1961 Germany will furnish 340,000 men to the Western alliance. And, man for man, the German is probably still the best soldier in the world: he takes to militarism, whether in the aboriginal form or in the sanctified Adenauer version, like a duck to water.

Herr Strauss knows all this, and he acts accordingly. The Germans, he warned when he took over in 1956, will never agree to be "foot soldiers to the American atomic knights." The Germans are going to be atomic knights themselves, first behind the NATO façade, then on their own. Strauss does not go for any nonsense like fifteen hands on the NATO nuclear trigger. He wants — we are still quoting *Time* — "tactical nuclear weapons that are on German ground and in hand." The Americans are too irresolute for the heroic successor to Frederick the Great, Bismarck, Wilhelm II and Hitler, Goering, et al. The United States might hesitate to employ nuclear arms in a limited war against the East Germans, for instance, since their use would invite nuclear retaliation on its cities "for the sake of a few acres of German soil." The decision, says Strauss, should be made by the European members of NATO alone. In short, a committee led by Franz Josef Strauss should decide whether nuclear weapons are to be used against the German kinsfolk, and the Americans in their cities across the ocean would have to take their chances, the same as Europeans.

Will Kennedy buy it? Last September he reviewed *Deterrent or Defense*, in which B. H. Liddell Hart argued that European nations might be better advised to concentrate on conventional forces and leave nuclear deterrence to the Americans. Kennedy suggested that "our partners may wish to create a NATO deterrent, supplementary to our own, under a NATO nuclear treaty." Our partner Franz Joseph Strauss certainly prefers this arrangement. Kennedy said further: "We must think through afresh the military mission of NATO." He had better think hard.

Underwater Hall of Fame

One after another, our new super-submarines, nuclear-powered and nuclear-armed, slip beneath the water and are gone. It will be hard to keep track of the growing Polaris fleet (see Commander Sir Stephen King-Hall's article on page 495), a fact which may or may not deter the Russians, but which certainly disquiets the Scots who live on the shores of Holy Loch, and some thoughtful Americans as well.

Partly to disarm the doubters, perhaps, the Navy has departed from its tradition of naming submarines after fish. Instead, the Polaris fleet has been given such magic names as *George Washington, Patrick Henry* and *Abraham Lincoln*. Designed to be silent, unseen and — in a showdown — impersonally destructive at a 1,400-mile distance, the Polaris sub is a pretty cold fish to start with. Perhaps the Navy reasoned that naming the subs after national heroes might "warm them up" in the public mind. Furthermore, names which are sonorous with the history of liberty on this continent would reinforce the claim that these faceless underwater satellites are indeed the first-line defenders of our freedom.

It is always well to be reminded of our heritage, even by the bow of a Polaris sub. No one should object to the names unless he also wants to quarrel with those Americans who, in 1797, named their new super-frigate the *Constitution*. If the thought of *George Washington* groping through the liquid gloom under the Arctic ice cap, with sixteen Polaris missiles poised in her tubes, comes as a jolt to the minds of Americans, so much the better! Heroic names may not prove to be a good cover for the minimal, mechanical strategy of deter-or-retaliate which the subs represent. Instead, they may provoke us to weigh this strategy against our American tradition, and wonder if we cannot come up with a more creative approach to the problem of somehow living with our neighbors.

Susskind Calls a Halt

David Susskind, by far the most courageous and original of TV producers, has announced that as far as he is concerned the practice of submitting names of performers to networks for "clearance" is dead. "I will no longer submit names for clearance by anybody," says Susskind. "I think the witch-hunt hysteria in America is over." This hysteria (it is far from over) was actually what Aristotle called a "contrived terror." The people who engineered the terror were not under the illusion that the handful of Communists in show business were going to overthrow the government or influence the American people. The terrorists were simply out to mine the rich diggings of publicity which show-business names offer to every fanatic and schemer in the country. The technique was successful because, on their part, the networks, advertising agents and sponsors are groups easily blackmailed. The one thing they want is "good" publicity, the one thing they must avoid (or so the rule books say) is "bad" publicity.

The first victim of the TV black list was Jean Muir, an able and charming actress who in her younger days made a few speeches before the Hollywood Anti-Nazi League and such-like organizations, and probably nodded to left-wing screen writers when she passed them on Sunset Boulevard. She was black-listed in 1950. Susskind, through his production agency, Talent Associates Ltd., submitted her name to CBS for its videotaped series, "The Witness." CBS objected. Susskind replied that "Jean Muir was cast, that she was ideal for the role, that she was a splendid American and a fine actress. . . . I intend to fight against black-listing as an unjust, unmerciful and ugly thing."

Straws in the Technological Wind

The pace of technological advance may be gratifying to the "priests of the machine," as Spengler called the engineers, but it may be too fast for the operating personnel available. A few items in the news indicate the possibility of a nuclear catastrophe, with or without a nuclear war. At Vandenberg Air Force Base in California a Titan missile blew up in its underground silo. The missile was unarmed and the explosion was purely chemical—the equivalent of perhaps fifty tons of TNT, compared with 20,000 tons for a Hiroshima-type atomic bomb, and downright trivial compared with the yield of a hydrogen bomb. Yet this minor explosion wrecked the silo, did some $10 million worth of damage, and threw enough dirt into the air to simulate a volcanic eruption. Suppose the missile had been armed—and it is useless for retaliation unless it is armed—can anyone guarantee that the atomic warhead would not have gone off?

Another item: on October 5—but the news leaks out only now—radar reflections *from the moon* set off a missile scare at the nation's defense centers. The early warning radar at Thule, Greenland, routinely scanning the skies, mistook the moon for a Russian missile en route to the United States. The computers flashed a signal to the Strategic Air Command's control center and the headquarters of the North American Air Defense Command in Colorado. In about a minute the alarm was countermanded, but should not the experts at Thule have been aware that the moon would rise at a certain minute and second on October 5, and that the radar beam would bounce off it? The *Toronto Daily Star* gave the incident a red-streamer headline and its science editor suggested that "this appalling howler should be the subject of a most searching investigation"; *The New York Times* published only a few inches of the story on an inside page.

The last item has to do with the dangers of nuclear shipping, which are referred to in a review of a book entitled *Nuclear Ship Propulsion* in this issue of *The Nation*. That the reviewer's misgivings are not overdrawn is indicated by reports in the *San Francisco Chronicle* that the Corps of Engineers is investigating what would happen if the nuclear ship *Savannah,* which is scheduled to visit San Francisco next year, should get into a collision while it is in the harbor. The tests are being carried out by the Engineers in a huge working model of the Bay, under contract with the Maritime Administration. Alexander Grendon, California's coordinator of radiation protection, wrote to the Board: "As you know, many scientists, including the distinguished Dr. Edward Teller—who has seldom been charged with unreasonable caution in such matters—have been concerned about the possibilities of an accident of this type. I share this concern." Dr. Teller has said that if a big ship reactor got out of control "its store of radioactive particles would be more dangerous than a [nuclear] bomb's fallout." No one wants to throw barriers athwart the path of technological progress, but some of the progress these days appears to be headstrong.

THE POLARIS SUB

COLD WAR under the SEA . .

by Stephen King-Hall

SOMEWHERE within a few hundred miles of the coasts of the Soviet Union, perhaps in the Barents Sea, the fish have a new neighbor in the shape of the Polaris-armed nuclear submarine, *George Washington.* Except for routine visits to Holy Loch near Glasgow to change the crews and retest and examine the sixteen missiles, this new maritime monster with a destructive capacity equal to all the explosives used by both sides in World War II will cruise under the waters and ice of the North Atlantic and Arctic seas. It is a prowling base of nuclear power.

The commissioning of this craft, the forerunner of a fleet of some forty-eight of them, has been greeted with enthusiastic excitement by the American public, and the U.S. Navy undoubtedly regards it as a major victory over their rivals in the other services. According to what I read in the American press, these craft are the last word in the weaponry of deterrence; they are undetectable; they have enormous endurance. They

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COMMANDER SIR STEPHEN KING-HALL, author of Defense in the Nuclear Age, *has a distinguished record of service in the British Navy.*

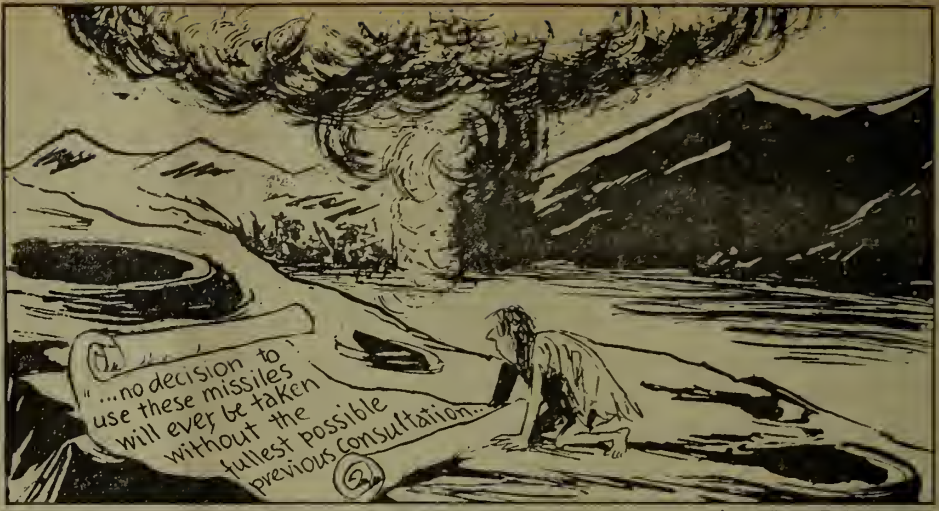
are, of course, somewhat expensive, since they cost about $100,000,000 apiece—but, so it is said, they have closed the missile gap.

This may be temporarily true, but a less satisfactory feature of the Polaris submarine is that, for reasons I shall set forth below, they have considerably closed another gap — that between an uneasy peace and a catastropic nuclear war.

Khrushchev has told us that the Soviet Union has these craft. He may be exaggerating, but on the other hand his past boasts have so far been substantiated by events. There is no reason why he should not have them, since the Russians are specialists in submarine work and have an atomic-powered ice-breaker. Nor are they beginners in the art of rocketry. We must therefore assume that within a relatively short time the fish in the Pacific and in the Western Atlantic will have Russian Polaris submarines as companions.

I FIND IT difficult to believe that the knowledge that both the Big Boys have dozens of potentially hostile missile bases moving through the oceans will have a calming effect on international tension. Furthermore, looked at objectively, the United States is more vulnerable to attack of this character than is the USSR, at least during the decade in which it may be judged that the range of a missile discharged from a submarine will not exceed 3,000 miles. Twenty Polaris submarines in the Western Atlantic and Pacific could be more effectively deployed against major American industrial centers than could a similar number against those of the Soviet Union.

This is a matter of some military significance, because it can be taken for granted that *pari passu* with the development of these brutes, intensive research has been taking place on methods to detect them. It is probable that at present detection methods are not fully perfected, but it is wishful thinking to suppose that progress in this direction is not being made. And as detection improves, the area in which the American anti-submarine detectors will have to operate will be larger than those needed by the Russian submarine hunters.


"...no decision to use these missiles will ever be taken without the fullest possible previous consultation..."

Vicky in The New Statesman.

The Holy Loch Scrolls

The one and only British (partly made in the United States) nuclear submarine is specifically described as an anti-submarine craft. I anticipate that as nuclear submarine fleets build up on both sides, a great deal of shadowing will take place. The *George Washington* will have tabs kept on it by an *"Ivan the Terrible"* or *"Stalin"* and vice versa.

This opens up some sinister possibilities. Suppose that the Russians, having located an American submarine, decide that it is closer than they think it should be to the Russian coast. Suppose the Russians, with a great show of legalism, point out that the old three-mile limit of territorial waters was based on the range of a cannon shot and that they therefore propose to regard their present claim of twelve miles as outdated by Polaris and to be replaced by a 300- or 500-mile limit!

Suppose that the Russians, having shadowed an American submarine, decide to see if they can apply to it the German U-boat doctrine of *"spurlos versunken"* (sunk without trace); now suppose further that the attack is a failure and the disappearance of the submarine does *not* remain one of the unsolved mysteries of the deep. The U-2 episode would be very small beer compared to the crisis created by such an event. Does anyone recall the loss of the *Maine* in Havana Harbor? Who blew her up? And why? Whatever the truth may be, the episode led to war.

It may be that the technical details I have outlined above are not valid, but if anyone tells us that with several dozen nuclear submarines cruising about submerged off the North Russian coast *and* the Eastern and Western seaboards, and being shadowed by various forms of submarine, aerial and surface counter-forces, an "accident" is not a reasonable possibility, I say, "Tell that to the Marines."

The cold war may well become a limited hot war in the ocean depths.

The question of political control over the operations of a nuclear submarine is particularly significant. Put simply, if the submarine, for purposes of concealment, is out of touch with headquarters, how does the commander know when he is to use his missiles? In the event of one of the unsuccessful attacks I mentioned above having taken place, does the commander say, "This is obviously it! I have been subject to attack (or I think I have) and I suppose a nuclear war has started. Fire one! Fire two! Fire three. . . . Fire sixteen! Now let's go and see if Holy Loch is still there."

But if the submarine is in communication with headquarters, then it is absolutely certain that unless our American friends can train dedicated men to be thought-readers, the means of communication will be exploited by the detecting forces.

To describe the Polaris submarine as the ultimate weapon is absurd; the only ultimate solution to the nuclear-arms problem is to give them up altogether, a course of action I have urged upon my compatriots for some years and done so for military (not moral-pacifist) reasons. The Polaris submarine will enjoy its brief hour of glory, then it will become detectable and the missile gap will open up again, with either Russia or the United States controlling strings of satellites consisting of H-bombs circling the earth and capable of being plunged downwards on selected areas by remote control. If mankind continues to pile Pelion on Ossa in military nuclear profusion, then surely one day some event, probably quite accidental, will occur and the eighth day of creation will come when the earth will be once more as it was in the beginning—"without form and void, darkness upon the face of the deep" and with only "the Spirit of God moving upon the face of the waters."

Private Gain and Corporate Ethics . . *by Bernard Schwartz*

ONE WHO has occasion to investigate conflicts of interest in government is bound to wonder about the existence of analogous situations in the world of private industry. He well knows that, for every corrupted official, there must be a corrupter. For every Richard Mack, there is a Thurman Whiteside to act on behalf of the company which retained him. For every Sherman Adams, there is a Bernard Goldfine ready to deduct his largesse as a business expense.

Probes into improprieties in government have, however, carefully avoided all but cursory inquiry into the businessmen who contributed to them. The "kid glove" manner in which the network heads were treated by the Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight is a striking example.

The problem of conflicts of interest in business has now been brought sharply into public focus by the furor growing out of the dismissal of William C. Newberg as president of the Chrysler Corporation. Newberg was ousted by Chrysler's board of directors last summer, only two months after he had moved into the president's office. Three weeks later, Chrysler made public the reason: Newberg had held ownership in two companies selling parts to Chrysler and had profited substantially from these sales.

The story behind Newberg's ouster was neatly characterized by *Business Week* as "a sort of 20th Century morality play about a pair of poor boys who tried to get rich fast." The "boys" referred to are Newberg himself and Ben Stone, Newberg's former partner. Newberg was a vice president of Chrysler's Dodge Division ten years ago when he first met Stone, who then had interests in building supplies and real estate and lived near Newberg in a fashionable Detroit suburb. In 1951, Newberg became president of Dodge. The following May, Stone incorporated Press Products, Inc. The company was formed to manufacture small parts, notably hinges, for Chrysler cars. Though his name did not appear on any of the corporate documents, Newberg was in fact Stone's partner in the venture, having a 50 per cent stock interest. As such, Newberg got half the profits on the $2.5 million yearly business which Press Products did with Chrysler from 1952 to 1955. In March, 1955, Press Products was sold to another company. After a splitting of the profits, this temporarily ended the Newberg-Stone business tie.

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BUT their connection was soon resumed. In May, 1955, Stone incorporated Bonan Co., also chartered to manufacture small parts. Though Dodge then had several arm-rest suppliers, Bonan soon was given the job as its arm-rest supplier. Newberg owned a 50 per cent interest in Bonan, though there, too, his name did not appear on any corporate paper. According to Stone, he told Newberg one night that he was going to set up Bonan and said: "Bill, if you want in, you're welcome."

Bonan supplied Dodge and other Chrysler cars until September, 1958. Its assets were then sold to another Detroit parts manufacturer. Bonan itself was converted into Sango Corporation, a firm dealing mainly in gas and oil development, though with some business ties in the auto industry. Newberg held all his stock in Sango until a year ago, when he began to sell out to Stone. Newberg was by then executive vice president of Chrysler. It is not clear even now just how far Newberg's liquidation of outside interests had gone before he was dismissed.

Since dissident stockholders had obtained information on the outside holdings, Chrysler apparently feared that the matter would wind up in court unless it took rapid action. Whatever the motivation, on June 30 Newberg was out.

Three weeks later, Chrysler announced that Newberg had agreed to repay some $450,000 from the profits he had made in the supplier firms. There are reports that the actual profits earned were much higher.

Newberg himself has wholly disclaimed any notion of impropriety in his actions. According to him, he entered into his relationship with the supplier companies "in the belief that they were in the interest of the corporation and that no question of illegality or impropriety was involved." That may be true, but, if so, one wonders why Newberg's interests in the suppliers were hidden.

In August, two months after the resignation of Newberg, a stockholder's suit was brought to have a receiver appointed for Chrysler "because of the gross and unconscionable management" which has carried out "fraudulent schemes" against the company. The petition cites a number of specific conflict-of-interest cases which are alleged to involve top Chrysler officials. Whether the allegations in the petition will stand up in court cannot, of course, be known. That they have been made indicates that there may be more amiss in Chrysler than the Newberg case.

Chrysler's top management, at any rate, apparently thought so, for it set up an investigation. The probe has been carried on both by Chrysler's own attorneys and the law firm headed by Thomas E. Dewey. It has led to the firing of Jack W. Minor, director of marketing for the Plymouth-DeSoto-Valiant division of Chrysler. Minor, by virtue of a half-interest in an advertising firm, allegedly received $20,000 in sales commissions on Chrysler business handled by that firm.

THE NEWBERG and Minor cases raise the obvious question of whether they reveal a common pattern of high executive behavior. According to *Business Week*, the Dewey firm was hired by Chrysler largely at the insistence of the Prudential Life Insurance Company, which in the words of a man close to the scene "insisted [Chrysler] get a completely independent firm" to direct the probe. Interestingly enough, the president of Prudential, Carrol Shanks, has since become involved in his own conflict-of-interest case.

This case arose out of Shanks's position both as head of Prudential and director of Georgia-Pacific Corporation, the nation's leading plywood producer. Prudential has been a key source of loans to finance Georgia-Pacific's nearly tenfold expansion in the past decade. In the four years since Shanks has been on Georgia-Pacific's board, Prudential has loaned that company over $50 million.

In the transaction under discussion, Shanks participated personally, rather than as head of his insurance company. Last May, he bought Timber Conservation Company, a large owner of timberland. He immediately sold the company to a subsidiary of Georgia-Pacific. To finance his purchase, Shanks put up $100,000 and borrowed an additional $3,900,000 toward the $8,400,000 purchase price. The remaining $4,400,000 was put up by Georgia-Pacific. In return for his participation, Georgia-Pacific agreed to pay Shanks, as it harvested the lumber, enough so that he could pay off the principal and interest on his $3,900,000 loan, as well as receive back his own $100,000 plus interest.

What, it may be asked, was really behind this complex deal? Georgia-Pacific was able to acquire the timber company without having to increase its already-spiraled long-term debt or run the risk of an anti-trust action which might have followed had it directly acquired another company. But Shanks, too, stood to benefit personally by a $400,000 saving in income taxes. This was true because he could deduct the $150,000 yearly interest on his $3,900,000 loan from his annual income. At the same time, the amount which Georgia-Pacific was to pay him to cover his interest could be treated as a capital gain, subject to a tax limited to 25 per cent. Shanks said, "My tax attorneys assured me it was perfectly valid and is done all the time."

Public disclosure of his action led Shanks to dispose of his investment in September, because, as he put it, it was impossible to provide Prudential's policyholders "with a reasonable perspective in this matter." The type of perspective he meant is indicated by his statement that "It seemed at the time, and it still seems, the kind of transaction in which men in high-salary brackets can gain a reasonable amount of financial independence." That such independence was to be gained at the expense of the United States Treasury by what was, in effect, a personal loan to a company which was customarily a borrower from Prudential, so that Shanks was, in a sense, competing with his own company — this apparently was irrelevant.

As was true of the Newberg case, one will immediately ask whether the Shanks transaction illustrates common practice. We have the Shanks assurance, already quoted, that it "is done all the time." An article in *The Wall Street Journal* underscores the accuracy of this assertion. It is true, says the article, that many corporations prohibit such dealings. On the other hand, "Other companies do not object. . . . They say certain transactions of this type are of great benefit to the company. If an officer or director profits personally . . . , that's incidental."

IF the Newberg-Shanks type of conflict of interest is thus widely prevalent in industry, it has far-reaching implications. There is, in the first place, the question of legality. The New Jersey Commissioner of Banking and Insurance, who investigated the Shanks transaction because Prudential is a New Jersey-based corporation, found nothing warranting any action by the state. For, surprising as it may seem, conflicts of interest of the Shanks type do not violate the legal duties imposed upon corporate officials.

In this respect, there is a sharp difference between present American law and the English law from which it is derived. In England, corporate officials are under a strict disqualification from entering into the Newberg or Shanks type of transaction. "So strictly is this principle adhered to," declares the leading English case, "that no question is allowed to be raised as to the fairness or unfairness of a contract so entered into."

This was once the American law. During the present century, however, it has been drastically modified. Today, in most states, more than a conflict must be shown. In the words of a New York case . . . "There must be a charge, supported by assertions of fact, that [directors] were improperly influenced by the situation in which they found themselves."

Under the English rule, corporate officials are treated as fiduciaries, i.e., trustees; they are completely barred from transactions in a personal capacity with those to whom they stand in a trust relationship. Under American law today, the corporate official is not considered a fiduciary with regard to such transactions, which are at most voidable at the election of the corporation, if concealment or unfairness is shown. The result is well stated by Louis D. Brandeis:

> To hold such contracts merely voidable has resulted practically in declaring them valid. It is the directors who control corporate action and there is little reason to believe that any contract, entered into by a board with a fellow director, however unfair, would be subsequently avoided. Appeals from Philip drunk to Philip sober are not of frequent occurrence, nor very fruitful.

Corporate directors and officers are spoken of so-often as trustees in their relation to stockholders that it comes as an anomaly to note that the law does not actually hold them to the fiduciary standard. As Brandeis puts it, "The surprising fact is that a principle of equity so firmly rooted should have been departed from at all in dealing with corporations."

It may be argued that such a strict standard would unduly discriminate against corporate executives in a society in which the type of practice under discussion is all too prevalent. But this argument ignores the almost awesome position of the corporation in present-day America—not merely from the point of view of bare power, but also from that of setting the tone of the society. The correlative of corporate power must be that of corporate responsibility.

Nor is it an answer to say that corporate officials can be relied on to act in the best interests of their companies and stockholders. Typical of this attitude is the reply given by Georgia-Pacific chairman Owen Cheatham to critics of his firm's permissive attitude toward executives' personal dealings with the company: "We've never done anything, anywhere, that hasn't been good for Georgia-Pacific." To the outsider, this seems all too reminiscent of the responses of Dave Beck and Jimmie Hoffa when their personal dealings with union funds were revealed.

THE problem of corporate conflicts of interest is far from a new one. The famous Pujo Committee investigation of a half-century ago graphically showed the problem to be a key one. To deal with it, the committee proposed a broad legislative prohibition of conflicting interests on the part of directors and officers, including self-dealing contracts. The passage of such a federal prohibitory law still remains essential to any resolution of the problem.

Aside from statutory prohibition, the greatest need is for compulsory disclosure. The present rules of the Securities and Exchange Commission require disclosure only of "material" corporate conflicts of interest, and of transactions only where the interest of the insider is worth over $30,000, or amounts to over 10 per cent of the corporation's total sales or purchases. The law should be tightened up to require disclosure of *all* conflicting interests.

Since the publicity attendant on the Newberg case, a great many corporations have been looking into the situation among their own executives. "Conflict-of-Interest Crackdown," reads the headline of a *Business Week* article. Such a term is, however, misleading. These corporate investigations are being conducted by questionnaires and interrogations. They have no legal sanction behind them. One of the directors of the Chrysler self-probe was asked: What happens if an executive refuses to answer questions or produce records? "Nobody is forced to produce records," was the answer, "but they are doing it without hesitation." One may query how the investigator can be sure of this, without the subpoena power. And it is to be noted that the Chrysler self-investigation exonerated the top management.

A full-scale Congressional investi- the true situation with regard to cor- gation is needed if we are to learn porate conflicts. Inquiries are, in fact, currently being planned by both Senate and House committees.

The problem of corporate morality is, however, so basic in our society that one may wonder how far even Congressional investigators will be willing to dig. Corporate conflicts are but a part of the ethical problems in a society infected by what C. Wright Mills terms the "higher immorality." In a business-dominated community, nevertheless, "corporate payola" is a basic cause of our present moral malaise. If the corporation remains exempt from the moral code, it will tend, like the cheap coin of Gresham's Law, to drive out adherence to proper ethical standards throughout the society. In any case, a house that is morally divided against itself is hardly an enduring structure.

Court-Martial Vacuum . .

George A. Spiegelberg & Milton Ackman

OVERTURNING precedents which had obtained in courts on American soil since before the Revolution, the Supreme Court of the United States, in a series of decisions handed down between June, 1957, and January, 1960, has declared that "persons serving with, employed by or accompanying the Armed Forces outside the United States" may not be tried by courts-martial.

The effect of these decisions is to make uncertain what authority, if any, has the power to punish wrongdoers among the 25,000 civilian employees of our Armed Forces, and the 455,000 civilian dependents, who are now scattered among more than ninety countries throughout the world. The number of persons affected by this serious "jurisdictional vacuum" may be reduced somewhat if the Administration's recent orders for a cutback in overseas dependents take hold. But the fact remains that, short of a sensational change in the international scene, tens of thousands of American civilians connected with the Armed Forces will be living abroad for many years to come — and that among them will be lawbreakers who must be tried and punished by some kind of court.

In reaching its precedent-shattering conclusions, the Supreme Court felt that it had to weigh what it thought to be opposing Constitutional rights. On the one hand, Article III, Section 2 of the Constitution grants the right to trial by jury in a criminal case; additionally, the Fifth Amendment states that "no person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime unless on a presentment or indictment of a grand jury." On the other hand, the Fifth Amendment stipulates that presentment or indictment by a grand jury is unnecessary "in cases arising in the land or naval forces," while Article I of the Constitution specifically gives Congress power "to make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces" and gives it the right "to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into effect the foregoing. . . ."

IT IS FAIR to say that until the Court, in June, 1957, reversed a decision it had made only a year earlier in the same case, every American court had given credence to the argument that those employed by, attached to, or accompanying the military "in the field" were subject to military law. In fact, the Supreme Court in 1952 upheld the conviction of a civilian accompanying the Army in time of peace who was tried by a court (appointed by the Executive to sit in the American zone of Occupied Germany) which had much less constitutional validity than a court-martial. It is wryly amusing that in the 1952 case the Court denied the defendant's claim of a constitutional right to be tried by court-martial; the less well-validated court was deemed sufficient.

The above line of thinking would appear to coincide with the intent of the framers of the Constitution who were aware that civilians constituted an important part of the Continental

Army, and that more than one-sixth of the Articles of War — the law governing our Armed Forces, adopted in 1775 and revised the following year — were devoted to trial by courts-martial of various classes of civilians serving with the military. (Included among these classes, be it noted, were "camp followers," those perennial sources of romantic inspiration for the historical novelist. Contemporary Army orders indicate that each company of troops was allowed daily rations for the distaff members who accompanied them.)

One hundred years before the adoption of the Federal Constitution, England had permitted trial of her soldiery by court-martial in times of peace as well as in times of war. From that time — a time when civilians attached to the Army were regarded as part of the military — through the Revolutionary War, and for six years thereafter until the adoption of the American Constitution, first the colonials and later the citizens of the several states were in much closer contact with the soldiery than they were for seventy years thereafter. They therefore understood the logic whereby civilians attached to the Army were counted as part of the Army and tried by its courts. Alexander Hamilton, who well knew that such civilians were commonly subject to court-martial jurisdiction, in discussing the constitutional grant of this power, said:

> These powers ought to exist without limitation; because it is impossible to foresee or to define the extent and variety of national exigencies and the corresponding extent and variety of the means which may be necessary to satisfy them. . . .

How prophetic this statement was even Hamilton could not have foreseen!

The exercise by courts-martial of jurisdiction over civilians serving with or attached to the Army had been consistently upheld by the lower courts and by the Supreme Court in those cases reaching it.

Had certain historical material along these lines been presented to the Court in 1957, it is difficult to believe that the pre-existing law would have been overturned. Moreover, while basic law in this country is often established by narrow margins, the margin has never been narrower than in this instance. When the question was first presented in 1956 (*Reid v. Covert*, 351 U.S. 487), courts-martial jurisdiction was upheld. Over that summer, however, Mr. Justice Harlan changed his mind, voting in favor of a re-argument of the case. This fact, together with certain intervening changes in the Court's personnel, resulted the following year in a direct reversal (354 U.S. 1).

Of course, no one except the participants knows what went on behind the closed doors of the judicial conference room. It is clear from the majority opinion, however, that the reversal was based in part on the questionable fairness of basic court-martial law:

> Courts-martial are typically *ad hoc* bodies appointed by a military officer from among his subordinates. They have always been subject to varying degrees of "command influence." In essence, these tribunals are simply executive tribunals whose personnel are in the executive chain of command. Frequently the members of the court-martial must look to the appointing officer for promotions, advantageous assignments and efficiency ratings — in short, for their future progress in the service.
> — *Reid v. Covert*, 354 U.S. p. 36.

In both the post-World War I and post-World War II eras, civilians serving in the U.S. Armed Forces were shocked by court-martial law, which permits the officer who convenes the court to determine what charges shall be brought; to pick the court, the prosecutor, the defense counsel and the legal adviser to the court; and, finally, to pass in the first instance upon the sentence imposed. Postwar efforts to correct this situation by legislation which would make the court-martial independent of the commanding officer were bitterly and successfully opposed by the military. Apparently, Congress was persuaded by the military's argument that unless it retained command control of courts-martial, this country could not win a future war.

The Armed Services have never been able to distinguish between enforcing discipline and dispensing justice; nor will they realize that discipline has been enforced when a member of the Armed Forces is held on charges. To deny a fair trial after charges are preferred is a deterrent to, rather than an encouragement of, good discipline.

It is indeed ironic that the Armed Forces' narrow-mindedness in this regard may now deprive them of what they consider essential: the disciplinary control over their entire command, civilian as well as military.

WHATEVER may be thought of the Court's latest decisions, they exist; they are the law of the land, and they present problems which may never be solved.

For the first time in our history we are faced with the problem of maintaining large military forces in many areas of the world on a more or less permanent basis. It is no mean problem to deal with the lawbreakers among the nearly 500,000 civilian employees and dependents of these military forces when no one knows what, if any, jurisdiction has the authority, or, granting the authority, the power to enforce effectively the sanctions which should follow the commission of crime. Yet that is only part of the issue.

In the belief that support for the action could be found in the Constitution, the United States entered into a series of Status of Forces Agreements with friendly countries throughout the world; these, generally speaking, envision the trial by military law of American civilian personnel connected with our Armed Forces. It is clear that the Supreme Court's latest decisions have struck down the effectiveness of these agreements. It also seems clear that civilians already convicted by court-martial, and now serving sentence in the United States, are subject to a general jail delivery through exercise of their right to *habeas corpus*. This in itself may not present too great a national problem. But what is to be the fate of those whose crimes are yet uncommitted and, perhaps more important, what is the overseas commander to do in order to maintain discipline and administer justice within his command?

THESE questions were posed to the Court by the Government in its unsuccessful attempt to uphold the applicability of military law. The Court, obviously vexed by the difficulties that its own decisions raised, suggested various possible alternatives to court-martial jurisdiction:

¶ It was suggested, in certain of the opinions, that consular courts might be employed, although it was recognized that courts of this type belong to a vanished era of colonialism, the last of them having been abolished by the Congress about four years ago. Moreover, it is not at all certain that such courts, if reconstituted, would now have Constitutional sanction with respect to American citizens serving overseas.

¶ It was suggested that American courts recognized by the Constitution might sit abroad as they do at home. But this suggestion creates more problems than it solves. It would require the maintenance of courts in more than sixty foreign countries. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to procure a non-biased jury of the defendant's peers, since there could be no compulsory process requiring foreign citizens to sit on juries; and, even if there were, there would be no way of overcoming the language barrier. The creation of such courts would require a treaty with each nation involved; and friendly as the nations might be, all or some of them would object to the presence of a foreign court enforcing foreign law on their soil.

¶ Trial in this country for crimes committed abroad by American civilians was also suggested. This procedure would prove impracticable in the vast majority of cases because of the expense involved and the difficulty of producing witnesses whose presence, if they are non-American, could be procured only on a voluntary basis. The consequent delays might often result in the defendant's invoking the Sixth Amendment of the Constitution which requires a speedy trial (this has been done successfully under somewhat similar circumstances).

¶ Similarly, it was suggested that the American civilian might be tried by the local criminal authorities in the jurisdiction in which the crime was committed. Proponents of this course point out, correctly, that in many jurisdictions abroad the administration of criminal justice is at least as swift and just as in our own country. On the other hand, it would seem that to subject Americans charged with crime to trial under laws, rules, customs and language of which they are ignorant, might place them under a greater handicap than would trial by military law.

And, admitting that this solution may be possible in many countries, it is difficult to conceive of its application in many others. Islamic law, for instance, provides in capital cases — whether the killing is intentional or not — either for capital punishment or for the payment of blood money at the option of the next of kin of the deceased. The punishment for adultery by a woman is stoning to death. Lashing is frequently resorted to as the punishment for lesser crimes. Some countries still require mutilation as the punishment for certain crimes.

Laws like these conjure up pictures not easy for the Westerner to contemplate. But there is a greater difficulty involved: Islamic law is believed to be applicable only to

Moslems, and it is to be doubted whether civilians accompanying the U.S. Armed Forces number among them many Moslems. There is a general belief that, in Islamic lands, some form of occidental law is applicable to non-Moslems, but except in Iran — where the French criminal code is clearly applicable — no one is sure what occidental law could or would be applied.

It would seem, then, that presently available alternatives to courts-martial for the trial of U.S. civilians abroad are either impracticable or undesirable. If the trial is to be in an American court (and some of the difficulties with that procedure have been mentioned), Congress would have to extend the applicability of the American criminal code to offenses committed outside the United States. This it would be loath to do in the absence of relevant treaties with the countries involved; and, as already suggested, it is by no means certain how many countries, however friendly they may be, would be willing to sign such treaties.

THE Supreme Court's latest decision does not utterly wipe out the jurisdiction of courts-martial over United States civilians employed by, attached to, or accompanying the Armed Forces abroad. Military tribunals could still be used in cases where the defendants waived their rights to indictment by grand jury and trial by a jury of their peers (these rights are personal to the accused, and may be waived). American courts, however, have always carefully scrutinized any claim of waiver and have usually struck it down unless made in open court after the accused has been advised of his rights. It may be possible to devise some procedure whereby these basic rights may be effectively waived, but no one can say at this time what view the courts might take of its constitutionality. And the introduction of a waiver procedure might discourage many civilians from accepting employment abroad with our Armed Services.

One aspect of the situation — perhaps the most important — has not yet received mention. How is the military officer, responsible for the proper administration of his area, to enforce law and order with respect to civilians brought by law within his command, yet over whom he has no judicial jurisdiction? The power to arrest is surely left him, but this power alone may easily be inadequate — and, indeed, may be pregnant with danger to the whole fabric of the American judicial system. This would be especially true in some prolonged period of emergency — a military "alert," for instance, that might necessitate holding the civilian prisoner in custody, incommunicado, for a long period of time, without opportunity for trial or a hearing of any kind. It would be ironic if the blow for constitutional freedom which our highest Court believes it struck in holding military law inapplicable to civilians in time of peace were to result in the re-institution of the *Lettres de cachet* made infamous in France in the eighteenth century.

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THE ORDEAL OF ASHTON JONES

PERILS OF BROTHERHOOD . .

by Harold Flender

A FRIEND who is a member of the American Civil Liberties Union first told me about him. "He's a pacifist, but not a nut. Quite often pacifists are also vegeterians or nudists or something like that. But not the Reverend Ashton Jones. Besides, he doesn't preach pacifism much these days. It's gotten him into too much hot water with the federal government, especially overseas, where the State Department took away his passport and had him shipped home on the ground that his preachings were prejudicial to the best interests of the United States. Now he preaches brotherhood throughout the states."

"And the federal authorities leave him alone?"

"Yes, but the local authorities give him a hard time, especially in the South, where he defends brotherhood as integration. He travels in a truck decorated with a white and dark hand clasped together and the word 'love' printed above the grillwork. He's been jailed nineteen times, given the sweatbox treatment, pushed down a flight of stairs, beaten with a rawhide whip, had his face cracked open, and almost drowned. I understand the American Civil Liberties Union is backing him because they feel the treatment he's received, particularly in Shreveport, Louisiana, violates the Constitution."

My ACLU friend arranged for me to meet the Reverend Ashton Jones in an upper West Side New York apartment, where he was staying with friends while waiting for his trial to be called in Shreveport.

Mr. Jones's face reveals his sixty-three years, although his tall, thin

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HAROLD FLENDER, novelist and TV writer, is the author of Paris Blues, *a story with an interracial theme which will soon be released as a movie.*

body is that of a younger athlete. His handclasp is warm and vigorous, he smiles broadly and easily, and he speaks in the thick Southern drawl of the state where he was born and bred — Georgia. He is an ordained Methodist minister, but for the past twenty-nine years has been an itinerant preacher sermonizing about — and, what he thinks more important, practicing — the brotherhood of man under the Kingdom of God.

"BUT how do you practice it, Mr. Jones?" was one of my first questions after we were both comfortably settled on a couch we shared with the *New York Post*, Linus Pauling's book, *No More War* and *An Anthology of Jewish Authors*.

"First," he said, "I'd prefer if we called each other by our first names. For many years I've been associated with the Quakers, and I think their calling one another by their first names is a splendid idea. So, if I may, I'd like to call you Harold, and you call me Ashton. Okay?"

"Okay."

"The most important problem involving brotherhood in America today is integration. I live it by living with Negroes. I believe my wife and I have lived with more Negro families than any other white couple in America. And when I can, I participate with Negroes in their sit-in demonstrations. That's how my present difficulties started.

"It began in Dallas, Texas, last Easter Sunday. I participated there in a sit-in with the Reverend T. D. R. V. Thompson at Kress, H. L. Green and Saenger's Department Store. Everything went along smoothly and peacefully — no violence, no 'incidents.' But the story was carried in newspapers and on the air and people all over the South found out what had happened.

"I left Dallas the next day on my way to Atlanta. At Marshall, Texas, about 135 miles east of Dallas, I spoke to the students on the campus of the all-Negro Wiley College and, as I left the campus, the sheriff of Marshall had me arrested, charging me with vagrancy.

"I pointed out to him my fully equipped trailer truck and the fact that I had $89 in my wallet, but it made no difference to him. I was held incommunicado, and when I asked to use the telephone to call my wife, I was beaten with a rawhide whip and put into a sweatbox cell. After I was released from the sweatbox cell, the sheriff pushed me down a flight of steel steps. His deputies made sure I got to the bottom by kicking me along the way. At the trial, the judge defined a vagrant as 'a hobo, a tramp, a bum, without any visible means of support,' said I fitted this description, found me guilty, and fined me $200 plus $28 court costs, or ninety days in jail.

"After I spent ten days in jail, my wife got the services of a lawyer, Franklin Jones, who raised $450 for the bond. I was released after spending fourteen days in jail. The case is now being appealed to a higher court. While in jail, my trailer had been broken into and my clippings, letters of introduction and files containing the names of over a thousand friends here and overseas, were destroyed.

"I DECIDED to drive straight through to Atlanta without stopping. It had been my plan, when I left my home in San Gabriel, California, to be in Atlanta about June 1 to bring my sister and her friend to California to visit with us.

"About ten miles before Shreveport, I noticed that I was being followed by a police car. This kept on for about five miles, until I stopped at a roadside diner for lunch. The police car stopped alongside mine, and the two policemen followed me into the diner. It seems they had heard all about me from the sheriff in Marshall, and they wanted to make sure I would leave town immediately. They refused to let me have any lunch. Instead, they forced me back into my car. One officer sat beside me, and the other followed us. I was taken to the Chief of Police — his name is Teasley — who ordered me to leave town. I told the chief that he was violating the U.S. Constitution by interfering with my civil liberties and freedom and that I had the right to travel wherever I wanted to in the States. Chief Teasley conferred with the Police Commissioner and told me they had decided to let me go.

"I was still hungry, not having had lunch, so I went into a Negro restaurant for a bite to eat. No sooner did I sit down at the counter than the two policemen came in and arrested me again.

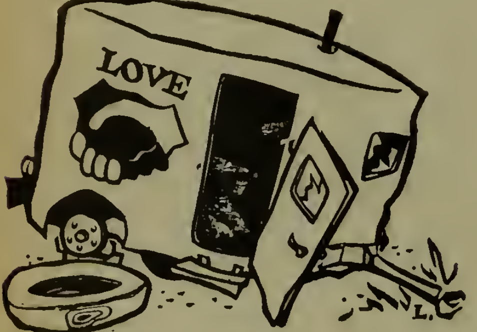
"The charge was vagrancy and the bond was set at $375. The jailer who led me to the cell with the other prisoners said: 'I can kill you in the name of the Lord, for what you are doing will bring about bloodshed between white and colored.' He then showed the other prisoners in the cell a newspaper picture of me shaking hands with a Negro professor from Wiley College. After he left, the other prisoners started to use me as a punching bag. They worked me over for at least half an hour, beating me so badly that I had to have four stitches in my jaw. I was placed in solitary confinement until my trial four days later.

"At the trial, it was decided that I had to submit to psychiatric observation; and for seventeen days, I was observed by Coroner Butler and his investigator, Mr. Homer Bryant. During this time, Mr. Bryant told me that he was a member of the White Citizens Council.

"I was released on June 6 and tried on June 10. My wife had obtained the services of a lawyer, Mr. Jesse Stone. He was busy with another case on the morning of the trial date, and asked that my case be postponed a week, or at least until 3 P.M. of the same day. Judge Randall Whitmeyer refused. Without counsel, I was tried on charges of disturbing the peace and vagrancy, found guilty and sentenced to serve eight months on a prison farm.

"The other prisoners of the farm had obviously been tipped off as to my feelings on integration, for within one hour after my arrival, they gave me a terrible beating, one after the other, smashing me in the head and face, kicking me all over my body. They also clipped all the hair off my head and body, even to my eyelashes.

"They let me alone until the following Sunday, which was visitors' day. I was most heartened to find three local people coming to see me, a young couple, Mr. and Mrs. John Downes, and their friend. They had attended the trial and had become interested in my case. They had tried to see me in jail, but were refused. Mrs. Downes, a free-lance writer, had been asked by the *Texas Observer*, a weekly journal printed in Austin, to do an article on the trial. This was printed in the June 24 issue, and resulted in Mr. Downes's being fired from his job and forced to move to Austin. His boss didn't like the idea of his wife's writing an article that was so sympathetic to someone who believed in integration.



"Right after my visitors left, my fellow prisoners got to work on me again while the prison trusties looked on. I was tied to the top of a steel bunk and drenched with water from jars and buckets. Then they ripped off all my clothes and beat me with towels and fists for thirty minutes.

"There were some inmates who became friendly, but they couldn't do anything to stop the horrible beatings given me by the other prisoners. On one occasion, I was tied by my feet to the top steel bars and left swinging head-down with my shoulders barely touching the bunk. I was worked over brutally. During the night the prisoner who had beaten me the worst repented, and asked me to forgive him for what he had done to me. Of course I did, and we became good friends.

"But the beatings by the other prisoners continued, and one time I was taken out to the lake on the farm and pushed under the water and held there some twenty-five or more times.

"The beatings were so cruel and horrible that I felt if my body didn't break, my spirit surely would. I was in terrible pain and my nerves were in an awful condition. For the first time in my life, I felt myself on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

"THE appeal in my case finally came up and a $500 bond was asked for my release. Mr. and Mrs. Downes offered to post the bond, but when they arrived with the money, they found that Judge Whitmeyer had decided to increase the amount to $1,500. And so I had to remain in jail for several more days until an additional $1,000 could be found. On July 14, 1960, I was released.

"While in prison, the outside of my car, with its messages of brotherhood, was ruined beyond repair. Once again, the inside had been broken into and my papers stolen. One of my new rear tires had been slashed, and I had to pay $44.88 storage charges.

"I am now waiting for the date of the appealed case to be set. I think it'll be some time in December."

"Then you'll be going back to Shreveport?" I asked.

"I have to be present at the trial."

We sat for an hour or so more in the living room of his friends' comfortable West Side apartment. We chatted about the over-all integration picture in the South. Mr. Jones was optimistic. He pointed out that more and more schools and restaurants were opening up on a desegregated basis. It was his opinion that the segregationists were very conscious that world opinion was against them and were sensitive to critical publicity. Therefore he felt that the publicity involved in his own trial would aid the cause of integration.

We also spoke of his family — his wife, who almost always travels with him, his two children and six grandchildren. His son and daughter, both from the Deep South, disapprove of their parents' activities, and will have nothing to do with them. Mr. Jones forgives them, explaining: "They just want to be popular."

When it was time to go, Mr. Jones walked me outside the apartment to the elevator. He leaned his rangy body against the hall wall, smiled broadly, and said in his deep Southern drawl: "It certainly was wonderful of you to come up here to see me. I hope to see you again."

The elevator arrived at the floor. I wished him good luck, stepped inside, and watched the door close on the anxious but determined face of the Rev. Ashton Jones.

Cuba's Frenzied Culture

by Stanley Meisler

IN ARTES PLASTICAS, one of the government cultural magazines spawned by the Castro revolution, Manuel Diaz Martinez writes that "the artist must learn to help purify the revolutionary conscience of our Latin American brothers without ceasing to be an artist, without submerging his art in politics." These words — surely contradictory — bare the dilemma of culture in Cuba today. Like all other revolutions, the Cuban upheaval of social and political institutions has stimulated a companion effort to uproot cultural institutions and nourish new and vital theatre, music, art, movies and writing. But this new culture can also wither under the upheaval's propaganda demands. In Castro's Cuba, no one doubts that cultural life today is busy, almost frenzied, but no one can be sure it is vital.

Havana offers abundant evidence of activity: commercial and government playhouses show a varied theatrical fare. Foreign ballet and musical troupes,

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some of the world's best, visit the city often; seats are available for the government admission price of 25c. Alicia Alonso has organized a *Ballet de Cuba*. A new symphony orchestra is under way. Young artists and sculptors receive exhibitions in the old museums. A government movie institute turns out lavish documentaries. Government presses print classics, contemporary Cuban fiction and a host of cultural magazines.

Do Cubans take advantage of these opportunities? The evidence is contradictory. On a recent Sunday afternoon, I attended performances of *Los Santos* (The Saints) by Pedro Salinas and *Los Fusiles* (The Rifles) by Bertolt Brecht in the auditorium of the Palace of Fine Arts. The Ministry of Education had presented the one-act plays as part of a government commemoration of the Spanish Civil War. The auditorium seats 400, but no more than sixty persons showed up by curtain time. Later I caught a new play, *El Filantrop* (The Philantropist) by Vergilio Piñera, in the National Theater on the Civic Plaza. The Theater, also under the direction of the Ministry of Education, had commissioned the play, a satire attacking the rich for giving alms to the poor and then enslaving them. A thousand people can be accommodated in the house, but only seventy-five attended the performance.

This lack of attendance could mean Cuban discrimination rather than Cuban neglect, for both performances struck me as amateurish. The seating picture changed drastically one night when the government offered a proven product—Bhaskar, India's Hindu ballet. I could not attend, but Paul Ash, a New York businessman, made an attempt and then jotted down these notes:

> At 8:30 P.M. there was a crowd of about one hundred at the National Theater's ticket desk. All the seats had been filled. People kept coming, learning the situation and leaving, but at 9:30 the crowd outside must have been 150. Every time someone who had bought tickets in advance entered the theatre, loud jeers and complaints ensued. Three police cars arrived, and the police kept the crowd from forcing its way in. A man in a T-shirt and two others, newspapers in hand, kept pointing out to the ticket sellers that the ad said admission was 25c and that's all. They demanded to pay the 25c and get in. The great noise outside apparently held up the start of the program. At 9:45 a very young-looking, blond policeman jumped on the ticket table and announced all would be able to enter and stand. There was a mad scramble. By 10:15 most were inside, and I left. I had already been standing since 8:30.

I discussed cultural activities one day with Dra. Vicentina Antuña, the director of culture in the Ministry of Education; Sra. Marta Jiménez, a member of the Foreign Ministry's cultural department; and Fausto Masó of *Casa de las Americas* (House of the Americas), a new organization trying to spread Cuban culture throughout the hemisphere. Dra. Antuña, coming from an older generation than many of the revolutionary leaders, stressed that much of the current cultural activity involves revitalization of dormant and corrupt projects rather than simple innovation. The government, for example, recently awarded scholarships to sixteen young painters and writers; similar awards were made under the Batista regime, Dra. Antuña said, but they usually fell to friends of the dictator who pocketed the money without bothering to study. On the other hand, Sra. Jiménez and Masó, both in their twenties, stressed that the revolution is giving young artists and young ideas their first chance. A government play competition, for example, has been started to stimulate young, native playwrights. But results have not been extraordinary. "It is very hard," Masó said.

Dra. Antuña, Sra. Jiménez and Masó seemed most proud of three accomplishments: work in the provinces, the National Press, and the Cuban Institute of Motion Picture Art and Industry. In the past, a Cuban might find culture in Havana but nowhere else. Under Castro, the Peking Opera, the Georgian Dancers, the *Ballet de Cuba,* the Khachaturian Orchestra, Bhaskar — all have toured the provinces after their runs in Havana. The National Press operates in the plant of *La Marina*, a newspaper shut down under Castro, and turns out thousands of paper-bound books that sell on street corners for 25c each; the first run of titles includes *Don Quixote, Robinson Crusoe, Marco Polo*, a biography of Símon Bolívar, and a history of the French Revolution.

The Cuban Institute has brought the island its first movie industry, issuing more than two dozen documentaries. These documentaries probably represent the most effective cultural achievement of the Castro regime. By their very nature however, they focus on propaganda, not art. Using young Cuban technicians and veteran hands from Mexico and Italy, the Institute has produced documentaries that extol the revolution, describe Cuban life, and discuss agricultural techniques. The foreign help is impressive. Italy's Cesare Zavattini, who wrote *The Bicycle Thief, Umberto D* and *Miracle in Milan*, has written a pair of scripts. Mexico's Luis Buñuel, director of *Los Olvidados* (The Forgotten) and *Nazarin,* arrives soon to direct a movie. So far the Institute's work has comprised only short documentaries, but two full-length features, *Cuba Baila* (Cuba Dances) and *Cuentos de la Revolucion* (Stories of the Revolution) are now in production.

I SOUGHT an Institute documentary one afternoon and found it at La Rampa movie house. The experience was frightening. As the film opened, a forceful, strident, almost pleading voice cried out from the screen. The audience burst into thunderous applause. The words, the voice belonged to Fidel Castro. Cheers and foot-stamping followed, and I suddenly felt alone, caught in the eye of a storm. Throughout the movie, the clapping, the cheering, the stamping thundered around me at every glimpse or sound of Castro. Martial music intensified the excitement.

The movie, *Patria O Muerte* (Fatherland or Death), told its story effectively. The quotations that opened the movie came from Castro's speech last May 1 to a crowd of at least a half million Cubans in Havana's Civic Plaza. The rally with all its brilliant color and excitement then filled the screen. The movie followed a pattern: between shots of marching Cubans at the rally, it fitted sequences showing accomplishments of the government in education and culture, the year's work in agrarian reform, and the progress in industry and labor. Then, after another return to the rally, the movie suddenly showed dramatic scenes of incendiary bombs burning fields, destroying Cuban progress. The narrator accused Yankee planes of dropping the bombs.

A few days after my visit to La Rampa, Jaime Soriano, reviewing *Patria O Muerte* for *Revolucion,* wrote that the sequences "have been lined up in a way that is a bit conventional and trite—in the manner of those documentaries where the inevitable voice of the announcer fills your head with explanations." Soriano concluded that *Patria O Muerte* was no innovation in the art of the documentary. Comments like that in a semi-official newspaper offer a hope that government-directed culture in Cuba is concerned more with art than with clapping, cheering and stamping. In the reality of the revolution's propaganda demands, however, such a hope must be slight.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Shape of Ships to Come

NUCLEAR SHIP PROPULSION. By Holmes F. Crouch. Cornell Maritime Press. 347 pp. $10.

Carl Dreher

EDITORS and reviewers cannot notice more than a fraction of the worth-while books that are published every year. Why, then, should *The Nation* devote space to a treatise on nuclear ships, replete with diagrams, tables and equations, and running into money, as all technical books do nowadays. The reason is that an occasional predominantly technical work contains material which foreshadows the future so convincingly that it merits general attention. *Nuclear Ship Propulsion* is such a book. After eleven years of active duty with the Coast Guard and six years of nuclear engineering experience, Commander Crouch knows his subject, as far as anyone can be said to know it at this stage. Possessed of a talent for lively expository writing, he has successfully bridged the gap between the amateur of ships and the marine architect and engineer. And the triumphs and tribulations of the coming nuclear ship era concern us all.

Nuclear merchant ships are not a pressing necessity and in some respects N.S. *Savannah,* now being fitted and on which much of Crouch's reckoning is based, is inferior to an oil-fired ship of her size, which is approximately that of the "Mariner" class—length 588 feet; displacement 21,840 tons; 21,000 horsepower at the propeller shaft; expected speed 21 knots. The *Savannah's* designers wisely preferred to err on the conservative side and her pressurized water reactor will deliver steam to the turbines at 460 pounds to the square inch and 475 degrees Fahrenheit, a marked retrogression from the 600 pounds and 875-degree superheated steam of a standard marine boiler. Even after experience is gained, Crouch doubts that nuclear fuel will be able to compete with oil on a dollars-per-shaft-horsepower basis. Rather, we are turning to nuclear power because a ship so driven will have productivity, self-sufficiency (fuel depots in foreign ports will be unnecessary) and range at a given speed that cannot be equaled by an oil-burning vessel. Both cargo-to-fuel ratios and speeds will be higher. For instance, on the San Francisco to Hong Kong run via Honolulu, Yokohama and Manila (16,000 miles round trip), two nuclear-powered liners might make biweekly sailings possible.

Crouch points out that, for sheer economy, nothing can beat a sail ship. And for quite a while after steam was introduced, nothing did. It was not uncommon for a clipper shipowner to realize 25 to 50 per cent return on his investment in a single voyage. Clippers could cross the Atlantic in as few as twelve days; the competing steamships took fourteen. But the clipper might take not twelve, but twenty-four days, while the steamer could be relied on to keep to a schedule, which became shorter and shorter while cargo capacity became greater and greater. So the sail merchant ship survives only in the annals of romance and in pre-industrial areas.

Under some conditions, one pound of nuclear fuel is the thermal equivalent of 1,000 tons of oil. Even at a lower ratio, the *Queen Mary* or the *United States* could make a round trip across the Atlantic on twenty pounds of U-235 consumed, compared with the 10,000 tons of oil they now need for the same voyage. Or, at their rated speeds, they could go anywhere in the world; whereas now, at these speeds, they are limited to the shorter runs. The marine designer cannot shut his eyes to such potentialities, neutralized though they may be in part by the hazards of radioactivity and the weight of reactors and their shields.

History teaches that technology must keep moving, on peril of obsolescence. After James Watt completed his improvements on Newcomen's atmospheric steam engine, he was working with steam pressures of eight or ten pounds. His assistant Murdock wanted to go to higher pressures. Watt balked, on the ground that the boilers might explode. Hardier engineers—Oliver Evans in the United States and Richard Trevithick in England—built boilers which worked at 100 pounds to the square inch. Some of their boilers did explode—Watt was not wrong as of the moment, only as of the century. The engines which powered industry and transportation in the nineteenth century were the creation of Evans and Trevithick, not of Watt, a great innovator who succumbed to premature technological sclerosis.

Still, taking all this into account and allowing for the immense resources of modern engineering, the problems of marine nuclear development are little short of appalling. The *Savannah,* the *Claremont* of the nuclear age, can steam continuously for a period between 600 and 1,200 days; but then her reactor core will have to be pulled and replaced by a new one, while the old one is re-enriched with fissionable uranium at a processing plant. When the reactor is shut down, the neutron reactivity ceases, but the gamma radiation, resembling X-radiation, persists. The radiation strength of the spent core is about 500 million curies! Neither shielding nor distance alone can give adequate protection. A man 700 feet away from the bare core would get a lethal dose in one hour, at 400 feet in ten minutes, at 100 feet, in one minute. After the reactor housing is opened, in itself a major job, the core must be shielded in transit from the ship to the dock and the workmen must operate behind temporary shielding moved about by cranes and other heavy lift-gear. Finally, after numerous steps which must be carried out with the "skill, precision, and determination of a dental surgeon," each fuel element—the *Savannah* has thirty-two—must be withdrawn and enclosed in a lead-steel handling "coffin" weighing about twenty-five tons, and then reloaded into transfer casks for shipping, under guard and with all sorts of precautions, to the reprocessing plant.

BUT that is not all. The spent core is hot not only radioactively, but thermally. It no longer has a heat exchanger through which it can transfer its thermal energy to the ship's turbine and hold its own temperature within bounds. Heat must be removed continuously from the core after shutdown to prevent the fuel elements from melting, an accident which would result in widespread, perhaps catastrophic, contamination of the area. An aftercooling system must be provided to accompany the core during the entire extraction process, and the coffin in which the fuel elements are temporarily housed must also be cooled.

This is also an operational problem. A combustion engine can be shut down without ceremony; not so a reactor. An

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aftercooling system, operated by an emergency power supply, must be permanently coupled to the reactor and be set in operation automatically in the event of severe trouble within the system necessitating shutdown, or external casualty such as ship collision, grounding, storms, or sinking. Whether this and other safeguards can be relied on in a disaster situation remains to be seen.

Crouch says (page 33), "there must be no reactor transition casualties of any kind," i.e., while nuclear ship propulsion is being introduced, accidents must at all cost be avoided, lest the whole development be aborted. But later (page 268) he writes, "Let us face it. Sooner or later—despite all human effort to the contrary—there someday will occur a nuclear ship accident and some radiation will be released." In such a situation, he advocates the immediate setting up of an emergency information center which will promptly disseminate information on the radiation level produced by the accident in terms everyone can understand, such as equivalences of dental and chest X-rays. In this way he hopes public hysteria can be controlled. This is a conjecture: a boiler explosion, however terrible, does not involve the aftereffects which may be present in a nuclear accident.

Another problem which Crouch discusses only briefly is disposal of operational radioactive wastes at sea. Some leaks are inevitable in a system with such intricate plumbing; and air, rust and dust become activated in the vicinity of the reactor chamber. Contaminants are collected in filters and the like, and in tools, gloves, cleaning rags and protective clothing. These wastes must be collected in hold-up (decay) tanks, processed through scrubbers, demineralizers, evaporators, filters, strippers, etc.—a chemical plant on shipboard. The high-level (more intensely radioactive) solids must then be sealed into impervious clays and other chemically inert materials and subjected to further isolation in fifty-gallon steel drums lined with concrete, for disposal at sea. Gases and liquids will be diluted to levels deemed to be safe, the liquids subsequently discharged through the ship's hull, the gases through a vent pipe in her mast. Both types of discharge will be automatically monitored, says Crouch, by fail-safe shutdown valves, and disposal will be under prescribed conditions, with the master of the ship keeping a record of all procedures. But the valving of wastes, like much else on a nuclear ship, depends on instrumentation, and instruments, as every engineer knows, go awry, especially instruments subjected to radiation. So the old question arises: Who will watch the watchman?

ONE mission of the *Savannah,* Crouch reveals, will be "to probe regulatory pitfalls as she moves from port to port, country to country." He foresees the need for an "over-all Nuclear Safety Certificate . . . contributed to and honored by all." We may surmise that the *Savannah* will not be warmly received everywhere. M. Edouard Le Ghait, formerly Ambassador and *chef de cabinet* in the Belgian Foreign Ministry and the author of a current book on the folly of nuclear war strategy *(No Carte Blanche to Capricorn),* tells of one occasion when the door was politely but firmly shut. During the summer of 1958, the atomic submarine *Skate* called at European ports after crossing the North Pole under the icecap. She was welcomed in several countries, but the Danish Government, on the recommendation of a body of scientific advisers, refused her permission to enter the port of Copenhagen. Some commentators, says M. Le Ghait, adopted "an air of condescending charity" toward the exaggerated fears of the Danish physicists—one of whom was Niels Bohr!

Crouch is concerned with commercial applications and does not discuss naval craft. One may be forgiven, however, when contemplating the nuclear aircraft carrier *Enterprise* (displacement, 83,350 tons; eight reactors; range about 250,000 miles without refueling) if one recalls the remark of the Duke of Wellington on receiving a new draft of troops in Spain. "I don't know what effect these men will have upon the enemy," said Wellington, "but, by God, they terrify me."

Crouch does not go deeply into the socio-economic aspects of his subject, but it is clear that the nuclear development, on sea as on land, could never have taken place except under government auspices. Research and development as a whole (of course much of it is mere sales promotion) is flourishing because, largely at public expense, resources have been made available to finance research in numerous fields, and on a scale generally proportional to the military and national-prestigious applications. Nuclear ship propulsion for merchant vessels would have had to wait for decades were it not for the naval prototypes.

As Crouch says, ". . . though many nuclear ship proposals have originated from private sources, all have this feature in common: reliance on the government for financial support." The Atomic Energy Act of 1954 makes the government sole owner of nuclear fuel. The fuel assigned to a privately owned ship must be assayed for fissionable content when the reactor core is installed. When the core is pulled, the fuel content is again assayed, and the operator pays for the fuel burned and lost during reprocessing. The fabrication of the fuel elements is done by private enterprise, the reprocess plants are privately operated but government-owned. Under these complex circumstances, the old-fashioned businessman who would rather see his business in the ash can than share his responsibilities with government bureaucrats, would be very unhappy. The shipowners, however, are a special lot. Soon after World War I, far in advance of our present swollen armament manufacturers, they discovered that the government could be a source of profit as well as a meddlesome regulator. The built-in cushions of the Merchant Marine Act of 1936, with other helpful measures, may so ease their tribulations that they will scarcely bother to deliver the customary discourses on the superiority of private enterprise.

Zazie Abroad

ZAZIE. By Raymond Queneau. Harper & Bros. 198 pp. $3.50.

Kenneth Rexroth

RAYMOND QUENEAU is one of my favorite writers. I read Zazie when it came out in France and it left me inwardly rosy with delight for days. It's just a love of a book. Furthermore, Queneau is an uncomplicated writer, it would seem a typical spokesman of our international urban world. His French is simplicity itself. I have translated several of his poems and even recited them in night clubs with great success. I look with grave suspicion on anyone who says anybody is "untranslatable," short of the medieval Irish or the Eskimo. But, I don't know—something has gone from the American *Zazie.* Something got lost crossing the Atlantic. In English she seems flimsy. The sparkling language sounds forced and artificial, the situations contrived.

I went back and compared it with the French. I can't see where Barbara Wright's translation could be greatly

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KENNETH REXROTH, a frequent Nation *contributor, is the author of* Bird in the Bush *(New Directions).*

improved. The trouble is that Queneau doesn't just "use" argot; the book is saturated with colloquialism, it has a colloquial soul. To translate it you would have to rewrite it. But into what? An utterly innocent, worldly *gamine* like Zazie doesn't exist in America. Over here the only creature who could say anything like the things she says would be a dreadful child spawned by progressive intellectuals, a nasty little horror. Zazie is as pure and sweet as Chaplin in *The Gold Rush.* We have plenty of B.B.s over here, and there are Beatniks in Reykjavik and Rangoon. Zazie, I fear, is absolutely *sui generis* and autochthonous.

This doesn't mean that *Zazie* isn't worth meeting in English if that's the only way you can ever get to know her. The translation may not be a great work of art, but it is certainly amusing reading. *Zazie* is a symbolic-picaresque comedy, a genre that is becoming, along with the pseudo-confession, a characteristic form of our time. It's the story of a little girl who comes to Paris from the provinces to visit her uncle, a militantly male female impersonator, and who just wants to ride on the Métro, but who, what with one crazy thing and another, never gets a chance. It has none of the scorn and broken heart of *Lolita,* and none of the emasculating lewdness. It is as light-hearted as can be, and all very clean fun.

Roger Shattuck has an ingenious Toynbee sort of theory that the reason the French have produced so much literature criticizing and seceding from middle-class society is that France is the most middle class of all countries and the least hospitable to the native artist or writer. Maybe so. One of the funniest things about *Zazie* was the way it shocked all sorts of solemn and important people—not judges and clergymen, but other writers.

Art Books of the Season: Part II

Lincoln Kirstein

Documentary Albums

AMERICA'S TASTE: 1851-1959. By Marjorie Longley, Louis Silverstein, Samuel A. Tower. Simon & Schuster. $12.50.

This large album consists of portions of pages from *The New York Times,* with supplementary photographs, reproductions of associated paintings and prints, over the last century. Pictures serve to break up monotony of close print, where one finds fascinating bits and pieces, in advertisement or news story. But how often in recent books like this one, of which there are plenty, does one come on the same photographs, particularly from 1850 to 1890? However, in the first half of our century there are a number of appealing surprises. A generous anthology, pasted up from a great documentary service; if any taste is shown it is the taste of the *Times,* not the times. For the visual arts there are many items: Alfred Stieglitz is ousted from the Camera Club; the Academy of Misapplied Art opens at the Lighthouse for the Blind, in revenge on the Armory Show; the U. S. Customs hold Constantin Brancusi is no artist; the Roxy theatre opens. Alas, it has just been torn down. But courage: the first renderings of Lincoln Center close this book, and they look like the taste of twenty, thirty, even forty years ago, but nowhere near as glorious as the Roxy which opened in March, 1927. Lincoln Square opens in 1964 (?). Better luck, next time.

ANTARCTICA. By Emil Schulthess. Simon & Schuster. $15.

Emil Schulthess, whose amazing book on his African journey was the prize of last holiday season's books, has now made an even more wonderful record of Operation Deep Freeze IV, the 1957-58 International Geophysical Year's scientific project. His sandy wastes and jungle greens were splendid; his sunny ice and frosty blues more so. Documentary photography at its most useful and beautiful, with no pretension of artistic comment or literary interpretation, but he makes art of vivid and poetic reportage. The vastness, cold, silence, majesty and the appalling scale of ice are all here, together with the selfless interest of observers, the comradeship of their work; the friendliness of seals and penguins. A Swiss-produced book of unusually immaculate and elegant format, it opens on the long dimension. It is worth twenty photographic yearbooks and most of the other albums.

THE ARTIST IN HIS STUDIO. By Alexander Liberman. Viking. $17.50.

Cézanne, Monet, Renoir and Bonnard open this book; we do not see them, but we have their studios. An unnecessary color plate of a Cézanne, *Bathers,* might have been replaced by his still lifes of skulls and the plaster casts of Cupid, since photos of these are included. There are photographs of places Renoir and Monet painted; apart from captions, there is little way of telling that the scenes served as models. Bonnard's bathtub looks like a bathtub. Many photographs and color plates of recent School of Paris painters and sculptors from Matisse and Rouault, ending with Germaine Richier, Bazaine and Manessier. Studios, naturally, have family resemblances. Sketches and scraps are thumbtacked up on the wall; objects big and little, old and new are collected. Picasso has three extremely pretty children; Kandinsky's color-shelves are neat as a dentist's. There is not much concentration on men at work; they posed for appearance in magazines primarily devoted to luxury trades. As for text: "The answer to everything for Segonzac is in nature. It is in communion with nature that man finds himself. . . ." The book is well produced; is it necessary?

VANITY FAIR. Edited by Cleveland Amory and Frederic Bradlee. Picture Editor: Katherine Tweed. Viking. $10.

This amply produced, well-edited anthology really *is* a conspectus of taste in the United States during the run of that fascinating magazine. Time and again, it signaled the debut of figures and fashions now familiar to the point of legend. Frank Crowninshield took over *Vanity Fair* in March, 1914. He became as great an editor as Harold Ross of *The New Yorker,* but had a less provincial eye, a broader range; the tone he established was equally individual and distinguished. He lived when America was no longer under pressure of chauvinism; the nineteenth century was finally dead. Europe was embracing our popular arts in music and film; Crowninshield did much to make the Schools of Paris in painting, sculpture, literature and music accepted without lag in New York, the port of the country. Crowninshield had a light touch; he was no pounding crusader; nevertheless he efficiently spread the good word. *Vanity Fair* threw off an elegant, relaxed frivolity with hints of a serious edge.

Architecture

LOUIS SULLIVAN. By Albert Bush-Brown. *OSCAR NIEMEYER.* By Stamo Papadaki. *WALTER GROP-*

IUS. By James Marston Fitch. *RICHARD NEUTRA.* By Esther McCoy. *ERIC MENDELSOHN.* By Wolf Von Eckardt. (Masters of World Architecture.) Braziller. $4.95 each.

Well-produced monographs, nicely organized, each with 80 pages of plates and plans, good reference apparatus, bibliographies, etc. Studies of Aalto, Corbusier, Gaudi, Mies van der Rohe, Nervi and Wright were previously published. Most interesting in the present series is Louis Sullivan; fine photographs of wonderful, unfamiliar buildings; clear details of his astonishing ornament in its fantastic logical efflorescence. The lavish exuberance of Sullivan's hand and eye; his lodged monumentality; the seemingly effortless achievement of originality within the dignity of absolute conviction, have none of the strained megalomania of Wright. All his work seems invested with a generosity in plan and invention requiring no insistent rationale and his extravagance in adornment feeds our starved eyes in an era of minimal shelter and glassed cubage. The Brazilian, Oscar Niemeyer, is an interesting designer with grandiose playfulness, a capricious fancy at once gracious, appealing and unsatisfactory. Starting from Le Corbusier's premises, his later work gets more papery, refined, yet unstudied, as if any first notion were final. Supporting members, as at Brasilia, are really not applied decoration but have a way of looking like it; in spite of curvilinear ideas, there is an over-all monotony in fenestration and modular repetition. Perhaps the Brasilia photos shown here do not do him justice. Gropius, Mendelsohn, even Neutra must have honorable chapters in history; their monuments rarely seem incandescent. One feels the puritan, the doctrinaire, the fighter, the logical, the ethical. One wants to be grateful. It's hard.

THE MASTER BUILDERS. By Peter Blake. Knopf. $6.50.

A solid study by an able architectural critic of our three most influential designers, Le Corbusier, Mies van der Rohe, Frank Lloyd Wright. While the material is generally available in other places, the excellent arrangement here, accompanied by many apposite illustrations, takes us logically from early apprentice years to the present. Our guide accompanies these masters from site to office and drafting-board, back to the finished job. A book for laymen, but the author flatters us by assuming we can take technical problems on the builder's terms; hence a sense of stimulating intimacy with all intermediate excitements and disappointments of trying to achieve monumental perfection in a time of imperfect patronage. The frequent confusion of priority of influences is firmly and fairly adjudicated; in the case of the U.N. General Secretariat, revealing. The tone is sympathetic; if one could have only one book on the general subject, since it illuminates the whole field by attention to the key forces, this would be it.

ARCHITECTURE IN AMERICA. By Wayne Andrews. Atheneum. $15.

257 well-photographed, clear plates of building since colonial days. Many are unfamiliar; choice throughout, unusual and convincing. A fine coverage of mid-nineteenth century with large shingled private homes by H. H. Richardson and McKim, Mead and White. Small railway stations for the Boston & Albany, libraries and town halls offer striking comparison with Wright's later use of long, low lines and native materials. Wright's decorative detail, stamped or milled, for all his rationale of integration, seems fussy and impermanent beside Richardson's heroic pudding-stone, his finesse in craft with fieldstone; maybe he had good Italian workmen. Cast-stone is never convincing. There is a fine coverage of plutocratic castles for our Robber Barons; Newport; good illustrations of Adler and Louis Sullivan; the small sample of Maybeck cries out for much more. The start of a survey of 1920-30, heretofore hardly attempted, brings us up to date. A fine book.

ANTONI GAUDI. By James Johnson Sweeney and Joseph Lluis Sert. Praeger. $15.

The best study of Gaudi in English. This great Catalan has become increasingly well known since Dali proclaimed him an ancestor thirty years ago. His extreme fantasy and apparent eccentricity in the use of color, forms and materials, as well as his disciples' enthusiasm tended for a long time to show him off as joke or nightmare. In this excellent (German-produced) monograph by two exemplary critics, the American until recently Director of the Guggenheim Museum, the Spaniard, professor of architecture at Harvard, Gaudi's analytical intelligence as a master of poetic science and scientific lyricism is triumphantly displayed. Extreme fantasy, daring, energy, the absolutely unfettered compulsion to make the fantastic actual, are all shown here, naked to the underpinnings in stress-studies and planning. Gaudi was also, maybe always, a sculptor. His greatest works, with their molded, manic ingenuity are often giant toys. But they make the richest of modern, building look poor. The gorgeous church in Barcelona is the final explosion of the baroque, but crystal structure serves its base in construction and decoration. An impressive man and book.

Photography

THE RECORDING EYE: A Hundred Years of Great Events as Seen by the Camera, 1839-1939. By Helmut and Alison Gernsheim. Putnam's. $7.95.

GREAT MOMENTS IN NEWS PHOTOGRAPHY. By John Faber. Nelson. $4.95.

The Gernsheims are prolific historians of the camera; their collection of 260 historic facts and faces is the best that exists in one volume. As their books appear, the list of early photographers increases, spreading from the British Isles and France to Germany, Italy and the English in India and China. There are many anonymous pictures of much interest: to mention a few, Queen Victoria reopening the Crystal Palace Exhibition, 1854; the transfer of power in India to the Crown, 1858; the opening of the London Underground, 1863; the execution of conspirators in Lincoln's assassination, 1865; a group of terrible pictures of reprisals in the Paris Commune, 1871; early antiseptic surgery; the Boxer Rebellion; the lying-in-state of Ludwig of Bavaria. The other book, of news photographs, has a high percentage in its 57 plates of well-worn views; the sinking of the Morro Castle, the flag-raising on Iwo Jima; a perfunctory job.

PORTRAITS OF GREATNESS. By Yousuf Karsh. Nelson. $17.50.

FAMOUS PORTRAITS. Edited by L. Fritz Gruber. Ziff-Davis. $10.

The Karsh album, magnificently produced in Holland, is fascinating. The dedication is to the photographer's wife, "who shared my hope and faith and helped me find the light." This light, no mere day- or electric-flash, is the light seen through the lens of the press agent. The image of each portentous personality corresponds to that supplied lavishly by public-relations offices of governments, concert managers, publishers or other power agencies. Enlarged pores and glistening wrinkles almost convince us there is a correspondence between public fame and private face. After a few moments, the light-oiled skin starts to shrink and collapse; you start comparing and confusing faces that get one of three or four full treatments. A reiteration of clasped hands in prayerful meditation; in the case of Jacob Epstein, his stubby chisel-banged fingers are more expressive than the potato-face. Dr. Salk, genuinely preoccupied in giving a polio shot to a child, nevertheless ends up like a prestige ad for a Great Laboratory, a picture of a commodity rather than a working scientist. Perhaps what is so disquieting about the light in which these faces are found is that everybody seems to be selling something, if only reputations.

The collection of famous portraits has some fine photographs but editing is haphazard; many of the best portraitists are here, not with their best portraits. It is interesting to compare Karsh's Malraux with Irving Penn's; Genthe, Steichen and Beaton's Garbo; George Platt Lynes's Cocteau, and Beaton's. Karsh's light is catching; it turns up on other Churchills and more Adenauers. When it is so contrasty, forced and artificial, the face becomes a contour map; rivers and valleys of seams and wrinkles; chasms of lips, caves of eyes; melodramatic, gross, inhuman.

MOMENTS PRESERVED. By Irving Penn. Simon & Schuster. $17.50.

This is the "conversation-piece" book-of-the-year, replacing Richard Avedon's of 1959. It is a thoroughly interesting and beautiful book by a man with a real visual gift of seeing at once with elegance and candor; with stylishness, discreet taste and a personal flair without affectation or compromise. He may make his living for the luxury trades, but there is no trace of the necessary flattery in selling clothes by association with famous names. Maybe he likes to make many men look like turtles; but maybe the ones he chooses *do* look like turtles. The most interesting color concerns a Christmas in Cuzco where Penn pretends he is a popular photographer and takes peasants in gala finery. In the style of day-lit nineteenth-century masterpieces they are extraordinarily dignified, arresting and strange. In the same manner, an extended coverage of the smaller trades of London, Paris and New York, some heroic, many printed nine to the page, like *cartes de visite*: mailmen, furniture-movers, tree-pruners, plumbers, cheese-sellers. They are realized with loving sympathy, great dignity, serene absorption. Paris style of the twentieth century starting with Cocteau's ballet *Parade* in 1917, made high fashion out of rehabilitating the commonplace. Painters once did it, but there is no genre painting today. Penn's portraits will last longer than some more ambitious art; his small tradesmen and women give wonderful ideas to the costumers and historical painters of the future.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

IT HAS been a rum week in the theatre: symbolic perhaps of the present state of our stage. The best work was to be seen in the new Balanchine ballet based on the *Liebeslieder Walzer* of Johannes Brahms—sung as well as danced—at the City Center; the worst was *Camelot* (Majestic); the most paradoxical were O'Casey's *The Plough and the Stars* (Phoenix) and a Tyrone Guthrie production of a play, *Love and Libel*, already closed.

The wonderful Brahms piece as the New York Ballet presents it bears the unmistakable imprint of Balanchine's exquisite aristocracy. It is as strong as it is refined. Here power is shaped by sensibility, mastery made to appear easy, order masked as casualness. The taste throughout is perfect. Karinska's costumes, which seem to efface themselves and fit the wearers like their own skins, are truly lovely. (Compare with the Radio City opulence of *Camelot.*) The setting and lighting by David Hays—reduced to the barest essentials—become part of the dance and song. All the elements, which must be separate in description, are apprehended simultaneously as one body of beauty. The twentieth century pays tribute here to the nineteenth.

CAMELOT which might be called Oliver Smith's Ball (he designed the lavish scenery), is a monument of ineptitude. I could not help calculating that for the cost of this production we could have thirty-five or more off-Broadway productions, the least of which might have more real value than this fool farrago. The cast is full af talented people—Julie Andrews, Richard Burton and many others—reduced to clothes horses.

The advance sale for this show probably marks an all-time record: everyone wants to know what the author, composer, director (Lerner, Loewe, Hart) have wrought since *My Fair Lady.* What "everyone" will see is these accomplished Broadwayites engaged in a game they should not have permitted themselves to play. They are not subjects of the realm they sought to enter: King Arthur's Court. The spectacle will be on for a long time: another item to rejoice pessimists.

I CALL the Phoenix production of *The Plough and the Stars* paradoxical for several reasons. I believe it will be well attended because the propaganda conducted over the years on behalf of O'Casey seems finally to have taken effect. This is as it should be, since O'Casey with all his limitations is one of the truly big men of the contemporary theatre, and *The Plough and the Stars* (first produced in 1926) is one of his masterpieces. The last time I saw the play (in 1953) it was done in a loft on Sixth Avenue where there could have been no more than 125 seats. It was as if the play were being celebrated in secret.

So O'Casey is "coming into his own"—through and in spite of a wholly inadequate production. I cannot bring myself to be harsh with the Phoenix company, which is performing and for years has been performing a necessary function in our theatre. But for the company's own good I must point out that more than a quarter of O'Casey's wonderful text is unintelligible in this production. Either the actors should have been given preliminary lessons in Irish speech or—what would probably have been preferable—they should not have essayed it at all. The dialogue itself is so Irish that its mere recital is sufficiently "authentic."

Second (and this, too, may account for the unintelligibility of many lines), the director Stuart Vaughan, who has learned to visualize and physicalize Shakespeare, Goldsmith and others with generally happy results, has tried to do the same for O'Casey. This is unfortunate because O'Casey's writing is physical enough in itself; his characters are nearly always quarreling or in some other state of violence—even in repose—and very little need be done to emphasize the activity. A little vitality on the actor's part will go a long way in O'Casey, for he abounds in it.

Still, the play survives. The more one sees it the less "local" it becomes. For though *The Plough and the Stars* is unimaginable except in its own environment—O'Casey was a witness and a member of the scene he depicts—one comes to realize that the play is not only a tragi-comedy of Irish circumstances and character, but a sorry picture of humanity in general. The comedy—one might say—the farce of our existence is that we go on living—and "getting along"—despite the wretched selfishness, the drunken unawareness, the indifference, the sightlessness that far outweigh our wickedness. The key line to this, as to most of O'Casey's plays, is the one which ends the first act, "Is there anybody goin', Mrs. Clitheroe, with a titther of sense?"

Hardly anyone in this play has the slightest idea of what's going on outside or inside himself, beyond the most immediate and primitive animal needs. Hence all are cruel, suffer and are finally victims. What is ultimately communicated is the inferno of human anarchy, a universal heedlessness. Nevertheless, O'Casey communicates (without bathos) a sorrowful tenderness and an ineradicable love for his fellows, undeserving though they all seem to be—undeserving of everything except mockery and pity. One is touched by O'Casey's compassion and one loves him for it—and for his laughter.

MORE THAN mention must be made of *Love and Libel*, by the Canadian critic and novelist Robertson Davies, though it was an instantaneous failure. The play was well written and not without humor and charm. But it should never have been produced in a big New York theatre. It was more like a series of short skits—at once provincially quaint and civilized—with a quality of intimate kidding which only a small community possessed of a considerable degree of familiarity and friendship among the inhabitants could properly appreciate.

The cast—with the exception of Dennis King and Gene Saks nearly all Anglo- or Irish-Canadian—was excellent and Tyrone Guthrie's improvisations were brilliantly and inventively funny. There is a kind of nonchalant effrontery, a gigantic Puckishness in this director which is a sure trait of aristocratic grandeur.

ART

Fairfield Porter

ONE MIGHT reasonably expect sculpture, the most "thingish" of the arts, to be the dominant art of a materialistic age or society. It does not seem to be the dominant art here today. Is this country and this time against materialism? Is it materialistic to appreciate first of all the physical nature of art? Official sculpture is usually nonphysical. An example is the statue of Jefferson in the Jefferson Memorial in Washington. The sculptor's technique was directed toward overcoming the medium, which is marble. He was so successful that it might as well have been rubber. As he did not appreciate the physical character of marble, neither did he appreciate the physical presence of the statue or the physical reality of the human subject. The statue is gigantic in size and petty in treatment. Jefferson stands indecisively, trapped under the architecture. "Drapery" reveals a sculptor's feeling about material. He may be bored by the clothes as standing in the way of the only subject he thinks appropriate for scupture—the nude. The chances are that if he is bored by "drapery," he will also be bored by the nude, because he will see ideas instead of things. If he sees clothes as social idea instead of as material fact he will be likely to see the idea of the nude instead of its specific structure. Prejudice colors perception. From the overcoming of the nature of the medium follows the overcoming of the specific nature of the subject. The hugeness of the Jefferson statue magnifies its littleness. It magnifies what marble has in common with other materials, and what Jefferson has in common with other men. It is as American as a public-opinion poll.

The revolution in art that affirms its means in order to say that art is physical and material—I am not sure that these words are synonymous—has been accompanied by the popularity of steel as a sculptural medium. Whether he wants or not, the artist has to concede the inescapable toughness and resistance of steel. Working directly with steel has replaced the indirectness of working with plaster as a step toward bronze. Being a preliminary step, plaster was not respected for itself, any more than the copper plate as a preliminary to the printed etching is respected for itself. The plaster casts in schools, substitutes for real art across the Atlantic, look dead. But plaster has a natural lightness and crispness: it hardens quickly, and after it is dry, it can be

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carved. Exploited for itself, it contributes to the liveliness of modern sculpture.

REUBEN NAKIAN, exhibiting at the Egan Gallery until January, is a sculptor who makes plaster come alive. His favorite subject is *The Rape of Europa,* which he has hitherto executed in terra cotta. He uses terra cotta with baroque speed, as though the form were painted with brushes dipped in clay, appropriate to the charge of the bull, and reminiscent of Titian's *Europa* at Fenway Court in Boston. His latest Europas are in plaster. They look like porous, chalky tufa dug up out of the ground. His first Europas expressed an excitement all in the present; these new ones, in which the subject is fragmentary and hard to make out, are like recollections, changed by burial. They have the partly natural, partly artificial appearance of archaeological remains. What was the speed of the present in the earlier terra cottas, has become an image from the past, static and worn by time. Having lost an immediacy of subject, they have gained another materiality. They have turned into stone.

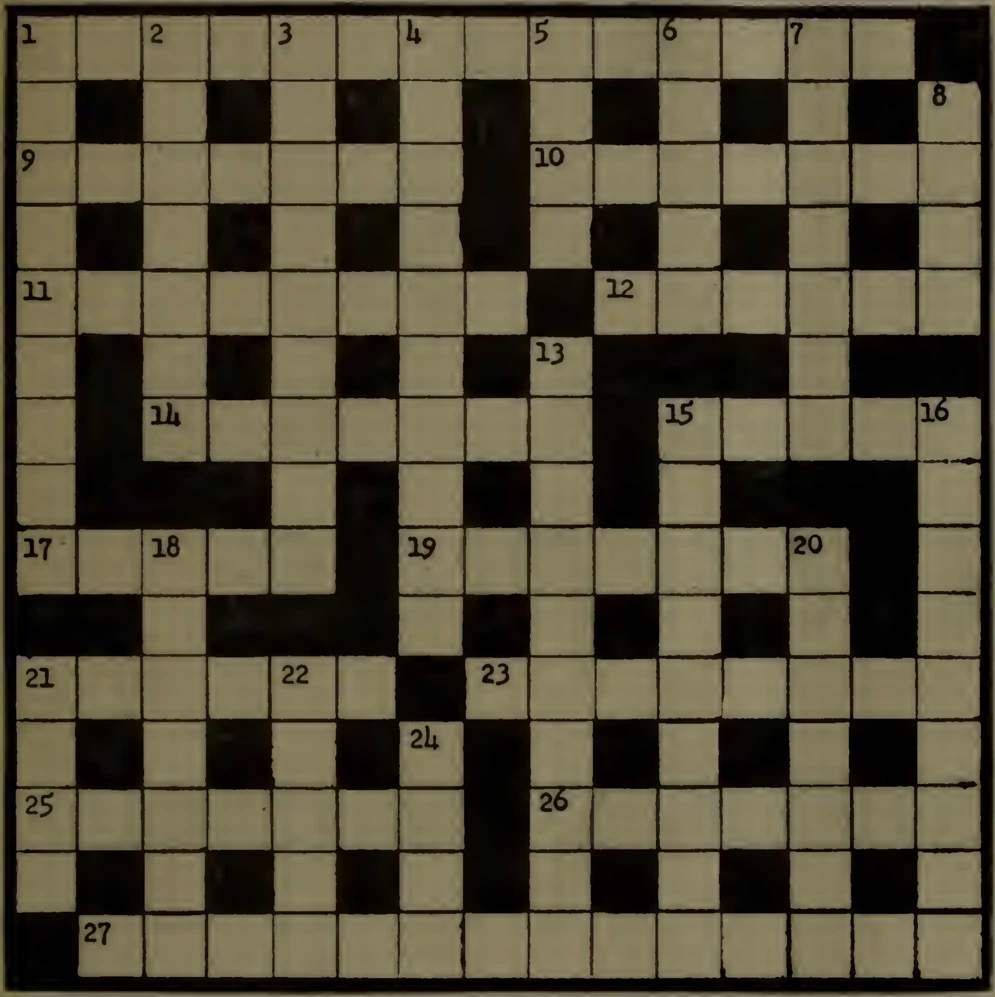
His two large steel pieces, *Venus and Mars and The Duchess of Alba* (presumably referring to Goya's painting) are completely artificial and willed. Nakian adapts the inadaptability of the material, making steel do for modern sculptors what basalt did for ancient ones. The tensile strength and springiness of steel in these sculptures do not make you think of its virtues for engineering, but of its resistance to manipulation. He uses it artistically, not functionally. The sheet steel, barely bent for the bed and figures, is like shadow, or the washes in his ink drawings; and the welded pipe framework is the three-dimensional projection of the pen lines in the grid of the drawing. Neither the edges cut by the blow torch nor the curves of the surfaces are sensual or stimulating to the touch. Their resemblance to a pile of jack straws recalls the delicate, easily upset balance of this child's game. They are not tactile, they are for the eye; they aspire to heroic scale, and should be seen high and distant on a pediment.

SOMETIMES it is a disappointment to see in bronze a piece of contemporary sculpture that one saw first in plaster. The crispness is replaced by the idea of the form. When this happens, it is because instead of the plaster having been thought of for its usefulness as a middle step, it is the bronze that has been thought of as a useful way of saving a conception from loss. Plaster is perishable. Nakian's sculpture, *The Emperor's Bedroom,* had beauties in the plaster, a crisp whiteness and variation from smooth to rough, a sensuality that the bronze has lost. However, it is better to save a piece of sculpture diminished by casting, than to lose it altogether, as happened to another sculpture that was on view for a long time at the former Egan Gallery on 57th Street. This plaster carving, which looked like an abstract *Victory of Samothrace,* was the greatest piece of sculpture ever made in America. Nakian kept working on it, and finally it was destroyed because it was in his way, and he had no place to keep it.

AN EXHIBITION of the sculpture of Peter Agostini closed Dec. 10 at the Stephen Radich Gallery. But the gallery keeps samples of his work, and some will be shown later this month, with sculpture by Nakian, Philip Pavia and Giorgio Spaventa, at the Great Jones Gallery. Agostini is another sculptor with an appreciation for plaster, as well as bronze. He seems to be able to carry his plasters through to a completion that satisfies him, so that he can let it be cast. He supervises the casting, and he uses silver nitrate for a cool gray patina that relates to the texture of the original plaster. Contrary to the academic sculptor, troubled by drapery whose structure he cannot appreciate, Agostini shows many rococo-like sculptures that are only "drapery." *Hurricane, Clothes on a Line,* and the various *Wastepapers* and *Blacksmith's Aprons* are very lively. He molds his plaster with egg boxes, corrugated cardboard, crushed cigarette packages, contraceptives and the plastic containers that dry plaster or other such sculptor's material comes in. The forms and textures pressed from these, and from crumpled sheet metal and wastepaper, have a physical presence of an irresistible and joyous tactility that make your fingers tingle. He also shows bronze nudes that are at once figurative and like metal in the lode. Agostini is more of a naturalist than Nakian. His sculpture has the mixed look of something wind- or water-worn, crystallized by heat and pressure, in addition to the artist's manipulation. Where Nakian's sculpture sometimes resembles archaeological fragments, Agostini's resembles the minerals in a geologist's collection. The wind in Nakian's sculpture is, more directly than Agostini's wind, the wind of sex; and his crystallizations are more psychological. They are precipitated out of their solution in time.

Crossword Puzzle No. 895

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 His Duchess was obviously not a First Lady. (6, 8)
9 It's easy to make him care, but not really. (7)
10 I've brought back my partner for the evening around it, so turn aside! (7)
11 What the malicious might sling on decks? (3, 5)
12 It might be a rather elaborate arrangement for a tenor. (6)
14 and 15 Bush farm team for hurlers? (7, 5)
17 Moved slowly and carefully. (5)
19 Shot in the approach of beef, as it might be. (7)
21 See 6 down
23 Buses are often so common. (8)
25 Extolling the virtues of a sauce that should last a thousand years? (7)
26 Found in what a Victorian would never show with nothing on? (It's neither here nor there.) (2, 5)
27 How would you characterize this rum? ("Cheers" implied!) (5, 3, 6)

DOWN:

1 Recollect? Every dime-store comb, in essence, has it. (9)
2 New stars are often given a big one, to put layer on layer. (5, 2)
3 Brought back history in part? (9)
4 One's sense of balance determines how high you should go with it. (5, 5)
5 Lady Macbeth said the time was almost at this with morning. (4)
6 and 21 across Do those who use the euphemism of passing on? (5, 3, 3)
7 Once more it's up to the Resettlement Administration, as a source of power. (7)
8 Just water? (4)
13 Provoking description? (10)
15 Not exactly equivalent to a page bob—though it might help a secretary in her attachment for the boss. (5, 4)
16 What 23 might do in a fit of rapture. (9)
18 A la mode. (7)
20 Foster's was beautiful. (7)
21 Commonly hit on the foot. (4)
22 Shakespearean tale-teller? (5)
24 What an SOS starts with, by admission. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 894

ACROSS: 1 Bureaucrat; 10 Tighten; 11 Glottal; 12 Elis; 13 Belladonna; 15 Needles; 16 Command; 17 Overeat; 20 Hands up; 22, 2 and 6 Alexander's Ragtime Band; 23 and 3 Palo Alto; 25 Doubles; 26 Tsarina; 27 Eyed; 28 Imposingly. DOWN: 1 Between you and me; 4 Canters; 5 Angelic; 7 Antenna; 8 Dollar Diplomacy; 9 Condiment; 14 Alienable; 18 Execute; 19 Tidy sum; 20 Horatio; 21 Searing; 24 Sari.

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THE NATION

DECEMBER 31, 1960 . . 25c

New York's Air Tragedy

CRASH OF A SYSTEM

Karl M. Ruppenthal

An Eight-Year Appraisal

EISENHOWER'S QUEST FOR PEACE

D. F. Fleming

LETTERS

Hope for the Losers

Dear Sirs: Those of us who were stunned by the loss of Porter, Meyer, Johnson, Kasem, Weir and Wolf will rejoice at Congressman Porter's declaration that "we [Peace] Congressmen" will try comebacks in 1962 [*The Nation,* Dec. 3]. The voices of such Congressmen are not altogether lost. It should be noted, for example, that a number of students from Harvard, Radcliffe, Boston University and Dartmouth spent three weekends campaigning in Vermont for William Meyer, a spontaneous gesture of support for his outstanding efforts in the cause of peace. This is to say nothing of the work of Peter Jacobson, a University of Chicago student who, on leave of absence, had already organized Vermont student support for the Congressman; and of all of the original and dedicated Meyer workers.

Gene Keyes '63
Harvard University

Cambridge, Mass.

The Electoral System

Dear Sirs: In connection with Mr. Ted Lewis' article on the Electoral College in your December 10 issue, I believe that the Electoral system's virtues far outnumber its faults. . . .

To reiterate the classic defense of the Electoral College, the popular vote is often almost impossible to tabulate exactly. There are vote frauds, miscounts, etc. In close votes, the election would always be in doubt and we would have no President for long periods of time. For instance, in the election of 1880, out of nine million votes a change of 4,500 could have reversed the result under the "direct election" system. In proportion even closer, the Kennedy-Nixon election could have been reversed by a miscount of only about 50,000 of the 64 million votes — just one district in a couple of big cities.

Also, Mr. Lewis' article is based on the assumption that the two-party system is eternal. This is certainly belied by history: the Republicans started out as a third party; then there are the Progressives, the Bull Moosers, the Populists and States-Rights (upon occasion, even the Socialists have received a million votes). In a three-party election, the direct election system is nationally almost unworkable, for no one party could ever get a popular majority. If we had gone strictly by popular vote, neither John Quincy Adams, Lincoln, nor Wilson would have been elected. If we wanted a majority President, we would have to eliminate candidates (which ones?) and hold the elections all over again, and then probably again and again. This would be ridiculous, unwieldy and completely unworkable. . . .

If the Lodge proposal to apportion the electoral vote on the first ballot according to the popular vote of the state were passed, then the inherent possibility in the Electoral system of having a popular-minority President would be almost entirely obviated, and the method would be completely democratic.

Charles W. LeBaron

Riverdale, N.Y.

The Statehood Question

Dear Sirs: Mr. Meisler runs shallow in his estimate of Luis Ferre's Statehood Party ["The Governor and the Bishops," Dec. 3]. For one thing, the issue of statehood vs. the current expedient of commonwealth status has profound consequences for the island's economic and social development and adequate political representation. For another, Ferre's program has a good deal to be said for it in terms of Puerto Rico's changing condition, if only his proposals were given a fair hearing by those who come to observe.

Your writer falls prey to the PPD's "maximum exposure" designed to convince visitors that Muñoz Marín represents the salvation and Luis Ferre the reactionary elements. In fact, Muñoz's regime can stand a good deal of criticism. Puerto Rico's economic achievements have been overrated and overattributed to Muñoz's Operation Bootstrap. Only the Governor's political deftness suppresses an intense insular nationalism and a deep-felt antipathy to the Yanqui. "Bread and butter" has kept the lid on his strong *independentista* sentiments and those of many in his party as well. All this is common knowledge on the island, though it may come as a surprise to mainlanders.

Such an attitude has not been without its policy impacts as instanced by the undermining of the English-language program in the elementary schools. Most Puerto Rican children now grow up unequipped to participate in the larger United States environment. The consequences have been repeatedly observed in New York City.

Puerto Rico could certainly have done much worse than Muñoz in the past decade. But his unreasoning opposition to statehood which, among other deprivations, keeps several million American citizens from having national representation, his depressing autocratic bent, and a growing indication that the PPD has spent itself — these are some factors that call for a change.

Ralph Nader

Winsted, Conn.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1960
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THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

The Fetish of Continuity

There is a startling contrast between the way the change in Administration is regarded at home and the way our allies, and the neutrals, not to speak of our opponents, regard it. Among American commentators, the emphasis is largely on the need for continuity, a smooth transition, and avoidance at all costs of any disruption of policies — symptoms of anxiety more fitting for an elderly maiden lady than a great country. Abroad, the motif is a hopeful, perhaps only wistful, desire that the United States should discard those of its policies which, over a period of a decade or more, have proved their unworkability. Indeed, the changeover in administrations is a golden opportunity to get out of the bear traps in which every administration, whether of a country, corporation, or institution of learning, in time becomes enmeshed. To err is human, to defend one's errors is equally human and even more damaging, and still worse is the inability to see one's errors. When a new President is elected, his duty is not to his predecessors, however worthy and dedicated, but to the people of the United States. It is precisely revaluation and discontinuity that is the purpose of elections; otherwise the President might better serve for life, as indeed Alexander Hamilton, a political prophet but something of a monarchist, proposed in the early days of the Republic.

Another reason for President-elect Kennedy's full utilization of his power of review and change is that the United States is the first country in the world to bring a new generation to governmental power, and to give the young and the young-middle-aged a chance to see whether they can do better than their fathers. The average age of the new President and his Cabinet will be 47.5 years. If those elected to and selected for high office cling timidly to the old ways before they reach fifty, the United States is a good deal sicker than *The Nation* thinks it is.

A group of thirty-two distinguished historians at twenty-three American colleges and universities have adopted the view that now is the time for a change, especially in foreign policy. Among them are Edward Burns at Rutgers, John W. Caughey and Kenneth M. Stampp at the University of California, Thomas Cochran at the University of Pennsylvania, William A. Williams at the University of Wisconsin, Ray A. Billington at Northwestern, Richard L. Watson at Duke, William L. Neuman at Goucher College, Robert H. Ferrell at Indiana, Norman A. Graebner at the University of Illinois, Alexander DeConde at the University of Michigan, and Paul A. Varg at Michigan State. "As historians," they write, "we urge that the dead hand of the past not be allowed to determine the future. . . . A time comes in the history of a nation when only bold and imaginative leadership can assure national survival and the preservation of national ideals. The United States faces such a time. The continued loss of American initiative in your Administration would result in declining world influence and possibly a disastrous thermonuclear war." They recommend in particular a program for a nuclear-test ban, diplomatic recognition of Communist China, and diplomatic recognition of the government of East Germany as a prelude to the solution of the Berlin question. No one expects Mr. Kennedy to do all these things at once, but we can expect him not to shrink from considering them.

Civil Defense

A DC-8 jet airliner that had been in collision with a Super Constellation plunged into a Brooklyn street. It wrecked a church, sheared off the tops of a few brownstones, and set fire to eleven other buildings. In the houses and on the street, five persons were killed and four injured. Witnesses describe the scene as an inferno. Many thought there had been an air raid or that a missile had fallen.

But it was not a missile or even, by World War III standards, a major incident. Houses within a few yards of the point where the wrecked aircraft came to rest were undamaged. The toll of victims on the ground was no greater than that of a single major accident. In terms of TNT, the human and property damage was not in the class of a well-aimed 10-ton blockbuster of World War II. The effective energy release was probably much less than that of a 5-ton bomb; thus a rather small thermonuclear device of 5-megaton rating would have destructive power at least a million times greater. A million! If the power of a child's toy train were multiplied by a million, it could propel an ocean liner or supply electric power to a city.

Among the officials who rushed to the scene of the Brooklyn disaster was the New York Civil Defense director, Robert E. Condon. General Condon turned in a city-wide disaster alarm which brought out 500 auxiliary police, firemen, first-aid personnel and other civilian defense workers. The Red Cross set up a shelter and canteen and provided 400 pints of blood. The Salvation Army supplied doughnuts and coffee to the rescuers. Boy Scouts served as messengers. All this, of course, was in addition to an army of regular police and firemen who did the real work of coping with the disaster.

If a nuclear bomb had actually landed and produced the million or two million-odd casualties which Civil Defense delights in enumerating after each of their periodic drills, none of these amenities would have been available. Most of the policemen, firemen, physicians and CD auxiliaries would have perished with their wards, the wreckage would have covered most of the borough, there would have been neither streets for transit nor hospitals for the injured, and radioactivity would have further paralyzed whatever efforts might have been made to fight the conflagration and aid survivors. When the inhabitants of New York, or any other large city, hear the air raid sirens, they should either weep in anticipation of the catastrophe they are doing so little to prevent, or laugh at the Lilliputian bureaucrats who try to keep up the pretense that anything would or could be done for them.

The Remedy Is Abolition

On January 3, 1961, the opening day of the 87th Congress, any member of the House may offer an amendment to the rules to abolish the Un-American Activities Committee. A major vote on such a motion would rid the country of the twenty-two-year-old abomination that the committee is known to be. Rep. James Roosevelt has indicated that this time he will make the necessary motion — he has proposed it before — only if he is assured of Congressional support. Action need not be taken on the opening day; resolutions can be introduced for later consideration.

For several years, the Un-American Activities Committee has received an annual appropriation of $327,000 — one of the largest granted any committee. The committee's request for funds will come before the House Administration Committee and then before the House itself. *Any* member of the Congress can protest against the appropriation by appearing before the House Administration Committee and by voting against further funds when the matter comes before the full House. *Any* member of Congress can make a speech against the committee merely by asking for the necessary time. *Any* member can introduce editorials, resolutions, petitions or other expressions of opposition to the committee as part of the Appendix to the *Congressional Record.*

Here, then, is a project for all those who share *The Nation's* detestation of the committee and its activities. Contact your Congressman now. Let him know how you feel about the committee. Let him know that you know that he can easily voice a protest against it in one or all of the means indicated. Twenty-two years' experience demonstrates that this particular body cannot be disciplined or reformed; the remedy is abolition. Abolition is a word that still reverberates in the American political tradition. It carries the stamp and imprint of a glorious chapter in our history. It can serve once again as the spur to action against manifest injustice; it can be given new currency and relevance. The time has come to set in motion the forces that will in time result in the abolition of the Un-American Activities Committee.

No Irreparable Loss

John A. McCone, Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, has announced that he intends to resign from the commission when the Kennedy Administration takes office on January 20. It may not be a charitable view, but many observers of the atomic scene will feel that Mr. McCone will serve his country better in taking leave of the job than he did in assuming it. He can take credit for some administrative reforms and for working out agreements with foreign nations for nuclear research and industrial applications. But whatever good he has done has been vitiated, not so much by his insistence on resuming nuclear testing—he is entitled to his opinion on that issue—but by the vicious methods he has used to further his policy. For some months he has been asserting, without evidence, that the Russians must be violating the *de facto* test ban, because, in McCone's view, it is to their interest to do so. In the present atmosphere of international tension, such accusations have the same force as if they were backed up by evidence. Newspapers like the New York *Daily News* transform McCone's surmises into fact: McCone has repeatedly warned, Jerry Greene writes from Washington, "that the Russians undoubtedly were cheating on their own version of a test ban and catching up with the U.S. in new weapons." *The Nation* has it on the highest scientific authority that there is not the slightest reason, on the basis of classified or unclassified data, to believe that the Russians have been testing nuclear weapons. Not only has McCone been unscrupulous in this respect, but he has been a thorn in the side of the State Department which, for perfectly sound policy reasons, has taken the attitude that the American position in the eyes of the world would be grievously compromised by unilateral resumption of testing.

Nowhere are new ideas and courageous thinking more urgently needed than in the field of atomic energy. The appointment of a chairman to succeed Mr. McCone, and the filling of the other vacancy on the AEC, are fully as important as some of the Cabinet offices President-elect Kennedy has filled. Some highly eligible names have been mentioned, among them Harrison Brown, the brilliant professor of geochemistry at the California Institute of Technology. Brown is young, imaginative, highly respected among scientists, and versed in politics as well as in his vocational field. Senator Kennedy could go farther and fare worse.

Zeal Goeth Before a Sprawl

The objections that have been raised to the appointment of Robert Kennedy as Attorney General — nepotism, inexperience, the fact that it is not advisable in purely administrative terms to have the Chief Executive's brother in the top law-enforcement position — are not, in our view, decisive. The basic objection is that Mr. Kennedy has repeatedly demonstrated a form of zeal that, in law enforcement, is always dangerous and frequently self-defeating. Law enforcement calls for vigor, diligence, courage and persistence; zeal, however, is a disability. It is just as much the Attorney General's duty to protect the rights of citizens — even despised citizens — against illegal law-enforcement practices as it is to prosecute the guilty. As counsel for the McClellan Committee, Mr. Kennedy was quite willing to indulge in practices which offended both the letter and the spirit of due process. He engaged in personal vendettas; he made it known that he was out to "get" named individuals.

The law can be enforced with a scrupulous regard for Constitutional rights; indeed, this is the only effective enforcement policy. It is an everyday occurrence for American courts to reverse judgments — the Apalachin conspiracy case comes to mind — in which convictions were secured by questionable methods even where, as in the Apalachin case, the prosecutor was aware of the dangers and tried to guard the rights of the defendants. Mr. Kennedy is a young man and the responsibilities of his new office may work changes in his tactics and disposition; we hope they will. But he will seriously compromise the new Administration if he demonstrates in his new office the zeal and animus that he exhibited as counsel for the McClellan Committee. Years ago, in *The Devil's Dictionary,* Ambrose Bierce defined zeal as "a certain nervous disorder afflicting the young and inexperienced. A passion that goeth before a sprawl."

The Saga of the Headless Prawns

When Harry Truman slapped a total embargo on U.S. trade with Red China in 1950, he made Hong Kong a customs inspector's paradise. If the inspector, usually located in Honolulu or an American port of entry on the West Coast, suspects that an imported article has come from Red China, he may seize it without proof. "The returning tourist or importer," writes Igor Oganesoff in *The Wall Street Journal,* "must prove that he did not commit the crime of buying Red Chinese merchandise, if he brings in goods bought in Hong Kong." Hong Kong has become, in effect, a Red Chinese port, although the British cooperate with the Americans in keeping it as free as possible of the malign influence which so horrifies American statesmen.

To this end, certificates of origin are furnished to the Hong Kong manufacturers or purveyors of goods which otherwise are indistinguishable from the Red Chinese product. Hong Kong exports about $100 million worth of goods to the United States annually. Of this sizable volume, more than four-fifths is certified to be free of the Red taint. This does not necessarily mean that the materials were not made or grown in Red China, only that a certificate was duly made out so stating.

As is only natural under the circumstances, a certain amount of funny business goes on; a further complication is that the British, while cooperating, are less squeamish than the Americans when it comes to the Red virus. Thus the British have made an arrangement for a water supply from Red China which will be "commingled" with the native Hong Kong water, of which there isn't enough. Mr. Oganesoff, who seems somewhat lacking in the proper attitude in such serious matters, asks whether the U.S. Navy, whose destroyers and aircraft carriers frequently take on supplies in Hong Kong, will commit the clearly illegal act of filling their tanks with Communist water. Without wishing to tell the Navy what it should do, *The Nation* feels strongly that this water should be de-commingled before it is fed to American seamen or American boilers.

It is distressing to report, however, that attempts to segregate, tag and register Hong Kong ducks have failed — a U. S. consular official said it was "hopeless." On the other hand, a signal success was achieved in the case of prawns, of which 4.25 million pounds were sold to the United States in 1958. By arrangement with the British, Hong Kong prawns were decapitated before crating, thus distinguishing them from Communist prawns. But one day an American consular officer who had occasion to visit Hong Kong's central fish market, was thrown into consternation when he saw that more than a third of the displayed prawns, mostly from Red China, were headless. The export of prawns was forthwith cut off, and America was saved from a deadly menace.

Christmas in Tokyo

Each year, a little louder than the year before, conflicting voices are raised on the point of whether Christ can be, should be or is being "kept" in Christmas. Is the holiday being celebrated as a religious festival or a pagan rout; are businessmen fostering or corrupting the human virtue of generosity; is it a violation of civil rights to require public school children to lend their voices to hymns in praise of a savior whom their faith does not recognize as such? Every year at Christmas time, Christ becomes a controversial figure.

Except in Japan. David Brinkley, reporting on TV from Tokyo earlier this month, showed scenes from the department stores there that closely resemble the panoramas of chaos to be found in Macy's, The May Company, Neiman-Marcus or Magnin's from Thanksgiving to Christmas Eve. The same nylons, cameras, perfumes and slippers; the same artificial snow and public-address carols; the same strained crowds buying against the threat of being caught short of benevolence on Christmas Day. But in Tokyo, of course, the embarrassing question of Christ does not arise, since a Christian is about as common there as a Democrat in Westchester. In Japan, Christmas is no more a religious holiday than Mother's Day here—it is openly a device for getting the merchandise off the shelves.

So it is perfectly possible to celebrate Christmas without Christ. And it might be preferable to do so. Church historians do not really know when Jesus was born; could they not search their records again and offer a date—say in November or February—that would be as plausible as December 25? Then those disposed to reflect on the spiritual and historical significance of the event might do so unharried by the exhaustion of ritual trinket exchange and unoffended by the strains of "Holy Night" blaring from the doorways of record shops and dime stores. As matters now stand, we mark the birth of Lincoln with considerably more reverence than we give to the birth of Christ. Can't we find a non-commercial spot on the calendar for the Child of Mary?

NEW YORK'S AIR TRAGEDY

CRASH of a SYSTEM . . *by Karl M. Ruppenthal*

ONCE AGAIN disaster has struck from the air, bringing grief to hundreds of families and a deep feeling of shock to everyone in the nation. At least 132 persons were killed, including several bystanders: a street sweeper, a church caretaker, two Christmas-tree vendors. Several buildings were demolished, a dozen others set on fire. In the height of the melee, police found it necessary to rope off ten blocks of the city. Law suits and insurance claims may well aggregate close to $150,000,000. Without question, the Brooklyn-Staten Island crash constituted the worst air disaster in the history of commercial aviation.

One wonders how such a tragedy could have happened. There is more at stake here than this single crash, however fateful it turned out to be. It may be that our air-safety system itself is at fault. If this is so, and unless the fault or faults are remedied, similar tragedies are bound to recur with increasing frequency as air traffic continues to burgeon.

About the Author

Karl M. Ruppenthal writes about air transport not as a theoretician, but as an airline pilot who has been flying commercial planes since 1942. In his off hours, he lectures on transportation and management at Stanford University and has been posting *Nation* readers regularly on what they should know about air travel. This year the following pieces by Mr. Ruppenthal have appeared in these columns: "Tomorrow's Air Crash" (January 30), "Can Your Copilot Fly?" (April 2), "The Field the Pilot Trusts" (May 14), and "Bumping the Passenger" (June 25).

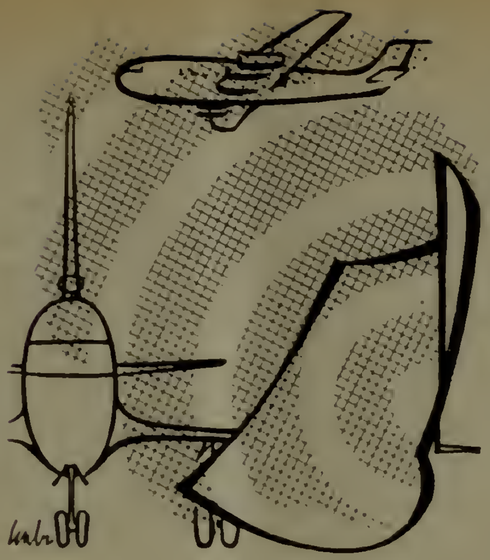
WITH all possible speed, skilled investigators from the Civil Aeronautics Board (CAB) sped to the crash sites in Brooklyn and Staten Island. Eleven other agencies from various government units also sent men to assist. By law, the Federal Aviation Agency (FAA) is responsible for the safe conduct of air traffic and the promulgation of safety rules. But when accidents occur, it is the CAB, an entirely different agency, that is charged with determining the cause. Civil-aviation agencies have not always had this clear-cut division of responsibility. Until recently, the CAB not only made the safety regulations, but also investigated accidents. But a system which establishes a single body to act as both legislator and judge is obviously bad. The CAB, acting as judge, was not likely to feel that the CAB, acting as legislator, had at any time been at fault.

In 1958, all this was changed. When the FAA assumed the powers of the now-defunct Civil Aeronautics Administration, it was given absolute powers to make safety and traffic rules. It has unquestioned responsibility for the safe conduct of planes flying under instrument flight rules (IFR). The CAB has been left with the primary job of investigating accidents after they have occurred.

Are the safety procedures laid down by the FAA adequate? That is the larger question which the current inquiry into the Brooklyn-Staten Island tragedy must establish.

All such inquiries include certain routine investigations: the qualifications of the crew members involved (health, certifications, etc.); whether the crew members complied with all regulations and had the legally required rest periods prior to their flight; the mechanical condition of the planes and any log-book history that might prove relevant; weather conditions at origin, destination and en route; clearance, routing and the amount of fuel on board the plane or planes, and a host of additional relevant aspects of the flights.

In Brooklyn and in Staten Island, more delicate and time-consuming investigations have begun. Skilled engineers and technicians are gathering every bit of wreckage of the two planes. They are hunting for instruments, recorders, bent pieces of metal. Reconstruction procedures may enable them to determine the angle of impact and other important facts. Also being investigated are the electronic transcriptions of the clearances given the planes and other important bits of conversation between crew members and airport officials. Today, all communications from controllers to pilots are recorded for just such eventualities. Putting all the information together,



including the last known geographical positions of the planes, their air speed and the strength and direction of local winds, it should be possible to compute where the collision occurred. It may be many months before all fragments of evidence are collected and finally conjoined. Here are some of the things that the CAB investigators will discover.

PROMPTLY at 7:40 A.M. on the morning of Friday, December 16, TWA's Constellation Flight 226 originated at Dayton, Ohio. An hour before scheduled departure, Captain Wollam and his crew arrived to begin preparations. While the engineer checked the plane, the pilots reviewed weather, winds and other pertinent information. The dispatcher's release indicated that after its usual stop at Columbus, the flight would continue to New York.

There were low ceilings and snow in the East — a condition relatively common during the winter months. Hours earlier, TWA's New York dispatcher had reviewed weather conditions and forecasts and had computed the fuel required. The captain, making his computations independently, determined how much fuel he would take. On this point, the captain is the ultimate judge, except that he may not take less fuel than the amount specified by the dispatcher. When the flight left Columbus, it had sufficient fuel to fly to New York, to circle for some time in the holding pattern, then to return westward — if need be — to land at an alternative airport, still with plenty of fuel on board.

On the ground at Dayton, the pilots planned their flight. Taking account of wind, fuel requirements and weather, they selected the best route and altitude. On their flight plan, they indicated their air speed, desired routing and other pertinent information. This was transmitted by teletype to the Airways Traffic Control Center in Indianapolis. There the appropriate controller coordinated the information with other traffic and reserved a specific altitude for the flight. When the plane departed the ramps at Dayton and Columbus, the control-tower operator relayed clearance to the pilot. At Columbus, the clearance may well have read something like this:

> ATC clears TWA Flight 226 to the New York LaGuardia Airport via Victor airway 12 to Harrisburg, Victor 162 to Allentown, then Victor 5, Victor 123. Cross Roscoe at 3,000 feet, then maintain 17,000 feet. Maintain runway heading for two minutes after take off, then radar vectors to Victor 12.

The pilot acknowledged the clearance by repeating it back to safeguard against the possibility of error. As the plane broke ground, the Columbus tower operator relayed the time to Indianapolis Airways Traffic Control. Seconds later, the Indianapolis controller alerted Pittsburg Center that the flight would be entering its area midway between Columbus and Pittsburgh. At Philipsburg, Pennsylvania, the flight was "handed off" to a New York controller.

Because of the tremendous volume of traffic in the New York area, the work load is highly segmented. One controller has jurisdiction over traffic on the route from the vicinity of Philipsburg to Allentown, where control is normally again shifted. About this time, the plane comes under radar surveillance, and still another controller has jurisdiction. On a flight from Columbus to LaGuardia, the pilot may be in contact with a dozen different controllers, each responsible for a particular bit of airspace.

Approaching New York from the West, it is usual to begin the descent above Allentown or thereabouts. Then the pilot is cleared to a relatively low altitude, sometimes to a holding pattern close to the airport. Sometime later, he is shifted to the LaGuardia Approach Controller, who gives him authority to commence approach. Once the plane is clear of clouds, or nearing the airport boundary, still another controller gives the pilot clearance to land. Reports presently available indicate that Flight 226 was cleared to Linden, N.J., to maintain 5,000 feet. Preliminary reports do not indicate whether jurisdiction had yet been transferred to LaGuardia.

MEANWHILE at Chicago, a United DC-8 was also readied for its flight to Idlewild Airport, New York. Veteran Captain Sawyer made careful preparations for his flight, planning his route and receiving clearance. In this connection, it is important to note that both TWA and United had long ago filed flight plans for all of their flights. Even on the clearest day they operate under instrument flight rules (IFR), thus requesting that airways traffic control reserve for them a particular bit of airspace for every flight. While the FAA does not require it, other lines, too, follow the conservative practice of always flying IFR. This gives the double protection that comes from the pilots' ability to see some planes in the air, plus the ground controller's ability to allocate airspace. Under bad weather conditions, all planes must fly in accordance with IFR. But on clear days, if every plane in the sky requested an IFR clearance, the system would be totally unable to accommodate them.

Normally, jetliners approaching New York start descending from their cruising altitude (usually 29,000 to 35,000 feet) somewhere in the vicinity of Allentown. The standard clearance is over Robbinsville, then northeast on the airway to Preston, New Jersey. From that point, there are several routes to Idlewild at the disposal of the ground controller. Newspaper reports indicate that this jet had been cleared to 6,000 feet, then to descend to 5,000. From as far west as Allentown jet flights are under radar surveillance. Apparently this flight was cleared to Preston, where it might be instructed to turn into the holding pattern before being allowed to proceed.

At 10:37 A.M., the DC-8 crashed in downtown Brooklyn. Minutes later the disabled Constellation plummeted onto Staten Island. Even before all the evidence is gathered, there are strong indications that the system broke down. Here are several things which might have occurred.

There might have been radar failure. Since these devices are electronic, they are subject to the same limitations as a radio tube or a light bulb. It is true that controllers have stand-by sets, but when one instrument gives out, precious time is required for the controller to shift his attention to another. In a closely-timed, critical situation, even a momentary failure might be sufficient to invite disaster.

Equally possible, and a good bit more probable, is that the radar set was "acting up." Radar is a marvelous device, but it too has limitations; in snow or thunderstorms, reception may be impeded. In crowded terminal areas, even momentary loss of contact may be serious.

Sometimes jets arriving over Preston are cleared to Idlewild via the Hempstead low-frequency range. This ancient audio facility is none too good even in the best of weather; in snow-static conditions its signal may be unintelligible. Such ranges have been known to "swing" and give false indications that tend to lure a pilot out of position. In this day and age there is really no excuse for using such antiquated radio devices. But the FAA sometimes still requires that they be used.

The possibility of human error cannot be ruled out. At the end of a hectic day of radar-watching, more than one controller has been known to become confused and to direct a plane to turn left when he really wanted it to turn right. If he is watching two or three closely timed situations, it is not impossible that he may momentarily lose his attention, or he may miscalculate a bit. Through this inadvertence a plane may continue on its last assigned heading when it should have been directed to turn.

Pilots, too, can make errors. Because of faulty instruments, poor communications or inadvertence, a pilot may drift off course. But if this should occur, the radar controller should be able to spot it immediately and help the pilot return to course. In this case, if either pilot actually did stray off course, there should be clear evidence of the fact. The controller's warning to the pilot should be recorded on the controller's tape. But here again another fact would be important: Did the warning come soon enough?

Eventually all these bits will be put together and the investigators will determine the proximate cause of this particular crash. And that is all they are required to do. But the actions thereafter taken will determine the likelihood of further accidents due to faulty traffic control. This happens to be the first collision involving pilots both of whom had filed flight plans and were flying in accordance with IFR. But the hazard of additional mid-air collisions is much too great. In a sense, it makes little difference whether there was a mechanical failure or human oversight in this instance. The fact is that the traffic-control system is so fragile that it allowed such an accident to happen.

IT IS ironical that such well-operated air lines as United and TWA have virtually no control over the collision hazards to which their planes are exposed. They may give their pilots the best possible training and insist on the highest maintenance standards, but in matters of traffic control, they are completely in the hands of the FAA.

To a railroad man, this situation may seem strange indeed. When two trains collide, there is little doubt who is responsible: It is the railroad itself or some of its employees. Every railroad controls its own right of way and is thus responsible for its traffic. Progressive railroads long since installed Centralized Traffic Control systems (CTC) which make collisions all but impossible. Understandably, air lines cannot each have its own system of traffic control; because of the tremendous number of planes in the skies and the complexities of modern-day traffic, utter chaos would reign. But the amazing thing is that the FAA has not yet developed a fail-safe traffic control system. On the best-equipped railroads, if an engineer dies or a controller steps out for a cup of coffee, the worst that can happen is that the trains stop running. No train proceeds unless there is absolute certainty that the track is clear. The fail-safe elements in the system guarantee that nothing will happen if any part of the system fails.

On the airways, no similar system is in operation. If the radar quits, or a radio fails, too much is left to chance. For far too much of his flight, the pilot is at the mercy of the system. He has no way of knowing how efficiently the individuals and the machinery directing him from the ground are operating.

Today some traffic controllers work under near-impossible conditions. They must make tremendous numbers of important decisions under the pressure of insufficient time. The job of coordination between one controller and another is enormous, and the coordination is not always accomplished. It is not surprising that some controllers develop ulcers. Others worry so much about the possibility of making mistakes that they quit the FAA.

It has not been many weeks since some officials in Washington were talking about the necessity of developing a supersonic airliner cruising at four times today's commercial speeds. But the pilots of the land can only hope that it is not developed too fast—at least not until our horse-and-buggy traffic-control system is thoroughly overhauled and is equipped to handle the planes we already have.

BIG POWERS vs. the U.N. . . *by Jane Stolle*

United Nations

THE Fifteenth General Assembly ended as it began, seized with the Congo problem. In the intervening three months, the question was brought up, dropped and brought up again in the Security Council, the Assembly and — most frequently — in the corridors. In the closing days of the Assembly, Secretary General Hammarskjold told the delegates: "The item to which this debate refers is called 'The Situation in the Congo.' I do not believe that anybody is in doubt that for some the real issue might better have been called, 'The Situation in the United Nations.' "

What had begun as a promise for a brave, new world for the newly independent Congo ended in bleak failure as the Assembly rejected both of the two final resolutions dealing with the deteriorating situation in Leopoldville. The cold war had claimed another victim, and the Secretary General was in the direct line of fire. In the course of the debates, he was attacked openly by the Soviet Union and the Eastern bloc; sniped at by some African nations that are in the painful, confusing period of transition from colonials to responsible world citizens; and, most distressing of all, undermined by the United States, which acted at times as if it were playing Trilby to a Soviet Svengali. If Mr. Hammarskjold was right when, in the course of the speech quoted above, he said that the Soviet aim was to "create conditions for a radical change of the administrative structure of the [U.N.] Organization and, with that in view, to corrode whatever confidence there may be among Members in the integrity of the Secretariat," the United States did all in its power — however unintentionally — to foster that end. The fact is that the Secretary General, who until this session of the Assembly opened had been generally considered as permanent a fixture at the U.N. as the flags flying in front of it, will in all probability not succeed himself when his term ends in 1963—if he doesn't resign before.

The United States failed to save Mr. Hammarskjold; and, by the same token, it encouraged rather than hindered Soviet ambitions to intervene in the Congo. America's open (and successful) machinations to seat President Kasavubu as the Congolese delegate in preference to Lumumba, despite many African doubts of the wisdom of the move, frightened the new nations. "*Is* the U.N. a tool of the United States and the former colonial powers with which it is allied?" they asked themselves. "Aren't we better off, struggling along on our own?" African votes on the two final resolutions are illuminating. On the Afro-Asian resolution, which asked for U.N.'s armed intervention to throw out the remaining Belgians, convene Parliament and restore Lumumba to power, only nine of the twenty-six African nations voted for, the rest abstained. On the U.S.-U.K. resolution, which in essence asked for a blessing on the *status quo*, not one of the African nations voted for, four voted against and the rest abstained (the resolution lost by one vote; the U.S. loss, measured in terms of African, prestige, was immeasurable). Clearly the Africans are saying: "Hands off Africa — and that means everybody!"

So, between Belgium, France, the United Kingdom and the United States on the one hand, and the Soviet Union on the other, the U.N. has been stymied in the Congo. What a strange conjunction of forces! Of course, Western motives are clear. France's reason for keeping the U.N. out of the Congo can be spelled out in the one word, Algeria; Belgium's, in the Congo's production of 70 per cent of the world's industrial diamonds, 60 per cent of the cobalt, 10 per cent of copper and tin; Britain's, in Kenya, Tanganyika, the Central African Federation, etc.; and America's in NATO and the paralysis of a lame-duck Administration. Soviet motivations are perhaps less clear, but probably no less invidious; and, whatever they may be, they impelled the Kremlin to share, with the hated West, the responsibility for undermining the U.N.

The Congo question will reappear when the Assembly session resumes in March. One can only hope that a clearer and more adroit Congo policy will by then have emerged from the new Administration in Washington — and that the Congo will have withstood its present chaotic condition sufficiently to benefit from it.

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BERLIN MASQUERADE . . *by Charles H. Nichols*

Berlin

BERLIN is at the center of that cold war which is the symbol of our present malaise and anxiety. The recent antics of Mr. Khrushchev at the United Nations have seemed to justify the stern policies of John Foster Dulles: no compromise with the devil. Indeed, our foreign policy is geared to this notion. The Supreme Commander of NATO is now clamoring for its conversion into an atomic power—a proposal which instantly won the support of the West German authorities. While we in the West insist upon our peaceful intentions, we are steadily accelerating our preparations for war to the point of no return.

This fact is all the more distressing in that a new awareness of our common human problems seems to be developing both in the East and West—at least among intellectuals. A groundswell is developing beneath the politicians—the awakening of powerful intellectual and cultural forces on both sides of this divided world. If the cold war has intensified our suspicions and fears, it has also set in motion a vigorous competitive struggle for the minds and hearts of men.

Nowhere are the signs that this struggle is evolving in creative directions more clearly seen than in Berlin. Here, where East and West converge, enormous amounts of money and talent are given to trade fairs, exhibits, lectures, opera, theatre, concerts and cultural congresses on both sides of the Brandenburg Gate. Both zones of Berlin have their *Festwochen.* Berliners from both East and West mingle at the Brecht theatre and the America House library.

Of even greater significance is the fact that intellectuals everywhere in Europe (and surely in America) are subjecting their faith and their culture to a vigorous reappraisal. I can speak here only of Western Europe, but there is plenty of evidence that the same thing is happening in the East—especially in Poland, Hungary and Czechoslovakia. Czeslaw Milosz, for example, who attended the recent Congress for Cultural Freedom in Berlin, spoke of this stirring in Poland. "However," he said, "when you hear that we are critical of the Soviet system, you must not think we have embraced the ideals of the West." The congress, held here last June, was notable for its serious confrontation of current issues. For me, its most exciting aspect was that the participants were earnestly seeking answers. We of the West saw clearly that if our heritage has any essence, we must extract that essence at this moment of history.

Representatives of the uncommitted nations spoke for themselves at the conference. The craving of Europeans for the good will of the emerging nations testifies to the depth of the moral concern professed by both East and West. When the Russians attack the massacre of the Sharpeville Bantus, or the Algerian War, they assume a moral position of considerable weight. Similarly, when we of the West express our horror over the cruel suppression of the Hungarian rebellion we, too, assume a moral position to which the rest of the world cannot fail to respond. There can be no doubt that there is some value in this watchdog function performed by both sides. Paul Robeson, speaking to the East Berliners, asserted that the freedom of Africa was made possible by the Soviet Union and Communist China. Though we do not accept Mr. Robeson's views, there is a sense in which he is right. In the struggle for the good will of the neutrals, no politician aware of the issues of our time dares support imperialism.

The Congress for Cultural Freedom was largely inspired and financed by Americans, but the *Fondation Européenne de la Culture* was established by Europeans and is largely supported by them. The *Fondation* held a fruitful seminar and congress in Copenhagen last October. Here again some of the most distinguished men in the Western world made valuable contributions. James Johnson Sweeney, for example, recently returned from a trip through Poland and Czechoslovakia, found "fresh regions of expression" on both sides of the iron curtain. The participants did not come to any final answers. But the spirit of inquiry, the facing of some of the realities, were clearly present. The day may not be far distant when concerned intellectuals from East and West will sit down together and a *modus vivendi* will emerge which the politicians will have to respect.

Americans can take pride in this waking up of the West to some of the major issues in our culture: The Fulbright Program, the bringing of American professors to chairs in American Studies in Europe, the Salzburg Seminar, the special lecturers' program of the Department of State (which sent such peoples as S. I. Hayakawa, Saul Bellow and others to Europe) and the efforts of the United States Information Service (which maintains America Houses in Germany where lectures, exhibits, concerts and the like are held) convey something of the vitality of American civilization.

BUT LYING athwart these hopeful gropings for understanding lies the heavy shadow of the four-power military occupation of Berlin. To many, this statement will sound foolish at best; at worst, treasonable. Certainly army personnel will resent it deeply, conscious as they are of the sacrifices they are making to remain here and elsewhere in Germany.

The fact is, however, that an army by its very nature must impose regulations and controls on its personnel and those of the Foreign Service (whom it dominates in Berlin) which create an unfortunate image of Western democracy and heighten tension. The presence of uniformed men, the daily maneuvers, the rumble of tanks in the streets are not calculated to make the United States, or any other of the occupying powers, seem peace-loving. On our own Armed Forces Day, a German waitress whispered to me, "It looks awfully militaristic to me!" The ordinary German who has lived through or heard about National Socialism will

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not easily see the difference between then and now. German society is still rather rigid and authoritarian. The Adenauer government (which has in its ranks some former Nazis), spurred on by America to rearm even to the extent of atomic weapons, is not likely thereby to move toward greater freedom. I have found it is only when a German goes to America or England that he really understands what the West means by a free society.

What of the Communist threat? I am not so naive as not to know that the Russians would like to swallow up West Berlin. But can they without a military attack? The fact is that Berlin obviously could not be defended in the face of a determined Russian assault, and it is madness to talk of risking atomic war over Berlin. I submit that we need not fear such a military attack by the Russians; they have nothing to gain by provoking atomic war. They are counting on the productive capacity of Western Europe, not its destruction; nor can they be looking with equanimity on the relative weakness that such a war would inflict on them with respect to Communist China. The way of wisdom for the West is to exact some really valuable concessions from the Soviet Union in return for the withdrawal of all foreign troops from Berlin—with guarantees for the freedom of West Berliners.

If the armies were withdrawn, East and West Germans would find a way to closer cooperation. And the vast sums of money spent on occupying armies could be deflected into cultural efforts like the splendid programs of the USIS which, at this critical moment, has had its already inadequate budget cut by Congress. I am convinced that one America House does more to help win the cold war than all the American troops abroad. It is not Utopian to propose that a heightened intellectual and cultural effort be substituted for the present arms race. For the tragic outcome of our policy of arms-for-whoever-opposes-communism has surely been repeatedly demonstrated in China, Korea, Turkey, Japan and Vietnam. A basic principle of our democratic faith is the recognition that ordinary men respond to reason and humane ideals. To the extent that we can bring such values to the ears of those who live under totalitarian systems we have reason to hope for an easing of tensions.

THESE are the realities in Berlin today, and some American politician must soon be courageous enough to speak them out loud and clear. It is high time for the West to abandon the hope of maintaining peace and freedom in Europe by force of arms. As Marc Chagall said at the Copenhagen Congress of the *Fondation*: “Our unhappy life on this earth is not a masquerade, so there is no need to wear a mask. . . . Sometimes one feels it better to be a voice in the wilderness than one of those multitudes who howl their approval from fear of seeming late for something.”

We persist in the masquerade over Berlin, as if it were defensible. It is not as defensible as Quemoy and Matsu. If these realities are not faced, we shall indeed be too late for the world which is rapidly overtaking us, a world in which Africa, Asia and South America will have come into their own. That is why American foreign policy must henceforth concern itself more seriously with these emergent peoples and with their image of us. If they believe us to be genuinely peace-loving and free, they will draw upon our liberal tradition. But if they find us clinging to armaments, atom testing and threats of war, they will not only fly from our leadership, but will gird themselves to destroy us.

AN EIGHT-YEAR APPRAISAL

EISENHOWER'S QUEST for PEACE . . *by D. F. Fleming*

THE Eisenhower years are ended. What have they brought us in that great power struggle that we call the cold war? Have we lost prestige and power relatively? If so, can we restore our position? What is our future place in the world to be?

There cannot be any doubt that our relative position is weaker, but it does not follow that Eisenhower is to blame for all of the changes. Let us see what some of them have been.

The Military Record

In 1952 the United States military power was supreme over the earth. The Soviet stockpile of A-bombs was small; ours was large and we could deliver them by air from the ring of bases which we had forged around the Soviet Union. We could kill the Soviet Union, with virtual impunity to ourselves. Indeed, we had an “over-kill” capacity large

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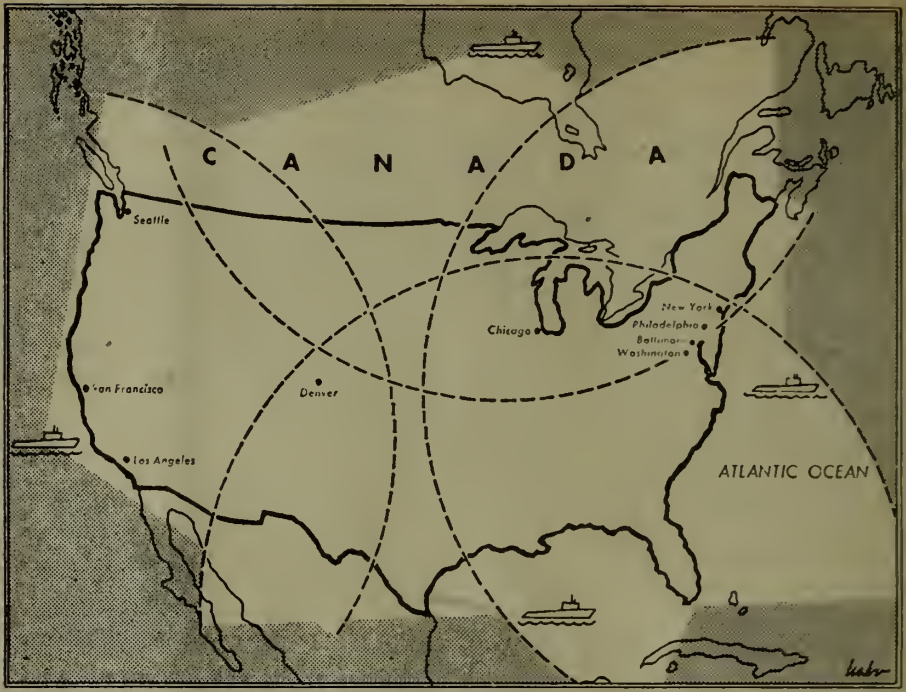
enough to wipe out everything of importance in Russia many times. However, it was no longer safe to do that, since the Soviets could visit havoc upon our European allies.

In 1952-53 both sides achieved the H-bomb, and the Russians followed it with a much more rapid promotion of intercontinental bombers capable of reaching the United States from home bases. They had a supply of these weapons first. Then in October, 1957, they launched the first of the increasingly heavy Sputniks into space, proving that they had both the power and the accuracy of aim to lay down hydrogen war heads on American targets. After that the size and proficiency of their Sputniks and Luniks steadily increased, until one was sent straight to the moon and another around it on a photographic mission.

MOSCOW NOW had two ways to reach America with H-bombs. In the third means, launching from submarines, we believe ourselves to be ahead with our nuclear-powered Polaris subs. Still, the Russians have by all odds the greatest fleet of submarines ever built on this planet, some 500 by now. The New Zealand Defense Minister recently reported that a pack of 100 of them was training down near the Antarctic. They must be presumed to have the ability to launch 1,500-mile missiles, which means that from all four sides of North America they can reach everything worth destroying in the United States. Anyone who wonders about the fourth side should note how deeply Hudson Bay extends toward Omaha and Chicago.

The Soviets have accordingly achieved the power to destroy us utterly, and by means not likely to be wiped out by an American "first strike." Yet we should not conclude that this could have been prevented by spending a few more billions for missiles each year. Our encirclement of the Russians gave them an impetus which the mere spending of more money would not have given us. As our nuclear scientists have so faithfully warned ever since 1945, the Russians were always certain to master our essentially nonexistent "secrets." What has happened is inherent in any arms race, even with weapons of annihilation.


National Security?

FUTILITY OF THE MISSILE RACE: From positions off the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, in Hudson Bay and the Gulf of Mexico. Soviet subs can reach any part of the United States with 1,500-mile nuclear missiles.

Indeed Eisenhower deserves great credit for holding the arms budget down around $40 billion. He feared that our solvency would be undermined by huge, unproductive arms costs, and he frequently warned against drifting into the garrison state. Who is to say that these fears were not sound? Yet all his efforts to move away from the garrison state were defeated. He brought two of our most powerful businessmen to Washington, to ride herd on the Pentagon and police the budget; but both Wilson and Humphrey retired from the scene defeated, the latter warning of a depression that would curl your hair.

The efforts of the Eisenhower Administration to make our prosperity less dependent on arms-spending do not mean that we have been left defenseless. Though our bases abroad are declining in value, both politically and militarily, they still enable us to mount devastating attacks on the Soviet Union with both planes and intermediate missiles; that ability is increased by the Polaris subs and will be completed in a few years with intercontinental missiles.

President-elect Kennedy is committed to larger military expenditures. He apparently feels that they would strengthen his arm for negotiation. So they might, a little. But how much could they really do so, when the power to annihilate is already mutual? And what safety is there in adding to the already huge vested interests which profit by perpetuating the arms race? Can rising prices ever be stopped that way?

The first requisite for survival is a recognition that we can never again get security by military means.

Our Economic Position

As it is, Eisenhower has spent upwards of $400 billion on the cold war, including arms costs, and for several years the strain has been increasingly severe. There is a growing awareness that Uncle Sam is going in the red internationally. During the past three years our gold reserve has been reduced by $4 billion; foreign claims against our gold have been increased by $4 billion and now stand at $19 billion. We have left only $18 billion in gold and by law $12 billion of this must be kept on hand to back our money.

It would seem completely obvious that something must be done to balance our accounts, which show a surplus of $5 billion in goods and services exported.

In the $9 billion of "invisible" items the largest is $3 billion for military expenses abroad and another $1.6 billion for government grants, enough to account for the annual deficit.* That is why Treasury Secretary Anderson made a strong effort recently to induce West Germany, with her $2 billion surplus, to take over a large part of our heavy military expenses in Germany. The countries that we set on their feet at great cost in Truman's time are now doing better than we are. In West Europe their economies are growing twice as fast as ours. Why is Anderson criticized for "bumbling"? Could any Treasury head do less?

The plain fact is that we are over-committed and over-extended, and we have been for many years. We have taken charge of more of the world than we can manage. The new Administration may be able to whip up our war-burdened economy enough to enable it to carry the load a while longer, but are we going to spend billions annually and forever to maintain largely artificial client states and armies around the two Communist giants?

The Containment-Liberation Record

In his 1952 campaign, Eisenhower shared with Mr. Dulles, though with fluctuations, the latter's demand that we advance from containment to the liberation of the East European countries. Containment was too negative for Dulles — there would have to be an advance to liberation. But despite such talk, we took no action when there was revolt in East Germany or in both Poland and Hungary in 1956. After years of exhortation over the Voice of America and Radio Free Europe, raised to a high pitch of intensity during the Hungarian tragedy, not a man or a plane moved, essentially because the President knew, as he had said on September 5, 1952, that "victory is impossible in a global war."

In the Far East, also, Eisenhower went along with the Radford-Dulles "unleashing" of Chiang Kai-shek to attack China, while the Seventh Fleet continued to protect him. Then when his blockade of the central China coast from the offshore islands resulted in the first Formosa crisis in 1955, we hung upon the brink of a world war for three months, until the public advocacy by U.S. militants of a war to crush China, on March 25, 1955, shocked powerful conservative forces into urging Eisenhower to call a halt. He did so and, with the aid of Senator George, we turned away from war to the first Summit conference in Geneva in July, 1955.

FOR MORE than six years Eisenhower left the conduct of the cold war almost entirely in Dulles' hands. Yet when Dulles arrived at the brink of war, as he avowedly believed in doing, Eisenhower repeatedly intervened to prevent hostilities. In 1954, after some $2 billion of military help had been poured into Indo-China to rescue the failing French, Dulles and Radford were ready to send our planes to fight at Dienbienphu; but Eisenhower would not approve. War was avoided, though it may be that Dulles' threats prevented Ho Chi Minh from taking all of Indo-China.

Earlier, Eisenhower had made peace in Korea, accepting stalemate there. These decisions against war need to be remembered gratefully in assessing Eisenhower's role. They were negative contributions, but precious ones. Thus we survived all the Dullesian thunders of "liberation," "roll-back," "massive retaliation" and "keep them guessing." Midway in 1958, our Armed Forces were flung out in all four directions — in many bomb flights across Canada into the Arctic to chase phantom radar blips and "hostile" meteorites; into the Caribbean, to be ready to rescue Vice President Nixon from Venezuelan mobs; to Lebanon to bolster or exploit the situation in that area after the defection of Iraq, kingpin of the Bagdad Pact; to the Formosa Straits during the second Formosa crisis. But even that hair-raising period was weathered without war.

This jabbing out in all four directions was sadly symbolic of the plight into which we had drifted by attempting to "contain" other great peoples on the other side of the world. Moreover, we escaped the final catastrophe in troubled 1958, only to be faced at once with the knottiest issue of all at Berlin. And Berlin still confronts us.

No Peace

Yet the saddest part of Eisenhower's record is his inability to make peace. This was not, either, because as a fine soldier and human being he did not understand the necessity. He often declared his horror of another war and, as noted above, he broke away from his cold-war ministers and went to the first Summit conference in 1955.

There his leadership was outstanding. He frankly admitted to being there "in response to a universal urge" to get away from universal fear. He convinced the Russians and the world that he wanted peace and regarded a nuclear war as an intolerable disaster, as they did. Nevertheless, a month later, on August 24, he was refusing to accept "a *status quo* in which we find injustice to many nations" and the next day Nixon called upon the Russians to dismantle the iron curtain, free the East European satellites and unite Germany and Korea on our side of the fence.

These demands for Soviet surrender were rejected in the Foreign Ministers' Conference in October, 1955. Mr. Dulles would not accept the *status quo* in Europe, though he adamantly defended it in the Far East. So a second cold war began and we skirted many brinks of war before the 1958-59 Berlin crisis brought us into an impasse again, after Dulles' death.

The Communist demand for a change in the status of West Berlin, making it into a "free city" and eliminating our power position there, brought many demands that, if necessary, we send armed convoys to Berlin. Second thoughts brought out the impracticability of ramming a way through the full power of the Russian Army.

Then, proposals for another airlift revealed that it would have to be very many times larger than in 1948-49. Since then we and the West Germans had built West Berlin into the greatest manufacturing city in all Germany. Now its inhabitants would expect a good diet and the continuance of their jobs, by maintaining the vast two-way shipment of raw materials and finished goods. Also the Soviets were now equipped with radar jammers which could probably disrupt a new airlift.

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*There is also an item of $2.4 billion for private investment abroad. Our corporations are buying into the Common Market countries.

We were accordingly driven to another Foreign Ministers' Conference, in May, 1959, where it developed that the East would not be content with some reduction of our propaganda and espionage position at Berlin, 100 miles behind its lines. Our establishment of fixed and moving missile battalions in West Europe had made counter measures imperative; therefore our Berlin espionage center seemed intolerable to the Russian High Command. Moreover, the advancement of West Germany toward nuclear armament confronted the East with the gravest issue it could face.

WITH THE East having the power to throttle Berlin, Secretary of State Herter wisely decided to advise the President to invite Khrushchev to the United States and try negotiations at a higher level.

He came and at Camp David in late September, 1959, Eisenhower agreed that negotiations about Berlin "should not be prolonged indefinitely, though there should be no fixed time limit on them."

Actually the negotiations were postponed until they had been killed well before the U-2 affair frustrated the second Summit conference. Instead of holding the conference promptly, in the autumn of 1959, Eisenhower allowed everyone in the West, who did not want it to succeed, the leeway needed to block it.

Adenauer and de Gaulle demanded a Western Summit meeting and got it in late December, after which Adenauer declared that the concessions at Berlin previously indicated had been withdrawn. In mid-March, 1960, Adenauer was in Washington nailing down his veto. In the meantime de Gaulle, who had insisted on postponing any negotiations with Russia for a decade until West Europe could do the negotiating, had made use of the time to explode his A-bomb, receive a visit from Khrushchev and make triumphal tours of both London and the United States.

In Washington the elements in the Pentagon and the AEC which oppose both concessions at Berlin and the continued suspension of nuclear tests had full time to make their influence felt, and on April 4, Herter talked again about self-determination for East Germans. Then on April 21, Under Secretary of State Dillon said the same thing, with all possible bluntness, and restated the falling domino theory full strength. He laid down "the issue of peace and war."

BY MAY 5, everybody in the West, except Macmillan and Eisenhower, had come down heavily on the side of self-determination for East Germany and no concessions at Berlin. The Western Summit, Adenauer, de Gaulle, the State Department and the NATO Council all said the same thing. What had been beyond the bounds of practicality ever since 1945 — and increasingly so — was again solemnly proclaimed to be imperative.

During this seven-month eternity of delay and negation, Eisenhower had toured the world, going to India and then deep into Latin America, to create the atmosphere for making peace. In this he succeeded magnificently. He was acclaimed everywhere, both for himself and for his mission.

In New Delhi he put his finger on the root cause of the cold war, telling the cheering Indian Parliament that the tensions and fixations from which we suffer are "the creation of Governments, cherished and nourished by Governments. Nations would never feel them if they were given freedom from propaganda and pressure." Must we, he asked, "continue to live with prejudices, practices and policies that will condemn our children, our children's children, to live helplessly in the pattern of the past — awaiting possibly a time of war-borne obliteration"?*

The peoples, too, yearned for the peace he sought, but he furnished no leadership where it had to be exerted — on the governments and officials in his own camp. They were all left to vent fully the fixations and prejudices of the past. It sounds fair enough to say that in a democratic alliance, and government, everyone must have his say. So he must, but to accord him also a *librum veto* is to paralyze the alliance and render the government impotent.

Eisenhower's instincts were right. He knew that real progress toward peace should be made, and he created the proper atmosphere. But he lacked the ability to execute his policy. Affirmative leadership, to bring everybody on his side into line, or at least to demonstrate that he was committed to negotiate seriously, was lacking. Finally, even the suspension of the U-2 flights over Russia because of "these political negotiations," to quote Herter, was rejected, and Eisenhower was left to drift from one great humiliation in Paris to another at the gates of Tokyo.

He could and did avert war during his time, but he could not make peace, when the Soviet peoples deeply yearned for it. He also had opposite him in Khrushchev a leader who appeared to feel the same compulsions and who had staked his future on achieving a *détente.* Eisenhower could not take advantage of the opportunity, and he did not even attempt to make peace with China, though it is difficult to visualize a workable disarmament agreement, or peace, without China.

And What Now?

As 1961 opens, a young President waits in the wings of the world stage, one who is strongly committed to leadership. Will he lead us toward peace or into a perpetuation and intensification of the dangerous cold war?

The signs are conflicting. President-elect Kennedy has been quoted as believing that the loss of West Berlin would mean the loss of West Germany. I believe this to be a fallacy, even if the worst happened. However, what is immediately at stake is not the "loss" of an untenable outpost deep in "the enemy's" country, but tough negotiations to see if a new status for the city can preserve its essential freedoms —

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*The writer was serving at the time as a Fulbright Lecturer at the Indian School of International Studies in New Delhi.

negotiation with a Soviet leader who quite probably needs agreement on a changed status for Berlin, and on disarmament, if he is to maintain his leadership. Would we prefer really to lose West Berlin to a more Stalinist leader, or incur a world war? Eisenhower has been criticized for saying that the surrender of Berlin is "unthinkable" and that it is also unthinkable to fight a war for it, but is there not here an inescapable dilemma which compels negotiation and adjustment?

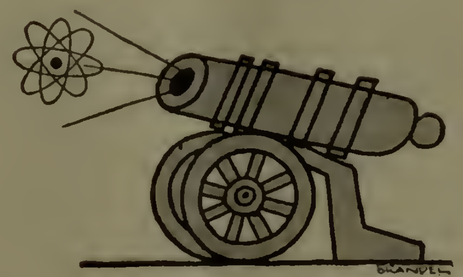
Kennedy has clearly indicated his belief that some adjustment is essential in the Formosa Strait. This, too, cannot be avoided, for as China becomes a nuclear power she will take control of her own central-door yard and leave to us the initiative for converting local war into the last world war. We shall live from one crisis to another, with no prospect of real peace, until there has been some recession of our power in these two "abnormal" and unnatural outposts. Nor does this mean that the "loss" of either, or both, would roll our power back to our shores. The London *Times* pointed out on November 30 that withdrawals from some of our "small and most politically sensitive bases would be a direct gain to the (NATO) alliance."

LOOKING IN A more hopeful direction, the London *Economist* for November 12 believes that Kennedy has absorbed fully the lesson of our being sucked into two world wars with a Democrat in the White House, and that the core of his claim is that by mobilizing all of the material and moral strength of the United States he can hope this time to save the peace.

This way offers real hope, if the emphasis is not too much on military mobilization and the exertion of will power. Nobody could have had stronger will power than Mr. Dulles, but he exhausted himself in holding far-flung lines, extruded further than the rising power of the Soviet Union and China made tenable.

What is urgently required is a deep realization that not only the Democrats but all of us are on trial for our lives, for the third and last time, and that if we fail to make peace and to move rapidly toward world community now we may never have another chance. Must we not hold our own in the world? Of course, we must hold what is really our own. And must we not continue to work for and believe in freedom? Certainly, but with much greater faith in the ability of all men to evolve in that direction.

The cold war has been played out for several years and it cannot be successfully revived. A perceptive correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian Weekly* wrote from the United Nations on October 6 that this is "an Assembly sick to death of the cold war," and that the new impetus toward neutralism is "the most virile political movement of our time, more forceful by far than the stale antipathies of East and West."



All around the world the peoples are striving to move toward a better life instead of a hydrogen death, toward greater control of their own destinies, greater exercise of their human dignity. Yet all of their aspirations must fail unless we can move away from conflict and toward cooperation and community. For fifteen years we have traveled again the ancient road of suspicion and fear, hate and arms rivalry, and it has not worked. Now it is time to try a little more trust and belief in our fellow men.

If Kennedy can move in this direction, above all if he makes real progress in disarmament, he will be a great President. Here, too, there is a strongly favored omen. Kennedy has said that he would not resume bomb testing unless the Russians did. This is one reason why our cold warriors insist continually that the Soviets may be cheating. It is the cessation of tests that frustrates the never-ending evolution of new supermiracles of destruction — that fatal progression which must lead to disaster, even if neither side consciously wants the final war. We should be keenly aware that if bomb tests are once resumed, it may be impossible ever to halt again the rush toward annihilation.

Unless we can move into real disarmament, all else will be in vain. We shall lack the resources to give our own people adequate public services, and to hold our own in the struggle with communism to help the underdeveloped peoples to help themselves — before the arms race ends in its appointed catastrophe.

CAN KENNEDY lead us in making peace? He has given us one strong promise that he will. At San Francisco on November 2, he said: "We can push a button to start the next war — but there is no push-button magic to bring a just and lasting peace. To be peace-loving is not enough — for the Sermon on the Mount saved its blessing for the peace*makers*. The generation for which I speak has seen enough of warmongers — let our great role in history be that of peacemakers."*

Every citizen ought to hold up the new President's hands in that endeavor. We have lingered in the self-defeating negations of the cold war far too long. It is high time that we moved out into the world as a positive, affirmative force for making and building peace, before oblivion falls on all of us.

Three years ago, on November 5, 1957, General of the Army Omar N. Bradley asked us: "How long can we put off salvation? When does humanity run out?" Then he warned: "Time is running against us with the speed of a Sputnik. If we are going to save ourselves from the instruments of our own intellect, we had better soon get ourselves under control and begin making the world safe for living."

As 1961 begins, it is still later than General Bradley thought. In these times three years spent without progress in organizing peace could well be decisive.

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*Quoted from *The Progressive*, December, 1960.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Comedy Before Tragedy

Richard Foster

THE QUESTION of the possibility of tragedy in our time is now an old one, but nevertheless still hardy and flourishing. It recurs in articles and discussions on the health of modern literature; college professors still talk to their students about it; novelists and playwrights grow irritable when critics tell them they have failed in their attempts to write tragedy; and everybody continues to cite Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch, who told us more than thirty years ago in *The Modern Temper* that tragic feeling and tragic understanding are beyond us because "we are an age too feeble to reach the heights." Little is said, oddly, about the comic understanding.

Mr. Krutch was voicing an agony which has prevailed in our literature since the end of the eighteenth century: the agony of the death of the capacity to feel which follows upon consciousness of the mutilation and death of belief. True tragedy, Mr. Krutch writes, is "a profession of faith, and a sort of religion"; and it is the willed "meanness" of modern man's disillusioned view of himself, resulting from his sense of God's withdrawal from the universe, that makes him incapable of receiving the almost religious solace and strength of tragedy. Shakespeare and Sophocles are "triumphant voices" from afar telling of a "heroic world that no longer exists," and saying futilely into our deafened ears that "Love and Honor and Glory are not words but realities."

And yet merely to read such passages is to hear a tragic note, to catch the likeness of a tragic gesture. For Mr. Krutch envisions the plight of modern man almost literarily as a "tragic" plight. His modern man, much more than just scrubbily and stupidly "mean," has the ability to *see*, with the eyes of history, the causes of this meanness, its significance and his painful incapacity to remedy it. In fact, he is very like the typical tragic hero at the denouement of his action, poised at the edge of the abyss with eyes open at last to the flaws of his judgment and will, and the ultimate fitness of his doom. Or *would-be* tragic —because there *is* no denouement. Modern man seems to have been left suspended at this crisis of self-knowledge, contemplating in pity and fear the unhappy truth of his historical destiny. When there is no fall there can be no catharsis; the fear subsides, leaving only the pity, which soon begins to nourish upon itself, growing into a persistent and self-satisfied sentimentality.

Regrets about the "impossibility" of tragedy in our time imply, at least, the more generalized sense of a diluted literary intelligence affecting all literary modes, whether tragic or comic. And this has indeed been, it seems to me, the prevailing condition in the main stream of our serious literature since the twenties. I emphasize "main stream" in order to allow for some distinction between the great and the influential when the two properties do not coincide. Consider the case of W. H. Auden, whose poetry from his Marxist through his Roman Catholic days has enunciated the humanistic principle that "we must love one another or die." This unassailable theme has rarely, in Auden's work, risen from the level of attitude to the level of idea. Critics have recognized that Auden is talented, technically brilliant, but not as great as his own principal masters, Yeats and Eliot. Yet he has had a far more widespread and continuing influence on contemporary poetry than they have had, in spite of their recognized greatness. Or consider Hemingway, whose humanistic themes have been very like Auden's in both meaning and depth, and whose influence on fiction, though now waning, has been about as great as Auden's on poetry. Or Faulkner, who, just at the moment of his widest popular recognition and most extensive influence upon younger writers, is being regaled with the doubtful second thoughts of the critical intelligentsia that once hailed him as our greatest novelist.

It seems to have been his famed Nobel acceptance speech that marked the turning point for Faulkner. For in that speech he told the world (without any of the earned moral context and consequent force of meaning that the same affirmation carried at the end of *The Sound and the Fury* when it was applied to Dilsey) that man, in spite of war, the greed of nations, planned social injustice, famine, nuclear explosions, global radiation belts, erupting race hatreds, brainwashing, economic cannibalism, and the universal moral illiteracy of the literate, would in some meaningful sense "endure." The affirmation was naturally delightful to the beneficiaries, good or bad, of any *status quo*, just or unjust. Faulkner's words were quoted as gospel in the popular magazines, enunciated from Sunday pulpits, taken into the hearts of the book-club bourgeoisie. The past master of sex, violence and difficult sentences had suddenly become a sweet-tempered father figure to the nation, and suddenly the syntax of his comfortingly vague message of cheer and approval was perfectly clear. It is the very same message as that of Mr. Krutch's humanism sung once again, but now it is sung in a major key. And I wonder if the condition referred to as the "impossibility" of tragedy in our time has not been sustained as much by the currency of exactly this kind of intellectually slack and emotionally urgent humanism as it has by the antihuman forms of modern thought and society which the humanism is in conscious reaction against.

THE ruling mode of response in Mr. Krutch's twenties and thirties was protest in despair: the fist of the fallen raised in righteous condemnation. And when Mr. Krutch cries, despairing, What have we done to our image of our humanity!, he is registering faith, by means of the negative idiom of his time, in the nobility of that very image. Our current mode of response is "positive," and though we still take pride in our gestures of protest ("nonconformity"), we are fond of the words "compromise," "patience" and "moderation."

Perhaps one could fairly project both the continuities and the differences between the two eras in this way: in the twenties and thirties the humanism was the background and motive of protest; but in the forties and fifties it took an affirmative foreground position, and protest went to the background as a ready validating symbol of the truth, sophistication and wisdom of that affirmation. Take as examples O'Neill's *Anna Christie* and Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman.*

RICHARD FOSTER, a member of the English faculty at the University of Minnesota, has recently completed a book on the modern critics and the romantic sensibility.

In each case, doomed aspiration is the issue: in *Anna Christie* we are left with the sense of guilty social and natural orders condemned for their betrayal and destruction of human value; but in *Death of a Salesman* the concluding "Requiem" leaves us with a sense of the surviving human value that rises affirmatively from the destroyed life and dreams of Willie Loman. The plays are equally sentimental in that the emotional demands of each in behalf of their shared humanism far outstrip the *meaning* of that humanism. Anna's human nature is so single and mechanical and repetitively self-explaining that she becomes unbelievable and therefore invalid as a spokesman for our own actual predicaments. And Willie Loman's personal values are ultimately so confused with those of the enemy Society that when their praises are sung at the end of the play, its whole intellectual structure collapses into meaninglessness.

The failure of both these quasi-humanistic pseudo-tragedies can be traced, I suppose, straight back to Ibsen. For it is not the "meanness," as Mr. Krutch would have it, of the Ibsenesque vision, but its *sentimentality* that makes Oswald less a tragic figure than Hamlet. *Hamlet* is a complex enactment of human thought and feeling that invites a difficult and painful human response; *Ghosts* is a mechanical illustration of an absurdly simplistic idea that insists upon uncritical assent and a pitying wag of the head. The difference between *Hamlet* and *Ghosts* is that where *Hamlet* is "real" *Ghosts* is, in a special modern way, "literary." It is consciously and mechanically illustrative of a core principle of modern disillusionist faith. And when the literary artist becomes an example-monger in the service of some abstraction, it means the death of free intelligence, and certainly of the sort of humanism capable of tragic imagination. Pre-World War II American literature was unhappily rich in writers of this kind — the weightiest, and probably the worst, of them being Theodore Dreiser. I can think of no writer of his sort since World War II who has attained anything approaching his rank as a "serious" writer.

BUT we have our weaknesses now, too, certain false substitutes for the real thing, some of which we share with the twenties: literary rhetoric for one, and another, what I will call for want of a neater designation, literary "construction." The idea of style is to be respected, because style is the tone of the writer's individual conscience. And therefore, whether that style is by nature simple or complex, stock rhetoric, when it is yielded to, becomes an occasion of intellectual, perhaps even moral, collapse. One thinks of the cumbersome "philosophic" passages in O'Neill and Miller, whose most real and valid moments are those of common-life talk — the everyday language of casual quarrels, petty grievances, trivial pleasure, gossip, complaint and idle yearning. Or of Tennessee Williams, whose sympathetic characters, even in his best plays, too often talk as if they had read too much bad Tennessee Williams. In recent years, Faulkner's celebrated "style" has begun to sound unconvincingly loud, repetitive, insistent — an artifice of words cloaking an enfeebled meaning; and he has tended to be widely imitated at his worst. And Hemingway many times betrayed himself into falsity by falling into the self-conscious rhetoric of sentimental anti-rhetoric, just as Jack Kerouac has done more recently in the baby talk of his fake literary vagabondry.

Literary rhetoric as a mechanical substitute for the style of an individual imagination is often accompanied by a second kind of machinery, literary "construction." There are certain traditional literary forms — for example, epic, picaresque and, of course, tragic — whose very recognition can be counted on to rouse certain standardized literary expectations and responses. There are also suggestively symbolic patterns of action which are seen as "archetypal," and as carrying the moral and metaphysical significances of "myth." Both kinds of construction represent the translation of traditions and beliefs that were once instinctively felt components of actual life into the willed mechanisms of "technique." And such willed mechanizing is a great temptation to the "serious" artist in a period of disenchantment. It is not surprising that the fiction of Graham Greene, James Gould Cozzens and Robert Penn Warren, all of whom are conscious "traditionalists" in an untraditional time, should rely so frequently on prefabricated literary form and content.

When integrity and intelligence are in touch with real matter, traditional forms and structures may be an enrichment rather than a hazard, as Faulkner at his best—in "The Bear," for example—is capable of proving. A major writer's weak moments — such as the "Christ myth" elements in Faulkner's *Light in August* and *A Fable*—are often mechanical imitations of his great moments. You cannot mechanically imitate a moment of profound insight or feeling, but you can imitate the surface of its accidental form. It is usually only this that followers of a major writer are capable of doing. William Styron, one of Faulkner's best-known younger imitators, has recently published his second novel, *Set This House on Fire*. Though it is less exclusively Faulknerian than his first novel, it is perhaps even more obviously a product of abstract literary intentions and the mechanical operations of "technique." As an astonishing combination of cheaply sensational matter and false literary mannerisms, it is,

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Reflections
(to the tune of "Tit-Willow")
on the hazards of

Celestial Politics

God, said the Bishops, considers it sin
To vote in the voting for Muñoz-Marín,
Sing Bishop, Archbishop, Archbishop.

But God, when the vote in the voting was done,
Bestowed the blue sea and the sky and the sun,
Sing Bishop,
Just as though Muñoz-Marín *hadn't* won.
Archbishop,
Archbishop.

The moral is something like this (and I quote):
When the Church tells the people how God means to vote—
Sing Bishop, Archbishop, Archbishop.

It had better begin, not by damning their souls,
But by taking a couple of Galluping polls
In Heaven,
High Heaven,
High Heaven.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

quite possibly, the worst "serious" novel of the decade. But it is nevertheless of interest as a virtual paradigm of our recent literature's pretentiousness of art and falsity of content — the characteristic elegance, artifice, sentimentality and technical skill, the "professionalism," which is, I believe, unequaled by any other era in Anglo-American literature.

And I can't but feel that it was the very spirit of yearning enunciated by Mr. Krutch in the more innocent year of 1929 that helped bring us to this pass. A time dominated by a harshly reductive and often crudely expressed naturalism yearned perhaps not so much for a humanistic deepening of imagination as for a return to the artful, the elegant, the recognizably "literary." That, at least, is what it got for its pains.

AT ANY RATE, it seems unwise of Mr. Krutch to have limited his own view to tragedy, and that of his readers to a choice between its Shakespearean and Ibsenesque varieties. While it is probably true that the drama for the past two hundred years has tended, with only a few exceptions, to disqualify itself from consideration as literature, there are other areas of literature, areas perhaps more richly productive in the twenties than in any other decade of our century. By 1929, the year of Mr. Krutch's dirge, we had had Joyce's *Ulysses* (1922), Mann's *The Magic Mountain* (1924), Kafka's *The Trial* (1925, though not translated into English until 1937), Ford's Tietjens tetralogy (1924-1928), much of the major poetry of Yeats and Eliot, not to mention the whole of Conrad, and the major work of Lawrence, Gide, Shaw, Pound and a host of other great figures. And I am struck by the fact that for most of these very greatest of modern writers, though the tragic sense hovered continually close, the substance of human experience in the modern world was for them, however seriously, complexly, profoundly they grasped it, essentially *comic*. It seems to have been the lesser writers of the period who insisted upon the tragic as the necessary form of high seriousness, and it seems to have been they who failed Mr. Krutch.

I can't imagine very precisely what will "come next," but I wonder if a rather long age of melodrama qualified by whimsy is not now undergoing purgation by a renaissance of true comedy qualified by a true tragic sense. It is as if writers are instinctively beginning to slough off the accumulation of a generation's literary falsity and trying to feel their way back to the integrity of vision possessed by the great writers of the twenties. The signs are all around us — and not least in the remarkable coincidence of critical praise and popularity in the cases of most of the writers I am about to name. Samuel Beckett, for example. Perhaps he will finally be seen as a rather pretentious nothing; but he is of immediate interest, at least, in his having rejected all ready-made forms of modern literary high seriousness in order to come up with modestly surreal stories and plays that though, like the medieval miracle plays, they are sometimes a bit boring, are more often, again like the miracle plays, refreshingly funny and genuinely touching.

Beckett's significance is a negative one, I think — the significance of a serious artist rejecting the decadent techniques of bogus artistic seriousness at a time when such rejection is peculiarly needed. This is perhaps the significance, too, in a less radical and conscious extreme, of the Ethnic Revivalists and the Beats in America, and of the Angries in England. All three movements or "schools" seem to have slid rather quickly into the corruptions of whimsy and self-exploitation. But there were certain writers and certain books that brought fresh ways of sensing our world — the somber ethnic moodiness of Saul Bellow's *The Victim*; the intelligent, farcical nihilism of Kingsley Amis' *Lucky Jim*; and even certain moments of coarse, hilarious joy in Kerouac's *On the Road*.

Two of the most overrated good books of the past few years have been Philip Roth's *Goodbye Columbus* and Lawrence Durrell's Alexandria Quartet. Roth had a veritable parade of important American writers and critics singing his praises, and wound up with a National Book Award. Durrell, who caused Lionel Trilling to look into his own soul once again, has had international praise, and is now in his ninth printing. At least half of the stories in Roth's book were contrived and heavy-handed in the most cumbersome literary manner, and tended to fall victim to the currently fashionable ethnic whimsy cited above; and Durrell's books feed upon the corny, adolescent self-analysis of characters whose dullness and affectation would tempt you in real life to boot them out of the house. And yet both writers break through again and again with genuine humor and genuine feeling — perhaps the two humane qualities least often found in the midst of the stock literary "compassion" that we are used to. In Roth's title story, and his fine second, "Defender of the Faith," one is almost bowled over by the discovery that the comic spirit, explored with a strict simplicity and reserve, can be so powerful a vehicle of moral revelation. And in Durrell's novels, as one reads and reads and reads through their slow and elegant growth, one slowly awakens to their remarkable aura of natural human warmth. In place of the abstract sex and stock loud-voiced savagery that we have become used to as the mark of certain "serious" fiction (especially Southern serious), Durrell has discovered love, and with a marvelous humane patience has detailed the amazing variety of its possible harmonies; even his perverts and villains are in the end rather touching.

ROTH and Durrell are important for having released in their work a refreshing naturalness of human conscience and feeling. And they are complemented by other writers whose special talents have enabled them to release certain formal aspects of craft from the imprisonments of "technique" and imitation: William Golding, for example, as a very successful modern revitalizer of allegory (and more recently, in *Free Fall*, of picaresque); or Angus Wilson, who, with his dry and compendious social intelligence, has brought comedy of manners to life again as a form of serious social and moral criticism; or J. F. Powers, who in his stories of the American Catholic clergy has done the virtually impossible by bringing an orthodox theological vision to bear, and with moving validity, on the way we live now. Perhaps Powers' only equal as an essentially "religious," if nontheological, writer is J. D. Salinger. In the light of Mr. Krutch's humanistic ideal — a religious conception of man's value and dignity — Salinger is perhaps the most deeply committed humanist now writing; in his superb stories, and somewhat less successfully in the celebrated *Catcher in the Rye*, he affirms man's ultimate capacity, beyond the distractions of despair, perversion, pettiness and cruelty, for "goodness." His medium is comedy, and he escapes the sentimental falsity and coyness of such affirmers as Saroyan and Thornton Wilder, by submitting both his humanism and his art to the test of actuality: we *live* in the world he writes about. And I must also cite Vladimir Nabokov, a brilliant writer who is not so much the opposite as the complement to everything that Powers and Salinger instinctively represent. In *Lolita* especially, but also in *Laughter in the*

Dark and some of his short stories, he has experimented radically with comedy and tragedy as polar modes of imagination, pushing each to the limits of its tolerance and decorum. As Salinger's stories add up to a humanistic testament to man, Nabokov's *Lolita*, in its harshly comic perception of gross mechanical corruption and its deeply tragic perception of the love perversely capable of growing out of that very corruption, is a radical testing and defining and proving-out of comedy and tragedy as permanently valid forms of the deepest humanistic awareness.

The writers I have been praising, all of whom have transcended the ruling literary manners of their time, have had in common a natural comic sense, and have employed that comic sense in behalf of an always serious and intelligent, and at times rebellious, humanistic criticism of life. And I think that our literature for some years now has stood in need of exactly the kind of purgation and revitalizing of intelligence that the comic spirit alone can provide. We must have *that*, after all, before there is any point in indulging ourselves in a tragic yearning for the tragic. For though tragedy is the ultimate illumination of comedy, comedy is the inescapable discipline of tragedy. Man has to *deserve* tragedy, and it is the guts and brains required by comedy, rather than any artificial cultivation of high thoughts and the heroic principle, that can most truly prepare us now to deserve.

The Boys in the Sub-Basement

THE WORLD OF HALDEMAN-JULIUS: Selected Writings of H.-J. Compiled with an introduction by Albert Mordell. Twayne Publishers. 288 pp. $4.

Benjamin DeMott

FANTASIES of bookishness and "free thought" flourish mainly in youth. Domestic responsibility and the pursuit of the possible kill them off rapidly, and most of the people in whom they survive are shy unwanton types, able to propitiate their inner muse with a subscription to *The Reporter* and membership in the Book Find Club. There are exceptions, though: a tough-grained, more-or-less-adult minority that is not paid to write or teach or even to think, but that nevertheless founds its whole sense of distinction on *literariness*. An elite without a status, the group is marked, psychologically, by extremes of pride and shame: It is contemptuous of the mass of socially respectable people who take books lightly if at all, and suspicious of the "official" literary class, which has obvious logs to roll. Its prime activity is a search for unique reading matter and unheard-of causes and heroes, and the search sometimes ends in lunacy.

The World of Haldeman-Julius celebrates its hero, a figure of various career who deserves to be thought of as a publishing genius, in a way that diverts attention away from the man to his admirers—and the latter, fantasts all, have much in common with the group just described. Their nature and interests can be deduced in part from their brief appearances, as correspondents to be answered, in the pieces by Haldeman-Julius (reprinted from the *American Freeman*, a "monthly journal of opinion and comment") which make up the bulk of the present text. A literary lady writes from a Colorado mountain shack to say "that the sheriff of her county has been bothering her because she lives by herself and keeps 20 dogs." A man named Karl V. Teeter of Lexington, Mass., "who plays in a concert band," objects to H.-J.'s opinions about music. "Mike C. Schiffer" of Kenyon College claims that he too is against Henry Luce and for Henry Miller, and that he is no highbrow jazz critic, but that he sure likes "the brilliant, ultra-refined . . . efforts of Lennie Tristano, whose integrity is culminated in a Capitol release, 'Intuitions'. . . ." Harry Golden, who contributes a friendly foreword, is obviously not wholly of the guild; his sentences often parse. But his case is an exception. The true H.-J.-ite is a senseless exaggerator (one headnote to the book compares H.-J. unblinkingly with Montaigne) whose chief claims are a wide acquaintance among famous men of whom one has not heard, and an inability to write English.

That his idolators had their limitations does not, of course, alter the fact that Haldeman-Julius was a warm-spirited, good-humored and interesting man. Best known as the publisher of the Little (3½ x 5 inches) Blue Books, paperback reprints of "all the famous authors from Aesop to Zanlla," he was the son of a Jewish immigrant bookbinder from Odessa, who settled in Philadelphia. H.-J. left high school as a boy to contribute to the support of his family, held a succession of miscellaneous jobs, joined the Socialist party, worked for a number of Socialist papers in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles, and at length (in 1914) bought *The Appeal to Reason*, a national Socialist paper published in Girard, Kansas. Conceiving the idea of cheap reprints, he handed the printer two books (*The Rubaiyat* and *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*) and told the man to print them in 8-point type 16 ems wide on newspaper stock, and then he circularized 175,000 subscribers and former subscribers to the paper. The response was extraordinary from the start. By the early thirties H.-J. had a thousand titles on his list, including original work of Margaret Sanger, Clarence Darrow, Will Durant, Upton Sinclair, Bertrand Russell and Havelock Ellis; in twenty years he sold more than three hundred million booklets at five cents each.

There was a time when achievement of this kind stirred only distaste among the knowing: a noisy iconoclast selling Goethe for a nickel, in an ugly text, to an audience of cretins. Nowadays, though, that line is plainly ridiculous, and even if it were not there would still be much reason for looking back with affectionate regard upon H.-J.'s business. It was a self-help program un-

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scarred by the high organizational pretentiousness of the foundations' Great Books seminars. It somehow gave reality to the great American myth of self-education, suggested visions of ambitious, unjaded farm boys perusing Plato by candlelight, instead of, as now, studying synonyms to improve their CEB scores. It offered a paperback list of titles whose instant familiarity may well seem treasurable to book buyers graveled by the profusion (in present-day paperback shops) of "insightful readings" of the classics by Ernst Gavotch. In fact, the Blue Book library stood for a time of innocence in American education, and, perhaps, for a moment when publishing had some tangential connection with public service.

BUT THE man who ran the business was no writer. He poured forth millions of words, for he valued his prolificacy no less than his fame as a man of daring ("What would the world's history have been had there never been any ruined girls?"). But his writing was third-rate — flat, vulgar and dull.

It may or may not be true that Haldeman-Julius, the publisher, created rather than merely satisfied the audience of square *philosophes* who mistook him for Montaigne—but there can be no doubt that he was its master. The key to his mastery was his skill in presenting himself as an open, untutored man more learned than the learned—this, and his ability to suggest (as in his account of his ejection from the Chicago Museum Art School) that organized "culture" is organized only to keep the truths of art in the possession of people with Formal Credentials. The latter suggestion will probably never lose its insinuating power. People in thralldom to it, and to the fantasies of learning and lit-ryness mentioned before, usually teach themselves only to despise their own true gifts, and thereby ruin themselves. But one or two in each generation teach themselves something else — a violent hostility to "the way things intellectually are" that in many instances has set off heroic endeavor. H.-J. was not a hero, even his iconoclasm is stale. But he may well have been a cause of heroism in others, and for that reason — one rarely citable in the case of publishers — it will be a while yet before his memory disappears.

Art for Morality's Sake

THE INSIDERS. By Selden Rodman. Louisiana State University Press. 130 pp. 77 illustrations. $6.95.

Fairfield Porter

THIS BOOK takes a moral stand against the dominant school of art and art criticism, in favor of art which calls "attention to the unspeakable degradation of the *individual.*" "In his search for values that give meaning to life, the Insider does not divorce man as an individual from man as a social participant." He believes that the "full development of man . . . requires the rational evolution of *both* thought and feeling." Camus is quoted on the title page as follows: "The error of modern art lies most often, in giving priority to the means over the ends, to form over content, to technique over subject-matter."

The dominant school of modern art does indeed often express the idea that the end you achieve hatches out of the means you employ. Does the choice of art as a profession come from the special nature of the artist's experience, or from his desire to give form to experience? Technique is a petty word; I prefer style, which is the man, and which takes precedence because any subject will do. An artist who seeks subject matter is like a person who cannot get up in the morning until he understands the purpose of life. Subject matter is given: in his field and in his capacity as artist, the artist seeks grace.

Selden Rodman finds painting the dominant art of the West since the last war. He is sympathetic toward *avant-garde* painting and sculpture, and he seems unaware of any paradox in finding it both alive and lacking content. But in spite of its popularity and the fact that, as Rodman says, a great deal of talent has been attracted into creating it, he finds it dehumanized, contemptuous of the audience, contemptuous of the individual, formalistic and self-absorbed—all of which, in his words, causes the "Philistine" millions to identify art with irresponsibility. But what of the huge audience for this formalistic art? What does Rodman make of their interest? These thousands must have been reached, to be interested; and if, like Rodman, they identify art with irresponsibility, and still admire it, it could be because this irresponsibility seems more realistic than the phony responsibilities presented to them.

The Insider is someone "drawn to values outside himself strongly enough to examine them in his work." He is concerned with "the human condition" expressed in "some form of representational imagery, or . . . in an aesthetic vocabulary evocative of that condition." Since humanism expresses "man's will to be godlike in tragic conflict with his bestiality and mortality, the Insider steeps himself in tradition." Presumably respect for tradition prompted Lebrun, an Insider, to copy Goya's *Family of Charles IV.* A reproduction of this restatement is included among the illustrations. Lebrun has added some De Kooning-like lines over the composition of an artist who detested lines because he did not see them in nature. Rodman would like artists to look outside themselves and to respect individuality, as I suppose he thinks Kearns does, whose drawing, *Seven Viewers on a Wall,* is reproduced. The subject is children observing the aftermath of an automobile accident, and it contains, seven times over, the standardized monster, four heads high, that is Kearns's creation. (Why do so many Insiders use this nineteenth-century cartoon convention?) It expresses a shaggy geometry. Rodman calls Cuevas the heir of Orozco. Cuevas' distortions show an adolescent disgust with the adult world. Often the distortions that are meaningful to Rodman look like affectations to me. The bronzes of Baskin, "poet of death," have a beautiful and subtle surface, and his wood engravings show beautiful control —all for a subject matter that is so much camp. Do his fat bald men mean death, as their titles claim, or do they mean the murder, by making it repulsive, of the artist's sensuality?

RODMAN opposes "art for art's sake." If art is not valuable first of all in itself — which is what "art for art's sake" means — it is valuable for a reflection of greater values. Orozco, "the first and still the greatest of the Insiders," was less interested in art than in the subject; art was what he used toward an end. But the lesser Insiders whom Rodman admires use morality to excuse art, as an apology for being artists. They deny art for art's sake, and use morality for the sake of their careers. Their "compassion" looks like self-pity for their denial of their natural sensuousness. Instead of being anxious about man's fate, they seem to be anxious about whether it is all right for them to have chosen to be artists.

Speaking of the divorce between the

FAIRFIELD PORTER writes art criticism regularly for The Nation.

artist and his public in contemporary music, Rodman describes the motives of "formalist" composers in this way: "Contempt for the audience and withdrawal into esoteric forms are only symptoms, self-protective attire the artist assumes when he has already lost conviction in what he has to say." But are not the Insiders' distortions and visions of violence a self-protective attire assumed to convince themselves of their humanity and to hide artistic emptiness? Instead of being a sign of vitality, their violence looks like a measure of the incompleteness of their commitment. And maybe, what in the "formalist" *avant-garde*, looks like contempt for the audience, is a refusal to make irrelevant concessions. Maybe the artist who seems to be interested only in technique, seems so because he takes his content for granted: his subject matter takes care of itself. The Insiders protest too much.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

A REMARKABLY integrated, devoted, well-chosen company of actors opened off-Broadway last week in a play called *Borak* by a young playwright, Robert Hock. The press on the whole was respectful of the script, regarding it as a promising first effort, though insufficiently impressed, it seemed to me, with the excellence of the ensemble acting. The production was announced to close in two weeks. The pre-Christmas weeks are a very perilous time to open a play — particularly off-Broadway.

Otto Preminger also was daring: that is his chief asset. He opened *Critic's Choice* by Ira Levin with Henry Fonda, Mildred Natwick and Virginia Gilmore (Ethel Barrymore). These actors are thorough professionals and Miss Gilmore looks yummy in her informal come-hither clothes by Oleg Cassini.

This play is about a critic whose wife writes a play — what a bold subject! — which her husband pans. It has some funny lines, including intramural jokes about the so-called theatre. *Critic's Choice* is not difficult to watch with such attractive people on the stage, but it gave me time to think of contiguous matters.

For instance: why are nearly all plays about the stage so embarrassing? Even people who know the theatre well — say, Clifford Odets in *The Country Girl* — write lines and scenes about stage life which strike one as glaringly pretentious or false. Perhaps it shows that most stage folk are ineradicably romantic, with an attitude toward the stage which is closer to that of the innocent, beglamorized spectator than to that of the sober craftsman. It is as if the American theatre professional never feels himself really part of the theatre (in the theatre) but somehow hankers for a theatre that exists somewhere beyond the horizon. (In the same way, many Irishmen living in Ireland seem to dream of Ireland.)

Then, too, I mused upon the sentiment about drama critics which appears to prevail now in theatre circles. I attended a conference on drama criticism some weeks ago and the atmosphere seemed to breathe a kind of tepid adulation toward our drama critics. In this our worst season in recent memory I too am beginning to feel sorry for them. For if our theatre keeps along the path it has taken of late there will be nothing left of it but the critics.

A final observation in this connection: in Mr. Levin's piece a large part of the critic's review of his wife's play is read aloud. It is sensationally funny. Max Beerbohm and Bernard Shaw in collaboration could not have devised anything so funny. Any reviewer *that* funny ought to be fired: he is not a critic at all — he confuses his function with that of the comic.

EVEN the musicals are disappointing. Richard Nash (with Cy Coleman: music, and Carolyn Leigh: lyrics) has written one, *Wildcat*, for Lucille Ball (Alvin). It takes place in a Texas border town and it's about the thirst for oil — and love.

It's not "bad": it's just not much of anything. Michael Kidd (director, choreographer and co-producer) is a highly talented man who has here contributed very little of his talents — although what he does contribute furnishes the best bits of the show. At several points I thought the composer was close to an effective number, but hadn't quite enough musicianship to bring it off. (The musical comedy composers of the twenties, the thirties and the forties had their specific tone because these periods all had their individual "melody" or character; the fifties were something of a washout and musically almost featureless in terms of the stage.) There is a trick scenic effect by Peter Larkin — the construction of an oil derrick — which has a baby excitement. Lucille Ball attracts by virtue of a certain quality of gameness in her personality.

A Merry Christmas and a Happier New Year!

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

THE HALLMARK HALL OF FAME, which in past seasons has given color TV productions of Menotti's *Amahl and the Night Visitors*, launched a new American "Christmas" opera on December 16. The work was *Golden Child*, by composer Philip Bezanson and librettist Paul Engle. It was not only bad — it was disgraceful.

Indeed, I can think of only one way to justify this event. If a national poll of audience opinion were taken on *Golden Child*, it would provide so much information about standards of public musical taste and attitudes toward the lyric theatre that it might prevent future debacles of this sort. Foundation money could very usefully be spent for this purpose, and it ought to be done at once, before memory has faded.

To Messrs. Bezanson and Engle, who are both faculty members at the State University of Iowa, it may be that the history of the American West and of the California gold rush are of vital personal interest. I will not suspect either of them, or the producers of *Golden Child*, of trying to cash in on a supposed public hunger for Americana. But even if the choice of period and locale was based on honest preference, did it not occur to anybody that the Americana vein — which was a thin one to begin with — has been mined so assiduously for many years that it is well-nigh exhausted? Did nobody connected with the enterprise know that it is

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aesthetically dishonest to gather up a bushel of clichés and offer it to the public as art?

My objection to Americana is that it has been so overworked as to be, in itself, a cliché. And it has been for a long time. You can present only so many hoe-downs before the idea of hoe-down is worn out. You can show only so many weary pioneers perishing in the mountain snow or desert heat before that idea becomes a mockery. And you can see only so many Gift of the Magi sequences without retching; only so many child characters crooning over their miserable dollies, so many loose women regaining their purity when confronted by the stage virtues of Mary, Mother of God types. These, precisely, were the ingredients of *Golden Child.*

THE OPERA opens on a drunken, Christmas Eve hoe-down given for the miners and their girls by Captain Sutter, a real religious guy who hates liquor and Christmas Eve hoe-downs. His house looks like a hotel, or maybe a dance hall. The girls on his guest list are bad, and the men are greedy. Gold made them that way. (Captain Sutter hates gold.) After quieting a few brawls (there's a Mexican in the crowd, and the crowd hates Mexicans), he tosses a pouch of gold-dust to the gang to play with.

The atmosphere of sin having been nailed down, the scene changes. We see the interior of a covered wagon, way up in the mountains. Outside, it is snowing. Inside, Mommy and little daughter wriggle nervously beneath the blankets. They are cold. Birdie hops around on its perch and makes its wicker cage bounce against the wall. At first, I thought a window was leaking and the wind was blowing the cage around. Then I thought the wagon was moving. But the text explained that it was really birdie kicking up all the fuss.

Poppa has gone out into the snow, and his tracks are getting covered. Mommy is worried; so is little girlie. She runs outside to look, and Mommy runs after. What seems at first to be a horrible snow man turns out to be Poppa. Girlie's scream leads him home. He has decided they've got to cut out for California, 'cause the snow is too cold, and food's low. Girlie finds a shiny stone to make a head for scrap dollie. (It's gold, folks, but don't tell anybody.) Girlie tosses birdie into air. Birdie *naturally* heads west, so they know which way to go. Slight argument about luggage ends with Mommy's Bible going into the brief case. (Symbolic!)

The last part of the opera takes place at Captain Sutter's. Poppa, Mommie, girlie stagger in out of the snow. Mommie's pregnant. Miners and girls don't like them. They snatch dollie and assay her head. GOLD! CLAIM JUMPERS! (Accusations.) No bedrooms left at Captain Sutter's. Family must go to barn. Poppa says he likes cows better than these people, anyway. Gang batters down door. Wants to attack crèche. Baby born. Sun rises. ("Life turns to light.") Gang finds Bible in brief case and gets the point. Gives gifts (worn-out coat; deerskin pouch of gold dust; string of beads; etc.). Baby shown to camera. Loose women get unloose. Ensemble song: "In this new land we make our start, with friends, faith, and loving heart."

AND WHAT about the music? To call it uninspired would be flattering. There were no melodies, no distinctive harmony, no interesting rhythm or color. In the sense that *Time* recently described a certain kind of literary effort as "non-book," this score could be called "non-music." It simply filled time. The background music for the commercials was perhaps a little better — being unpretentious.

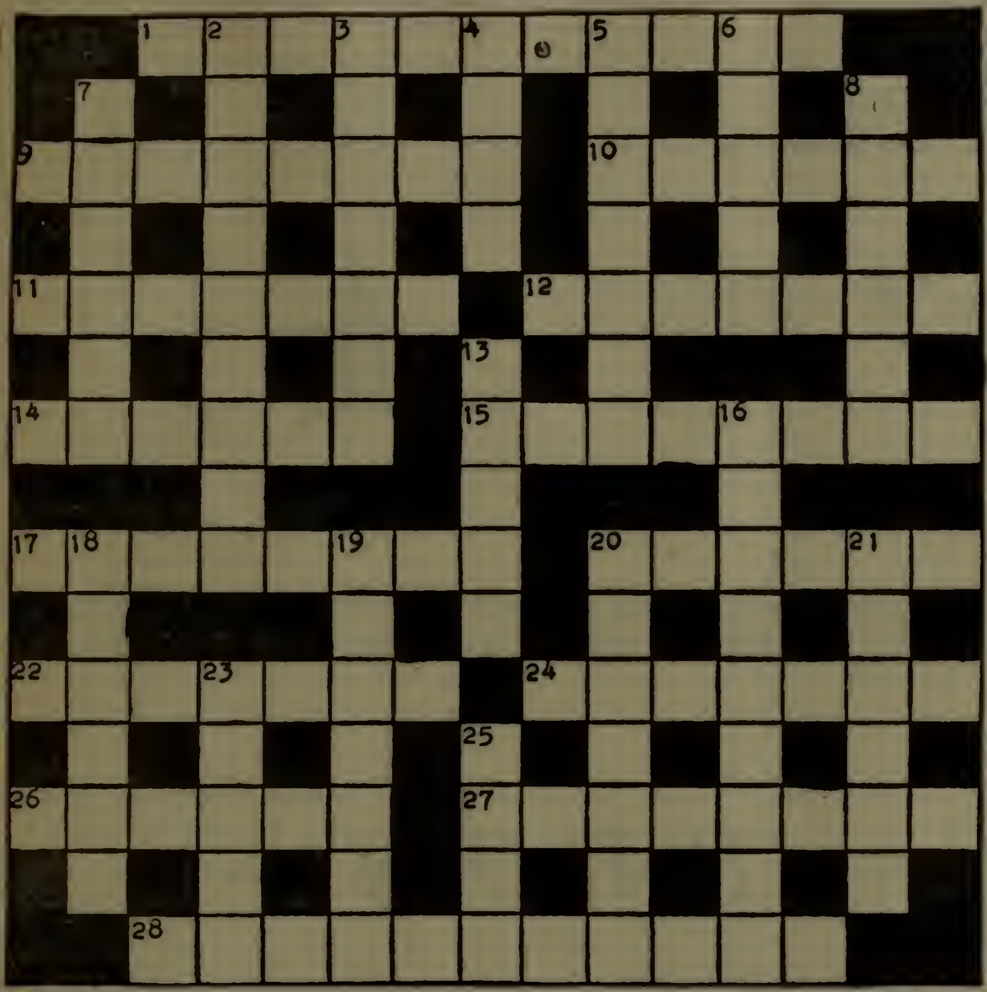
Not surprisingly, the performers hired for this expensive, appalling affair were top-flight musicians, and they all did splendid jobs. Jerome Hines was Captain Sutter; Stephen Douglass, Poppa; Patricia Neway, Mommie; Judy Sanford, girlie; Brenda Lewis, Sara, a loose woman; John Wheeler, the caller. Peter Herman Adler was the musical director. I have nothing but praise for the performance.

I did not, however, find the sets effective. The scene in the mountains, despite my best efforts, kept reminding me of the W. C. Fields movie with the famous lines, "T'ain't a fit night out for man nor beast." Captain Sutter's digs, if not laughable, were less than convincing.

The real tragedy of this production, however, was that it put before a potentially huge American audience, and one which might possibly learn to take pleasure in good lyric theatre, a work which will be accepted as representative of what is going on in that field. One need not blame the composer and librettist. They, doubtless, wrote as well as they could. But for a group of first-class singers, a leading conductor, and whoever was in charge from Hallmark and from George Schaefer's Compass Productions — for a group of such professionals to collaborate in putting so inferior a product before the public is shameful.

Crossword Puzzle No. 896

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Some lines, it seems, of ceremony. (11)

9 It's a denunciation of all the articles mother comes by. (8)

10 Crazy dame an attendant of Bacchus gave an order to. (6)

11 The manner of hoodlums in passage? (7)

12 and 26 What amateur philatelists might be doing with a merchandising gimmick. (7, 6)

14 Ratisbon stormers were. (6)

15 Everything comes to naught, by the way, for one who treats us rather differently. (8)

17 Superseded. (8)

20 One who doesn't eat less slowly? (6)

22 Critical. (7)

24 Markets a very bad poem, set to an equally bad air. (7)

26 See 12 across

27 The Roman statesman who gained an ingot of mineral? (8)

28 Bomb, as the opponents of Mr. Keaton said they would? (11)

DOWN:

2 Descriptive of four simultaneous baseball games? (9)

3 Look at the cat-o-nine-tails! (7)

4 Cattle without water or anything? (4)

5 Vehicle noted for the paucity of round-trip passengers. (7)

6 One sees them ending without finding a thing correct. (5)

7 Not an honest brunette? (6)

8 Stone fish trap? (6)

13 See 25 down

16 Ended talk of the minister's position? (9)

18 Press goofs? (6)

19 Edward Bulwer Lytton said this literature is always modern. (7)

20 Promotes men in soft but uneasy surroundings. (7)

21 Sprung out of jail, he still proved a leader. (6)

23 The shape of Hamlet's cloud. (5)

25 and 13 Not the Laureates of the Union, though they carried weapons. (9)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 895

ACROSS: 1 Robert Browning; 9 Chimera; 10 Deviate; 11 Mud packs; 12 Ornate; 14 and 15 Pitcher plant; 17 Eased; 19 Chipped; 23 Carriers; 25 Chiliad; 26 In limbo; 27 That's the spirit! DOWN: 1 Recombine; 2 Build up; 3 Reenacted; 4 Blank check; 5 Odds; 6 and 21 across Never say die; 7 Niagara; 8 Mere; 13 Irratative; 15 Paper clip; 16 Transport; 18 Stylish; 20 Dreamer; 21 Sock; 22 Idiot; 24 Adit.

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